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THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR—Wednesday, Feb. 26, 1941

HISTORIC TABLET—

March 11-13, will be the finale—the luncheon party March 13, at Gilicroft Inn, Milford, followed by the unveiling of a tablet on the 137-year-old Waldschmidt-Kugler house in Camp Dennison. The house, given by Mr. and Mrs. Chester F. Kroger to the Ohio D. A. R., is to be restored by the state society as a museum as their 1941 historic project.

Miss Ramona Kaiser, whose book "Glimpses Into the Past" first called attention to the historic significance of the old house, has been named chairman of the affair. She is historian of Mariemont Chapter, D. A. R., which will act as the hospitality group.

Miss Kaiser recently announced that the luncheon set for 1:30 o'clock and ceremonies at the old house to follow at 3:30 are to be community events and this has caused the historically-minded as well as descendants of Christian Waldschmidt to enroll as participants.

Already 45 reservations are in for the luncheon and Miss Kaiser will continue to take these at her home, Locust 7543, to the capacity of Gillcroft Inn. State officers of the D. A. R. will be seated together, and special tables will be reserved for descendants of Waldschmidt.

The official hostess will be the Mariemont chapter regent, Mrs. Harry Binder, who will be assisted by Mrs. Robert Matlack, Mrs. Robert Poysell and Mrs. George Heidenreich. Mrs. C. P. Sticksell will head the decorations committee. She is selecting her assistants.

Among those who have made early reservations for luncheon are Mesdames Orville Dailey, D. A. R. state historian; R. W. Finsterwald, state vice chairman of historic sites; O. B. Kaiser, Harry Binder, Harry Wernke, Frederick Pfeister, Harry Englehardt, Robert Matlack, Frank Watkins, Robert Poysell, Miller Dartt, Harry Grandin, George Heidenreich, C. P. Sticksell, E. H. Dolle; Mr. Fred Pfeister, Mr. Harry Kugler, the Misses Julia and Josephine Kugler, Bertha Gibson, Emma Atkins, Ramona Kaiser, Alice Langdon and Mary Howland.

The service at the house will begin at 3:30 o'clock. Mr. Fred Pfeister, Civil War veteran and past Ohio commander of the G. A. R., will give a tribute in honor of the men in blue.

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Newspaper Stories About Northwest Territory In And About Cincinnati

Duplicate of Original Team and Wagon Now en Route from Ipswich to Marietta

By courtesy of The Cincinnati Post we have a picture of the ox team and wagon which started December 3 to re-create the journey from Ipswich, Mass. to Marietta, Ohio and thence through the states of the Northwest Territory. Horses and 36 men accompany the wagon.

Part IV.

Thurs., Dec. 9, 1937
Cincinnati, (O.) Times-Star

CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART in the NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON

No. 3

This is the third of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white man took possession of this region.

THERE is not much doubt that the credit for being the first official expedition of white men to descend the Ohio river from its source to the mouth of the Great Miami, belongs to the French Canadian, Capt. Pierre Joseph Celoron, Quebec, Canada, and not to La Salle, as has been claimed by Joliet.

This doubtful claim is made on a map issued by Joliet in 1669 (on file in the Marine Department in Paris), whereon he states that the Ohio was the "River by which De La Salle descended in going from Lake Erie to Mexico." It so happened that in 1669, the year the map was issued, was the first time La Salle had ever heard of the Ohio river, in an interview he had with some Seneca Indians in Quebec. The Senecas informed him that "the Oyo (Ohio River) rose in their country and flowed to the sea." They also warned him not to enter the land of the Shawnees, as they were "very bad people who would kill the French in the night." Much as we would like to claim La Salle as the discoverer of the Ohio, and the first one to view the site of Cincinnati, we will have to forego this claim as being one that was inserted on the map many years after 1669, and was done with the idea of excluding the English, whose traders were coming into the Ohio country in increasing numbers sometime prior to 1748.

COMPARE NOTES

The Southern shores of Lake Erie was the nearest that La Salle got to Southern Ohio, as it was the meeting place for the numerous exploring expeditions that were being sent out from Le Chine (Quebec) shortly after it was founded in 1607. Here it was the Joliet and La Salle would meet and compare notes, and this probably accounts for Joliet making Lake Erie the starting point for La Salle's trip to Mexico by way of the Ohio river. It was the practice of these explorers to interview the various members of different tribes and have them draw pictures of the country and rivers with which they were acquainted. By these means Joliet and other French explorers were able to produce some remarkably accurate maps of lakes and rivers, many of which they had never seen. In 1669 the Shawnees, referred to by the Senecas in their conversation with La Salle, were located principally in Tennessee and Kentucky, and along the Northern bank of the Ohio river, concentrating at the mouth of the two Miamis and the Scioto. They were continually fighting the Iroquois for possession of the Ohio country which the Iroquois claimed. Eventually the Shawnees acquired title to Southern Ohio by treaty with the Iriquois and by conquest.

BROUGHT TO HEAD

When the French learned of the activity of the English traders in the Ohio country, they knew from past experience that it was merely the forerunner to colonization by the British of this rich country. Protests had been made to the Continental Congress about these traders trespassing on French territory, but without results. This situation was finally brought to a head in 1748 when the French learned that the King of England had recognized a newly formed company known as the "Ohio Company," sometimes called the Virginia Land Company, and also the Ohio Company of Virginia. While this name is the same it should not be confused with the Ohio Company which was formed at a much later date in Massachusetts, and was represented in this district by John Cleves Symmes.

The King of England not only recognized the Ohio Company but "granted 200,000 acres of land to be taken on the south side of the Ohio river between Kenkiminita creek and Buffalo creek and between Yellow creek and Cross creek on the north side of the river," and what was most significant and sure to start trouble, the King further made the broad grant, "or in any other portion of the territory West of the Alleghany mountains." The King very carefully stipulated that this grant was made with the understanding "that within seven years the Ohio Company must settle one hundred families on these lands and build a fort."

FRENCH SOON ACT

It did not take the French long to act after learning of the intentions of the Ohio Company, as the Governor of Canada in the spring 1749 directed Capt. Celoron to descend the Ohio river and by suitable formalities preempt and re-establish France's claim to the Ohio country by right of discovery.

American historians have differed as to the exact name of Celoron, and we find it spelled no less than six different ways. The French Ambassador at Washington, after referring our inquiry to his government at Paris, states that "the name must be spelt as follows: Pierre-Joseph Celoron, sieur de Blainville."

The expedition left Le Chine (Quebec) June 15, 1749, and was quite a formidable affair, consisting as it did of twenty large birch bark canoes, and about 240 men. It is needless to say that the expedition must have been a very colorful one consisting as it did of "eight subaltern officers, six cadets, an armorer, 20 soldiers, 180 Canadians, 30 Iroquois, and 25 Abenaki Indians. In addition, Celoron had a chaplain, by the name of Father Pierre Jean de Bonnechamps, who called himself "Jesuitte Mathematician."

FATHER KEPT BUSY

Father Bonnechamps must have been a very busy man, for in addition to acting as chaplain, he was sailing master of the expedition and kept a military journal of the events. His original manuscript is on file in the Archives of Marine, Paris.

It is not hard to picture the pomp and ceremony that the French would display as the expedition proceeded down the river, and particularly as each landing was made. Celoron expected not only to re-establish France's claims, but most important of all to impress the Indians with the importance of France, and to have them remain loyal allies, and expel the British traders.

Celoron made six formal landings of his expedition between the source of the Ohio river and the mouth of the Great Miami. At each landing a lead plate was buried and a tin sheet was tacked up on a nearby tree calling attention to the fact. Only one of these plates was ever recovered. A fragment of this plate,

as shown in the illustration taken from Randall's "Rise and Progress of an American State," is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Worcester, Mass. The original plates were eleven inches wide and seven inches high.

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ENGRAVING IN PLATE

Engraved in French on each plate was the following with a blank space left to indicate the point of burial, which in our case we have inserted the Riviere De La Roche (Great Miami river):

"In the year 1749, of the reign of Louis XV, King of France, we Celoron, commander of a detachment sent by Monsieur the Marquis De La Galissionere, Governor General of New France to reestablish tranquility in some Indian villages of these cantons, have buried this plate of lead at the confluence of the Ohio and the De La Roche, this 24th day of August, near the River Oyo, otherwise Belle Riviere, as a monument of the renewal of the possession we have taken of said Riviere Oyo and of all those which empty into it, and all of the lands on both sides as far as the sources of the said rivers, as enjoyed or ought to have been enjoyed by the Kings of France, preceding, and as they have their maintained themselves, by arms and by treaties, especially those of Ryswick, Utrecht and Aix La Chapelle."

To make doubly sure the British would take notice and respect the French claims, Celoron also tacked a tin sheet on a nearby tree, on which he set forth a "Process verbal," bearing the coat of arms of France, and certifying that a plate had been buried "in the presence of the principal officers of our detachment."

TRAIN OF EVENTS

It was thus that the landing of the French and the burying of the sixth and last plate at the mouth of the Great Miami river marks the beginning of the train of events which took place at this historic spot. Celoron and his party become the first official expedition of white men to land in this section, the first ones to navigate the Ohio river from its source to this point, and the discoverers of the Great Miami river which they named the Riviere A La Roche, and which they subsequently navigated almost to its source in Northern Ohio.

Father Bonnechamps records in his journal that after the final ceremonies, the expedition proceeded up the Riviere A La Roche to Pickawillany (Piqua) the seat of the strong Miami Confederacy, most powerful member of which was the Shawnee Nation. He notes that the river was so low that about halfway to Pickawillany most of them had to abandon their boats and proceed overland, but Celoron himself and party, in order to make a more dignified entrance, continued on by boat. Finally the French marched into Pickawillany with the Canadian and Royal French flags flying. Father Bonnechamps states they were received very cordially by the king of the Miami Confederacy, several English traders also being present, having been there for sometime. The word "King" was a misnomer, as the head of the confederation was a chief, and the chief could be changed whenever the tribes desired it. Celoron now complained to the Indian King about these traders and informed him that the French King was very much displeased that the Miami Confederation was not keeping faith. Early in the expedition he had encountered traders and had ordered them out of the territory, and at the same time registering a complaint with the Continental Congress, which was in session in Philadelphia, but no attention was paid to his complaint.

CHIEF COMPLAINS

The Indian chief in turn complained about the French not having been helpful to his people as they had promised, while the English had been very helpful, furnishing blacksmiths and armorers to mend their guns, etc. Celoron promised again to give the chief all the help he required, but the chief could not see how they were going to get along without traders while he was waiting for the French to act. It is plain to see from Father Bonnechamps' notes of the conversation that while the chief had been friendly towards the French he was more so now towards the English. Celoron after exchanging presents with the chief and his tribe, headed back to Quebec by way of Detroit, never to return to this district.

It is apparent now that these English traders, in addition to carrying on a fur trading business with the Indians, were acting as good-will ambassadors for the British, and at the same time dividing the allegiance of the Indians with the French. They made it a point to respect the Indians and demonstrated it by living with them and being helpful to them. Against this attitude, the French seemed to act condescendingly and were too pompous towards them.

TAKE PROMPT STEPS

Celoron's expedition was well known to the Ohio Company, and they also took prompt steps in 1750 to offset his mission. While Celoron was still on his way back to Quebec, they had employed Christopher Gist, an experienced surveyor and woodsman, a native of Maryland and a resident of North Carolina, to explore and examine "the country West of the Alleghany Mountains, expecially the land North of the Ohio river." It was noted that while their grant specified land on North bank of the Ohio river in Eastern Ohio, they were granted broadly land West of the Alleghanies. Christopher Gist did not waste any time in heading straight for Pickawillany—starting out October 11, 1750, and passing through Shannipin's Town (Pittsburgh), November 19, 1750. Gist's Journal shows that he took about two months in crossing central and Northern Ohio, using plenty of time in inspecting all the country traversed and not letting the Indians know that he was really making a horseback survey of their lands. He finally marched into Pickawillany or Twightwee, as he called it, with drums beating and British and English flags flying. The Twightwees (Miamis) gave him just as hearty a welcome as they had given the French under Celoron just eighteen months before.

During his visit Gist was able to undo all that the French had accomplished and made lasting allies of this tribe for the English. It is interesting to note that Gist mistook the Great Miami river on which Piqua is located for the Little Miami. After exchanging presents with the Miami Confederation, Gist returned to Virginia by way of the Scioto river, being careful to avoid the "Miami Slaughterhouse" district, dominated by the savage Shawnees.

BRAVES PAY DEARLY

The chief and his Miami Indian

(next page)

braves were to pay dearly later for their loyalty to the English, when the French and their Indian allies swooped down on the town of Pickawillany and completely destroyed it. This happened June 21, 1752, when the chief or king, together with his braves, was on a hunting expedition in Kentucky, and there were only a few Indians and their squaws, together with several English traders, left to defend the town. The English traders seemed to have refrained from mixing in the fight, but in spite of this fact several of them were killed. The French attack was led by a man named Langlade, and carried on in true Indian fashion, no warning being given of the attack, and the attackers remaining unseen most of the time, so that the defenders never had a chance to defend themselves.

The destruction of Pickawillany was really the start of the French and Indian wars, although it did not officially begin until 1754, after Braddock's defeat in Pennsylvania, when the British declared war on France over the possession of the Ohio Country. They claimed this territory by reason of a treaty made with the Iroquois Indians, which the French denied by reason of their prior right of discovery and settlement. The war did not end until the British made the French sue for peace after the Battle of the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec in 1763.

The next article will recount some of the clashes between the pioneers of Kentucky and the Southern Ohio Indians, between the French and Indian wars and the close of the Revolution.

Fri. Dec. 10, 1937

CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART in the NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON

(This is the fourth of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white man took possession of this region.)

THROUGH the French and Indian war and up to the close of the Revolutionary war in 1783, the southern Ohio district remained in a wild and primitive state. No white men had dared to live in the district on account of the fierce Shawnee Indians, and particularly was this so between the Miami rivers. Kentucky was fairly well supplied with settlements in and around Lexington and at the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville) by the end of the Revolution.

The first white man after Capt. Celoron to appear in this district was James McBride, who descended the Ohio river in 1754, but made no attempt to land on the north bank, due to the unfriendly Indians, and the fact that it belonged to France. His party landed at the mouth of the Kentucky river and later returned to tell of his explorations. It was not until 13 years later (1767) that John Finley and party explored the interior of Kentucky and returned to North Carolina to tell Daniel Boone of this wonderful country. By this time the Ohio Country belonged to England, having taken it away from France in 1763. Two years later, 1769, Boone with Finley and two others made his first trip into the Blue Grass country, and succeeded in reaching a point near Lexington, but they could not maintain their position, and, after suffering untold hardships and being continually harassed by the Indians for about two years, returned to North Carolina.

BOONE'S EXPEDITION

Boone's second expedition started out in 1775, just before the start of the Revolutionary War, and this time being accompanied by soldiers and settlers, he was able to build a fort (Boonsborough) and settled down permanently. These early Kentucky settlements that were established near the fort were continually being harrassed by roving bands of Indians, but it was fortunate for them that the most powerful and warlike tribes inhabited the country immediately north of the Ohio and between the Miami rivers, which the Kentuckians gave the wonderfully expressive name of "Miami Slaughter House." At this time, Southern Ohio was dominated by the proud and fierce Shawnee Indians, who were concentrated particularly at the mouth of the Miamis and the Scioto rivers. This tribe had previously inhabited Kentucky and the Carolinas.

To digress for a moment. It is refreshing to run across a name like "Miami Slaughter House" in reading of this district, as there are so many names in Ohio's history that are duplicated over and over. It is a name that cannot be confused with

We read of two treaties of Greenville, two Chief Logans, two treaties of Fort Stanwix, numerous Pickways, Piquas and Chillicothes and even two Fort Finney's, but only one "Miami Slaughter House."

CONFUSION OF NAMES

This confusion of names only proves that our English ancestors were just as lacking in originality as we are today, but when it comes to nicknames they were pre-eminently original and expressive. Sad to say, our contribution to posterity has been to destroy all the old names and substitute in their place names that mean nothing. A good example is "Bloody Run Boulevard" (named after Bloody Run Creek), changed to the bewildering name of "Victory Parkway." Future historians in writing of Cincinnati will have many a headache in trying to determine what victory is being celebrated. It cannot be the last war, for no one today knows now who won it.

In 1779, three years after the start of the war of the Revolution, the Kentucky settlers had entrenched themselves so strongly that they were able to dispatch their first official expedition against the Indian allies of the British. In that year Col. Bowman and a corps of 90 men crossed the Ohio, and proceeded against the strong Miami confederation, the principal tribes of which were the fierce Shawnees and Miamis, who had been raising so much devilment with the Kentucky settlements. Col. Bowman reported having destroyed their village of Little Pickway and capturing 250 horses while suffering a loss of ten men, killed or missing. He also brought back valuable information on the "Miami Slaughter House," being the first one to really explore the district. Prior to this time the captives taken from the Kentucky settlements to the Indian towns were the only other white men who had seen any part of it and they had no opportunity to explore.

NEVER IN DISTRICT

It is true that there were English traders living with the Indians in their Northern and Central Ohio towns, as recorded by Christopher Gist in 1750, when he as a representative of the first Ohio Company of Virginia got as far West as Pickawillany (Piqua), but neither Gist nor any of the traders that he mentions in his journal, ever got into this district.

In the following year (1780) the famous Gen. George Rogers Clark appeared on the scene and commanded the second official expedition into this district. He was fortified with a much larger force and records having burned a village called Pickway. Again in 1782, Gen. Clark, in heading a third expedition, reports destroying a village called New Pickaway, the only difference in the name of the previous village destroyed being in the spelling. We naturally think of our Piqua when we see these repetitious names, but as stated before names were duplicated many times and most often they were situated in different localities.

With the close of the Revolutionary War in 1783 and the disbandment of the troops, things began to settle down East of the Alleghanies, but not so in this "Miami Slaughter House" district. The Shawnees, who had been allies of the British, had refused to go to Fort Stanwix (N. Y.) and sign a treaty as other British allies had done. So the gruesome business of raiding and scalping parties continued unabated, first on the Kentucky side of the river and then on the Ohio side.

CEDED ALL TERRITORY

While the British had ceded all territory South of the Great Lakes, they still manned their old Northwestern forts trying to hold onto the valuable fur trade they had established and also to assure payment of indemnity to the Tories whose property had been seized by the colonies when they fled into Canada rather than join the revolutionists. It was from these points that the Indians were being continually stirred up.

The British defeat had meant nothing to the Shawnees except more trouble and bewilderment, as formerly the British claimed their country and the Kentuckians occupied their hunting grounds, and now claimed all the Ohio country so there was nothing for them to do but to keep on fighting, and refusing to sign a treaty. They resisted all settlement by the whites, knowing how quickly they multiplied their settlements as soon as they got a foothold.

The Continental Congress was continually receiving reports from the Kentucky settlements complaining of the numerous raids being made on them by the Shawnees, and asking for protection and help. On the other hand, the friendly tribes like the Delawares and Wyandotts, who happened into this district, were also complaining to Congress about the so-called "hunting parties of the Kentuckians." The Kentuckians in making their reports would speak of being attacked by the Indians "while hunting in Ohio and that they killed a few."

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HUNTED INDIANS

As a matter of fact the "hunting parties" were organized to hunt Indians instead of game, with which their state was better supplied than Ohio, and "hunting parties" merely disguised their true intents to prevent censure from Congress. No one can blame the Kentuckians for trying to chastise the guilty Indians who had raided their villages, but it was most regrettable for them to have killed indiscriminately, paying no attention to whether the Indians were friendly or not. The Kentuckians by this time believed in the old adage that "the only good Indian is a dead one," so they killed and scalped in true Indian fashion and took just as much pride in displaying their prizes as did the Indians.

Hostilities of this sort continued until finally in December of 1783 the Continental Congress in session at Philadelphia took notice of the situation and passed a resolution to recruit a regiment to go out to "New America" and establish western forts and sign new treaties with the Indians, particularly with the Shawnees at the mouth of the Great Miami river. Congress picked on this spot at the juncture of the Great Miami and Ohio rivers because it was known to be the most strategic spot in the "Miami Slaughter House," due to the fact that it dominated the main arteries of travel into and out of the Indiana country, by way of the Great Miami and Whitewater rivers.

APPROVAL ON SITE

It so happens that Congress as well as the soldiers who actually built the fort were, without knowing it, putting their approval on a site which had been selected many centuries before by the military branch of the Mound Builders. These ancient people chose a spot of 13 acres on top of a nearby hill on which to erect a most remarkable fort, from which they could command a view of Great Miami Valley as far as Hamilton and the Ohio Valley from far above North Bend to many miles below Lawrenceburg. The Mound Builders fort, Fort Miami, is only 1,600 feet north of the site of Fort Finney.

For the third time more history is in the making at this spot, on the very doorstep of Cincinnati. First, Fort Miami, built in the prehistoric times. Then, the French expedition of discovery. Now, the building of a fort to negotiate a treaty to clear this region of hostile Indians so that the white settlers may come in and build an empire.

The next article will tell the story of the building of Fort Finney, and the events leading up to it.

Wed., Dec. 15, 1937

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CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART *in the* NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON

(This is the seventh of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white man took possession of this region.)

IT was a colorful gathering that filled to overflowing the council house at Fort Finney on that cold January 14, 1786, when the Shawnees finally marched in and took their seats to begin treaty negotiations. From the very outset of the proceedings, it was apparent that they had mapped out a line of procedure, for their chief warrior, Wiendoohalies, from Wapotomaky, arose and opened up the meeting without waiting for the commissioners to act. He pleaded with the commissioners to approach the negotiations with sympathy, understanding and an open mind, using picturesque symbolisms to convey his meaning. As Denny says, "he wiped our eyes, opened our hearts, etc."

At the conclusion of this oration, Gen. Parsons delivered a short speech of welcome, to the "thirteen fires" (typifying thirteen colonies) at the same time informing them of the Act of Congress appointing the commissioners to treat with all Indian nations between the Mississippi river, the Great Lakes and the Ohio river. He concluded by informing them that the next meeting would cover the business before them more fully. The Shawnees then expressed the desire to shake hands with the warriors, and accordingly the officers paraded in the center and received them all by the hand. The first meeting was concluded by smoking from their pipes of peace, and at a given signal about dark they all marched off to their camp.

The formal negotiations were not resumed until January 21, due to the entertainments and waiting for a delegation of Delaware Indians that was on its way. This delegation of twenty Delawares was headed by the famous Chief Bohengeehalus, who was rated as one of the greatest warriors among all the Indian tribes at that time. Bohengeehalus (Denny's spelling) witnessed the signatures of the Shawnee chiefs to the treaty by putting his mark X after the name of Capt. Bohongehelas (treaty spelling). Denny's spelling of the name was probably nearer correct, as he had made a study of the Shawnee language and records a formidable list of names and expressions with their translation.

SALUTES WARRIOR

These new arrivals were saluted in the same manner as the others had been. A most significant thing happened just as Bohengeehalus seated himself, he discovered Gen. Clark, and knowing him as a great warrior, he arose and saluted him most cordially. "Instead of taking hold of hands they gripped nearly at the shoulder, and shook hands underneath their right arms."

At this point Denny gives probably the first weather report for this district, when he mentions that it had been snowing steadily "until the ground was nearly six inches covered; but immediately after came warm weather which melted the whole, and caused the river to rise."

That evening the festivities started again with the Shawnees putting on their dances, which were very similar to those previously performed by the Wyandottes. The officers finally persuaded the Shawnees to put on their war dance. Eight or ten warriors stripped themselves almost naked, with the exception of a breech clout, painted their bodies and faces to present a most horrible appearance, and after arming themselves with tomahawks and scalping knives were ready to begin. They first formed a circle and for ten or fifteen minutes danced slowly to some mournful music, when suddenly they let out a war whoop and sat down on seats provided for them. There they sat in absolute silence for a short time until one of their number got up, danced and capered to the music, and then began to tell of his exploits, the injuries the tribe had suffered, and then switched to urging the others to be strong and rise up and avenge themselves against all their enemies. At length he was joined in the most tremendous yelling, jumping and dancing. Suddenly, on a signal being given by one of the chiefs, the dancing stopped and there was silence again, when a short speech was made, concluding the festivities. The Shawnees had been allowed to occupy the council house every afternoon for the past ten days, feasting and dancing, with the officers and young men very often joining in the fun.

GREAT DAY ARRIVES

The great day long awaited finally arrived, January 26, when the commissioners first assembled the Wyandottes and Delawares and got them out of the way by explaining to Bohengeehalus and his tribe the satisfactory treaty that had been executed at Fort M'Intosh, with the rest of the Wyandottes and Delaware tribes, which permitted them to live on Ohio soil. Their assistance in lining up the Shawnees was agreed upon, but due to the death of a Shawnee chief, January 25, the negotiations were not resumed until the next day. Two graves have been found on the hillside just east of Fort Miami, marked by plain field stones. One may be the chief's grave and the other that of G. Palfray, a soldier mentioned later in this narrative.

The meeting with the Shawnees was opened with the commissioners explaining by means of a map that had been prepared, just what lands had been allotted to the several nations, with the boundaries as fixed. They were told that they had been enemies of the United States the same as the British, with whom they had allied themselves. They were informed of the treaty with Great Britain whereby she had ceded the entire country this side of the Great Lakes to the Americans, and that they, like the British, were vanquished enemies and were going to be treated as such. That from now on "they must look up to the Americans, and they should be thankful that they are allowed to occupy any part of the country which by the war their had forfeited." Then to soften the blow, they were told that "more perhaps than they expected would be done for them, but they must leave hostages for their good behavior in the future." The meeting then adjourned until the next day during which time the Shawnees

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discussed the action they should take.

On January 27, after the Shawnees had assembled in the council house, their plan of action was unfolded, when their head warrior, Kickwaypalethey, arose to answer the speeches of the day before. In a powerful speech, well thought out, he "denied the power and right which the United States assumed," and asked the unanswerable question, "has the Great Spirit given it to the Americans to cut and portion the country in the manner proposed?" He was willing to agree to the Ohio river as the boundary line, but nothing more. With that "he laid on the table a mixed belt, one white and one black, indicating peace or war." Their true significance being so well known, no one touched the belts as they laid on the table.

DRAMATIC INCIDENT

Then occurred one of the most tense and dramatic incidents of this historic gathering. Gen. George Rogers Clarke, as he arose to speak in reply, casually swept the belts to the floor with his cane, and stepped on them. Then arose a hair-raising roar from the Indians, which Clarke calmly ignored, as he went on to tell them "It is well that the United States did not want war with them, that the commissioners would give them two days more to consider the terms proposed, and if unfavorable they would be given six days' rations to allow them to return home, but after that they would have to look out, for they would certainly feel the force of the United States." The council then broke up hastily with considerable excitement amongst the Shawnees.

It is evident that the Shawnees realized that the commissioners were firm and meant to stick to the terms outlined, for that same afternoon they returned and begged for another meeting. This time as soon as they were seated old King Molunthy arose and made a short speech after placing a white string on the table, the significance of which was to nullify all that had been said by their chief warrior, Kickwaypalathey, and to agree with the commissioners' terms. He pleaded for pity on the women and children of his tribe, etc.

The final agreement on the treaty was reached that night, January 31, 1786, but due to darkness the actual signing was put over until the next morning. It is interesting to note that this epoch-making event took place more than three years before George Washington took office as the first President of the United States of America, and about a year before the Continental Congress passed the ordinance creating the Northwest Territory. Provisions were now furnished each tribe for six days, and five hostages were left at the fort by the Shawnees as evidence of good faith. The Indians had been having such a good time, however, that many of them lingered so long that they became a nuisance to the officers of the fort.

The next article will be devoted to the provisions contained in this treaty, which opened the way for the influx of white settlers that soon followed.

Thurs., Dec. 18, 1937

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CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART in the NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON

(This is the eighth of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white man took possession of this region.)

THE Treaty of 1786 with the warlike Shawnee Nation, which had been concluded at Ft. Finney as described in the preceding article, was based on the treaty with Great Britain, signed at Paris two years previously, January 14, 1784. It was apparently written by Samuel H. Parsons, at least his memoirs give him credit for it, as well as making the opening speech at the conference.

The American State papers on Indian treaties contains the full text of the "articles of a treaty concluded at the mouth of the Great Miami, between the commissioners plenipotentiary of the United States of America, on the one part, and the chiefs and warriors of the Shawnee Nation of the other part."

In order to bind the Shawnees firmly to their agreement, Article I provided that "three hostages shall be immediately delivered to the commissioners to remain in the possession of the United States until all the prisoners, white and black, taken in the late war from among the citizens of the United States by the Shawnee Nation, or by any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns, shall be restored."

Under the terms of Article 2, "the Shawnee Nation do acknowledge the United States to be the sole and absolute sovereigns of all the territory ceded to them by treaty of peace between them and the King of Great Britain the fourteenth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-four."

TEXT OF ARTICLES

The next two articles read as follows:

Article 3. "If any Indian or Indians of the Shawnee Nation or any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns, shall commit murder or robbery, or do any injury to the citizens of the United States, or any of them, that nation shall deliver such offender or offenders to the officer commanding the nearest post of the United States, to be punished according to the ordinances of Congress; and, in like manner, any citizen of the United States who shall do any injury to any Indian of the Shawnee Nation or to any other Indian or Indians residing in their towns and under their protection, shall be punished according to the laws of the United States."

Article 4. "The Shawnee Nation, having knowledge of the intention of any nation or body of Indians to make war on the citizens of the United States, or their counseling together for that purpose, and neglecting to give information thereof to the commanding officer of the nearest post of the United States, shall be considered as parties in such war and be punished accordingly; and the United States in like manner inform the Shawnees."

The fifth article of this treaty was a pledge of friendship expressed in this single sentence: "The United States do grant peace to the Shawnee Nation, and do receive them into their friendship and protection."

PURPOSE OF TREATY

The paramount purpose of this treaty is to be found in Article 6. That purpose was to remove the warlike Shawnee Nation from their strategic position along the waterways of this region so that this country would be safe for the white settlers who were eager to come here. In providing for their evacuation of this region, the Government allotted to the Shawnees what is substantially the northern half of the present State of Indiana. The southeastern corner of this allotment was at a point a few miles above Piqua and extended north and west from there. At its nearest point, the new home and hunting grounds of the Shawnees was nearly a hundred miles from the present site of Cincinnati.

The exact boundaries were defined in this article in these words:

"The United States do allot to the Shawnee Nation, beginning at the south line of the lands allotted to the Wyandottes and Delaware Nations, at the place where the main branch of the Great Miami, which falls into the Ohio, intersects said line; then down the river Miami to the fork of that river next below the old fort which was taken by the French in 1752, then due west to river de la Pense, then down that river to the Wabash."

As a further guaranty of the integrity of the territory which was to be the future abiding place of the Shawnee Nation, the seventh and concluding article of the treaty set forth that "if any citizens of the United States shall presume to settle upon the lands allotted to the Shawnees by this treaty, he or they shall be put out of the protection of the United States."

TERMS MADE BINDING

The terms of the treaty were made binding by the signatures of the American commissioners, Clark, Butler and Parsons, and eight Shawnee chiefs, Aweecony, Kakampilathy, Malunthy, Musquaconoiah, Meanymescah, Waupancowela, Nihipeewa and Nihinessicoe. The pact was attested by Alexander Campbell as secretary for the commissioners.

Equally imposing is the list of signatures attached to the documents as witnesses—nineteen men, Indians and white men, from that assembly of three or four hundred men who had gathered here on the outermost fringe of civilization for a solemn and notable occasion. Of the Delaware, there were Capts. Pipe and Bohongehelas (Bohengeehalus) and The Big Cat. The Half King and The Crane witnessed on behalf of the Wyandottes, as did also Isaac Zane, their white friend, who had been raised in the Wyandotte country.

Among the white men who witnessed the treaty there appears the names of such fighting Irishmen as Maj. Finney, Capt. Doyle, Ensign McDowell and Kagy Galloway. Here also is Pierre Droullar, doubtless a Frenchman, and among the others were such good old American names as Sam Montgomery, Daniel Elliott, Nathaniel Smith and James Rinker.

The importance of this treaty in the subsequent history of Cincinnati, of Ohio and of the Northwest Territory can hardly be overestimated. It cleared every possible cloud from the title to all the lands which the Shawnee Nation claimed to own. Under its terms the Shawnees moved out of this region and treked north and west to the land allotted to them in Northern Indiana and Western-Central Ohio.

RECORDS ARE MEAGER

Government records are meager as to the details of the evacuation of this region by the Shawnees. This is only to be expected, because there were vastly more important things to do than keep records of the days and dates of this migration. A new form of government was being fashioned by American statesmen; a new and united nation was just coming into being.

It is enough to know that the Shawnees departed from this region and thus was removed a deadly obstacle to the pioneer settlement, which so quickly ensued. Immediately following the signing of the Treaty of Ft. Finney, the occupation of this territory by American settlers began in earnest.

When next the Shawnees appear on the pages of history, it was a few years hence, when they and other Indian tribes had been aroused by Tecumseh to join in resisting the American Government. The battles which followed were fought in Northern Ohio and Indiana, not far from the land allotted to the Shawness by the Treaty of Ft. Finney. They had gone forever from the lands along the banks of the Ohio River.

The closing events at Ft. Kinney, after the purpose for which it was built had been accomplished, reflect the conditions which prevailed in the wilderness at the time. These will be outlined in the next article.

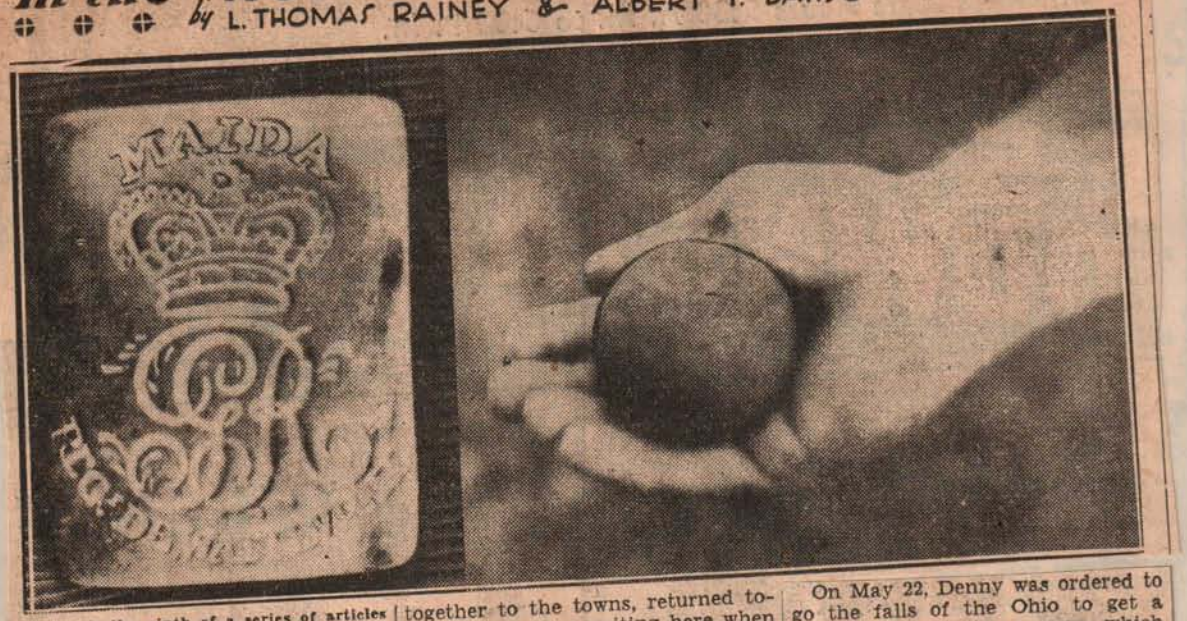
No. 8

Fri., Dec. 17, 1937

9.

CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART in the NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON



(This is the ninth of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white men took possession of this region.)

One week after the signing of the Treaty of Fort Finney with the Shawnee Nation, two of the United States commissioners, their task completed, were ready to go back East. On February 8, 1786, Gen. Richard Butler and Gen. Samuel H. Parsons, together with their aides and messengers, set sail on their return trip up the river. They were all glad to get away by this time, having stayed much longer at the fort than they had wanted to, as their accommodations were poor, and their food for the past month had been nothing but beef, whisky and bread. Two days before they left, however, a boat arrived from up stream which supplied them with some liquor for their trip, and what was more important, a small supply of sugar. "As the sails were hoisted the fort fired a parting salute," while Denny says they had "a fair wind and the three boats were soon out of sight around the bend." The next day a boat arrived from up stream and reported they had passed the commissioners about six miles up stream, so they were not making much progress.

Gen. George Rogers Clarke left the fort for the falls of the Ohio, February 10, and his departure was significant for its simplicity, as compared with the other commissioners. "He did not trouble us with much parade, neithed did he take any of our men," believing as he did in the utmost informality. Three boats were required to take care of the commissioners on their trip up the river, due entirely as Denny says, to the great number of "petty messengers who took up as much room as the commissioners, and made it necessary to supply another boat." In a private letter to Col. Harmar, Denny takes a final rap at the messengers when he writes, "there were B—, M—, E—, and Mr. K—, all in constant pay at twenty shillings, three dollars, and twenty-five shillings per day in proportion

together to the towns, returned together, and were waiting here when he arrived. The Lord knows what service some of them were of, for we can't imagine."

FIRST PAYROLL

While Denny was waiting for a furlough, for which he had asked Col. Harmar, he describes the arrival of the army contractor, Capt. O'Hara, with the soldiers' first payroll. Capt. Beatty the paymaster having been taken sick at Wheeling, had turned their money over to Capt. O'Hara. Capt. O'Hara seems to have gotten most of the money back for dry goods that the soldiers purchased, but the rest he obtained for liquor they purchased. The soldiers frankly approached the officers for a general holiday, in fact they "asked permission to get drunk," providing it would not interfere with their duties. "This did not work out," Denny reported, "for there were scarcely one sober man in the garrison for three days, and God knows how long they would have continued if the issuing of liquor had not been stopped."

The real celebration of the signing of the treaty and the necessity for relaxation amongst the soldiers came on the 17th of March, after the commissioners had departed. The majority of the soldiers in the garrison were Irish, and they asked Major Finney for the privilege of celebrating St. Patrick's Day as was customary with them. In Denny's words, "accordingly, the bung was opened and every man had permission to purchase and drink what quantity of liquor he pleased; and a pretty good portion did some of them take, for towards evening we had not six men in the garrison fit for duty, not even the guard excepted. G. Palfrey died from the effects of too much liquor and was buried the next day."

On May 22, Denny was ordered to go the falls of the Ohio to get a brass three-pounder cannon, which he returned with on May 28, along with suitable shot. According to the record this cannon was only used at Fort Finney for a celebration on Fourth of July and to awe the Indians, who greatly marveled at it. The anniversary of Independence Day was celebrated with "three rounds of small arms and three with the field piece, after which the gentlemen all dined together." At dinner "thirteen toasts were drunk, each accompanied with a round from the three pounder, attended in the intervals by two drums, two fifes and a couple of excellent violins."

FIRST CELEBRATION

Here we have a record of the first celebration of St. Patrick's Day and the first celebration of the Fourth of July in this district of New America. We must be charitable today in any criticism we are wont to make of the robust manner in which the soldiers celebrated. Must remember this celebration was held only ten years after the rupture with England, and just three years after the war was ended. Also remember that here was a band of hardy revolutionary soldiers who had been housed up for months in camps, and in cramped quarters, and were letting off a little steam, just as any red-blooded men who had fought through those trying times should.

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10.

Many years afterward, not far from the site of Fort Finney, one of the three-pound solid shots for this cannon was picked up, and is now in possession of Charles B. Winters, who lives near Columbia Park. A photograph of this ancient cannon ball, badly corroded by the rust of more than a century, is shown herewith. He has accumulated a large collection of Indian trophies of that locality, one of the most interesting of which is the English military belt buckle, shown in the accompanying photograph, which was found near the site of the Indian village at the foot of Fort Miami. It is believed to have been brought down here by a Shawnee Indian from the Canadian region, where the English regiment was stationed in colonial days.

It has been determined from the War Office at London that the ...e Watteville regiment, was re-...ed from the Swiss in 1801, and ...ghting for France and being ...d in Egypt, were absorbed ...nglish Army, and fought ...tle of Maida, Arabia, on ... and helped in the cap-...dria, Egypt. They also ...da from 1813 to 1816 ...nded in England in ...er being given land ... Some of this ... participated in ...s plain to see ... connection ... and any ...ney.

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important part in the history of our cummunity and in the early events of the Northwest Territory. She was destined to become the wife of a president of the United States, and the grandmother of another President—both of whom made their home for many years on that farm at the mouth of the Great Miami river, where so much history has been made down through the centuries. She was to live her entire adult life here, from the time of her marriage to William Henry Harrison to her death at an advanced age in the home of her son, John Scott Harrison, who was the father of President Benjamin Harrison. That mansion still stands, where it was built in 1823.

In the year after the signing of the Treaty of Fort Finney (1786), Judge Symmes entered this region (1787)—the forerunner of a wave of settlers who were not far behind. In December of the next year (1788), the first settlers landed at Cincinnati.

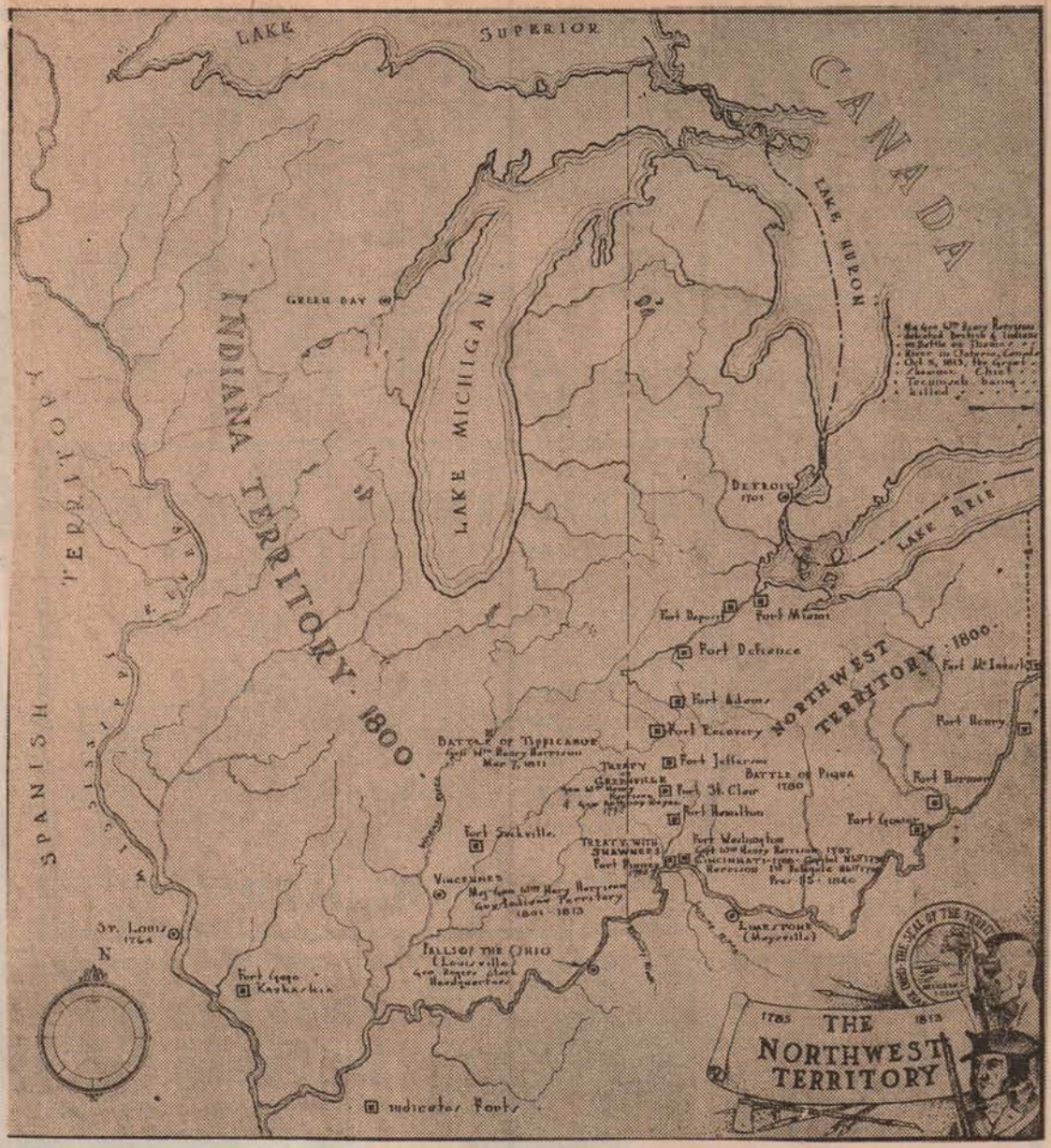
As the eighteenth century drew to a close, this community was rapidly developing into the gateway of the Northwest Territory. Soon after the turn of the century came events of great importance in shaping the destiny of this locality—events which added so much National history to that area of one mile square at the mouth of the great Miami river as to make that spot unique in the whole country.

The next article will be devoted to a recital of some of those events, and the part played in them by one of the outstanding families of this community at that time.

Mon., Dec. 20, 1937

CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART *in the* NORTHWEST TERRITORY

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON



No. 10

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12.

(This is the tenth of a series of articles outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before ad since the white men took possession of this region.)

WHEN the news percolated through the territory east of the Allegheny Mountains that a treaty had been concluded at Fort Finney, under which the savage Shawnee Indians were to evacuate the lands along the north bank of the Ohio River and live in what is now northern Indiana, the tide of white immigration to the New America was not long in setting in. The next year (1787) Judge Symmes came and started to lay the foundation of what he believed would be a great city at North Bend, with transportation facilities on both the Ohio and Great Miami Rivers. In December, 1788, the original settlers of Cincinnati landed at Yeatman's Cove, at the foot of Sycamore street.

The following year (1789), in response to petitions to the War Department for military defense, Fort Washington was built just east of the settlement, at what is now Third and Ludlow streets. Cincinnati was then a muddy-streeted, woods-surrounded town of log cabins containing eleven families and twenty-four unmarried men. A company of soldiers cammanded by Gen. Harmer was stationed there, and the fort at once became the most important element in the village.

On a hot August day in 1791 there came to the fort from Washington a youth of 18, with a commission as ensign in the First United States Infantry, whose name was to be closely connected with this region and the West from that time on. He was William Henry Harrison, and his heart was set on making his home and living and his life here.

Young Harrison had an unusual background. His father, Benjamin Harrison, was one of the most devoted and most influential patriots of the Revolution. The cause had no more active and fearless defender and advocate, nor any whose services were more important. He was a member of the Continental Congress, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and governor of Virginia. He devoted his life and fortune to the cause of American liberty.

IMBIBES PRINCIPLES

Reared amid such surroundings, young William Henry had imbibed those principles of truth and justice and that patriotic devotion to his country which so distinguished his after-life. His father had planned for him a career in the medical profession, but the young man preferred the army, and this desire was greatly strengthened by the disasters which had overtaken Gen. Harmer in his fights with the Indians.

Young Harrison arrived at Fort Washington shortly after the defeat of the brave but ill-fated Gen. St. Clair, to find his regiment broken and dispirited—a few hundred half-starved and half-naked troops. His devotion to duty and to the men resulted in rapid promotion. In the campaigns against the Indians which went out from Cincinnati, he was officially cited for distinguished gallantry. In 1797, at the age of 24, he was put in command of Fort Washington. He resigned June 1, 1798, with the rank of captain, to become secretary of the Northwest Territory at the age of 25, and in this same year was chosen to represent this vast region as a delegate in Congress.

Following his marriage to Ann, a daughter of Judge Symmes, he built a log house at North Bend, bought a 2,000-acre farm between the Ohio and Great Miami Rivers, and here made his home for the rest of his days. His public duties frequently called him away for extended periods—as territorial governor of Indiana, with headquarters at Vincennes (where John Scott Harrison was born) and as major general in command of the army during the War of 1812. Winning the battles of Fallen Timbers, etc., and finally making a treaty with all Indian tribes, of which our old friends the Shawnees were a part. At the close of the war he resigned from the army and was elected to Congress in 1816, again from the Cincinnati district and served three years, following which he was elected to the Ohio State Senate in 1819, and then United States senator from Ohio in 1825. He resigned from the United States Senate in 1828 to become minister to Colombia.

During these later years the farm was operated and managed by his son, John Scott Harrison, who had a distinct liking for the pursuits of agriculture. In the early twenties a sizable tract of land was set apart for John Scott in the southwest corner of the big farm, and on this his father erected what was then regarded as an imposing brick mansion of semi-classic colonial design. Much of the material in this house was shipped by boat down the Ohio River, after having been transported across the Allegheny Mountains from the East. All glass was said to have come from England.

ON BANK OF RIVER

The site chosen for this house was on the bank of the Ohio river, well above the highest flood stage, and was within a stone's throw of the site where Fort Finney was built a third of a century before, and where the treaty was signed which expelled the Shawnee Indians from this region. This house was destined to become historic as the boyhood home of a President of the United States, and to make this spot without parallel in the United States as the farm which was the home of two Presidents—William Henry Harrison, the ninth President, and Benjamin Harrison, his grandson, the twenty-third President.

And within a few hundred yards was old Fort Miami, built by the pre-historic Mound Builders, and a little to the west was the spot where Celoron, the first white explorer, had buried the lead plate and claimed all the territory for Louis XV of France. Surely, more history could hardly be centered in one spot.

John Scott Harrison had no special liking for public life; he preferred life on the farm. Yet he did consent to serve four years (1853-1857) as member of Congress from the Cincinnati district, but positively refused to accept the nomination for lieutenant governor of Ohio. He remains unique in American history as the son of a President and the father of a President.

This mansion may fairly be referred to as the birthplace of Benjamin Harrison, although he was not born within its walls. Just as mothers today seek the security of a hospital for such an event, so Mrs. John Scott Harrison went to the paternal home at North Bend for this blessed event, in order that proper medical care might be available. Benjamin was born August 20, 1833. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in

BACKGROUND OF MEN WHO WROTE ARTICLES

L. Thomas Rainey and Albert F. Dawson, who have compiled these articles, are men whose hobby is the study of pioneer history and Indian activities.

Rainey is a graduate electric engineer of Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa. Over a long period of years he has devoted much time to historical and archaeological studies and research. He lives at 3046 Fairfield avenue, East Walnut Hills.

Dawson, before becoming a resident of Cincinnati, lived in the middle West, was active in the State Historical Society of Iowa, served three terms in Congress, and is well versed in the early Midwest history. His home is at 556 Ludlow avenue, Clifton.

The authoritative drawings, which have embellished this series of articles were the contribution of T. Marshall Rainey, registered architect, offices at 152 East Fourth street.

(next page)

her memoirs, records the fact that she was a week-end guest at the William Henry Harrison home when the joyful news of Benjamin's arrival was announced at breakfast. According to a story told to Mrs. Caine, of North Bend, by her pioneer grandfather, two other distinguished people were guests at the Harrison home at this same time—none other than Henry Clay, of Kentucky, and Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts. It should be remembered that the original log house had by this time grown into a spacious mansion of twenty-five rooms, and was the scene of many important political conferences.

POLITICS IS TOPIC

It is not har dto guess what Clay, Webster and Harrison were talking about. Harrison was soon to be his party's candidate for president, and it will be recalled that when he was elected in 1840 at the second try, it was Daniel Webster who was chosen as Secretary of State and premier of the Harrison Cabinet.

Mrs. Harrison and the baby returned to their own home, and here Benjamin lived for the next twenty-one years, attending the near-by country school as a boy and graduating at Miami University, Oxford. He studied law in a Cincinnati office for two years prior to his removal to Indianapolis in 1854.

William Henry Harrison was a constant visitor at the home of his son, John Scott. He was especially fond of his grandson, Benjamin, and many a time in the family rocking chair sat the man who was to become President of the United State and held on his lap the boy who was also to become President some fifty-five years later. American history has no parallel to this interesting fact.

Following the death of President William Henry Harrison, April 4, 1841, his home at North Bend was destroyed by fire, thought to have been set by a discharged servant. No part of it was ever rebuilt, and the President's widow thereafter made her home with her son, John Scott, in this brick mansion we have been describing, until her death in 1864 at the advanced age of 89.

The John Scott Harrison mansion is still standing on property owned by the Cincinnati Gas & Electric Company and, as will be seen by the accompanying photograph, is being kept in a good state of preservation. The brick and stone walls appear to be as strong as ever. The interior hallway, stairs and parlor were finished in white woodwork. The original winding staircase is still intact, and although the railing is gone, sections of it have been preserved. Many of the original brass doorknobs and old heavy locks are still fixtures in the house. Its restoration could be made without great expense, and restored and refurnished it would be one of the outstanding shrines in the Ohio valley.

And if Fort Finney and the Council House, which stood practically in the same yard, were rebuilt in their original form, these three historic buildings would be unsurpassed in interest in the whole middle West.

There exists at the present time a perfect set-up for the restoring of this historic site. The next and concluding article will point the way to definite action.

CINCINNATI'S GREAT PART *in the* NORTHWEST TERRITORY

No. 11

by L. THOMAS RAINEY & ALBERT F. DAWSON

(This is the eleventh and concluding article of a series outlining some of the important historical events which centered in and around Cincinnati, both before and since the white men took possession of this region.)

THE facts set down in the ten preceding articles—facts obtained by patient and extended research of official documents—make it perfectly clear that Cincinnati and the region immediately about this city has never taken its proper place in the history of the Northwest Territory. Cincinnati has been so busy in building a great city that it has been remiss in making clear to the world its rightful place in history. Next year the 150th Anniversary of the founding of the Northwest Territory is to be celebrated. Therefore, now is the right time for this community to plan such fitting celebration as will commemorate not only the finding of the Northwest Territory, but especially the important part this community took in that momentous event. The best way to do this, so that it will stand for all time, would be to restore and refurnish the John Scott Harrison mansion, and rebuild on its original site Fort Finney and the Council House, in which was signed the treaty clearing the way for the settlement of the Northwest Territory and making possible the building here of this great city.

A brief summary of the historic events related in the ten preceding articles showed these undisputable facts:

The fierce and implacable Shawnee Indians occupied this region, which was the center of river routes of travel and so long as they held this strategic position they were an insurmountable obstacle to the settlement of the Northwest Territory.

Realizing this fact, the Continental Congress ordered the building of Fort Finney, sent here a force of troops of the First Regiment of the United States Infantry and named a distinguished commission to come to Fort Finney and make a treaty with the Shawnees that would remove them from this locality.

TREATY CONCLUDED

On January 31, 1786, these Commissioners, Gen. George Rogers Clark, Gen. Richard Butler and Gen. Samuel H. Parsons concluded a treaty with the Shawnee Nation under which they agreed to remove to a vast tract of land alloted to them in what is now northern Indiana.

That treaty was the corner stone of the foundation of the settlement and development of the Northwest Territory.

Following the anouncement of this treaty the Shawnees began to depart and the white men came in rapidly increasing numbers.

This treaty paved the way for the passage of the Ordinance of 1787 under which Gen. St. Clair was appointed the first Governor of the Territory and made Marietta the seat of government in 1788.

One of the provisions of this Ordinance was that when the Northwest Territory contained 5,000 male inhabitants of full age a General Assembly might be created to make the laws for the government of the territory. Under this provision a General Assembly was authorized in 1798.

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On September 16, 1799, the General Assembly of the Northwest Territory was organized at Cincinnati and this city thereby became the first capital under an elective government for the Northwest Territory. William Henry Harrison was the secretary of the Northwest Territory and was elected as a delegate in Congress from this territory, serving as such from March 4, 1799, to May 14, 1800, when he resigned.

On May 7, 1800, the Northwest Territory was divided in two by a line running straight north from the point where the Kentucky river empties into the Ohio. All east of that line was called the Northwest Territory; west of the line was designated as the Indiana Territory. Cincinnati continued as the capital of this newly described Northwest Territory until the General Assembly decided to move the capital to Chillicothe. The new State house at Chillicothe was completed in 1801. In 1802 a constitution was adopted for Ohio and the following year the State was admitted to the Union.

CHAIN OF EVENTS

These formed the chain of events which quickly followed the signing of the treaty of Fort Finney and the northward migration of the warlike Shawnees.

Fort Finney should be rebuilt in its original form and used as a museum to house historic objects of its time, so as to forever commemorate the important events which took place there. It would be not only a place of deep interest to the older generation, but an inspiration to the youth of the present day and all those who come after them, illustrating as it would the hardships and sacrifices of frontier democracy in the making. Fortunate for the creation of a shrine of national interest is the fact that on the same small plot of ground around Fort Finney, almost forgotten but still standing, is the John Scott Harrison mansion built by one President of the United States, the boyhood home of another President and the home of a President's widow up to the time of her death in 1864. The span of life of the three Harrisons who were connected with the mansion house is as follows: William Henry Harrison, 1773-1841; John Scott Harrison, 1804-1878; Benjamin Harrison, 1833-1901.

The house was built in 1823 and is rather unique speciment of architecture for the Ohio Valley. The house shows much evidence of having been influenced by Colonial Virginia style. It is interesting for its original glass window panes, leaden glass transom, circular stairway, brass door knobs and heavy locks and the finish of the interior woodwork.

At the rear of the house stands a fine old hackberry tree of great size and age. Near this tree stood the Council House of Fort Finney. Two hundred yards away was the fort itself.

The present owner of the property has kept the house in good repair to prevent its destruction. The owner has indicated that he will not part with the place without clear assurance that the recipient of it will do an authentic job of restoration and provide maintenance and custody for it for all times to come, in the interest of the general public.

An associate historian, Roy Edgar Appleman, of the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, visited this site in 1936 and in an official report to the government covering eleven pages he concluded with these recommendations:

"It is my opinion that the Harrison mansion has qualities, derived both from its associations with prominent Americans and from its architectural features, that make it one of the outstanding sites of its kind in the Ohio Valley."

"The Harrison mansion house should be preserved. I believe the Federal Government would not be making a mistake to cooperate with the State of Ohio or one of the outstanding patriotic societies in restoring, preserving, and making available to the general public this interesting historical and architectural relic of the past. I believe this should be done even to the extent of giving financial assistance if funds are available."

WOULD RESTORE FORT

The project would be of double historic value with Fort Finney and the Council House restored on the same plot of ground.

A detailed estimate of the cost of restoring the Harrison mansion has already been made by an interested friend. After adding 20 per cent as a margin of safety, the total cost would be less than $30,000 and with the Federal Government interested in the project, 70 or 80 per cent of this could be performed by WPA labor. No detailed estimate has been prepared for the cost of restoring Fort Finney and the Council House, but its total cost would probably be less than half the amount needed to restore the Harrison mansion.

A Federal law passed in 1935 provides for Federal co-operation in historic projects of national importance. Under the law the National Park Service is authorized to make co-operative agreements with associations or individuals to preserve for public use historic sites regardless of whether the title is in the United States. This law provides for Federal co-operation in connection with restoration or reconstruction, technical assistance, refurnishing, etc. It further permits charging a small admission fee to provide funds for maintenance and upkeep.

And what would add immeasurably to the interest of this project is the fact that it is located almost at the base of the 200-foot hill which is crowned by Fort Miami, built by the pre-historic Mound Builders. Within a stone's throw of this spot was the site of a populous Indian village, and no less than four Indian mounds dot the surrounding hills, while only a short distance away is the spot where Celoron buried his sixth and final lead plate which claimed this land for Louis XV of France in 1749.

All around Cincinnati historic sites have been suitably marked. At Fort Harrodsburg, Ky., about a quarter of a million dollar restoration has been made. Vincennes, Ind., has a memorial to Gen. George Rogers Clarke that cost a million and a half dollars. Marietta, O., is spending a large sum of money on historic sites, and Greenville and Springfield are pressing a bill in Congress to appropriate $200,000 to mark the place where a treaty was signed with the Indians.

The restoration of Fort Finney and the John Scott Harrison mansion on this spot would provide a historic shrine that would attract visitors from far and wide. It would forever fix the rightful place of this community in the settlement and development of the vast empire which in the early days was known as the "New America." It would stimulate study of the early history of the city of Cincinnati and of the sturdy men and women who made it possible for this great city to rise here. And what an inspiration it would be to the boys and girls of the present and succeeding generations as they come on!

A golden opportunity awaits Cincinnati to do a big and worthwhile thing. Time is the essence of success under existing conditions. It is probably now or never. What will Cincinnati do about it?

THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR—Thursday, January 27, 1938

NORTHWEST TERRITORY CARAVAN SCHEDULED TO VISIT CINCINNATI

Same Program To Be Given in 48 Stops in Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., January 27—(INS)—Five more towns were added by the Northwest Territory Celebration Commission today to the itinerary of the pioneer caravan which will tour Ohio, giving a pageant commemorating the 150th anniversary of the ordinance of 1787.

E. J. Mildren, Marietta, director of the State Commission, said Youngstown, Bryan, Lima, Eaton and Ironton would be added to the previous list of forty-four Ohio towns in which life in 1787 will be depicted by pageants.

The caravan, which left Ipswich, Mass., last December 3, is now at West Newton, Pa. There the thirty-seven men of the pioneer company who are cutting trees and carving by hand rude boats on which they will float down the Ohio River to Marietta, arriving April 7.

COSTUMES COST $2,500

They will remain in Marietta four days, giving the pageant nightly, costumes for which cost the Federal Government $2,500.

The State commission stressed the fact that the same program will be given in each of the forty-eight other stops in Ohio.

The caravan will travel northward from Marietta, making stops at Athens, Beverly, McConnelsville, Zanesville, Cambridge, New Philadelphia, Canton, Wooster, Akron, Kent, Warren, Youngstown, Ashtabula, Chardon and Cleveland. From Cleveland it will trek southward to Oberlin, Norwalk, Sandusky, Mansfield, Mt. Vernon, Newark, Delaware, Westerville and arrive in Columbus, May 7.

Circleville will be the next stop, followed by Washington, C. H., Springfield, Bellefontaine, Lima, Bowling Green and Toledo. From Toledo the "pioneers" travel to Bryan and thence to points in the other five States of the northwest territory.

RE-ENTERS AT VAN WERT

They will re-enter the State at Van Wert, going to Ft. Recovery, Greenville, Dayton, Eaton, Oxford, Hamilton and Cincinnati. From the Queen City, the ox-drawn covered wagons will follow the Ohio River to Georgetown, Manchester, Portsmouth, Ironton, Gallipolis and Pomeroy, ending the tour almost a year after its start at Belpre.

July 15, designated as United States Day, by the Northwest Territory Celebration Commission, has been assigned as dedication day for a huge memorial at Marietta. The memorial is being carved by Gutzon Borglum, internationally known sculptor.

E. M. Hawes, Marietta, director of the Federal Commission, announced the deadline for entries in the public school competition for $20,000 in prizes has been set back from February 15 to April 1. The prizes will be awarded on the best 1,500 to 2,000 word essay on "What the Ordinance of 1787 Means to Me and the United States." Awards also will be given on art drawings depicting frontier life of 1787.

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The Cincinnati Post

THURSDAY, JAN. 27, 1938.

Reliving an Adventure

Buckskin Pioneers

Colonial Dandies at Night

Bob Gilchrist, 22, Alliance, O., napping on a fender.

Bonus, a stray dog, rides in the saddlebag of Bill Kellstadt, Circleville, O.

Above, Bill Farrell, 24, Athens, O., and William Diamond, 22, Logansport, Ind. Top center, Milo Scott, 23, of Allensville, O., and Bill Farrell.

Graham Johnson, 24, of Zanesville, O.

After Daily Trek They Don-- Pumps!

BY JESSE ZOUSMER

WEST NEWTON, PA., Jan. 27.—It is the high spot of the eight-act "Freedom on the March" pageant. Ten of the 36 members of the 1938 Northwest Territory caravan are on the stage.

Hobnailed shoes they have worn on the day's trek have been replaced by Colonial pumps. Their heavy woolen socks have given way to knee length white hose. Heavy shirts, breeches leggings, sheepskin vests, woolen mittens, coonskin caps have all been discarded for the lace and satin of Colonial gentlemen.

The Second Article of a Series

It is act five programmed as "Formation of the Ohio Company."

The actors portray a historic meeting at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston 150 years ago.

The foam (cotton) of the beer (jelly) they swing in unison is very straggly. The audience is quick to note this.

An Old Sea Chanty

But from the throats of these 10 who have spent more than 40 days out in the open, in weather as cold as six degrees above zero, comes an old sea chanty:

We sing a little,
Laugh a little,
Work a little,
Swear a little,
Fiddle a little,
And foot it a little...

Patterned more closely after the life of sailors than the pioneering spirits who decided at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern to form the Ohio Company with a capital of one million "not worth a Continental" dollars for the purchase of land northwest of the river Ohio, is the life of these modern pioneers.

Their singing ranging from "The Last Round-up" to "Minnie the Moocher" is as frequent, as well done, as that in the average fraternity house. Their laughing is a day-long affair, on the highway, at meal times, at the antics of their fellow pioneers, during their re-enactment of the history of the Ordinance of 1787.

Most Arduous Daily Task

Most arduous daily task is pushing the Conestoga wagon up hills too steep for the oxen. Other work includes moving the duffle bags, which hold each of the pioneers' belongings, from sleeping quarters to one of the two trucks accompanying the caravan, and making their own beds . . . sometimes.

These young men actually have not walked the entire 648 miles from Ipswich, Mass. to West Newton, Pa. where they are today.

On their 2200-mile trip through the states formed of the old Northwestern Territory—Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota—which will begin from Marietta, they will ride always in trucks and trailers.

Each man, however, signed a contract with the U. S. Government wherein, in addition to promising to refrain from intoxicating liquors and immoral practices, he agrees to walk two or three days during the march to Marietta.

The covered wagon rarely is used for riders. Sometimes the men accept hitches from motorists. And they usually alternate riding the five horses traveling with them.

Walk at Leisurely Pace

And when one does walk it is at a leisurely pace, not fast enough to get too far ahead of the two and a half-mile-an-hour plodding oxen.

Longest walk on the 49-day Ipswich-to-West Newton trip was 30 miles; shortest 12 miles; average 15½ miles.

Three men claim to have walked the entire distance, accepting no rides of any kind, not even on the horses. And all three admit "we're just doing it for the hell of it."

Up to 6 a. m. every morning to get started two hours later, the pioneers leave each town in small groups. In an hour the leader may be a few miles ahead of the last straggler.

Stops and rests are frequent. Almost every general store on their route is visited.

Some of the boys march with their 10-pound guns on their shoulders. The guns, replicas of those used by the original pioneers, have no flint locks, but they add color, some of the boys feel.

For lunch they sometimes stop at a CCC camp, sometimes at a convenient road stand; sometimes at a hotel. Their three meals daily and lodging cost a maximum of $2.50.

Towns Stage Parades

Almost every town stages a parade for the boys. An Indian attack, usually manned with enthusiastic Boy Scouts, with a quick trading of "What does white man seek, fight or peace?" for a "White man seeks peace" and a hurried pipe smoking and the caravan moves into the melee of tooting horns, pointing fingers, questions, sirens, factory whistles.

Once this reception committee Indian attack failed the caravan. In Cambridge, Mass., when the Indians began to fight a little too seriously, the pioneers discovered that they were being prodded by anti-caravan Harvard students who were co-operating with a Boston newspaperman to make a good headline: "Pioneers Scared by Indians."

And sometimes the welcoming committees are no end annoyed by a delay in the scheduled arrival of the group, like the day two weeks ago, when the boys found it necessary to construct a log-sled to haul their wagon down a hill and found it impossible to notify their prospective hosts of the delay.

Best evidence of the minor toll the walking day takes of these men is their activity after their arrival in a new town. With supper to come before their 8 p. m. pageant performance some of them start inspecting the town, others drop into a movie, others hunt newspapers heralding their arrival or commenting on their visit.

Pageant Annoys Young Men

And then comes supper and the pageant. The pageant annoys the young men and it is reflected in their "acting." With 144 costume changes for the cast which excludes only the ox driver and the mimeograph machine-diary producer, with eight acts coming at the end of a day of walking in the open, it is no wonder. But the pageant is a big part of their show.

In it the pioneers portray the significant events leading up to the Northwest Ordinance and the selling of Marietta; the 1754 Albany convention regarded as the first attempt of the American colonies to form a union; the capture of Fort Sackville, wherein George Rogers Clark gained Illinois land for Virginia and purportedly nipped an Indian-British conspiracy; drafting of the Newburgh Petition, predecessor of the 1787 ordinance; treaty of Fort McIntosh, wherein four Indian nations ceded the southeastern three-quarters of what is now Ohio to the United States—this being the reason for the first settlement in Marietta.

The four remaining acts show the formation of the Ohio Company, the Continental Congress passing the ordinance, the westward trek which the modern caravan is re-enacting daily, and the settling at Marietta.

Designed to interest and inform students, the pageant is enacted with varying diligence. But in almost every town it has met with good reception.

NEXT: The reception of the modern pioneers in various towns.

Lace Put on for High Spot of Pageant

FRIDAY, JAN. 28, 1938.

Cincinnati Post

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Reliving an Adventure

Ox-Team Caravan Goes Over Big in Small Towns

Children follow the Conestoga wagon for miles. Here a group is shown at Jones Mill, Pa.

John Hall (left) of Paris, Ill., and Ernest McGee of Pawtuckett, R. I., inspect the Youghiogheny River at West Newton, Pa.

Monte Parr, 24, Mingo Junction, O., holds two of the five horses accompanying the caravan.

Sometimes the oxen can't manage a hill by themselves. Then the pioneers lend a hand, as in center. Bernie Heskett, 22, Byersville, O., above, signs the register proferred by Lewis C. Walkinshaw, Pennsylvania Sons of the American Revolution historian.

Many People Feel Stunt Is Waste of Money

BY JESSE ZOUSMER

WEST NEWTON, PA., Jan. 28.—The Northwest Territory Celebration Commission's ox-team caravan is going over big—especially in small towns.

During my three days with the caravan, before they reached this town for a 10-week stop, I spoke with various persons who sponsored the caravan in different cities.

Final Article of a Series

And these persons — members of Rotary and Kiwanis clubs, American Legion posts, Chamber of Commerce officials, school teachers and superintendents—were in almost unanimous agreement: "We wish we could get the caravan back again. We had no auditorium large enough to hold all the persons who tried to see their pageant."

On their long trip from Ipswich, Mass., the men in the caravan have met with better receptions, acted before larger crowds, had a better time, in the smaller cities.

Not always are they the toast of the town. Sometimes the 36 young men are received as "crazy college kids," sometimes as CCC boys or WPA workers — both appellations make them mad—sometimes as professional actors, sometimes with a "Who are you?" and "What are you selling?"

Many people feel, too, that the government is wasting the $100,000 Congressional appropriation for the celebration commission even though but $23,000 has been alloted the caravan, with the remainder being used for educational purposes, books, maps, pamphlets, etc., describing the Northwest Territory and the ordinance of 1787.

Called "An Ohio Stunt"

And just as the New England papers of 150 years ago tried to discourage travelers from going to the Ohio valley so have some New England papers today tried to deflate the modern caravan.

Commented one Boston, Mass., paper: "It's chiefly an Ohio stunt . . . all they do is block traffic . . . they ought to put the whole outfit on flat cars and ship them back . . . and anyhow the pioneers 150 years ago merely were engaged in a land grab that might better be forgotten."

The vice chairman of the Cambridge, Mass., school committee spoke his thoughts: "Its the ridiculous, idiotic conception of some chiseler from Ohio. They (the 36 men) will never get to Ohio . . . it will take a toll of three or four lives."

Only serious toll of the caravan to date, was one pioneer who was confined to an Easton, Pa., hospital with pneumonia but who is expected in West Newton this week.

In Allentown, Pa., only 111 of the city's 93,000 persons came the pageant the boys present nightly. But in each of the three towns where the caravan stopped while I was with it, town officials informed me that they had attracted record-breaking numbers.

O. K. Reames of Zanesfield, O., director of the pageant and manager of the caravan, told me that crowds had been increasing in every town as the caravan moved westward.

Word Flashed to Town

And for those who claim the caravan holds no interest . . . I saw for myself hundreds of persons writing and carving their initials on the Conestoga wagon and its canvas; school children dismissed for at least half an hour in every community we passed; little fellows shooting cap pistols and playing Indians all by themselves; hospital patients wheeled to windows and porches to wave handkerchiefs; farmers driving miles to inspect the oxen.

In one town we visited a sentry watched us come around a bend in the road three miles away and flashed the word to the superintendent of schools who immediately dismissed every school child in the city.

Little West Newton which 150 years ago, as Simerall's Ferry, held the original settlers for 10 weeks as they built boats to float to Marietta, outdid itself welcoming the group.

The caravan brings a combination circus-drama-holiday atmosphere to almost every village.

I saw hundreds of windows displaying signs noting that the 1787 ordinance provided for freedom of religious belief, sanctity of private contract, free education, exclusion of slavery, abolition of the age-old concept that the eldest son alone should inherit the real estate of his parents.

I saw carefully-planned arrangements of Revolutionary candlesticks and Terry clocks, foot warmers, chairs, maps, guns, swords, saddle bags, grain cradles, boot jacks, lanterns, mush pots and clothing.

And in almsot every town I found, in the main street windows, pictures of the revered pioneers of the particular community and diagrams and photographs of the community's early history.

Young Men Interested

The 36 young men who walk by day and act by night to revive the early settling of the Northwest Territory for the 57,000,000 persons their trail will lead them within one mile of, are themselves very co-operative and interested in their work.

Bernie Heskett, 22, of Byersville, O., a June graduate of Ohio State University, is preparing to teach history when the caravan breaks up. Dave Peterson, of Chicago, graduate student in scientific crime detection, has discovered an interest in old guns displayed in every town.

Sidney Smith, 20, of Hamilton, Mass., who prior to the caravan's starting had his community's governing body change the name of his home street from Farm street to Manassah Cutler road, talked with me of the possible 1987 celebration of the ordinance, speculated on the old trail giving way to tunnels for motorists.

All of the 16 Ohio boys on the trip are eagerly waiting for the caravan to reach Marietta and start its long tour which will bring it to Columbus May 7; Akron, April 20; Cleveland, April 27; Toledo, May 16; Cincinnati, late September or early October.

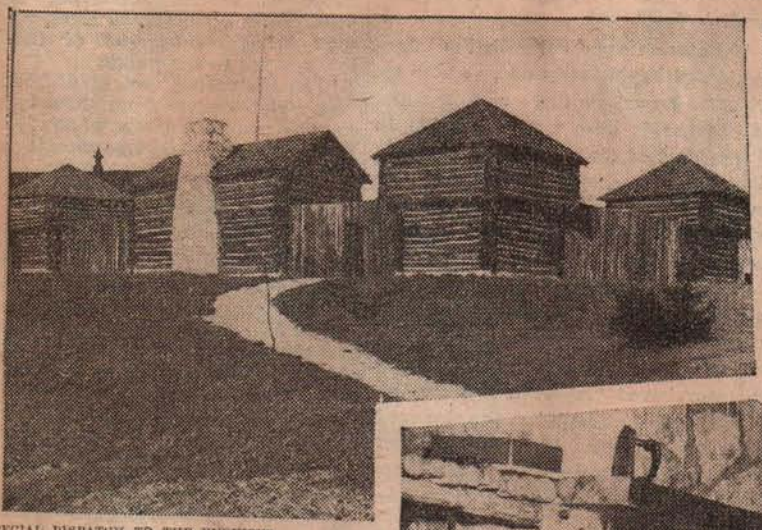
After the caravan travels through Ohio and remaining towns in the original Northwest Territory, it will return to Marietta about Nov. 1 and disband.

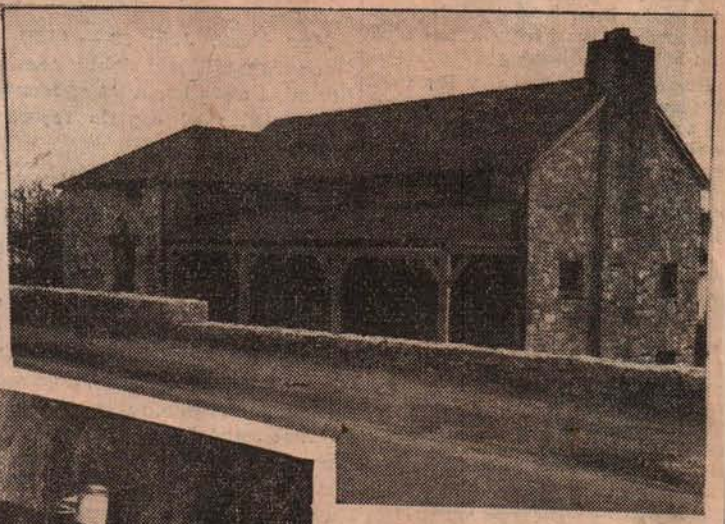
And then the pioneers will return to their prospective homes, to their jobs, to school.

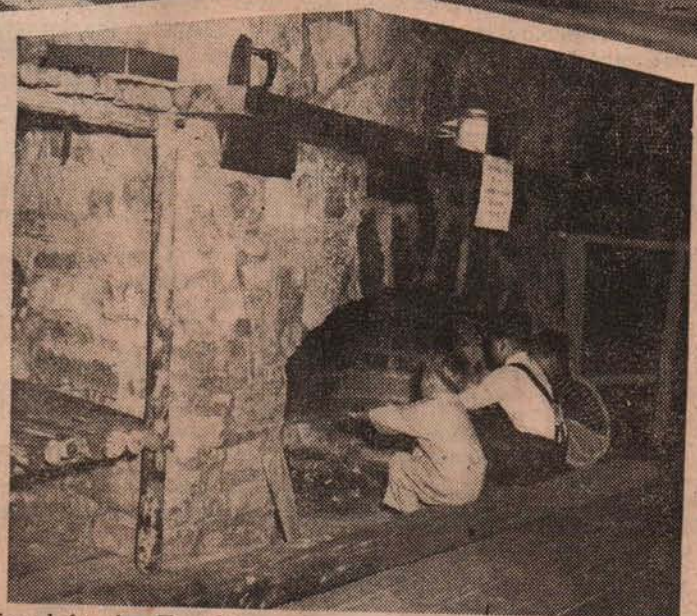
But already these men are looking for another trail they can pioneer for some historical society or for the government; for another incident of American history they can re-enact for the edification of modern America and their own great times together.

Hamlets Report Biggest Crowds for Shows

Historic Fort Recovery Restored On Site Of Stockade Built By General Wayne In 1793







Top left, the Fort Recovery stockade as reconstructed by Work Projects Administration workmen at the Village of Fort Recovery, Mercer County, Ohio. Top right, the WPA-built library adjoining the fort. Bottom, the fireplace in the blockhouse where soldiers cooked their food between Indian attacks.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE ENQUIRER.

Fort Recovery, Ohio, July 22—History lives again for thousands of Sunday tourists and other travelers who drive here to see the Work Projects Administration recreation of the log stockade built by General Anthony Wayne's army in 1793.

This was the scene of the bloodiest Indian warfare casualties in Ohio.

After the original Fort Recovery stockade crumbled, the site was a village dump for nearly a century until WPA workmen restored the fortress.

The attempt on the part of the white man to establish a "Maginot Line" in Western Ohio to stop the Indian depredations led to the tragic casualties where the village of Fort Recovery now is situated.

The Redskins were burning cabins, slaughtering settlers, kidnaping children, killing small detachments of militia, and were threatening to take the Ohio country back for their own when Arthur St. Clair was appointed first Governor of the Northwest Territory in 1791.

It was his idea to establish a "Maginot Line" consisting of a chain of forts 25 miles apart and extending from the Ohio River to Lake Erie. He started out from Cincinnati in September of 1791 with an army of green, unruly recruits from the Eastern cities. Many of them deserted. When he arrived at the site of Fort Recovery, November 3, he had only 1,400 left. During the night he was surprised by the Indians under Little Turtle. Two-thirds of his men were left on the field killed or wounded. The rout has frequently been compared with Braddock's defeat. Three horses were shot from under St. Clair. Eight bullets pierced his clothing.

At the national capital, President Washington ordered his Revolutionary War colleague, General Anthony Wayne, to deal with the victory-flushed savages. Wayne carefully organized and drilled an army of 2,500 men, hired scouts and spies, constructed Fort Recovery and Fort Defiance, met an army of 2,000 Indians under Blue Jacket at Fallen Timbers near the present city of Toledo, administered a decisive defeat. The Americans had won the greatest battle of 40 years against the Indians.

Wayne gave Captain Alexander Gibson the job of going to the scene of the St. Clair's defeat at Fort Recovery to bury the bones of the slain and to build a stockade. Gibson's men gathered together 600 skulls and buried them. Then they erected the fort.

Alarmed at the construction of this unit of the line of forts, the Indians sent Little Turtle to destroy the garrison. But the garrison of 140 men was reinforced by the timely arrival of a supply train with 90 riflemen and 50 dragoons, commanded by Major William McMahon.

The attacking Indians, reinforced by British soldiers with blackened faces, making a total of 1,500 men, swooped down on Fort Recovery on June 30, 1794. Protected by the sturdy logs of the stockade, the besieged Americans poked their muskets through the embrasures and rained lead upon the attackers. They finally drove them off and the Americans made good the name "Fort Recovery."

After the battle of Fallen Timbers General Wayne built additional forts, laid waste all the Indian villages and fields of crops, reduced the Redskins to such a state of misery that they were glad to send their chiefs to negotiate the Treaty of Greenville. This was signed on August 3, 1795—144 years ago.

In addition to the stockade, the WPA workmen also restored the log cabin used by General St. Clair on his arrival there in 1791, and constructed a modern library building. The St. Clair cabin is now used as a museum.

Fort Recovery and the other forts built by General Wayne came into the news this spring with the passage by the Ohio House of Representatives of a resolution asking Congress to survey the Wayne military route with a view to constructing a national parkway.

News Notes on the American Revolution:

TWO VIRGINIANS: They were born exactly a month apart. Both of them became soldiers, both officers in the provincial forces. The older was ordered North, and in New York married one of the heiresses to a great estate on the Hudson. The younger, coming North seven years afterward, met the heiress's sister and courted her. He had less luck than his friend. Or was it less? The older settled down with his heiress. The younger went back to Virginia and married there.

At the Revolution the Virginian on the Hudson sided with the King and had to take refuge behind the British lines in New York City. The other Virginian chose the other side and entered the Continental Army. During the siege of New York by the Americans the younger served with them. The older had charge of spies for the British Secret Service and did his best to win discontented Americans over. After the Revolution, the loyalist Virginian, attained of treason, had to leave America, and his confiscated estate, for England. The patriot Virginian was honored and rewarded by his countrymen. The loyalist who married Susanna Philipse was Beverly Robinson. The patriot who did not marry Mary Philipse was George Washington.

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GEORGE III AND VERMONT: At the time of the Revolution the present State of Vermont belonged to New York under a ruling of the royal government, but many Vermont people held their land by grants from New Hampshire, which had formerly claimed the district. The Vermonters were squatters, at war with New York, and asking that Congress recognize their independence whether the crown did or not. George III took a personal interest in the dispute. In March, 1779, he commanded his Secretary of State to instruct the British commander in chief in North America to give the Vermonters reason to expect that if they returned to their duty they would be set up in a separate province and all confirmed in the possession of their lands, no matter who had granted them. In a crisis like this the King was for squatters' rights.

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THE WHIRLING CHAPLAIN: When the British took Philadelphia in September, 1777, Rev. Jacob Duche, fiery chaplain of the Continental Congress, was put in jail. His fires went out. Within two weeks he wrote a letter to Washington advising him to give up the cause of independence. If Congress would not agree, then Washington could negotiate for peace at the head of his army. Duche sent his advice by Elizabeth Graeme Ferguson, a Philadelphia literary lady who had once been engaged to Benjamin Franklin's son. Washington turned the letter over to Congress. The news got out.

Duche, whose ideas sound suspiciously like those of the British General, Howe, found life so uncomfortable in Philadelphia that within two months he sailed for England with General Cornwallis. For this recantation Duche was made chaplain of an orphan asylum in London. From the first he was homesick, though it took him 15 years to get permission to come home.

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THE DREADFUL DECLARATION: What a New York conservative thought of the Declaration of Independence and its effects by September, 1776: "The misrule and persecutions of committees, conventions, and Congresses are no longer to be endured. Those self-created bodies have violated all the sacred ties of civil society, prostrated all laws and government, and arbitrarily usurped an absolute control over the natural rights, the reason, and the consciences of their fellow subjects.

"Instead of endeavoring, by dutiful representations in a constitutional method, for a reconciliation with the parent stage, they have most unjustifiably and perversely erected the standard of independency. They have increased and multiplied the distresses of poverty and want among our poor. They have, obstinately and wickedly, precipitated the whole British continent of America into all the guilt of rebellion, and all the horrors and calamities of a civil war. They have deluded the populace, they betrayed their trust, they have forfeited the confidence of the public, they have ruined our country."

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CHIVALRY IN NEW JERSEY: The day after the Battle of Princeton, Washington, on his way to Morristown, stopped at Millville (now Griggstown), a settlement that had grown up around the mill of Abraham Van Doren. There the General and his staff dined at the miller's house, and the whole army was fed and clothed by the women of the village under the direction of the miller's wife, Anne Van Dyke. Washington gave her an order, dated January 4, 1777, requiring all officers of the American army to "accord Mrs. Abraham Van Doren and the women and children of her party, as well as their slaves, free and convenient access through the lines, together with such goods and chattels as they may wish to remove to a place of safety."

He added that if this order "should come under the purview of Generals Howe or Cornwallis or other officers of the British army," he, as commander of the American army, earnestly requested that "these women and children, who are noncombatants and have committed no act of hostility to the British cause, but have displayed the most humane and hospitable treatment of the sick and wounded soldiers of both armies, at their own home, be accorded such courtesy as their conduct deserves and their condition seems to demand."

The next day the British appeared, and the women, trying to escape in wagons, were captured by a squad of dragoons. Mrs. Van Doren demanded that she be taken to Cornwallis. Cornwallis, having read the pass Washington had given her, not only sent her and her party home with all their proerty, but detailed a file of British cavalry to escort them.

REVOLUTIONARY KIDNAPING: In May, 1779, Gen. Silliman, in command of the patriot forces guarding the Connecticut, was kidnaped at Fairfield by a party of loyalists. The Americans did not at the time hold as prisoner; Bay. The kidnapers did not at the time hold as prisoner; officer of a rank high enough to be exchanged for Silliman. party from Bridgeport in November crossed the Sound to the City Bay neighborhood and kidnaped the loyalist Thomas Jones, a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York under the crown. The British would not give up Silliman for Jones until the Americans threw in another Tory to boot.

In April the exchange was finally carried out. Two vessels, one conveying General Silliman and the other Judge Jones, met in the Sound. The men dined together, on board, on a fat turkey the General's wife had sent. The Judge's wife later acknowledged the turkey with a pound of green tea. Jones and Silliman were both Yale men, of the classes of 1750 and 1752.

HISTORIC NEWTOWN SITE

A marker dedicating the historic site of the block house built by Captain Aaron Mercer in 1792 founding the village of Mercersburg, later to be known as Newtown, will be presented by the Mariemont Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Sunday, November 8, at 2 p. m. Mrs. Frank L. Westerman is Regent of the chapter. Virginius C. Hall will be the speaker. Mayor John R. Anderson, and the Rev. Joseph James, pastor of the Newtown Methodist Church, will participate in the program. Miss Margaret Thomas, chairman of the day, will be assisted by Miss Alice D. Langdon and Mrs. Ralph C. Jones.

LET'S EXPLORE OHIO

THE MOUND BUILDERS IN OHIO

Ohio's first inhabitants of whom there is scientific knowledge, were the Mound Builders.

They disappeared before Columbus discovered the Western Hemisphere; how long, science cannot guess accurately.

These mysterious, long-ago people lived from the Allegheny Mountains to the Rocky Mountains, from Wisconsin to the Gulf of Mexico.

In Ohio they were especially numerous. It is estimated there are 5,800 Mounds of one form or another within the state.

These take many forms. In some cases they are forts, showing considerable engineering skill. One of the most notable of these is Fort Hill (11 miles north of Peebles, near Route 124). The 50-acre site is on top of a high hill overlooking the beautiful country. Walls average from six to ten feet in height, rising in some places to fifteen feet. Fort Hill is one of the world's outstanding examples of prehistoric fortification.

Fort Ancient (S. R. 350, 10 miles east of Lebanon), another noteworthy Mound Builder fortification, has been visited by hundreds of thousands of people attracted both by the handiwork of these ancient peoples and the magnificent views from the Fort which crowns a high hilltop.

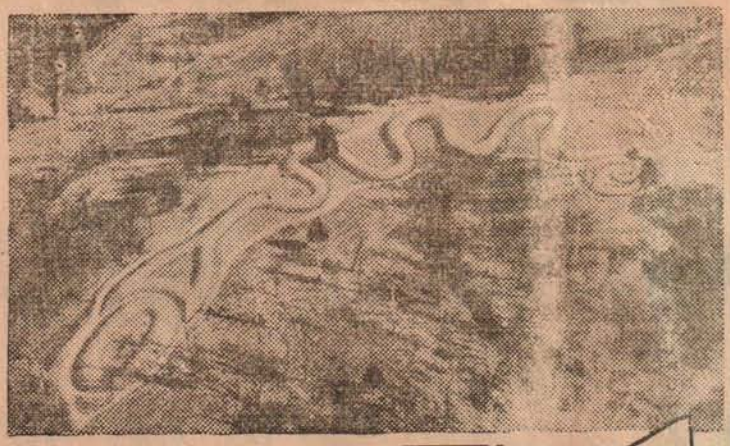
Effigy mounds, as scientists called them, are one of the most interesting of all Mound Builder relics. Probably objects of religious worship, they take the form of earthen animals, birds or reptiles. The most unusual of all the effigy mounds is Serpent Mound (16 miles southeast of Hillsboro). High on a hilltop, overlooking a fertile river valley, Serpent Mound represents a writhing snake, 1335 feet long and four to five feet high. In the scientific world, Serpent Mound is one of the world's wonders.

Another Mound Builders' construction type were walled-in geometric areas. Most unusual of these, a great circle and octagon, are at Newark. So accurately were these gigantic geometric figures constructed that they are less than 20 feet out of true.

There are also villages and burial sites in large numbers. In the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Museum, Columbus, is the world's finest collection of Mound Builders' material; realistic carved stone pipes, huge obsidian, sacrificial spear heads, beautifully designed copper plates, bushels of river pearls, woven fabrics and deadly Stone Age weapons.

As their names indicate, many of the Mound Builder remains are heaps of earth in one form or another. If all the Ohio Mounds were gathered in one place they would represent a 30,000,000 cubic yard mountain, nearly two and one-half times as much earth as was moved by huge tractors and shovels in building the 14 huge Muskingum Dams. In contrast, the Mound Builders used only their hands and small, primitive baskets.

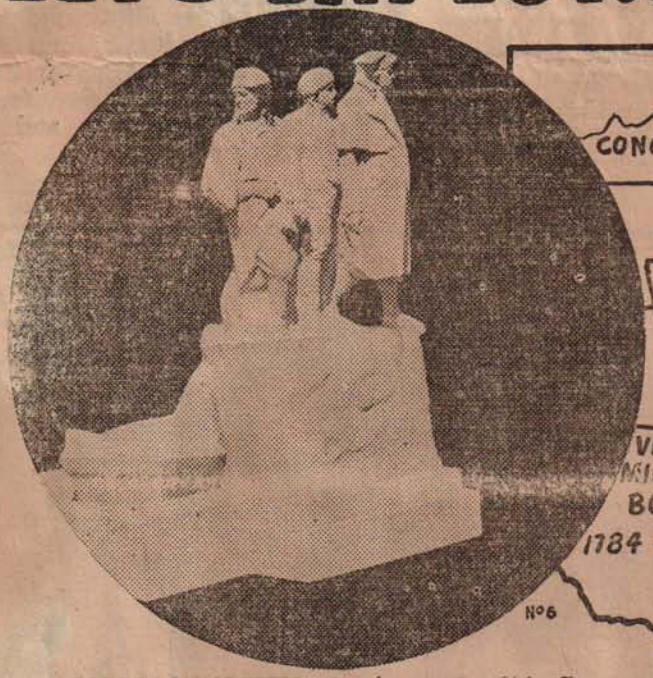
Ohioans are fortunate in being able so easily to visit these outstanding remains of a prehistoric people.

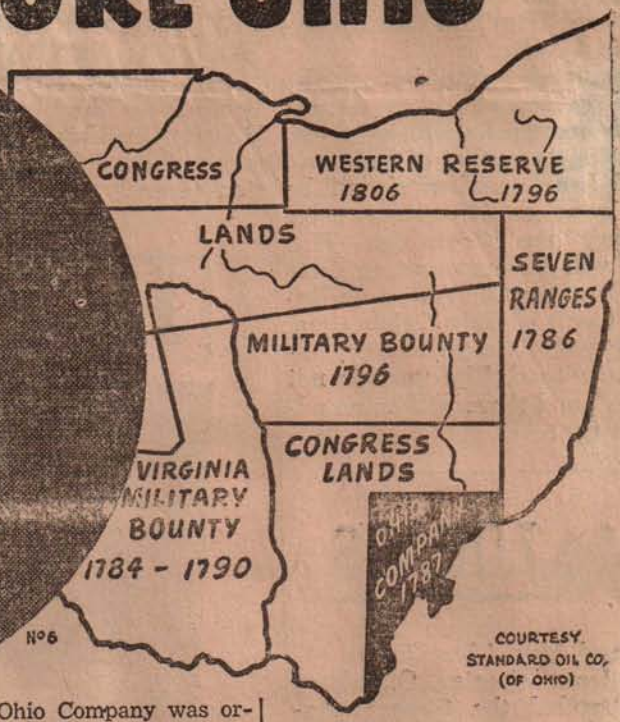


COURTESY-THE STANDARD OIL CO.(OHIO)

27.

LET'S EXPLORE OHIO





No 6

COURTESY
STANDARD OIL CO.
(OF OHIO)

MASSACHUSETTS IN OHIO

On April 7th, 1788 a tiny fleet of river boats manned by Revolutionary War veterans was swept past the mouth of the Muskingum River by the flood tide of the Ohio.

Luckily, soldiers stationed at Fort Harmar, located at the junction of the Muskingum and the Ohio, caught sight of the little flotilla through the wind-shredded fog. Hurriedly they rowed out into the river, made fast to the runaway flat boats and towed them ashore.

This was the beginning of the first permanent white settlement within Ohio and marked the founding of Marietta.

For four long months the men who floated down the Ohio to Marietta had toiled across the mountain passes and labored in unbroken forests to build their boats. They were veterans of the Revolution, who, after eight years of fighting, were starting life over again.

Headed by General Rufus Putnam, the Ohio Company was organized in the Bunch of Grapes Tavern in Boston on March 1st, 1786. Two hundred and fifty $1000 shares were subscribed for the purchase of land. Rev. Manassah Cutler, Yale graduate, lawyer, teacher, army chaplain and student of medicine and natural science, was delegated to go from Ipswich, Massachusetts, where he was preaching, to present the Company's petition to Congress.

His success was greater than anyone had dared to hope. Not only did the Company secure a land grant but payment was to be made in depreciated Colonial currency with a value of approximately 12c to the dollar.

More important, however, was the Ordinance of the Northwest Territory, drawn up by Congress to govern the new Colony. Under terms of the Ordinance, free speech, freedom of religion, a free press, trial by jury and other human rights were guaranteed. Equally significant was the fact that the Ordinance specified that as the territory reached a certain population it was to be broken into states with rights equal to those of the original thirteen.

Marietta, therefore, was started under auspicious conditions and its founders reproduced in the wilderness a town much like those they had left in Massachusetts. Broad streets, well shaded, a huge commons and a Massachusetts type of architecture made Marietta a Massachusetts community in Ohio. Today, Marietta retains many of these characteristics.

On its Campus Martius now stands a magnificent monument, creation of Gutzon Borglum, commemorating the settlement of the community. In its Campus Martius Museum is the original home of General Putnam, furnished as it was when it was a part of the stockade around the wilderness community. In Marietta, too, is the old Ohio Company land office, oldest building within the state.

This first capital of the Northwest Territory is a city of which Ohio may well be proud and which deserves a visit.

Many pioneers came to Ohio from New Jersey. Do you know where they settled? See next week's "Let's Explore Ohio."

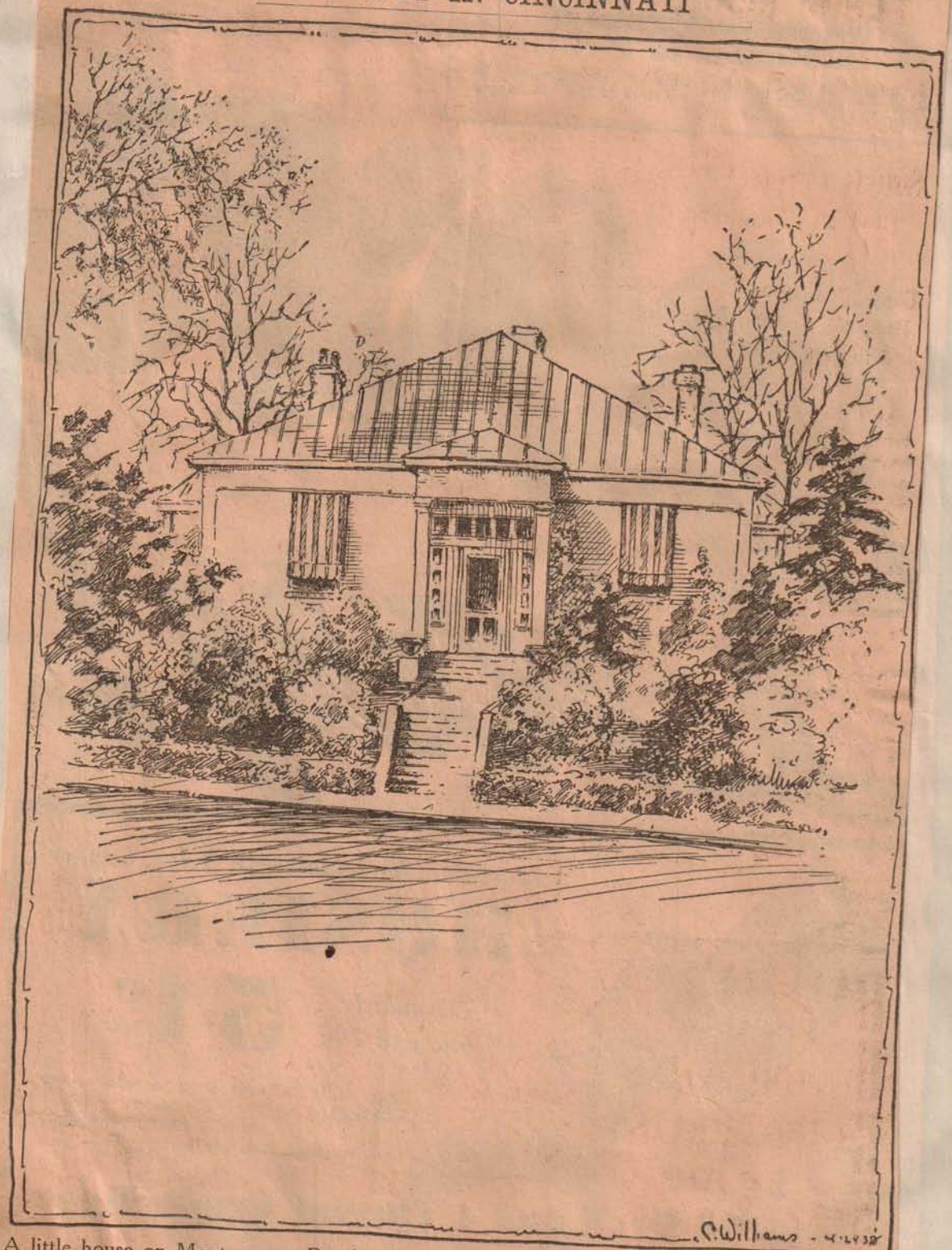
In
And
About

Cincinnati
And
Hamilton
County

Part V

CINCINNATI ENQUIRER
APRIL 28, 1938

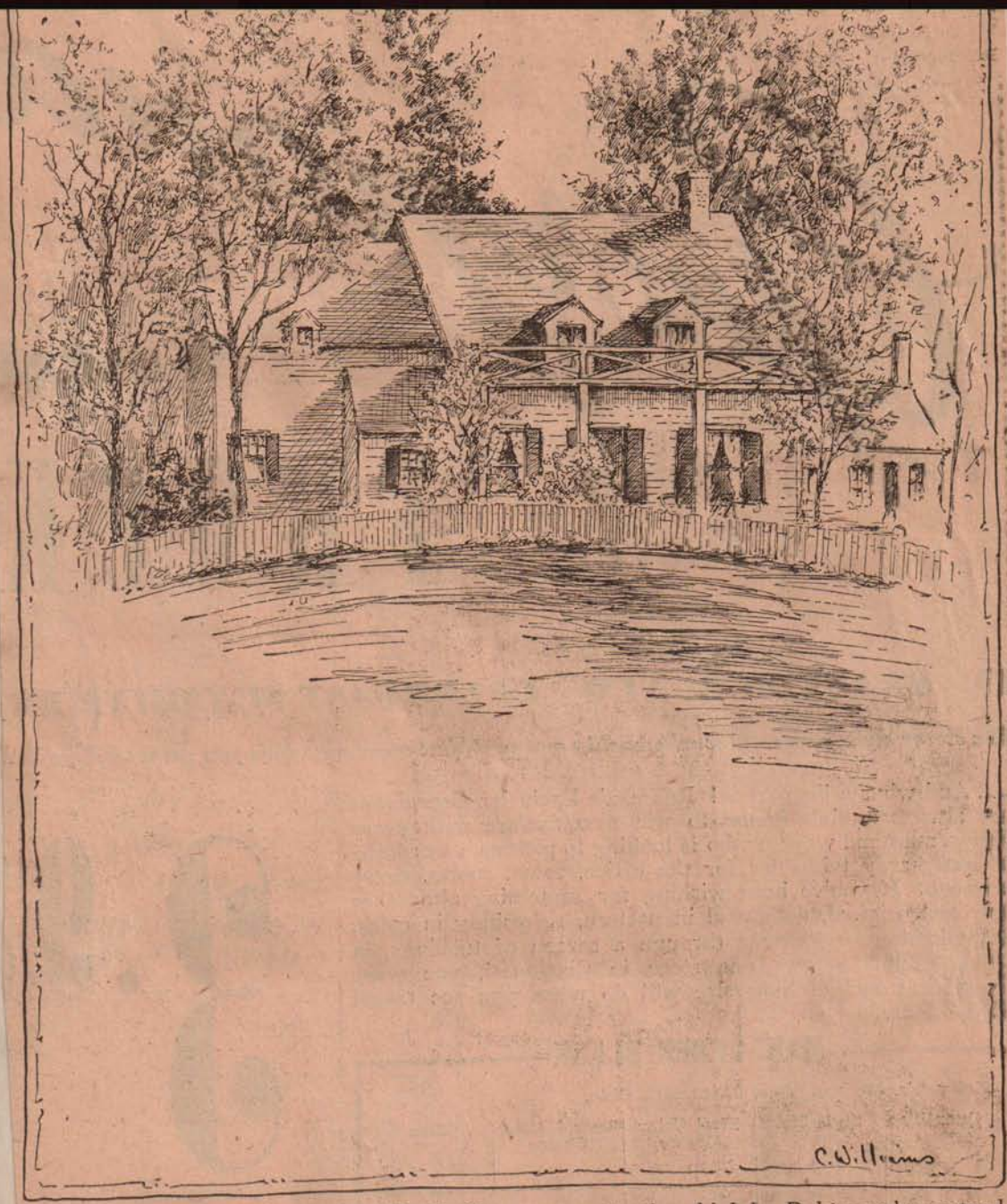
A SPOT IN CINCINNATI



A little house on Montgomery Road near McHugh Place, built well over a hundred years ago. Once it was a farm house, with many acres of grounds, where Morgan is said to have camped in his hurry cross-country ride in Civil War days. For many years it was the home of Colonel R. E. J. Miles, promoter and manager of the old Grand Opera House and one of the most important men in Cincinnati theatrical history. A frequent visitor to this house was his young protege, Sara Francis Frost, who later became known throughout the country as Julia Marlowe.

2.

A SPOT NEAR CINCINNATI



This quaint house on the road to Maple Grove, opposite the old John Robinson homestead, has an especially interesting history. For a time it was owned by Elder Smith, one of the first pair of Ohio Senators. Although compelled to stand trial in the United States Senate, Smith was acquitted of having conspired with Aaron Burr. The rather bizarre story also is told that Aaron Burr once visited Smith in this home. While there, Burr met an old flame, borrowed the ring he had given to her at an earlier date and kept it. Embittered by this unchivalrous act, the young lady, later, in retaliation, aided in the downfall of Burr by telling all she knew of his conspiracy.

THE CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

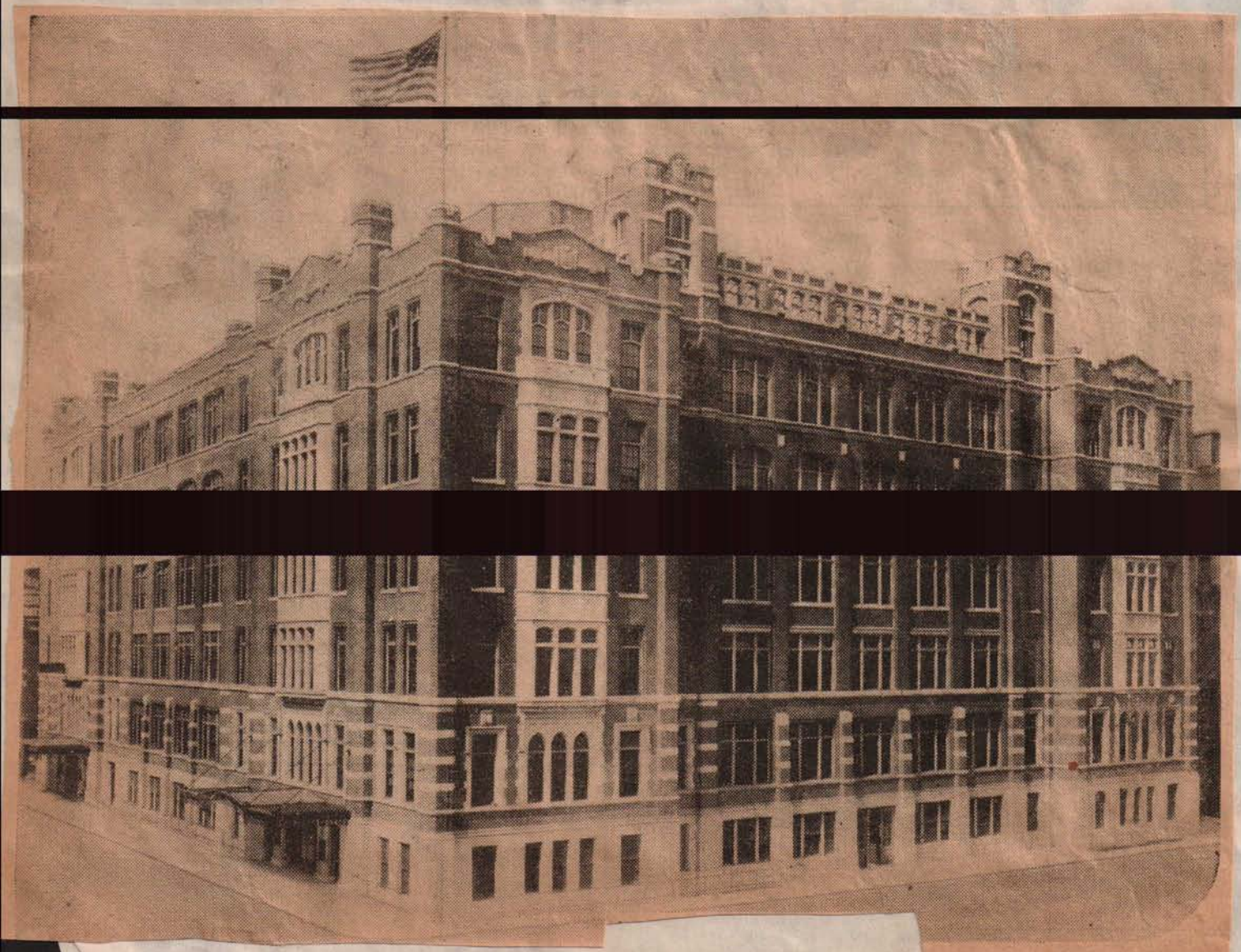
SUNDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 1938.

Ohio Mechanics Institute Is 110 Years Old

4.

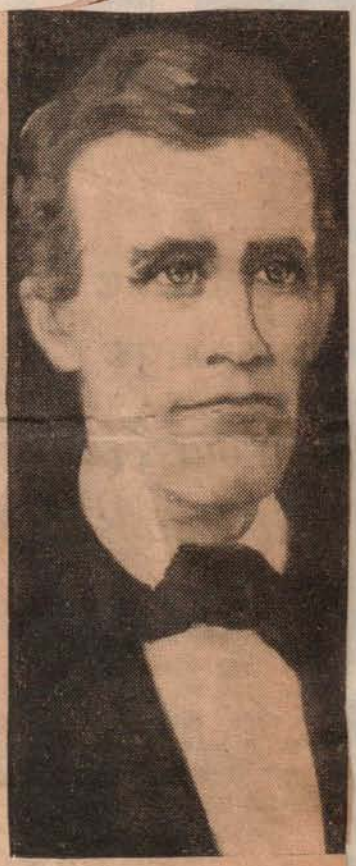
School Founded In 1828 Has Earned An Enviable Reputation In Educational Circles Of The Queen City.

By Rudolph Benson.

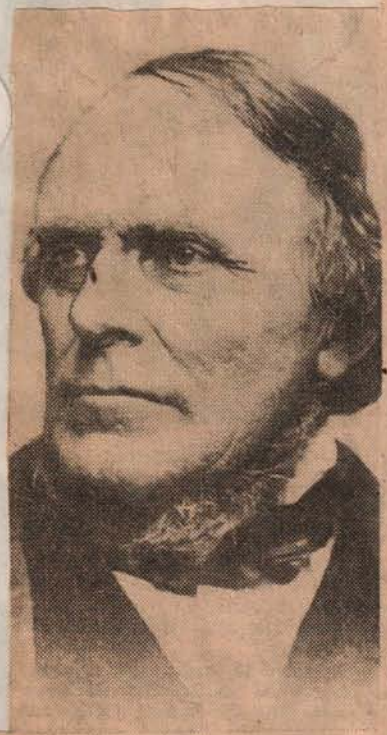


Ohio Mechanics Institute.

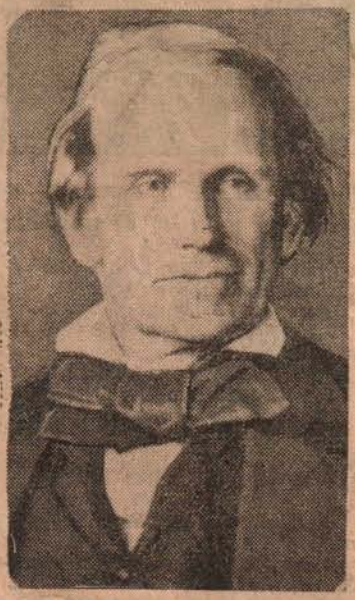
"Trollope's Folly," first home of O. M. I.



Timothy C. Day.



Miles Greenwood, second President of O. M. I.



John Locke, first instructor.

6.

ONE of the distinctions to which Cincinnati may lay claim is being the home of the oldest American technical school west of the Alleghenies. The Ohio Mechanics Institute is this year observing its one hundred and tenth anniversary of continuous activity. Cincinnati was hardly more than a frontier town when it came into being. It experienced struggles that at times

Thomas J. Emery, in whose memory the present building was donated.

The late Mrs. Mary Emery, donor of the Ohio Mechanics Institute Building.

jeopardized its existence, but it survived them all and is still, today, pioneering in many fields of occupational education as it has done all through its history.

The first movement toward the formation of a mechanics' institute in Cincinnati was made by John D. Craig in 1828, when at the close of a course of lectures of natural and experimental philosophy he suggested to his listeners the propriety of establishing such an institution, with an explanation of its objects and advantages. Several influential citizens became interested in the plan he outlined, and it was determined to carry it into operation. Our evidence for this is the following minute.

THE Ohio Mechanics Institute is a real Cincinnati product. It was formed by local people to meet a local need. It has been supported and nurtured by Cincinnatians for 110 years. Beginning in the most modest manner, it has acquired a fine physical plant and an enviable reputation. That Cincinnati is so favored is due to the confidence of many of her citizens who gave of their means because they believed in the type of education for which the institute stands and has stood. These benefactors include many who cannot be mentioned in a sketch of this length. The most prominent among those who have passed away are Miles Greenwood, Marston Allen, Timothy C. Day, John Whetstone, William

mittee to report a plan for the proposed institute.

"That this meeting request Mr. Craig to deliver a discourse on the subject of 'Mechanics' Institutes' at the next meeting.

"That the committee already appointed be authorized to publish the proceedings of this meeting, and convene another by public notice.

"On motion, adjourned.

"John Locke, Secretary."

THE meeting suggested in the foregoing was held November 20, 1828, with the Rev. E. Slack in the chair.

Mr. Craig delivered a discourse on the subject of mechanics' institutes, after which Mr. Foote read the report of the committee appointed at the previous meeting, and on motion the report was accepted. A constitution was read and adopted, with some amendments.

The next step was to petition the Legislature for a charter, which was granted February 9, 1829. This charter, with some later amendments, still governs the Institute.

The City Directory for 1829 tells of the organization of the Institute, and how admission to it could be secured.

During the winter of 1828-29 classes were formed for instruction in chemistry (lectures and experiments by Dr. Cleaveland), geometry (Dr. John Locke), and arithmetic (John L. Talbott). An ancient chronicler states that the classes were well attended and gave very general satisfaction and were of great practical utility; those in arithmetic and geometry were

well as his services without charg

The lectures on chemistry were delivered partly in College Hall, and partly in the City Council Chamber, on Fourth Street between Walnut and Main.

The want of a suitable building for the Institute was seriously felt, and several times in the early years of the O. M. I. the Board of Directors made purchases of buildings, but each time were unable to pay the required sums and were obliged to give the buildings up.

John P. Foote became the first President in 1828 and was reelected from that time to the season of 1846-47. For a brief period the Institute occupied rented quarters in the lodge hall of the College Building at a rental value, it is interesting to note, of $100 a year. This doubtless was merely a nominal rate, charged because the Institute was an educationtal organization.

THE famous Bazaar, which was associated with the name of Mrs. Trollope, and became historic as "Trollope's Folly," was purchased by the directors of the Institute in Februray, 1839, and here the Institute held forth for some time. The new location was not a happy one, however, being "too far from the center of the city," and it was finally abandoned, particularly the center of the city," and it was finally abandoned, particularly since the directors were unable to maintain the payments. In 1843 a building on Walnut Street, opposite the College hall, was leased at an annual rent of $350. The directors of the Institute rented the Bazaar to others for a while, but eventually lost the Bazaar property by foreclosure in February, 1847.

In that same year another important event in the history of the Institute occurred, namely, the election of Miles Greenwood to the presidency. He continued as President until 1854, and immediately became an aggressivve leader. It was largely due to him that the lot on the southwest corner of Sixth and Vine was purchased, at a cost of $15,000, and that work on a new building was begun, the cornerstone being laid July 4, 1848. Certain sums of money had been subscribed by the citizens, but these were soon exhausted, and the prevalence of the cholera epidemic made it impossible for the trustees to raise further funds by subscription, so they were compelled either to stop work or to raise the necessary means on their own personal credit. They did this, and the building was completed. Such an arrangement, of course, left the institute in debt to its own directors for a considerable amount. Perhaps no more convincing evidence can be found of their confidence in the value of the training the Institute was giving, than this act of the directors. In 1854 the institution was indebted to various persons to the extent of almost $50,000. The first benefactors were Miles Greenwood and Marston Allen, who made combined donations of nearly $18,000 to the institution, with the condition that the institution raise within a given time an amount sufficient to liquidate the remaining debt against them as trustees. Fortunately, many subscriptions were raised from the general public, and the debt was reduced to $15,000.

The school was located at Sixth and Vine in 1860.

The Greenwood Building about 1884.

BEFORE this time the Institute had started the fashion of having exhibitions of products of various kinds for which prizes were offered, and which became quite a feature of Cincinnati's life.

All of this time the institute was offering regular evening lectures and classes. The burden of much of this training was taken by Dr. John Locke, an eminent scientist. He was born in Maine in 1792. His native inclination led him toward the natural sciences, especially botany and chemistry, and he began

O. M. I., (Greenwood Building) as it appeared in 1908. Note the automobile pictured in the foreground.

the study of medicine at 24, completing his course at the Yale Medical School. For a time he turned to teaching, at first at Windsor, Vt., and later, in 1821, at Lexington, Ky. In 1822 he came to Cincinnati and opened a young ladies' institution, which for many years was the leading school of its kind in this section of the country. In 1835 he was appointed professor of chemistry in the Medical College of Ohio, continuing as such for 15 years. During this time he was largely occupied with geological investigations, in the course of which he conducted the first geological survey of the state. His study of the phenomena of electricity and magnetism was close, and prolific of discoveries, and his great mechanical skill enabled him to devise apparatus of much value. It is said that to him the astronomical world owes its electro-chronograph, or magnetic clock. Mrs. Frances Trollope visited Dr. Locke's school for women in 1828, and in her book on America she speaks of Dr. Locke as "a gentleman who appears to have liberal and enlarged opinions on the subject of female education." Many of Dr. Locke's scientific instruments are now preserved in the Industrial Museum of the Ohio Mechanics Institute.

FOR the first 70 years of the Institute's existence its classes were confined entirely to the evening. It organized classes in drawing and design, and in woodcrafts and metal crafts, which were the first given in this general vicinity. For many years these were the only classes existing in such subjects, and their importance can hardly be overestimated.

About 1898, when the Institute was enjoying an excellent reputation as the oldest institution of its kind in our vicinity, certain day classes were begun at the request

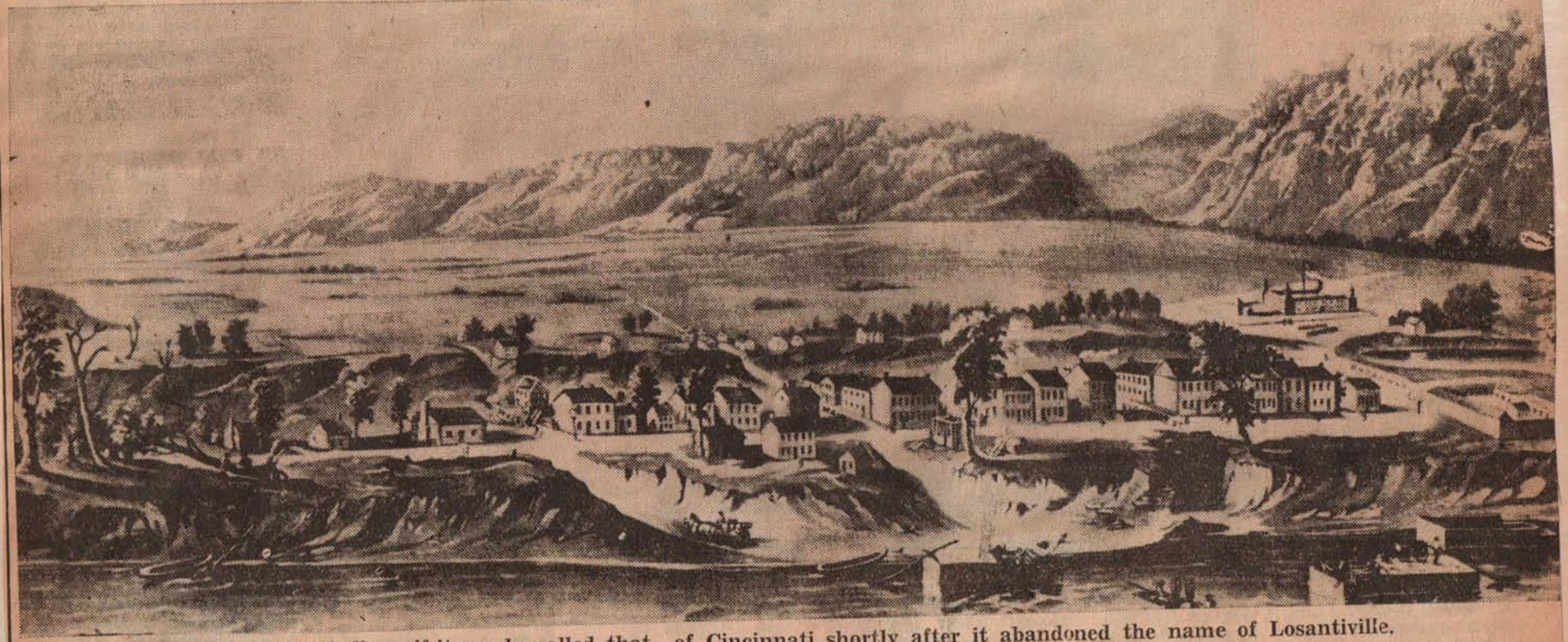
6 (over)

Continued on Page 8, ~~this section~~.

This is the familiar skyline of the Cincinnati of 1938, which is celebrating its 150th birthday this year.

Happy Birthday, Cincinnati

Here Is City's History Written as of Yesterday



This is the skyline—if it can be called that—of Cincinnati shortly after it abandoned the name of Losantiville.

Cincinnati Post

MONDAY, JUNE 13, 1938.

11.

Gov. Arthur St. Clair Demands Name of Town as He Stands on Riverboat in Ohio; Then He Changes It

When this city celebrates its sesquicentennial anniversary next fall it actually will be marking only 149 years as Cincinnati. For 13 months it was known as Losantiville. In the following article a Post reporter, using modern news treatment, pretends to be writing his story at the time of the name change. Authority for the account may be found in "Centennial History of Cincinnati," by Charles Theodore Greve. This article is the first of a series.

BY JOHN HUTCHISON

CINCINNATI, Jan. 5, 1790.—"What the hell is the name of this town anyway?" Gov. Arthur St. Clair of the Northwest Territory asked as he stood on the roof of his riverboat which was docking here at Losantiville.

That was day before yesterday.

He left here today after changing the name of the town to Cincinnati. This new name is in honor of the Society of Cincinnatus that was formed last year by ex-officers of the Revolutionary War.

The society's name originates in the legend of Cincinnatus, who left his plow standing in the field and took over the generalship of a Roman army, returning to his farm when the war was over.

During his visit here, Gen. St. Clair also set up the County of Hamilton, named, upon suggestion of Judge Symmes, for Alexander Hamilton, secretary of the treasury.

Gen. St. Clair was accompanied here by Maj. Willys.

The party was met on arrival by citizens and a detachment from Ft. Washington. A salute of 14 guns was fired from the fort in honor of the governor.

The party went from here today to the Illinois country, accompanied by 50 men under Lieut. Doyle.

Last winter Matthias Denman, Springfield, N. J., bought 740 acres where the town now lies, from Julge Symmes, paying about $125 for the tract.

Col. Robert Patterson, Lexington, Ky., and John Filson, schoolmaster and surveyor, took a third interest each, early last summer.

Mr. Filson surveyed the plot and named the town Losantiville, in a peculiar coinage of several unrelated words and roots.

The initial "L" stands for the Licking River, facing Cincinnati across the Ohio.

The "os" is Latin for "mouth," Mr. Filson explained.

The "anti" means "across from," and the "ville," or town, comes from the French.

Hence Mr. Filson called the settlement Losantiville, or "the town

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Gov. Arthur St. Clair of the Northwest Territory.

across from the mouth of the Licking River."

Mr. Filson is not here to comment on the change.

He left a few months ago on a short surveying trip, and has not been seen since.

It is feared here that he has been killed by Indians.

NEXT: Indians kidnap 11-year-old boy.

Happy Birthday, Cincinnati

Here Is City's History Written as of Yesterday

One of Party Dies Under Tomahawk of Indians

As Cincinnati's 150th birthday approaches a Post reporter projects himself back into the days of early Cincinnati to chronicle in the language of the modern newspaper the events that were the big stories of the day. This tale, embellished only with lesser details not given in the original account, is taken from "Historical Sketches and Early Reminiscences of Hamilton County," by J. G. Olden.

BY JOHN HUTCHISON

CINCINNATI, July 7, 1792.—Jacob Light and Mrs. Mary Coleman walked into Cincinnati late today with a tragic tale of a boat trip up the Ohio which ended in the killing by Indians of one of their party and the kidnaping by the savages of 11-year-old Oliver M. Spencer.

A detachment from the garrison at Ft. Washington set out at once up the river bank to bring back the body of a Mr. Clayton, who was dragged from the water, tomahawked and scalped after he had been wounded in the boat. Mr. Clayton's first name could not be learned.

Mr. Clayton, Mr. Light, young Spencer, Mrs. Coleman and an unidentified soldier left Cincinnati at 2 p. m. in a canoe for Columbia, eight miles up the river, Mr. Light said. The soldier, who, Mr. Light said, had been drinking, fell overboard near the mouth of Deer Creek and walked ashore in the shallow water, disappearing in the willows. The Spencer boy, unable to swim, became uneasy, Mr. Light reported, and asked to be set ashore.

"He walked along the bank, talking to us as we poled the boat upstream close to the bank," Mr. Light related. About a mile up from Deer Creek the Indians fired on us twice from a thicket just ahead of the boy. One bullet struck Clayton in the body and he fell out of the canoe on the side toward the shore. The other ball hit the pole I was using and glanced into my left arm. I jumped out and started to swim to the Kentucky side, but saw I couldn't make it and turned back. I drifted down stream and landed on the Ohio side. I was clear tuckered out and had to rest before I could walk in."

Mrs. Coleman jumped out also, although she cannot swim, she told relatives who were caring for her today after her miraculous escape. Her underclothing spread out on the water when she leaped, and supported here while she paddled with her hands toward the bank, landing downstream about a mile.

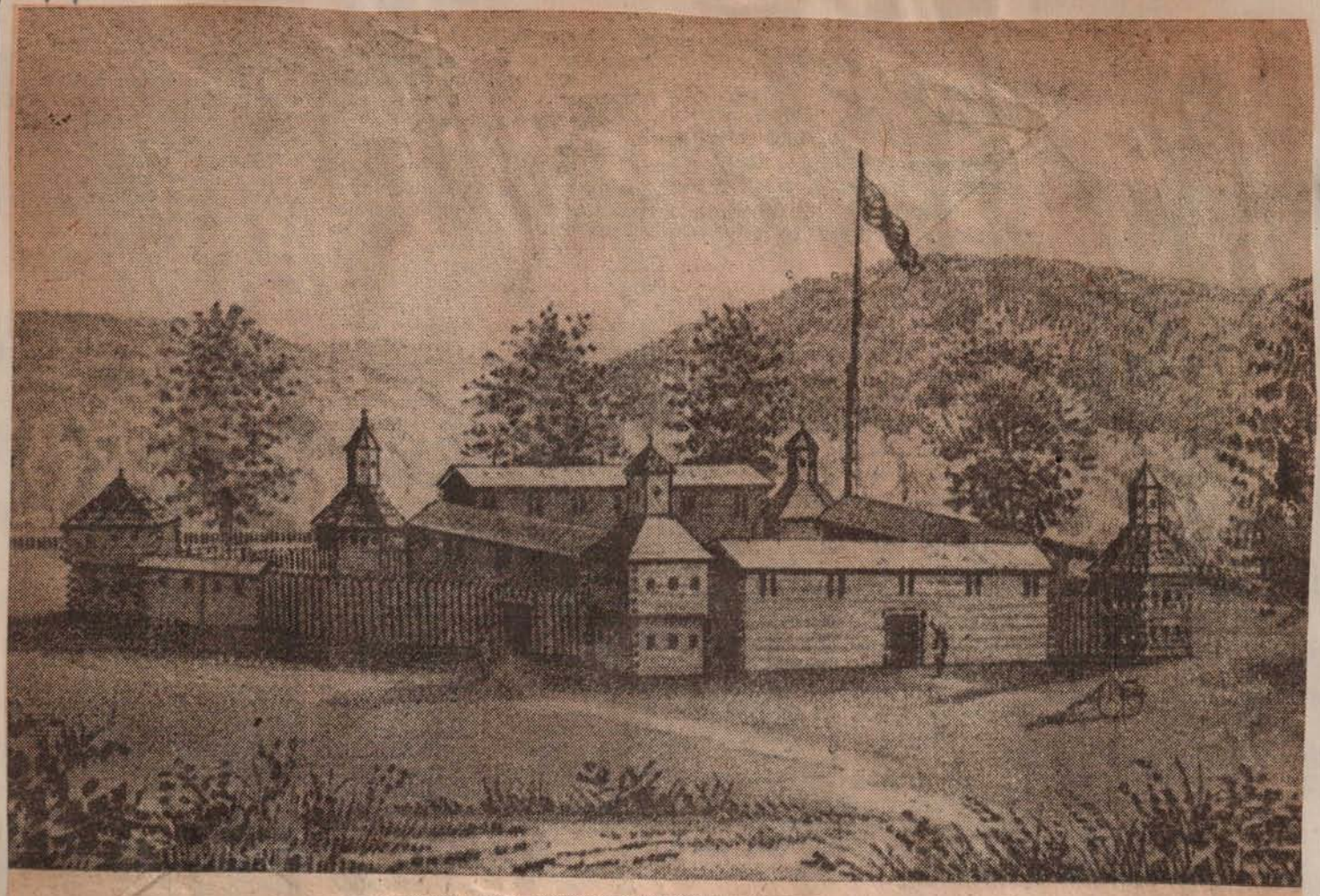
Sobbing hysterically, Mrs. Coleman arrived shortly after Mr. Light, and was put in the care of women of the village.

"There were about seven of the Indians," Mr. Light related. "They rushed out of the bushes and grabbed the Spencer boy. Two of them ran into the water and grabbed Clayton. He was hit so bad he couldn't swim. They dragged him out on the bank and killed him with their tomahawks and scalped him. I couldn't see which way they went. I was trying to get away. I knew I couldn't help the boy against so many."

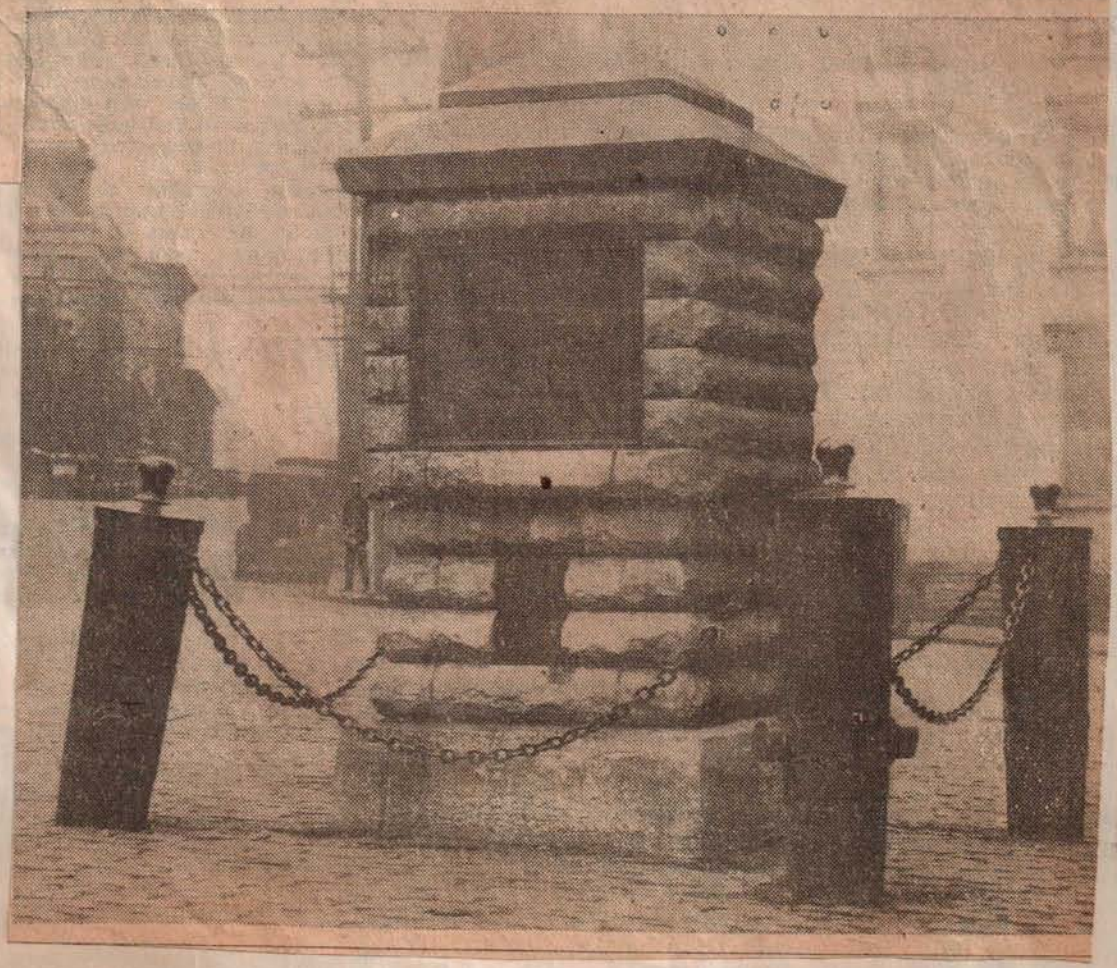
Three men from Limestone, poling a raft drown the other side of the river on a hunting trip, crossed to Cincinnati at dark tonight to describe the attack, which they witnessed from across the river. They said the Indians ran when the three fired at some of them. The savages took the boy and disappeared in the dense forest to the north. An expedition to the Maumee villages will be organized to leave early tomorrow.

THE CINCINNATI POST

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1938.



Top, an early print of Ft. Washington; below, the Ft. Washington monument at Third and Lawrence streets.



Romance of Our City

Celebrating Cincinnati's

SESQUI CENTENNIAL

and 150 YEARS OF PROGRESS

ARTICLE NO. 2

By LEW HECK

THE APPEARANCE of the Spanish Armada could not have aroused more excitement in England during Queen Elizabeth's reign than the fleet of 63 boats, rude as they were, manned by 1,000 fighting men, created here on your Ohio River. The year was 1780. The Indians must have been thrown into a hub-bub of seething excitement. Probably on every Cincinnati hill, Tusculum Heights, Eden Park, Mt. Adams, Walnut Hills, Mt. Auburn, Fairview Heights, Price Hill as you call them today, signal smokes were wafted skyward to inform the tribes in the back country. The signal smoke method was the Indians' swift and accurate "newspaper", one that you could have classified as an "extra" bearing startling tidings. And there were the boats moving slowly down the Ohio River, drifting with the current, filled with adventurers inured to pioneer hardships, fearless in the face of any backwoods peril, and deadly efficient with the rifle. As they floated in broad daylight down the river between the two Miamis, the beauty of the forested hills, the evidence of abundant fertility of soil to be seen everywhere in this section filled them with wonder and delight. But, even as they gazed, enraptured at the sight and were counselling among themselves the advisability of landing and settling here, they beheld in the wilderness, the skulking savages, keeping pace with their boats, watching every movement they made with eyes alight with murder. There was no way of estimating how many hostiles were hidden and alert in that dark and frowning wilderness. Yet, when the fleet of boats approached the mouth of Mill Creek, there was a sudden determination among many of the men to land and fight the savages.

That is exactly what 500 of the backwoodsmen decided to do—and did! Cooler heads spoke against it. It was, they said, equal to leaping straightway into the jaws of death and, what was worse, capture and slow, agonizing torture. For who could approximate how many thousands of Indians were in hiding and awaiting that same foolhardy venture on the part of the voyagers? But, nothing could stop the type of American backwoodsman who apparently was made to order by nature to seek, find, conquer and settle the lands you live upon so peacefully today. Five hundred leaped upon that shore at the mouth of Mill Creek, little knowing and little caring, for that matter, how many savages would be on hand to confront them! As luck would have it (or perhaps it wasn't luck but the boldness of their advance) the Indians fled from them and were chased for miles back into the wilderness where they managed at last to escape. And so the valiant fellows returned triumphantly to their boats and, no doubt, would have been Cincinnati's first settlers then and there had not the counsel of the stay-on-the-boat advocates prevailed against them. The fleet sailed on and where it landed and settled eventually, if at all, is not known to this writer.

Two months after the above exploit Capt. Bird, in command of a troop of 600 friendly Indians from the North and Canadian adventurers, all well-armed and equipped with cannon, smashed a path through the wilderness along Mill Creek, then ascended the Licking River, but nothing in the way of settlement here resulted. It may have been that they considered the odds were too much against any colony being successfully settled in this territory.

WHAT was a common occurrence in pioneer settlements was the direct reason for Cincinnati being at last settled. That "common occurrence" was the penchant of the Indian for horses which belonged to others. Briefly, the Indian was a born and a persistent horse thief. He was as fond of a horse as you are of an automobile. And to steal a settler's horses was to cripple that settler cruelly in his domestic setup. Now, in the year 1786, there was a trader from New Jersey named Maj. Benjamin Stites, who has today, in Cincinnati and beyond, many descendants.

Maj. Stites, a man of great resolution and courage, happened to be in Washington, Ky., near the town of Limestone, now called Maysville, Ky., when a band of pioneers came into the town. They were highly enraged, indeed, and Maj. Stites was much amused by their remarks concerning Indian horse thieves. He learned from them that they were on the trail of a troop of Indians, who had stolen their horses. Now, perhaps, the major's trading business was in the doldrums that you now dignify by the name of "a recession". Whatever it was, he made up his mind to join these indignant fellows and have a part in the adventure. Amusements were few in those days and a pursuit and perhaps a fight could be rated high in the mind of an amusement seeker. As they hurried out of the town, Maj. Stites was with them. The trail led along the south shore of the Ohio River, where, arriving at last at a point above the mouth of the Little Miami, they perceived that the savages had crossed there with the stolen horses for that forbidden section known as "The Miami Slaughterhouse." Less courageous men would have stopped right there, called it off, and retreated homeward. But not that crew! Nor that fellow, Stites! And what tireless fellows they were! Stopping not at all for rest, they felled trees and hastily constructed rafts. These they paddled down the Ohio to the mouth of the Little Miami, then used the rafts in ascending that stream, always with an eye to the trail they followed. But in so far as Maj. Stites was concerned, he lost interest in the pursuit. He became enamored of the beauty of the countryside which he was viewing for the first time. Traveler though he had been, nothing he ever

16.

had beheld compared in beauty to what he saw now. His fellow travelers on losing the trail at last and seeing no further hope of coming upon the thieves and the stolen horses, turned disappointedly homeward and with them Maj. Stites. But, as he came down the Little Miami his mind was not on horses or the culprits who had nabbed them, but on what he had seen and what he was seeing even as he was approaching the Little Miami's confluence with the Ohio River.

Maj. Stites wasted no time putting a plan into execution. He knew of the powerful and influential Judge John Cleves Symmes in New Jersey. Symmes had been a delegate to the Continental Congress, a judge in the Superior Court and afterward Chief Justice of New Jersey. Symmes would be the man to swing the big land deal with the Government. So to Symmes, in New Jersey, Stites made all speed through the wilderness. Symmes received the proposal with enthusiasm. He immediately formed a company, then came here himself to see the lands. He was entranced and hurried back to New Jersey to report to his company. Stites, he said, had seemed overenthusiastic but even so had not told the half of it. In the latter part of August, 1787, Symmes and his associates petitioned Congress for the land grant. It was stupendous, that request made to Congress —nothing less than two million acres of land! Meanwhile, not waiting for congressional action, Judge Symmes issued a dazzling prospectus. In his prospectus he proclaimed this and that like an emperor and painted the future of his Western world in such descriptive phrases as "cloud-capped towns", "gorgeous palaces", "solemn temples" and the like. Even before the land grant was even being considered by Congress the judge sold Stites 10,000 acres at five shillings per acre. That land was in the East End of your present Cincinnati. For himself the judge reserved the township at the confluence of the Great Miami and the Ohio Rivers. In this, his wild paradise, he offered to sell land at a price of two-thirds of a dollar per acre up to and including the coming month of May, at which time, he said, the value of each acre would rise to a whole dollar! Also, as an inducement to settlers who would buy his land he offered free every alternate lot, provided the settler agreed to improve it and erect a house or log cabin to be occupied for three consecutive years.

CINCINNATI'S first owners of land, Maj. Stites, Judge Symmes and Mathias Denman formed an odd trio of speculators when you consider all. They were irrevocably bound to one another in a common enterprise, that of city-building. And, in the same enterprise, they were rivals. Each saw himself as exerting superior wisdom and foresight in the selection of his particular tract. This certainly was true in each case. Maj. Stites had from the beginning desired the east end front and the region stretching far back into the hills. And he got it. Ten thousands acres of it! With greater shrewdness, than the others, Judge Symmes seems to have considered the seasonal rises of the Ohio River. He may have made inquiries beforehand and have learned that the river can attain disastrous heights of flood along its lower-lying shores. He was a clever lawyer, remember, with a mind that was accustomed to ferret out evidence and precedents in or out of the law. At all events when he selected for himself the North Bend region so high above the river's flow he must have taken floods into consideration. Events shaping themselves as they did and North Bend failing, as it did, to win its way into existence as your city of Cincinnati there are many even today who regard Judge Symmes' choice as foolish. But, was it?

Turn the clock back 150 years and send prospective city-builders or real estate experts of this very day down the Ohio between the two Miamis and they probably would choose North Bend. Judge Symmes was not foolish. He was a victim of fate or circumstances or whatever mild name you like to give to misfortune.

Mathias Denman apparently had to take what was left, yet, when you consider Denman's plan for a profitable ferry plying the Ohio between his village and the Licking River route into Kentucky's settlements, it is very likely that the Losantiville, or Cincinnati water front would have been his choice from the very first. Yes, each man was happy in his possession and preparing to make the most of it.

Meanwhile Maj. Benjamin Stites was not idle. He was getting ready to move in. Whenever you ride over Kellogg Avenue from Eastern Avenue toward Coney Island, you are on the land which Maj. Stites owned and settled and which he believed would one day be the center of your present city. As he was Cincinnati's first settler, you shall be told what happened Nov. 18, 1788, in the next article.

M A R I E M O N T C H A P T E R

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

September 26, 1939
Hostess: Mrs. Clifford Pohl
Spea ker: Mr. R. W. Turp in
Chapter dues payable a t this time

October 24, 1939
Hostess: Mrs. Albert Ronsheim
Speaker: Mr. John L. Wilson-
"The Aftermath of the Civil War".

November 28, 1939.
Recreation Building
Slides of Willia msburg presented by the
Rev. R. C. Jones, lecture by Mrs. R. C..
Jones.
Ellis Island contributions.

December 26, 1939.
Christmas party in charge of Hospitality
Committee.

January 23, 1940.
Hostess: Mrs. Harry Binder
Book Review: "Next to Valour" by John Jennings,
presented by Miss Alice Langdon

February 13, 1940.
Recrea tion Building - Business Meeting
Spea ker: Mr. George Davis.

February 24, 1940
Washington's Birthday Luncheon
Speaker: Mrs. C. P. Sticksel -
"Historic Homes of Virginia"

March 26, 1940
Hostess: Mrs. Robert Poysell
"American Music" by Mrs. Robert Matlack

April 23, 1940
Hostess: Miss Mary Cutler
"New Trends in Medical Therapy"

May 28, 1940
Hostess: Mrs. C. P. Sticksel
Speaker: Mrs. Clifford Pohl -
"Colonial Heirlooms".

June 22, 1940
Hostess: Mrs. A. L. Wilson
Picnic at Irvington Farm, Seaman, Ohio

Chapter Officers
1939-1940

Regent	Mrs. H. G. Binder
Vice-Regent	Mrs. Miller Dartt
Recording Secretary	Mrs. Robert Poysell
Corresponding Sec'y	Mrs. Frank Watkins
Treasurer	Mrs. Albert Ronsheim
Registrar	Mrs. V. V. Malcolm
Historian	Mrs. O. B. Kaiser
Librarian	Miss Ramona Kaiser
Custodian	Mrs. Paul Kreider
Two-Year Bd. Member	Mrs. A. L. Wilson
One-Year Bd. Member	Mrs. Clifford Pohl
Chaplain	Mrs. Asa McDaniel

Chapter Chairmen

Hospita lity	Mrs. Clifford Pohl
Publicity	Miss Ramona Kaiser
Fla g	Mrs. A. L. Wilson
National Defense	Mrs. Paul Kreider
Conservation & Thrift	Mrs. O. B. Kaiser
Budget	Mrs. Albert Ronsheim
Radio	Mrs. R. C. Jones
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage	Mrs. Miller Dartt
Ellis Island	Mrs. E. A. Thomas
American Music	Mrs. Robert Matlack
Magazine	Mrs. Clifton Crawford
Sick	Mrs. Harry Grandin

State Officers 1939-1940

Regent	Mrs. James F. Donahue, 2850 Chadbourne Rd., Cleveland
Vice-Regent	Mrs. Alonzo H. Dunham, 318 Grafton Rd., Dayton
Chap lain	Mrs. William H. Rexer, 520 Main St., S., Bellefontaine
Rec. Sec'y	Mrs. William Lamprecht, 2516 Marl boro Rd., Cleveland
Cor. Sec'y	Miss Amanda Thomas #1800 Devon Rd., Columbus
Treasurer	Mrs. F. O. McMillen, 518 W. Market St., Akron
Historian	Mrs. Orville D. Dailey, Albany, Ohio
Cons. Registrar	Mrs. Homer H. Heath, Commodore Perry Hotel, Toledo
Libraria n	Mrs. James B. Patton, 22 15 Bryden Rd., Columbus
Director of South-West Dist.	Mrs. Earl Gidding, 421 N. Court St., Washington C. H. O.

Mariemont Chapter, D. A. R.

Bauer, Mrs. Emil, East St., Mariemont, Ohio.
Binder, Mrs. Harry G., 4914 Eastern Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Cameron, Mrs. Otis L.,R. R. #1, Sta.M,Cinti .
Crawford, Mrs. Clifton, R. R. #1, Sta. M.Cinti.
Currier, Mrs. Stanley L., 3885 Oak St.,
Mariemont, Ohio.
Cutler, Miss Mary, Jewish Hospital, Cinti.
Dartt, Mrs. Miller, 6734 Maple Avenue,
Mariemont, Ohio
Donley , Mrs. H. R., R. R. #2, Hudson, Ohio
Ehlers, Mrs. W. D., 3523 Pape Ave., Cinti.
Gast, Miss Margaret, Syracuse Memorial,
Hospital, Syracuse, N. Y.
Grandin, Mrs. Harry E., 3705 Westfield Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Grant, Mrs. Fay Perry, #3059 Taylor Ave.,Cinti.
Heidenreich, Mrs. Geo. E., 2983 Linwood Ave.,
Cincinnati, Ohio
Hodges, Mrs. H. G., 768 Ridgeway Ave.,Cinti.
Highland, Miss Mary, 352 7 Montgomeith Ave.,Cinti.
Jones, Mrs. R. C., Newtown, Ohio.
Kadon, Mrs. Clifford R., 1724 E. 44th St.,
Ashtabula , Ohio
Kaiser, Miss Ramona , R. R. #1, Sta.M.,Cinti.
Kaiser, Mrs. O. B., R. R. #1, Sta. M.,Cinti.
Kieffer, Mrs. E. E., 92 Fernwood Ave.,Dayton,O.
Kreider, Mrs. Paul V., 3720 East St.,Mariemont
Langdon, Miss Alice, 5112 Eastern Ave.,Cinti.
Lemon, Miss Henryette, Newtown, Ohio.
McDaniel, Mrs. Asa, R. R.#1,Sta.M, Cinti.
McMaster, Mrs. Fred A., 3607 Midden Way,
Mariemont, Ohio.
Malcol m, Mrs. V. V., 3812 East St.,Mariemont
Matlack, Mrs. Robert, Newtown, Ohio.
Mullikin, Miss Nelle, 3583 Paxto n Ave.,Cinti.
Nash, Miss Dorothy, R. R. #1, Newtown, Ohio.
Parks, Mrs. W. W., 3857 Indian View Avenue,
Mariemont, Ohio

Pohl, Mrs. Clifford,7316 Miami Ave.Madeira,O.
Poysell, Mrs. Robert, 6608 Wooster Pike,
Mariemont, Ohio
Ronsheim, Mrs. Albert, 1017 Omar Place,Cinti.
Sticksle, Mrs. C. P., Newtown, Ohio.
Thomas, Mrs. E. A., New tow n, Ohio.
Thomas, Miss Margaret, Newtown, Ohio.
Tuttle, Mrs. Jos. L., 3750 Broa dview Drive,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
Watkins, Mrs. Frank, 4104 Edith St., Cinti.
Wilson, Mrs. A. L., Newtown, Ohio

Synopsis of By-Laws.

The name of this organization shall be the Mariemont Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and its object shall be to promote the objects of the National Society.

Any woman eighteen years of age may be eligible who is descended from a man or woman, who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier or sailor or civil officer, in one of the several Colonies or States, or of the United Colonies or States; provided that the applicant be acceptable to the Boa rd of Management; who shall vote by ballot one month after the name of a pplicant has been presented to the Board, a majority vote to elect.

Each a pplication for membership must be typ ewritten in duplicate upon the form prescribed by the Nationall Society and filed with the Registrar, a nd must contain detailed line of descent from the Revolutionary

ancestor, full reference by title of authority cited, with volume and page; if unpublished or private record is used, certified copy must accompany application. Family traditions will not be accepted.

Applications must be signed before a Notary and signed by two members of the Chapter personally acquainted with applicant, and must be a ccomp ained By entrance fee and current year's dues.

Accepted applications for membership shall be signed by the Regent, Recording Secretary, and Registray, and sent by the Chapter Treasurer to the Treasurer General for final approval . Application papers must be returned with six months from the time the blanks were sent.

The officers of the Chapter shall be a Regent, Vice-Regent, Recording Secretary, Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Registrar, Historian, and Custodian. They shall be elected by Ballot at the April meeting every year. Two members of the Board shall be elected by ballot, one each year for one year, one every two yea rs for two years. The Installation of Officers shall be held at the May meeting. The officers shall hold office for one year beginning at the close of the May meeting. No member shall be eligible to office until she has been a member of the Chapter for one year. No member shall be eligible to the same office for more that two successive terms. The Retiring Regent shall be elected the one-year Board member following her Regency. A ma jority of votes cast shall elect.

of three members of the Chapter, not members of the Board of Management, elected by ballot at the February meeting and one member of the Board of Management, elected by the Board of Management, Nominations for the Nominating Committe shall be made from the floor. The member receiving the highest number of votes shall be chairman of the committee. This committee shall provide two tickets. Nominations may be made from the floor by any Chapter member. This ticket shall be presented at the March meeting and voted upon at the April meeting.

Delegates and Alternates to the State Conference and to the Continental Congress shall be nominated at the December meeting and elected at the January meeting.

The Chapter shall be entitled to be represented atthe Continental Congress, or special meeting of the National Society by its Regent, or in her absence by its Vice-Regent. Representation shall be based upon actual paid-up membership as shown on the Treasurer General's books as of February 1st of that year. The Chapter shall be entitled to one delegate for each one hundred members in addition to the Regent. The Regent and delegates shall be entitled to alternates, not to exceed ten from the Chapter. The Regent may fill vacancies in the delegation to National and State meetings from the duly elected alternates according to the number of votes received. Representatives to the State Conference shall be double the number to the Continental Congress. No member shall be eligible as delegate until she has been a member of the Chapter for at least one year. A mzjority shall elect. All elections shall be by ballot.

The Chapter officers with the two Boa rd Members, and the chairman of the Finance Committee, ex-officio shall constitute the Board of Management.

The Regent shall preside at all meetings of the Chapter and shall appoint all committees of which she shall be a member ex-officioxxxx sign applications for membership, sign transfer cards, and the credentials of delegates. She shall be ex-officio, a delegate to State and National meetings. She shall appoint a Chaplain to open all meetings with prayer. The Vice-Regent shall perform the Regent's duties during her a bsence or disability. The Recording Secretary shall keep a register of members, record the minutes of all meetings of the Chapter and of the Boa rd, a lso keep the a nnual reports of the Trea surer a nd Registrar, and sign a pplications for membership. The Corresponding Secretary shall conduct the Chapter Correspondence, give notices of all mmetings, notify officers, delegates, a nd alternates of their election, and committees of their a ppointment. She shall notify the State Regent of the election of all officers, delegates and alternates. She shall notify a bsent chairmen of a ction taken by the Cha pter regarding their committees. She shall have charge of the Chapter stationery.

The Treasurer shall, under direction and control of the Board, have charge and disbursement of Chapter Funds; she shall collect, receive, and receipt for all dues; keep the Chapter accounts, and present at each meeting a report of the Chapter' s financial condition, including a detailed report of receipts and disbursements since her last report, and a statement of outstanding bills.

She shall purchase all stamps and stationery. At the May meeting she shallpresent a full detailed report for the fiscal year, of all receipts and disbursements, after having had her accounts a udited by an accountant. Her records sha ll at all times be open to inspection of any member or of a committee appointed by the Board.

The Treasurer shall on December 1st and June 1st, notify the Treasurer-General on the official blanks of any and all changes in the Chapter Roll since the former report; to notify the Registrar and Corresponding Secretary of members dropped for non-payment of dues and any and all changes in the Chapter Roll. Chapter funds shall be deposited by the Treasurer in a bank.

The Registrar shall keep a register of the na mes, date of election, resignation or death of members, and shall submit names of applicants for membership to the Board at any regular Board meeting. If approved, she shall give the applicant papers to be filled out. She shall examine and sign all applications and forward them to the Chapter Treasurer and shall sign transfer cards. She shall have the care of all application papers, with a ccompanying documents, etc., which have been approved by the National Society, and when sending a member a transfer card to some other Chapter, shall send her a copy of her papers. When presenting applications to the Board she shall furnish the Recording Secretary and Treasurer with full name of every applicant, and if married, the husband's name. At the death of a member, a copy of her papers shall be sent to her family. She shall notify the Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary of all changes in the Chapter Roll, the Treasurer-General of transfers, marriages, deaths, and resignations.

The Historian shall keep a written record of, all outside meetings held by the Chapter and all occasions in which the Chapter has taken pa rt. She shall paste in a scrapbbk invitations, cards, pictures, and printed reports of affa irs to the Chapter, giving dates. She shall send to the Daughters of the American Revolution magazine short accounts of the Chapter's work. She shall keep herself xinformed through the national magazine of the proceedings of the National Board and shallreport briefly to the Chapter new rules and regulations of interest to the Chapter.

The Custodian shall keep an itemized record of all donations, except moneys, made to the Chapter, and to report custody of such donations, and to have care of all books, papers, relics, eta.
All officers except Regent and Vice-Regent shall make w ritten monthly and annual reports, co- p ies to be given to the Recording Secretary. All Chapter Chairmen shall also make a report in writing at the annual May meeting.

The Board of Management shall aid the Regent in recommending plans for the Society, to digest and prepare business, and to authorize the disbursement of unappropria ted money in the treasury for current expenses and for other p urposes. They shall fill vacancies in office for the unexpired term, and supervise the a ffairs of the Chapter, and make acknowledgement of all donations and provide a book in which to record such donations.

The regular meetings of the Chapter shall be held on the fourth Tuesday in each month, except February, June, July, and August, at 7:45 o'clock P. M. The February meeting shall be held on the second Tuesday evening.

Special meetings may be held at any other time upon the call of the Regent, or upon the w ritten request of any two members of the Chapter filed with the corresponding secretary, notice of which meeting to be given by her to each member, either personally or by mail.

The regular meetings of the Boa rd shall be held on the regular Chapter meeting night at 7:30 P. M.

Special meeting of the Board may be held at any time by following the above prodedure for special Chapter meetings, at request of the Regent of two Board members.

At all meetings of the Chapter seven members shall constitute a quorum. At all Board meetings five members shall constitute a quorum.

The entrance fee shall be ten dollras, and the annual dues four dollars, payable in advance on October 1st of each year. Any member whose papers are accepted by the National Society on or after July 1st of any year shall not be required to pay dues again until October 1st of the second year ensuing. All members who have not paid their dues before January 1st, will be reported delinquent to the Nati onal Society in all reports until paid.

Any member who shall be in arrears for dues for six months will be dropped from the membership roll by the National Board after two notices of delinquency have been sent to her. A member wishing to resign or transfer must notify the Registrar Before December 1st, or pay her dues for the current year.

Any person desiring to be transferred to this Chapter from another shall bring a transfer card signed by the Regent, Registray, and Treasurer of the Chapter she is leaving, together with a copy of her applica tion papers and other documents filed with that Chapter. She shall not be required to pay an entrance fee nor annual dues for the current year if they have already been paid in the other Chapter. Her application for transfer must be voted upon by the Board of Management.

Members must notify the Corresponding Secretary of any change in their address, or otherwise the last one shall be considered sufficient.

The following standing committees shall be appointed by the Regent and shall hold office until their successors are appointed.

Conservation and Thrift It shall be the duty of this committee to create interest in wise use of materials, savings, replacing and tree planting, forestry, forest fire protection, local and state parks, birds, and wild flowers, to revive interest in thrift banks.

Correct Use of the Flag It shall be the duty of this committee to bring to the attention of the proper authorities any dishonor shown the flag, and to aid in teaching proper respect and protection for this, Our Country's Emblem. It shall be also the duty of this committee to arrange a nd provide a suitable program for the celebration of Flag Day.

Ellis Island It shall be the duty of the committee to aid the imigrants by giving them materials to work with while waiting for admission at our ports of entry.

Finance Committee It shall be the duty of this committee with the assistance of the Treasurer to prepare an annual budget, which shall be presented to the Board of Mannagement at the October meeting for a pproval and to the Chapter for vote. A two-thirds vote of the members present at the Chapter meeting shall be necessary for its acceptance. It shall be the duty of this committee to havc the books of the treasurer audited by an accountant before the May meeting. The chairman shall be a member of the Board.

House and Hospitality Committee It shall be the duty of this committee to arrange for have general charge of the places of meeting of the Chapter; to appointeach month one or more of its members, who shall be present before the mpening of the Chapter meeting, to see that the rooms are in order, the flag and gavel in pl ace, and who shall remain after the meeting and see that the fl ag and gavel are properly packed away, to notify the Treasurer of all financial obligations incurred. It shall also be the duty of this committee to act as hostess for the Chapter, to receive all new members and Chapter guests and present them to the Regent and to the Members, to arrange for entertainments given by the Chapter.
Program Committee It shall be the duty of this committee to arrange and carry out all literary programs of the Chapter under direction of the Regent.
Publicity Committee It shall be the duty of this committee to furnish to the press all notices for publication.

These by-laws may be amended at any meeting by a two-thirds vote of members present, provided the proposed amendments have been presented in writing at the previous regular meeting.

Romance of Our City

Celebrating Cincinnati's

SESQUI CENTENNIAL

and 150 YEARS OF PROGRESS

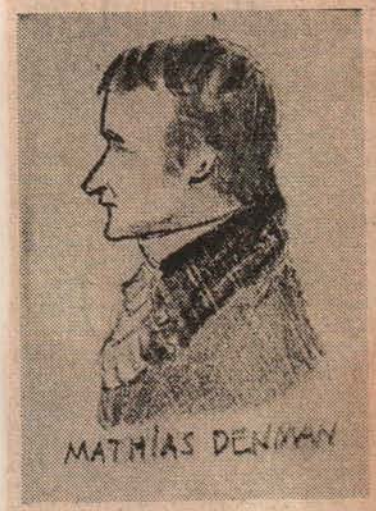
ARTICLE NO. 3

By LEW HECK

IF YOU could turn back 150 years to the summer days of 1788 on the little wharf at Limestone, Ky., now Maysville, you would find yourself in the company of three men, Judge John Cleves Symmes, Maj. Benjamin Stites and Mathias Denman. Frequently, during that summer, the trio met at the wharf for conversation. As they talked they looked thoughtfully at the Ohio River rolling lazily past them. Each of them had his secret thoughts and exalted ambitions. Judge Symmes, as chief of the project and having the master hand in it, had selected the present-day North Bend as the most advantageous of all the water frontage for city building. It was with great complacency that Judge Symmes, as he talked with his companions, looked out upon the Ohio's waters for he viewed the river as that "tide in the affairs of men which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune". It was, he believed, the moving flood of water which was to bear him to fabulous wealth as a seller of land and to eternal fame as the founder of a city. It was to lead him and his colonists to North Bend. Other settlements there would and must be. But they would be mere suburbs or outposts of his city, providing fertile farmlands as well as fighting-men in the common defense against Indian attacks. In his heart he smiled to think of the future that was his for the taking and building. But his face wore its usual judicial mask of serenity.

Now see Maj. Stites! Dreamer and practical man rolled into one! Wildly enthusiastic. But he does not tell all his plans, you can bet! Yes, he is certain this his Columbia (he already has named it in honor of Christopher Columbus) is to be the metropolis on the Ohio between the Miamis. He is exultant as he looks at that Ohio River flowing by, for dreamer and lover of beauty though he is, he also is a doer and he is going to do something to get the start on Symmes and Denman. Of course, he doesn't tell them about that!

Now let us, as we stand on that wharf 150 years ago this summer, study the countenance of Mathias Denman. Man of business is he and apparently little of the dreamer in him. Yes! He knows where the great city is to begin and grow into big business and wealth. It will be exactly at the spot where he is the purchaser of several hundred acres and he will land his settlers at that little inlet directly opposite the point where the Licking River flows into the Ohio. What a place for a ferry between his village and the trails to the Kentucky settlements! His eyes twinkle at the thought of the immediate profits the ferry will put into his pockets. And so he, too, looks speculatively at the Ohio River's ceaseless flow.



As we leave the three men there on the Limestone wharf and we fly back to this year of 1938 and its great City of Cincinnati, we know, of course, that Mathias Denman guessed right after all, for the little inlet he thought of was then the foot of your present-day Sycamore Street, and it became known to the pioneers as Yeatman's Cove. It is covered now by the paving of the Public Landing.

MAJ. STITES, worthy of being called "Discoverer of Cincinnati", also was the first of the three real estate tycoons to "get going". On Nov. 16, 1788, having managed to complete his plans ahead of his competitors, he set out from Limestone with his little colony in Kentucky boats. Doubtless there were some who stood on the wharf that day to bid them farewell, who watched them to the last with tear-misted eyes and with fear that never again would they see them on this earth, for they were invading a countryside fraught with horror and peril. It was a most solemn day and, perhaps, you wonder why they chose such an inclement season to fare forth as they did. At Ft. Harmar, at the time, the Indians were, for the most part, in session with the whites over a proposed peace treaty. The time was an auspicious one to get started in the enterprise of settling in "The Miami Slaughterhouse". Time to build blockhouses for defense, time to win increased numbers of settlers and be prepared if the Indians, disgruntled with treaty terms, refused them, and returned to the business of torturing, murdering and scalping the settlers, with some horse-stealing on the side by way of profit. Of course, not all the Indians were at Ft. Harmar, and there could be

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trouble with the many who still ranged the forests, careless of treaty-bargaining. But, in any event, not so much trouble as could be had with all of them round and about the adjacent wilderness. The settlers would take their chances with whatever of the hostiles might be in the vicinity. An intrepid man was Maj. Benjamin Stites, and of the stoutest-hearted were his companions in that enterprise. Stites even had his youngest daughter, dearest of all his children, with him in that daring venture. She was Rachel, five years old, quite the blithest, the smilingest, the merriest of all the voyagers. Always Rachel will be remembered as the first white child who set foot on the shores of Southern Ohio. She grew to womanhood at Columbia, married and became Rachel Kibby, and her grave and gravestone are to be seen today in the ancient Baptist Cemetery at Columbia, where, dying in 1864, at the age of 81, she was buried. Frequently this writer has stood at Rachel's grave. All about her are the graves of others who were members of that heroic expedition, and the visitor recalls two appropriate lines in Gray's "Elegy", written in a country churchyard:

Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

From one to another you go, reading the inscriptions on each stone, but you return to the grave of Rachel and you think of her not as a weary matriarch of 81, when she was laid to rest, but as the child who was the first to press her little feet on the Southern Ohio shore and to go dancing light-heartedly at the side of her father as he strode forward, from the beach, to face the terrors of the dark and measureless wilderness. So many years have come and gone since then, so many waters have risen and flooded that historic shore and retreated in their seasons since the little feet of dancing Rachel Stites left their imprints in the sands! Yes, you, too, will always think of her as a little child.

IT WAS on Tuesday, Nov. 18, 1788, the boats arrived opposite the projected settlement of Columbia. Gone was the charm of summer. They beheld a wilderness appalling in its November gloom. It seemed to glower at them, to warn them not to attempt to land or to dare to conquer its Indian-infested forests, for it was truly a forbidden land, one that had earned a bloody and murderous name for itself. They did not land immediately. Beyond the shore they stood in their boats watching the dismal scene with anxious, straining eyes — seeking what all dreaded to find, the Indians! Even the childish prattle and laughter of little Rachel Stites was hushed as she, too, stared at the ominous forest and noted the serious faces of her elders as they scanned every point of the dark wilderness such as gloomed upon the river. After a long time of reconnoitering they decided at last to land and cautiously disembark. They first of all made away with considerable brushwood that impeded their progress from the river's beach, and then having made a path to where they hoped to begin their city, they knelt and prayed for Divine help and guidance in this, their perilous enterprise.

It was near to the knoll which still exists as the Baptist graveyard that the Stites settlers, including little Rachel, prayed to the Almighty God, for help and protection and, after the "amen", they rose to their feet and began the felling of trees. They worked feverishly at this, for even the slightest delay might be fatal. The Indians might be upon them at any moment and they needed, first of all, a strong blockhouse walled with heavy logs. The blockhouse soon was up and ready as a place of safety for the women and children of the colonists. Into it they went thankfully.

Immediately after completing the blockhouse the men set to work to build huts. The walls of the huts were of logs provided by the near-by trees, easily trimmed of branches and laid one on the other. To make doors and flooring would have been more perplexing but for the fact that the boats they had come in still were moored to the shore. They discussed for a time the wisdom of dismantling boats which might be needed at any moment for escape from the place. But it was decided to take the chance, break up the boats and utilize their timber for doors and floors. Thus, as in other sudden problems, your pioneers had to gamble with death itself, for the Grim Reaper, painted hideously and befeathered, might come whooping in legion at any time out of the dark forests.

How the Columbians fared in the successive days and nights will be related in the next article.

Romance of Our City

Celebrating Cincinnati's

SESQUI CENTENNIAL

and 150 YEARS OF PROGRESS

ARTICLE NO. 4

By LEW HECK

THE first night in their forest home was an unforgettable one in the memories of your pioneers at Columbia. A monument dedicated to them 50 years ago still stands at what is said to be the site of their earliest structure, the blockhouse. You can see the monument at close eyeshot if you proceed a couple of blocks down Davis Lane, which starts at the junction of Eastern Avenue and Carrel Street. Down Davis Lane you come to the Pennsylvania railroad crossing, and by walking on its tracks for a couple of hundred feet eastwardly you arrive at the ancient cemetery, its time-stained gravestones and its monument. The cemetery was fenced in when this writer visited it recently, but still the view of it, if you have any reverence for the first of the city's pioneers, is worthy of the time you take to go to it, even though a fence bars your entrance. And while you are looking at the 43-foot-high monument, a Corinthian column of Ohio freestone, you will see at the top of it a place that was made for the reception of a pioneer statue. When the shaft was dedicated with music, the firing of cannon and oratory a half century ago, one of the orators said that the promised statue soon would be atop the column keeping eternal vigilance over Cincinnati's earliest pioneer scene. But the years have passed, one by one, and no statue has yet appeared. What could be more fitting now than a backwoods sentry symbolizing Maj. Benjamin Stites himself be placed atop that tall shaft?

No doubt, as the leader of the expedition, Maj Stites was one of the guards who kept sleepless vigil on the first night, when the crackling of every twig in the night breezes of the forest seemed to herald the footfall of a scouting savage. The place was engulfed in deep darkness, and the night must have been a long one for the watchers outside the blockhouse.

Inside the blockhouse were the mothers hushing their little ones to sleep, and at last profound silence brooded over all. Now and again the guards on vigil outside the blockhouse exchanged whispered comments on the hoped-for future of their city-to-be as they walked silently in their moccasins, to and fro in the chilly night, their eyes straining to see whatever could be seen in that deep dark night—especially when a twig crackled! And how they welcomed the first fingers of dawn streaking the eastern sky! The first night was over at last and they had come through it safely! And so to work with the peep of dawn. More trees to be cut down, more huts to be built, more barricades to be erected while the womenfolk went about the task of getting breakfast, a simple meal on that morning, with no grocers, no butchers, no bakers as yet, such as you have at your com-

The colonists regarded with considerable satisfaction the fertile land which lay to the east of them, a plain which long ago had been cleared by the Indian inhabitants, and on which through many centuries the savages grew their corn. This was, in the early pioneer days, the celebrated Turkey Bottoms, a name it still has. And Turkey Bottoms in the highly imaginative brain of Maj. Stites was to be the mainstay of his projected city. Not until spring came would they be able to plow and plant for the harvest, and they were fated to endure hunger throughout the winter season until that harvest came. However, they managed to get along fairly well by cautious expeditions into the adjacent forest, where they shot game and in the river where they caught fish. Bread was out of the question until they hit upon the expedient of digging up the roots of what was called bear grass, boiling it, washing it and drying it out, then crushing it with stones into a sort of coarse flour. Of this they made a kind of bread, but if you were to have that sort of breadstuff served to you today at your breakfast table you would turn from it in disgust, no doubt. Still, the pioneer Columbians were thankful for even such coarse fare and said their "grace" at their meals as devoutly as if the bread made from grassroots was cake itself.

IN 1790, almost two years after the Stites colonists had landed, a family named Spencer joined them, one of the homeseekers being Oliver M. Spencer, then a boy. Oliver afterward was stolen by the Indians and lived with the savages a couple of years before being restored to his family. In 1834 Oliver M. Spencer thought to describe for posterity the appearance of Columbia as he beheld it in 1790. It was, he said, a settlement of about 50 cabins clustered on the plain called Turkey Bottoms, including a small stockade and a few blockhouses scattered along the river shore as a defense for the community. The original log fortress erected by Stites and his companions was still kept ready for emergencies when young Spencer and his family arrived. He recalled that in 1791 there was a scarcity of flour and it became for the time being a luxury that could be doled out only to the sick or to the stranger who was a guest in the village. Corn was plentiful enough, and, in the form of corn bread, would have been hailed as a tasty luxury in the winter of 1788-89 when the colonists were compelled to do with grassroot bread. But, two years later, they knew what it was to yearn for bread made of wheat flour and to regard with little favor the bread made of corn. Thus does civilization advance.

Spencer describes the spring of 1792 as exceptionally beautiful. The Cincinnati hillsides you see now as you go through Turkey Bottoms by the way of Kellogg Avenue presented an amazing scene of trees in blossom, including the redbud, the hawthorn and the dogwood. The ground was carpeted in a riot of colors by the mayapple, bloodroot, ginseng and violet and other blooms which then were so plentiful here. The woods were filled with

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doves, partridges and turkeys and there were numerous bear and deer to be seen. Spencer said the paradise of beauty was marred, however, by the poisonous copperhead snakes which struck the unwary without

attempting to strike with its fangs. But, said Spencer, as deadly as the numerous copperheads and rattlers were, they were not feared by the Columbians to the extent that the Indians were dreaded. No man who ventured away from the settlement could count himself safe for a single minute with so many Indians infesting the wilderness.

The Turkey Bottoms farms stretched about one and one-half miles east of town, consisting of five acres each. The farmers tilled the soil with eyes always turning to river or woods and loaded rifles always close at hand. They exchanged labor, one with the other, so as to always be close together and ready for the emergency of battle with the Indians who were known to be constantly lurking in the woods. The Bottoms were very fertile, he said, 80 bushels of corn to the acre being an ordinary crop. Some gained as much as 100 bushels to the acres and in favorable seasons 110 bushels. He recalled seeing corn hills four feet apart, each with four or five stalks one and one-half inches in diameter and 15 feet high, each bearing two or three ears of corn.

MAJ. STITES'S dream of city-building was to come to a sudden end. It was Old Man Ohio River himself who afterward rose up in a flood to smother all hope of Columbia ever growing into a great city. Maj. Stites had surveyed his land, laid it out for a mile along the river front and far back to the hills when the unexpected happened—a sudden and disastrous flood. He had not taken into account any misfortune like that. And now he found most of his dream city engulfed and its inhabitants encamped on the higher ground. The river receded in time but the Columbians realized that such calamities must be seasonal. After that first flood Columbia ceased to grow. Less and less of other homeseekers passing by in their boats stopped at Columbia for a visit, a chat and possible settlement. News of the flood had circulated swiftly. With friendly hails to the Columbians they continued down the river to try their luck at Losantiville, opposite the Licking or farther down at North Bend. The Major's real estate project was shot and he knew it.

Today there is still much of the woodland beauty and rural paths where Maj. Stites had hoped to build a great city. Lunken Airport occupies a great swath of what was farmland years ago. People in trailers stop in the shaded nooks along Turkey Bottom road and other Columbian thoroughfares, living almost as simply as the earliest inhabitants.

You hear the airplanes that come and go from Lunken Airport

one of them would have been had it appeared in the skies in the days of the early Columbians! The Indian islanders who were the first to behold the ships of Christopher Columbus were not more astounded and bereft of their senses, as Maj. Stites and his pioneer band would have been at the sight of an airplane which you regard, today, as so commonplace, almost as much so as a street car or automobile. As you stand on that silent solitary shore of the Ohio River at Columbia you feel sorry for Maj. Stites, the brave dreamer who had visualized a city here. You watch the same river which he so often watched so hopefully when the Kentucky boats came into view and you can fancy the despair that was in his heart when he saw them drift on by, the voyagers hailing him so friendly but passing up him and his dream city for one of the two others farther down the stream. Now and again a fleet would make harbor for a chat with the Columbians and an exchange of news, only to shove off again for the less flood-periled hamlets. Oh yes, they had heard about the floods which had blasted the future of Columbia as a city. News in the backwoods traveled fast and Maj. Stites was left on his shoreland lamenting his fate as a city-builder.

Romance of Our City

Celebrating Cincinnati's

SESQUI CENTENNIAL

and 150 YEARS

OF PROGRESS

ARTICLE NO. 5

By LEW HECK

UPON Cincinnati's roll of honor there are many names written. The pages of the city's history teem with the records of many men and women who strove so heroically to make Cincinnati the city it is today. This writer, scanning them all and taking account of what they did, invariably visualizes Maj. Benjamin Stites as first and foremost in that galaxy of heroes. But for him the beginning of Cincinnati as a city might have been delayed scores of years—perhaps never begun at all. Who knows? Who can even venture an opinion?

In the installment published in last Monday's Times-Star you took leave of the gallant Maj. Stites, standing on his lonely shoreland, mourning his sad fate as a city-builder. Home-seekers float by on the bosom of the rolling Ohio River. They will have none of Columbia, the hamlet so easily engulfed by floods. Even from afar they know that forlorn figure who waves his hand to them. They return the greeting and they go on downriver. And another night of pitch-dark blackness falls upon the river even as it has fallen upon the hopes of Maj. Stites.

Lack of new settlers made Columbia's situation not only hopeless as the beginning of a great city, but it thrust the few families there into deadly peril of being annihilated by any large force of Indians who might determine to swoop down from the hills and destroy these invaders of their ancestral corn lands in Turkey Bottoms. Even through the bright hours of daylight the tiny colony of Columbians kept apprehensive watch, although the usual hour for such murderous raids was just before the dawn. The village was in a large clearing, but frowning upon it was the deep and unknown Ohio wilderness. Directly across the Ohio River was the dreadful "dark and bloody ground" called Kentucky and infested by Indians. Near by was the Little Miami River, upon whose waters an army of hostiles could, if they pleased, arrive suddenly in their canoes. It was no pretty situation in which Maj. Stites and his family and his pioneer comrades and their families found themselves. Some, as the months rolled by and the other two settlements were observed to be growing, considered the advisability of moving and, in some instances, did abandon their Columbian huts and lands, all of which left Maj. Stites sore at heart. Yet he and many others were steadfast and held on. And to the very last.

died Jan. 29, 1794. In the American Revolution he suffered 11 months' hard imprisonment in New York under British tyranny for declaring himself a friend to the rights of man." That grave stone alone would determine the great age of the cemetery.

A recent visit made to it by this writer found it completely hidden by a jungle impossible to penetrate. Unlike the Baptist cemetery, which is cared for by the city, the other one apparently has been utterly forgotten. On the edges of the jungle there are evidences of hobo camps, the wayfarers being absolutely ignorant, as they settle down to slumber, of the companions who sleep so near to them. So heavy is the growth of brush the grave stones can not be seen even by the sharpest eyes. The cemetery lies at a level below that of the railroad right-of-way.

One may meander, these autumn days, through the ancient Columbian section and find much of it still as primitive in appearance as when they tilled its acres, hunted among its trees or fished in the near-by Ohio or Little Miami Rivers. If you will stroll riverward down Davis Lane from the Baptist cemetery of the pioneers you will find your feet on a rural thoroughfare called Turkey Bottom Road. Follow it to the Ohio River and somehow you will sense it as Cincinnati's first street. It may have been, but do not make any bets one way or the other. Yet it could be the very path which the Stites expedition cut through the underbrush on the historic Tuesday of November 18, 1788, for it is direct from the river to the point where they began the settlement, and your early pioneers were in the habit of cutting directly through when they blazed paths for themselves. Well, as you walk down Turkey Bottom Road you are charmed by its sylvan beauty. At its end you observe that it banks steeply down to the Ohio River.

But let us turn again from that river and go back to the winter of 1788 and the huddle of rude huts that was called Columbia. The wintry days pass, to be succeeded by the terrorizing nights. Food is scarce. But in a little more than a month after Columbia has been begun, joyous tidings are borne from a point about five miles down the river. The promised settlement has been started there! It means much to the Stites colony. It means an added force of defense against the Indians, a brother-community close by in "the Miami Slaughterhouse". The great day has been recorded as that of December 29, 1788, and the new hamlet was to be called Losantiville, later Cincinnati. Little did Maj. Stites and his colonists dream then that the newcomer would grow to be what it is today; that Columbia itself was doomed by circumstances never to grow to any important extent, but, in the years to come, to be swallowed as a small suburban tract by the great city of Cincinnati.

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Confronted by a future which seemed more likely to decrease the number of inhabitants rather than increase them and with the peril of an Indian onslaught always present one wonders in these days why they stayed there at all and especially after a safer settlement guarded by a garrison of soldiers was but five miles down the river from them, your present downtown Cincinnati's parent hamlet. The Columbians just wouldn't give in, that's all. It wasn't in them to turn tail and fly from anything! Yet their nights for innumerable nights must have been terrorizing, especially be-

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exhaustion when they lay down at night in their rude pallets, often the mere cabin floor itself. They were hard workers, for they had to be to live at all. Sentries were on guard, taking turn and turn about in that duty. In these days of peace

[redacted]

the night. But the guards who kept vigil through the long nights welcomed the moonrise as a special blessing from God. They were then in a more advantageous position to observe, in time, anything that might creep out of the wilderness or up from the river shore and be thus prepared to sound the alarm and prepare for the desperate fight.

You have perceived the look of dread which comes into the countenances of persons who, hearing the voice of the owl at night, regard it as an omen of evil fortune? Of course, you try to take them out of such a superstitious belief by explaining that the owl's mournful call in the night is no more a portent of evil than the song of the nightingale. But you could not have convinced any of your pioneer forefathers or foremothers that the owl's call was innocent of evil. They had dreadful reasons for regarding the owl's hooting as a portent of disaster. Indian warriors stealing upon settlements in the pioneer days exchanged signals by means of amazingly perfect imitations of the owl. And there was no listener in the night who could tell the real from the spurious, so accomplished were the Indians in this form of mimicry. Small wonder that even in this day, or rather at night, there are many who shiver with apprehension in their beds when they hear an owl calling to its mate or, as it may be, amusing itself with what it thinks is music. But long gone are the Indians and long silent their owl-calls, and there is no reason any more to be bothered by such nocturnal sounds.

LONG gone are the first Columbians, many of them at rest in the old Baptist graveyard, and perhaps in another which is but a stone's throw from the Baptist. It also is alongside the Pennsylvania railroad tracks a few hundred feet west of the Baptist. It has not been mentioned thus far in these chronicles, but the writer recalls having visited it years ago and seeing among the grave stones one that was exceptionally time-worn, marking the grave of a Revolutionary War veteran. So worn was the lettering by time and rain that all that could be read was "—rmanus Taulman, 64,

No! Just as you Cincinnatians regard the village of Glendale, for instance, as a town that never, never can hope to grow great enough to

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hope to be anything but an outpost of Columbia. And so they were jubilant over the establishment of the first cabin on the Ohio's shore opposite the Licking River. They were generous, too. Out of their own scant supplies they sent food down

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pitable to the point of self-deprivation in their entertainment of strangers or newcome settlers.

Long after the usual bedtime hour, which was soon after dusk, the Columbians sat up to a late hour in the flickering light of log fires burning in their huts while they toasted their shins and discussed the day's big event, the settlement at last of new and valued neighbors. Householders went gleefully from hut to hut to exchange comments on the happy news. Yes! Everything looked pretty rosy now. With two towns started, and so close together, new settlers would be attracted and both towns would share in them. Of course, Columbia would be the more attractive. For down there opposite the Licking it was all thick forest land. Almost to the river's brink! And up here a lordly tract of cleared land. Fertile Turkey Bottoms itself! The Columbians were not worried about the future.

In the next installment we shall have a look at that new settlement opposite the Licking. It had a bleak beginning.

Look for the Next Installment of This Fascinating History in the Times-Star, Monday, October 17

ARTICLE 6

By LEW HECK

IN THIS, the autumn of 1938 and its observance of Cincinnati's one hundred and fiftieth anniversary, there is a newer and livelier interest in that river front called The Public Landing. Many, during the past few weeks, have taken time out from their luncheon hours to view with an appreciation they never knew before, that historic swath of river frontage, the scene of Cincinnati's infancy. And who can visualize that early scene, that bitterly-cold December day in 1788 without pity for those who landed there as the first settlers? One thinks of the hardships they accepted and endured in order to begin a city. Their voyage to the desolate shore opposite the Licking River was, indeed, a frightful experience. They had floated down from Maysville, then called Limestone, Ky., in their Arks, as such boats were called on other rivers, or Kentucky boats as they were dubbed on the Ohio River. That river, at the time they took to it to come to this shore, was choked with floating ice. In a blood-freezing wind they fought the ice which fought back, as it were, with its teeth seeking to crush and sink the oak-planked craft with their backwoods caulking made of anything and everything that could be expected to withstand the water.

So perilous was the voyage of some 69 miles and at a speed commensurate with the leisurely current of the river itself, that they regarded with feelings of relief the dismal shore swept by the wintry wind, its background of trees, sullen and chilled in their wintry nakedness. The December wind itself seemed to sing a requiem in that leafless forest rather than a welcome as they landed, stiff-legged and benumbed by the cold.

And this desolate place was to be their new home!

With their clumsy boats they hove-to in an inlet, later called Yeatman's Cove. Today it is covered by paving, part of the Public Landing at the foot of Sycamore street.

Some of them ran limping up and down the shore's edge to restore blood circulation. Others hastened to the edge of the forest to procure firewood. They had not even the luxury of matches, then. Sparks struck from steel and flint were their only means of fire-lighting. All gathered around that fire.

The day was either Dec. 28 or 29, 1788. Historians differ. The settlers themselves seem to have been indifferent entirely, for they made no exact record of the day of settlement. That they had embarked at Limestone on December 24 is well known. Therefore they required four or five days to make the voyage of 69 miles, which a train will cover today in a little more than an hour, or an airplane will fly over in the time you require to eat your luncheon.

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WARMING themselves briefly at their fire, they proceeded to build a house of logs hewn from the trees of the forest, with the planks ripped from their boats for other parts of the structure. It was strictly a stag clubhouse for the time being. No women were among your first settlers at Yeatman's Cove, although in Maj. Stites's settlement at Columbia during the previous month, the wives and children of many of the colonists had accompanied them.

The first house, or rather hovel, so primitively and hastily was it built, was on Front street, a little east of Main street, but not on the present-day building line, according to historians' location of it. It was a bit nearer the river. It could have been on the very site of the City Wharfmaster's shanty office that you can see today if you visit the Public Landing. This is a very comical structure, bulwarked to keep the floods from washing it away and you will marvel at its pretentious front porch. There is a picture in existence of what purports to be Cincinnati's or Losantiville's first house and from that ancient likeness a log cabin office could be built today for the City Wharfmaster, a structure at once officially useful as well as interesting to students of Cincinnati history.

There is a legend to the effect that the first loghouse built by the settlers became the first city hall; that in it the first city fathers met to discuss local government. Later, it appears, they favored meeting in a tavern. Also there is a persistent belief that it was not the first dwelling constructed as such within the confines of Cincinnati. It is said that a younger son of the Duke of Argylle of Scotland had left his family castle many years before to be an adventurer in this section; that he built a hut near the mouth of Mill Creek, lived alone in it, traded with the Indians, was greatly loved and respected by them and that he headed for the farther West when he heard of the settlements between the Miami Rivers. And there may have been other huts before 1788 in this section, each of them occupied by traders who managed to get along very well with the savages. Limestone then was a center of traders' wares and the adventurers who pursued that business frequently were a mysterious lot who said little and from Limestone went far into the wilderness with their goods. Not being colonizers, in fact thriving best in sections where there were no colonies, the traders apparently were regarded by the Indians as useful friends.

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THE MEN who floated their boats into Yeatman's Cove were rather careless about handing their names down to posterity as the first settlers. The company is thought to have been a large one and in 1819 a directory printed in Cincinnati listed what purported to be the names of all the men as follows:

James Carpenter, William McMillan, John Vance, Robert Caldwell, Sylvester White, Sam Mooney, Henry Lindray, Joseph Thorton, Noah Badggley, Thaddeus Bruen, Daniel Shoemaker, Ephriam Kirby, Thomas Gizzel, William Connel, Joel Williams, Samuel Blackburn, John Porter. Fran. Hardesty, Matthew Fowler and Evan Shelby. Certainly there must have been others whose names escaped the historian of 31 years later and certainly Israel Ludlow and Col. Robert Patterson, co-owners with Mathias Denman, were in the party. But they are not mentioned. As to Mathias Denman, he was interested in the venture merely as a land speculator and prospective ferry boat owner and not as a home seeker. Denman was the financial supporter of the enterprise. He had put up the cash amounting to about $500. For this money Judge John Cleves Symmes sold him 740 acres and his holdings according to the boundaries of the present time lay between the Ohio River on the south, Broadway on the east, Central Avenue on the west and Liberty Street on the north. Originally his company of landowners here consisted of himself, Col. Patterson and John Filson. Each owned a third of the land and the set-up was this:

Denman provided all the cash. Col. Patterson, noted Kentucky Indian fighter who was scarcely second to Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton in that respect, was to attract settlers from Kentucky as well as serve as commander in any battles with the Indians. John Filson was, like Col. Patterson, of Lexington, Ky., where he was a schoolmaster and writer. For his share in the lands he was to survey them, lay out lots, streets, etc. But Filson was fated to disappear before the settlers landed and his share was diverted to Israel Ludlow, also an

this day. While on a tour of exploration near North Bend with Judge Symmes and others he vanished,

probably having been seized by the Indians and murdered, a fate he always feared.

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BUT, BEFORE Filson came to his mysterious end he had given the new settlement a name—Losantiville! It was just the sort of name a pedantic man would foist upon a town. Denman and Col. Patterson doubtless accepted it with great respect, not to say awe, for they were not bookish men but realists of the first order and men of action, therefore reverent in the presence of a schoolmaster. Out of his knowledge of Latin, Greek and French Filson had grandly compounded the name either not knowing or not being concerned over the fact that in coining it he had put "the cart before the horse" as the saying is. Although he translated Losantiville as "the town opposite the mouth" (of the Licking) literally it runs as "the mouth opposite the town". However, as the original name of your Cincinnati it endured but a little more than a year, being abolished early in January, 1790, by Gen. Arthur St. Clair in favor of the present name Cincinnati. It is

tempt of the name Losantiville when he came here. He lost no time in banishing it. Cincinnati was therefore named in honor of a famous society of Revolutionary War officers in which Gen. St. Clair held membership. And so, today, but for the action of the determined Scot, your newspaper would have been the Losantiville Times-Star—think of that! And your University, why it would have been the University of Losantiville, a name for the professors to pull apart and examine with wonder.

Next Monday, in this series, we shall see how the first settlers got along.

ARTICLE 9

By LEW HECK

HISTORY does not record when and how the first Negro came to the village of Cincinnati. Little account was taken of him then. But he was here early. He was here even before that February day when the Emancipator, the man who was destined to strike the shackles of slavery from the wrists and ankles of the Negro race in America, was born in a cabin of logs at Hodgenville, Ky., 150 miles down the Ohio River. The Negro was already in Cincinnati when the infant, Abraham Lincoln, uttered his first feeble cry in that cold cabin and his mother seized every poor rag that was at hand to shield the little body from the bitter wind that filtered through every crevice in the ill-made one-room hut of loosely-laid logs.

How little she knew or could even dream that the wailing infant she held so close to her own shivering body, to impart to the little one the warmth of herself, would rise to a height in the whole world's love and respect attained by no other American before or since.

Who is there today, be he white or black, who can stand and see that cabin and not be moved to tears?

One thinks of that wintry February day and of the careless and shiftless backwoods father who was Tom Lincoln and of the mother who was Nancy Lincoln, an angel on earth who was so soon to join God's angels in Heaven. One muses over the boy's life of poverty and sorrow and one recalls his young manhood and his epochal voyage in a merchandiser's flatboat down the Ohio River to the South where he saw, through tear-dimmed eyes, the agonies of an enslaved people. What he saw he never forgot and thus he became the Emancipator years later.

No account has been left by historians of the Negro's advent into Cincinnati. He may have been a freedman for there were many then in the North. If so, he asked only the opportunity to sell his labor for whatever would be given. He may have been a shrinking, frightened, escaped slave who, making his way from a slave-state in the South, braving the perils of the wilderness, sought a haven in the village of Cincinnati. How frequently he must have looked, with affrighted eyes, across the Ohio River where, from the other shore, a pursuer might at any moment come in search of him! Cincinnati was even then the acknowledged gateway to the South, and it was a gate that opened in either direction.

That the Negro early had sought sanctuary and a meagre living in Cincinnati is shown in a survey which was made in 1829. In that year it was found that there were 2,258 Negroes here.

In his "Cincinnati, the Queen City", the Rev. Charles Frederick Goss, discussing the disputes which arose between the abolitionists and the pro-slavery advocates at that time, wrote that "slaves were forever escaping into it (Cincinnati) for refuge and free blacks found it a convenient place to make their homes . . . from the first settlement of the city there had always been a few who were ready to harbor and to assist the miserable creatures who appealed for help to escape the degradations of slavery and their numbers steadily increased".

Many Cincinnatians by birth, marriage or by natural inclination sympathized with the South and its slave-owners but there were just as many who were against the system of slavery. As they debated here and there coolly and good-temperedly in the parlors of residences or the taverns, each seeking to convert the other to his views, the question spread to other elements, mob spirit flamed and the targets of wrath became the poor and defenseless Negroes themselves. Mob leaders and members gathered and organized not in Cincinnati, as a rule, but across the river and frequently the leaders were mere boys, putting contemplated action to the vote and then giving orders. Mobsters also were made up of transient boatmen plying between here and the Southland. In the main Cincinnati itself regarded these uprisings in its streets with disgust. Even the quietude of Lane Seminary, influential college of theology with a student body of both Northerners and Southerners, became embroiled. The famous Seminary had been established in 1829 and almost immediately became a vital influence in the city's life and thought. Its great professors, Beecher and Stowe, strong abolitionists, organized a debate among the seminarians to thresh out the problems presented by the slavery system. That debate continued for 18 consecutive nights and awakened an anti-slavery sentiment in the city so strong that Sunday schools and day schools for Negro children were established as a result. But it aroused dissension in the seminary and the question became so heated that, during the temporary absence of Beecher and Stowe, the trustees of Lane met and voted to suppress all further discussions of the matter lest the seminary itself be destroyed as an institution of theological learning. As a result of this action and other incidents along the same line 51 students left Lane in a body. Complete peace and a final settlement of the question were not destined to come to Cincinnati until the child who was born Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood and became the President of the United States and the Emancipator of a down-trodden race.

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AT THIS time of the year, with dead and dying leaves underfoot, rustling at every stride of the woodland-roaming pedestrian, one may recall the harrowing experience of Jacob Wetzel in the autumn of 1790, or about 148 years ago. Wetzel was an early Cincinnatian, famous for his courage, his combats against the Indians, his ability as a sharpshooter and hunter, and his prodigious strength. Upon an October day this fearless pioneer had gone, as was his custom, alone into the wilderness to hunt. His enterprise was an unusually successful one that day. He had brought down so much game with his unerring rifle that there was too much

of it for even so stout a fellow as he was to carry. He determined to go back to Cincinnati and obtain a horse. Now as he strode homeward with his dog he came to a spot about 400 yards below where Front and Fifth Streets now join in the west end of the city. A small stream at that time flowed into the Ohio River dividing the forest, a dense one well-populated with game and thickly grown with maple and beech trees and a heavy undergrowth of spice-wood and grape vines. Wetzel was weary and seated himself upon a fallen tree for a brief rest and the dog lay down at his feet for a nap.

Their repose was startlingly interrupted. There was the sound of the rustling of autumn leaves which so bounteously carpeted the forest. The trained ears of both dog and man knew them to be stealthy footfalls, either of Indian or wild beast. The dog growled but instantly subsided at the touch of Wetzel's hand upon his head and at Wetzel's whispered command to him to be silent. Quietly, his rifle cocked and ready, Wetzel hid behind a tree, his dog close at his side, and both watching and waiting for whatever was to come. At last they caught sight of a gigantic Indian, peering from behind a huge oak tree. The Indian, moving as silently as possible through the leaves and unaware of the presence of Wetzel, had heard the growl of the dog, low as it was, and immediately prepared for the fight. The dog, seeing the Indian, forgot his training and began to bark. This apprised the redskin of the whereabouts of Wetzel. The fight began. Both rifles cracked at once. The Indian's rifle fell to the ground, the bullet from Wetzel's having shattered the elbow bone of his left arm. Wetzel, who had not been touched by the Indian's shot, now dropped his own unloaded gun and, drawing his hunting knife, leaped into the clear and toward the savage. Meanwhile, with his right hand the Indian drew his own knife and with a long, swinging stride through the leaves, advanced to meet his antagonist. Wetzel struck at the Indian with his blade in an effort to bury it in his heart, but with the greatest of skill, or like any swordsman of France, the redskin parried the thrust with his own knife. However, the shock of collision between the two men was so great that Wetzel's knife was hurled from his hand some 30 feet distant. Disarmed, but undaunted, Wetzel resorted to another form of battle in which the backwoodsmen of his time were experts. It was wrestling. Keeping clear of the Indian's repeated knife-thrusts and circling him in an effort to rush in and get a wrestler's hold on the Indian's body, he was at last successful in this. He got hold of him and also managed to pinion his knife-arm but, to the dismay of Wetzel, the savage proved to be a man of herculean strength as well as a proficient wrestler.

As the two were locked together, each straining himself desperately to gain the mastery and the Indian slowly drawing his arm out of Wetzel's clutch, their ankles became interlocked and both fell, still in embrace, to the ground, the Indian uppermost. The Indian managed to free his arm and was making an effort to push the knife into Wetzel's body when the latter by a sudden twist turned his antagonist over upon his right side, thus imprisoning his arm again. At this juncture the Indian, disappointed and enraged by the white man's maneuvre, gave an appalling yell, exerted his strength to the utmost and again had Wetzel on his back. Having his enemy beneath him again the Indian felt that the day and the victory were his at last and with an exultant scream he prepared to deal the fatal blow. Helpless, Wetzel closed his eyes and awaited death. But neither of the fighters had reckoned with Wetzel's dog. Up to this time the dog had taken no part in the conflict but now, excited no doubt by the redskin's scream of exultation, he leaped into action, gripped the Indian's throat in his teeth, and in his agony the savage dropped his knife. Meanwhile Wetzel was not idle. Taking advantage of this new turn of affairs, he squirmed loose, gained possession of the Indian's knife and plunged it into his heart. Wetzel later learned that he had slain one of the principal chiefs of the Indians, one who was renowned for his skill and courage in warfare.

ARTICLE 11

By LEW HECK

A FEW OF THE INDIAN CHIEFS who were the lords of the wilderness before and after the settlements on these Miami lands were friendly fellows. Not all the Indians were "as black as they were painted", to use an old saying. Some were not only personally acquainted with the white settlers through treaty meetings, but were in many respects rather tolerant of their being here. But not always could a chief hold back the tribesmen under him, nor were there punitive laws at his behest for the discipline of excited braves. The chief counselled and exhorted at tribal fires and frequently his eloquence won for him on questions in which he believed "discretion is the better part of valor". But, in such instances, if he was overruled, he proceeded to lead and command whatever enterprise was to the fore. And it is to be suspected that the wisdom and eloquence of many a chief prevented outrages that otherwise would have been undertaken. Of course, many of these preventions were in the line of policy rather than humanity, although it is known that others were in the spirit of friendship for "the white brothers". Ingratitude was not one of the sins of the Indian and a memory of kindness shown by one or more pioneer families to an Indian chief more than once saved the hamlet wherein they lived from being attacked. Indeed, in such instances at the council fire, his eloquence could swell to a high tide of power for what he said was from his heart. And the Indians, you may well believe, were marvellous listeners as well as members of a race which loved the music of oratory. Even the vicious element so numerous in the tribes could be melted to whatever approximated tenderness in the Indian breast by the magic of the orator's voice and argument.

White Eyes, as he was called by the settlers, or Mesass, as he was named by his people, was well known hereabouts when your city of Cincinnati was at its beginning. White Eyes was a chief of the Wyandots and personally known to the pioneers, even though he usually "kept his distance" from them. Fact is it was not until the hamlet had gotten to a fairly good start that White Eyes succumbed to a lure that had always drawn him, and that was to be better acquainted with the palefaces. He was intensely curious about their manner of living and about their former ways of existence before they came here. At last the Wyandot chief ventured in and it was then he recounted, with laughter, in a conversation with Mrs. Strong, wife of Col. Strong, an army officer, that frequently he had spied upon the movements in Ft. Washington from its very beginning. It was the custom of White Eyes, the curiosity-smitten chief, to make his way to the forested hill which now is Mt. Adams. There, on the brow of the hill, he climbed into a tall oak tree where hour after hour he sat unseen and unsuspected and viewed the soldiers at their drill or at work in the artificers' yard.

The Strongs were a kindly couple and they numbered among their friends several Indian chiefs of whom White Eyes was one.

It is recorded that of all the Indian chiefs ranging the territory between the Miamis in those early days, the most celebrated according to pioneer estimate, was Little Turtle. He was regarded as the wisest of all of them. Among his own people he was called Me-che-cun-na-qua and he had acquired education in a Jesuit school in Canada where he became notable for his high mental gifts and common sense. As a military commander, later, he had no equal among the Indian chiefs. Yet this great son of the outdoors and the forest and the partaker of its primitive fare was doomed to die of an ailment which is regarded as an affliction of those who live too luxuriously. Little Turtle breathed his last on July 14, 1812, at Ft. Wayne, Ind., a victim of the gout!

Considering Little Turtle's ignominious death according to Indian standards, one wonders if the great chief did not adopt too lavishly, the menus of his white brothers to come to such an end. And in that connection one thinks of the celebrated Old Man Parr, of England, who lived in the best of health for more than 150 years on the milk and other simple fare his farmland provided only to die soon after he reached London where he was wined and dined overmuch by King Charles I and the lords and ladies of his court.

• • •

NOT ALL of the Indians, by any means, were of "the friendly sort."

Tecumseh, a chief of the Shawanees, a great Indian but not a friendly one to the whites in this territory began his fighting career by a show of abject cowardice but came to be known as one of the most daring of war chiefs. As a youth of 20 he had his first taste of battle, an engagement against Kentucky troops. He fled the field and that appeared to be the end of him so far as the Indians were concerned. Like the Chinese, of whom they may be descendants, the redskins had a horror of "losing face", or reputation as it is. And so, if he had been but an ordinary fellow, Tecumseh would have been finished for retreating before the command to do so had been given. But, as his deeds proved afterward, he was an extraordinary redskin, so extraordinary indeed that a Canadian historian gives to Tecumseh the credit of having saved Canada for the British. Tecumseh commanded the Indian allies of the British in the War of 1812 and rose to the rank of brigadier-general in the King of England's army, so mighty was he as a commander. During the desperate battel of the Thames, Oct. 5, 1813, Tecumseh was killed. And before he launched into the fight he predicted that his life would end in it. Yet cheerily, at the head of his troops, he sprang into it that day.

Previously Tecumseh devised a scheme by which he hoped to be-

come supreme master by confederating the tribes and annihilating the whites, every man, woman and child of them. Tecumseh and his brother, a cheif called Elskwantawa or, as he is better known, The Prophet, traveled from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico seeking to form tribes into one great confederacy to carry through his ambition.

Gen. William Henry Harrison, then Governor of this territory, was cognizant of Tecumseh's plan and warned him to desist. Tecumseh appeared to be impressed by the Governor's warning and gave promises but soon resumed his plot. The War of 1812 and his opportunity to serve his British friends ended the plan as well as Tecumseh's life.

Red Jacket, a Seneca chief of the Wolf tribe, is remembered as one whose hatred of the white people was intensely bitter. His Indian name was Sagoyewatha, the title of Red Jacket having been bestowed upon him after a British army officer had presented him with an embroidered red jacket as a prize for his fleetness of foot. Luckily for the settlers in the Northwest Territory Red Jacket was an arrant coward. Hating the whites so fanatically, yet he had a coward's heart. At this distance of time one might wonder why a fellow like Red Jacket could hold a chieftainship in a race which demanded courage in its lords—or else. The secret of Red Jacket's hold on his people was his power of oratory and his appearance. He is said to have been the champion of champions in Indian eloquence—that he could sway his listeners like reeds in the wind. He egged them on to do what he himself never would dare to do. Coupled with his voice and his power of expression was his appearance. That, too, held the Indians in thrall. He was a majestic fellow, with fine eyes and a tall body. There was dignity in his every movement and gesture. Everything but the heart of a warrior. The Indians knew about that latter failing but considering the oratory of the man and the majesty of his presence they probably felt that one can not have everything and so were content to keep him as chief, if only to listen and look when he was on the rostrum. Red Jacket also had an undying hatred for Christians, especially missionaries. Yet he performed or service for the Americans which was due, perhaps, to a memory of a kindness accorded him by George Washington. In 1792, when the U. S. and the Indians, who were called the Six Nations, concluded a peace treaty, Washington gave Red Jacket, the orator, a solid silver medal, seven inches long and five inches wide. And it was in 1810 that Red Jacket, perhaps with a grateful thought about that medal, not only provided the first information of the plot of Tecumseh and The Prophet but in the War of 1812 he managed, by his oratory no doubt, to keep the Senecas on the side of the Americans. Thus, as will be noted there was some good even in a bad Indian. Red Jacket died a mental imbecile and a confirmed drunkard. He is called "The Last of the Senecas".

Logan, otherwise Tahgahjute, chief of the Cayugas, who lived and died before Cincinnati was settled, had maintained a cordial friendship for the whites over a long period. He became very popular with them. Then came tragedy. His family was massacred and, in revenge, he took to the war path, committing fearsome atrocities. During the several months that Logan led attacks on white settlers he took thirty scalps, denoting that he had personally slain that many. Logan's oration delivered on the subject of the deaths of his family is regarded as one of the greatest and most moving examples to be found in Indian eloquence. He finally was among the Indians who were living near Lake Erie, and he had taken to hard drinking. While on one of these sprees he struck his wife. Believing he had killed her, he fled. Friends pursued him with the intention of restoring him to his wife who was not dead. Mistaking their intentions, he opened a fight against them and was slain in self-defense by his nephew.

Early Settler Of Newtown Spends Time Collecting Papers Of Revolutionary Era

Celebrating his 85th birthday last Thursday, Robert Worth Turpin, last of his line, continued as he has been doing during the past years, of collecting family papers dating far back to pre-revolutionary Virginia. Because of his age and the condition of his health, Newtown residents planned no special observance of the day but friends called to pay their respcts and to look once again at old records of the family at the Turpin homestead, 135 Church street.

Last of the line of pioneers who moved westward with the early colonists to develop this territory, he possesses among other valued papers, the deed by which the family's pioneer obtained title to his first 1,000 acres of property between Newtown and the Union Levee, including what is now Signal Hill.

His is the distinction of being the last male survivor of a family which came to Cincinnati and vicinity in 1809, soon after Cincinnati itself was born. With his death, the strain, too, will die.

The Turpin home at 135 Church street, was the property of the present occupants father before him. The original Turpin homestead still stands on Batavia pike, although it is now unoccupied.

The Turpin family history traces back to Yorkshire, England That was the home of Dick Turpin, too, although whether there is any family connection to the notorious highwayman, is not clear. Moving to Virginia is pre-Revolutionary times, the first Turpin claims kinship to president Thomas Jefferson through the marriage of Mary Jefferson, sister of the famous leader, to Thomas Turpin, grandfather of Phillip Turpin, Jr., who came west in 1799.

.Turpin had bought the grant of a Revolutionary general, obtained through his services to the young republic, at a price figured at roughly 50 cents an acre, and treked westward to develop it.

Phillip Turpin, Jr., had two

(Continued on Page 8)

Early Settler Spends Time Collecting Papers Of Revolutionary Era

(Continued from Page 1)

sons, Edward Johnson Turpin and Ebenezer Turpin, who shared the property at his death. The line which followed Ebenezer Turpin gradually died out, and much of the property held by that branch has passed into other hands.

But Edward Johnson Turpin was the father of five daughters and two sons, Robert Worth Turpin and Edward Johnson, Jr. The latter died in 1931, leaving three daughters, and leaving his brother as the last of his line, for Robert Worth Turpin's two children

Old Millstone Is Unearthed At Airport

Might Have Been Part of First Grist Mill.

AN OLD millstone, believed to have been a part of the first grist mill to be erected in pioneer Cincinnati, has been unearthed at Lunken Airport, City Manager C. O. Sherrill was informed Wednesday.

John Hodges, 4828 Sheffield Avenue, whose father owned property now included in the airport, thinks that the millstone is the same one that, in his boyhood, was used as a stepping stone to the well. The story then was that the stone had been used in a grist mill built about 1790 by Neaiad Coleman and operated by waterpower supplied by the Little Miami River.

Information furnished by Hodges led to the uncovering of the stone. An unsuccessful search for it was made last year at the time of the Sesqui-Centennial celebration.

Sherrill suggested that, if reliable data can be collected, the millstone should be preserved as a historical [illegible] He hoped that old papers or letters might give additional facts about the old mill and the part it played in early Cincinnati history.

Old Millstone Is Found By Plowman At Airport; Prized Historical Relic

that was a part of the first grist mill built in this area, has been unearthed at Lunken Airport, Edgar Dow Gilman, Utilities Director, said yesterday.

Finding of the millstone resulted from information supplied by John Hodges, 4828 Sheffield Avenue, whose father owned property now occupied by the airport, Gilman said.

Hodges told city officials that as a boy he remembered the old millstone was used as a stepping stone to the well at the home where he was reared. At the time of the sesqui-centennial celebration last fall, Hodge devoted considerable time to an effort to locate the old well by borings. The well was found, but the millstone apparently had been moved in the process of grading for the airport.

Last week, the millstone was unearthed in plowing the area for the community gardens. Although information regarding the grist mill is meager, it is believed the mill was constructed about 1790 by Neaiad Coleman, who utilized the power in the rapids of the Little Miami River to grind corn for the early settlers of the town of Columbia, situated about one mile westward. The grist mill was built on two flat boats tied in position on the river.

It is hoped that additional information can be obtained concerning the mill. The stone is to be placed either in the airport administration building or at some other suitable spot as historical memento of interest to Cincinnatians, Gilman said.

PRESIDENT HARRISON TOLD GRANDSON

Letter Written in 1840 After His Election.

OTHER ADVICE

"Be Learned and Good, But by All Means Good."

By CHARLES LUDWIG

Which President of the United States advised his grandson in a letter—

To be learned and good, but by all means, good!

To improve his "God-given talents!"

To correct his "very bad spelling!"

To "never do a bad act!"

To "never tell a falsehood, even to shield yourself!"

It was Cincinnati's—and North Bend's — own President William Henry Harrison, and the advice was written in 1840 to his grandson, Cleves Harrison, then a student at Greencastle, Ind.

A photostatic copy of the letter, together with one written by President Harrison's wife, Anna, daughter of John Cleves Symmes, founder of Cincinnati, has just been received by Mrs. Hallie Stephens Caine of North Bend.

Mrs. Caine, wife of Charles W. Caine, Cleves and North Bend business man, and sister of the late Congressman A. E. B. Stephens, is an authority on North Bend and western Hamilton County history. She received two letters as a gift from Cleves Symmes Harrison, Oakland, Calif., great-grandson of the former President and son of the man to whom the letters were written.

Last fall Harrison and his wife were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Caine and Mrs. Caine assisted him in tracing parts of the family history of which he was unfamiliar.

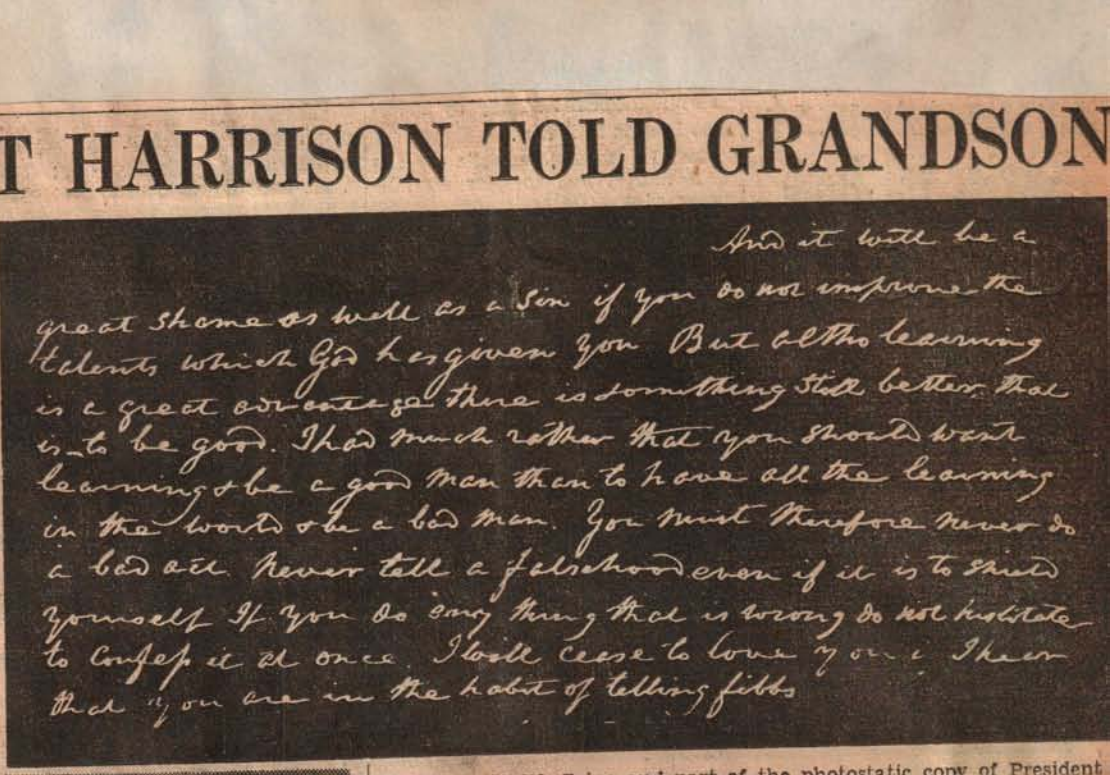
HELPED BUILD TOMB

Mrs. Caine, who was 79 on May 13, has labored devotedly to preserve the history and traditions of North Bend dating back to its claim by the French nearly two centuries ago. With her brother she was a leader in the movement that resulted in the building of the beautiful new Harrison Tomb at North Bend in 1921, was adviser in history for the recent sesqui-centennial celebration at North Bend, is aiding a local writer in preparing a book on North Bend history and arranging to write her memoirs.

William Henry Harrison, first Governor of the Territory of Indiana and hero of the battle with the Indians at Tippecanoe, wrote the letter from North Bend to his grandson in 1840. He had just been elected President in the exciting "Log Cabin and Hard Cider" campaign with its slogan of "Tippecanoe and Tyler Too." The historic "log cabin" was part of Harrison's home at North Bend, long since destroyed.

About two months after Harrison wrote the letter he was inaugurated President—and a month later he died.

Mrs. C. W. Caine and part of the photostatic copy of President W. H. Harrison's letter to his son which she received as a gift from C. S. Harrison.



And it will be a great shame as well as a sin if you do not improve the talents which God has given you. But although learning is a great advantage there is something still better than that is to be good. I had much rather that you should want learning & be a good man than to have all the learning in the world & be a bad man. You must therefore never do a bad act. Never tell a falsehood even if it is to shield yourself. If you do any thing that is wrong do not hesitate to confess it at once. I will cease to love you if I shall see that you are in the habit of telling fibbs

TEXT OF LETTER

The historic letter, now published at Cincinnati for the first time, reads:

North Bend.
19th, Dec., 1840.

Master C. S. Harrison,
Asbury University,
Green Castle (via Indianapolis, Ind.)

My dear Grandson:

I received some days ago your letter of the 30th ultimo. I suppose as you are a Latin scholar you know what ultimo means. I am glad to hear you say that you are learning very fast, this you will continue to do if you will only study hard and by persevering in this way you will become a learned man which will give your friends great pleasure and be of great advantage to yourself. For if you are a learned man you can be a great lawyer or a great doctor or (if you can get the confidence of your fellow citizens) a great statesman or a great preacher as I know that your Maker has given you great talents to acquire knowledge. What I have said above is entirely in your own favor to accomplish. And it will be a great shame as well as a sin if you do not improve the talents which God has given you. But although learning is a great advantage there is something still better, that is to be good. I had much rather that you should want learning and be a good man than to have all the learning in the world and be a bad man. You must therefore never do a bad act. Never tell a falsehood, even if it is to shield yourself. If you do anything that is wrong do not hesitate to confess it at once. I will cease to love you if I hear that you are in the habit of telling fibs.

I enclose your five dollar which is much more than will b your skeats. What remains y

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TO CORRECT HIS "VERY BAD SPELLING"

must give to your teacher that he may give it to you as you may want it.

Your letter was written tolerably well, but the spelling was very bad. You must endeavor to correct this. Write to me or to your grandmama as soon as you receive this and try to do better.

You have two little brothers here that are very fine boys. The eldest is called Benjamin and the other William Henry. When you write again you must send your love to them. Little Ben now sends his love to you. He wants the log cabin on the top of your letter.

Your grandmama and all the family send their love to you.

Your affectionate grandfather,

W. H. Harrison.

TRIES FOR NAVY

Five years later, on Sept. 22, 1845, President Harrison's widow, anxious to help the same grandson secure an appointment in the Navy, sent this letter to him at Vincennes, Ind., from her home at North Bend:

My Dear Cleves:

I have been waiting for many weeks to see if Mr. Polk would deign to answer my letter, but I may now give out expecting him to condescend to do so. I suppose your name, with your cousin Symmeses one, is on the list for appointments as Mr. Tylor wrote me he had left them at the Navy office to be filed whenever any promotion or vacancy occurred. I will say, although Mr. Tylor did many things that he ought not to have done, he ever treated me and my family with gentlemanly politeness. I find by the papers that there is to be a Navy school, situated at Annapolis in Maryland—I sincerely hope that Mr. Carnan has given up the idea of going to Oregon. I think he could find new countrys very far short of that. I suppose you have heard of the death of Dr. Ritcherson. He is spoken very highly of in the Kentucky papers. I had not the pleasure of an acquaintance with him. Your Uncle Taylor and family are with me and will stay all winter. Your Aunt Mary Carter has not been here for more than a year. I hope she, with dear Anna, will visit us this fall. She often asks after you and always expresses the greatest affection for you. She is a most affectionate and amiable lady. My kindest love to your dear Mah, respect to Mr. Carnan and your grandpah. I hope my dear you are trying your very best to improve yourself. Adieu, my child, and ever believe me, your affectionate mother. Love.

ANNA HARRISON.

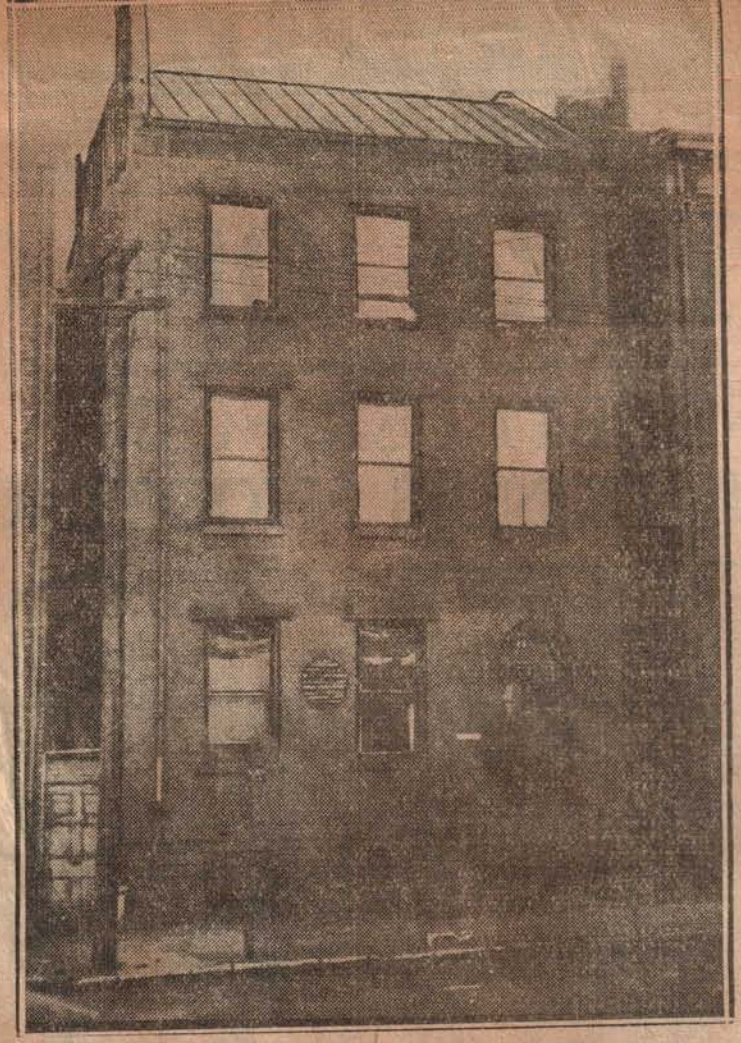
P. S.—I send a trifle for you—all the family send their affectionate love.

BURIED NEAR TOMB

The body of Dr. Benjamin Harrison, father of the man who sent the letters to Mrs. Caine, is buried in Congress Green Cemetery, North Bend, as are also the bodies of his brothers, William Henry Harrison II and Carter Bassett Harrison. The historic cemetery is believed by some to be the oldest preserved burial plot in the old Northwest Territory. There John Cleves Symmes and pioneers of the related Harrison, Eaton, Taylor and Scott families are buried. Nearby is the tomb of President William Henry Harrison, with the remains of his wife and of several members of the Eaton family. John Scott Harrison, son of the first President Harrison and father of President Benjamin Harrison, is buried in Spring Grove Cemetery.

These places were visited by Mr. and Mrs. Cleves Symmes Harrison on their recent journey here. They inspected the 105-year-old Cleves Presbyterian Church, the site for which was given by President and Mrs. Harrison and where their children were christened.

They admired the mighty, "President's Oak," centuries old, that stood on the Harrison property at North Bend and is now a landmark on the residence lot of Mr. and Mrs. Caine. Its broad branches sheltered two Presidents, William Henry and Benjamin Harrison. The visitors saw the Harrison spring, a few yards from the Caine residence, and viewed the John Scott Harrison home at Columbia Park. From the window of the Caine residence they observed the spot where Symmes's second party of pioneers landed 150 years ago. Returning home to California they sent in gratitude the copies of the two letters to Mrs. Caine.



THE MANSFIELD AND KING HOMESTEAD.

Two very distinguished Cincinnati families who have left their impress upon Cincinnati lived in the brick dwelling at 423 East Third street. It probably will be of interest to the reader to know that the flagstaff of Ft. Washington stood in the one-time commodious back yard of this residence, which was one of the show places of Cincinnati when built in the early part of the nineteenth century.

The house stands on the site of the "Great Gateway" to the fort, and stirring pioneer scenes were enacted all about it. E. D. Mansfield was the builder of the house. Boon companions in all literary, artistic and civic enterprises, Mansfield and Dr. Daniel Drake also were neighbors, their homes being within a few steps of each other in that historic and romantic section of Cincinnati.

Mansfield was the son of Col. Jared Mansfield, who was the surveyor general of the Northwest Territory. He was born in New Haven, Conn., on August 17, 1781, and when the elder Mansfield came West the boy was with him. The former established a home at Ludlow's Station, which is now Cumminsville. At the age of 18 young Mansfield graduated from West Point Military Academy as lieutenant of engineers.

His bent was not martial and he inclined more to literary pursuits. As a result he resigned from the army and entered Princeton, from which he graduated with exceptionally high honors in 1823. Returning to Cincinnati after studying law in Litchfield, Conn., in 1825, he entered into partnership with Ormsby M. Mitchell, who was to acquire fame as founder of the Cincinnati Observatory on Mt. Adams and as a major general in the Union army during the Civil War.

"Cincinnati in 1826," a painstaking and accurate history, was prepared by Mansfield and Benjamin Drake, a brother of the great physician.

His first literary effort meeting with success, he forsook the law. He was successively the editor of the Cincinnati Chronicle, of the Chronicle and Atlas, the Cincinnati Gazette and the Railroad Record.

In 1855 his "Memoirs of Daniel Drake" was published and "Personal Memories" followed. He also wrote the lives of Gen. Winfield Scott and of Gen. U. S. Grant, a history of the Mexican War and other noted works. In politics Mansfield was a Whig, but he joined the Republican party when it was founded. He held but one public office in life and that was State commissioner of statistics, from 1857 to 1867. He received many honorary degrees from institutions of learning.

Rufus King came to Cincinnati in 1841 after completing his law studied at Harvard. His first public service was that of councilman from the Third Ward. However, he was vitally interested in the school system of Cincinnati, and when Woodward and Hughes High Schools consolidated in 1851, he was elected president of the Board of Managers in 1851. He held that position until his death in 1891. In 1859 he became a director of the University of Cincinnati and continued on the board until 1889. In 1871 and 1872 he was president of the board. For many years he also served on the Board of Managers of the Public Library. He became connected with the faculty of the Cincinnati Law School in 1875, and served as dean and president of the faculty for some years.

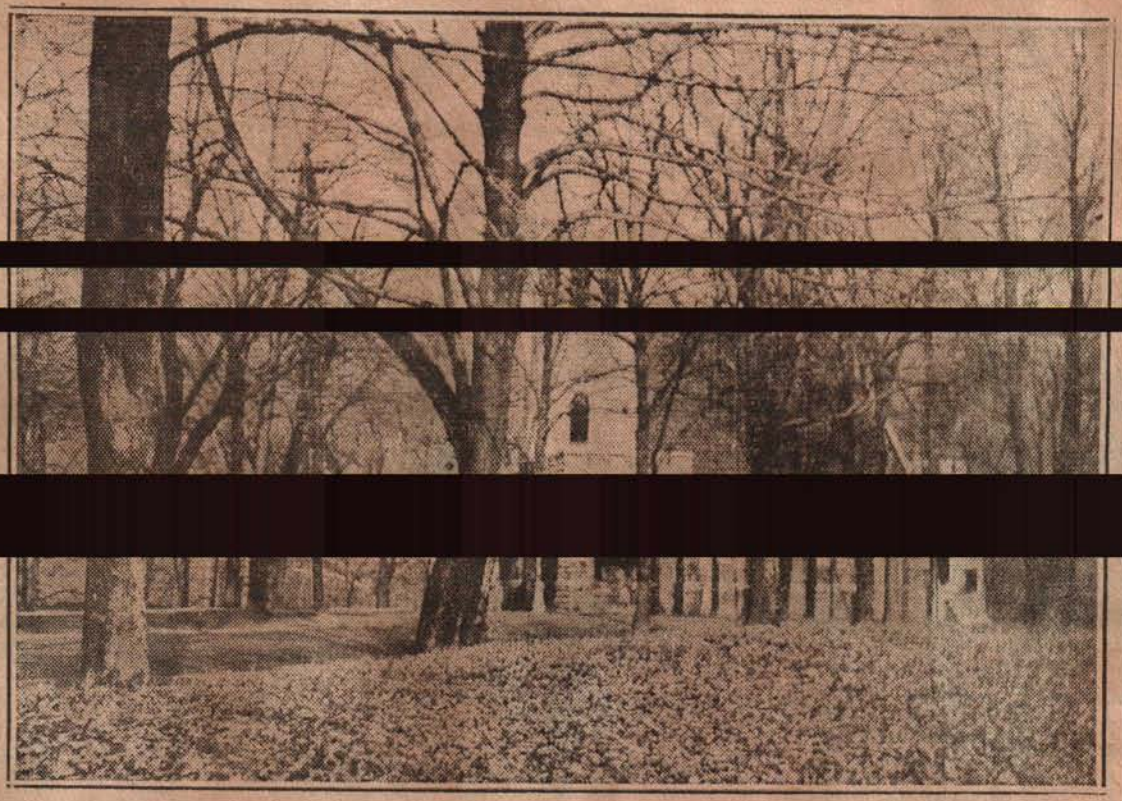
He was active in the organization of the Cincinnati Law Library and was on its board. The College of Music and the Art Museum owed much to him when in process of organization and formation. He also was a trustee of Kenyon college. Mr. King refused to accept any public offices to which emoluments were attached. He was one of the organizers of the Committee of One Hundred, a member of the Board of Tax Commissioners, director of Spring Grove Cemetery and director of the Southern and C., H. & D. Railway Companies.

Two Men of Same Name

Further investigation has disclosed that the Sam Davis whose monument stands on the capitol grounds in Nashville, Tenn., was not the man of the same name who was tried by a court-martial in Cincinnati on the charge of being a spy. The former Davis, was caught within the Union lines and executed.

HISTORIC SPOTS IN GREATER CINCINNATI

BY FRANK Y. GRAYSON



Approximately the site of Covalt's Station in Terrace Park. On it stands the St. Thomas Episcopal Church presented to the community by John Robinson II., in memory of his wife.

The dangers incurred by the hardy, fighting settlers of the Little Miami valley are set forth in a fragmentary manner in the intriguing but imperfect history of Covalt's Station, a stockade that is now embraced by one corner of the pretty suburb of Terrace Park.

There never was a lonesome day within the stockade of split timbers that was erected by the little band of men and women commanded by Capt. Abraham Covalt, a native of New Jersey and a Revolutionary soldier who fought with Washington.

This doughty pioneer was destined to lose his life at the hands of marauding Shawanee Indians. A creek in the neighborhood of the station still bears the name of that tribe, but is abbreviated to Shawnee.

There were depredations by the savages; an occasional murder of an unwary settler; attacks upon boats that were poled up that pretty stream by the white men; some severe skirmishes with the redskins; the beating off of one determined attack and hand-to-hand battles between hunters and Indians. Those eventful episodes rather relieved the monotony of the community life sheltered behind the stout walls of the station while day by day the majestic forest trees were succumbing to the ringing ax of the settler; the brush was being cleared away on the plateau; a crude grist mill was being erected under the supervision of the indomitable Covalt, and a well was being dug at the foot of the bluff, on which now stands the St. Thomas Episcopal Church, and close to the purling waters of Mill Creek which enchanting stream now bears the more musical name of Red Bird. No children or women dared to venture from the stockade unless with an armed escort of men, because there was no telling when and where the Indians would strike. Covalt's Island is still recorded on the plats of the county.

* * *

According to the meager information available the stockade embraced the ground where now stands the Terrace Park residences of Attorney Loren Gatch, Eppa Rixey, Cincinnati Red pitcher, and John Deiter, in addition to the church. It was a commodious enclosure with the customary block houses at each corner and sheltering about seventeen cabins, the roofs of which sloped inward from the lofty fences.

This and all other stations of a similar character were built upon plans recommended by John Cleves Symmes, who was the owner of all that fertile land that lay between the two Miamis.

The hardships of the voyages from Fort Duquesne down the Ohio River to the Stites settlement of Columbia in unwieldy flat boats and subjected every mile of the way to Indian attack from the Ohio shore and to the chicanery of white renegades like the two naughty Girty boys, were sagas within themselves. Capt. Covalt brought his little fleet of two boats laden with followers, cows, chickens, pigs, horses and implements necessary to carve civilization out of the brooding wilderness, to safety at Columbia on January 19, 1789.

* * *

There were forty-five men, women and children in the party. The future site of the station was in a very lonely region, but it had many natural advantages. The women and children were left in Columbia, with a tent to shelter them, while the men plunged into the forests with no particular objective in mind. Capt. Covalt selected the spot upon which to build the stockade and they all set to with a will, clearing the site and erecting the fort. This done they returned to Columbia and escorted the women and children to their future homes. At first the Indians did not molest them. The

savages were mostly stray hunting parties and they confined themselves to stealing the settlers' horses and hogs. But the situation took on a more serious aspect when the station was unsuccessfully attacked in force at about the time that the Girtys and Bluejacket launched n offensive against Dunlap's Station, the story of which has been told in these narratives.

* * *

It was in November, 1791, that Gen. St. Clair and his nondescript army of regulars and militia were soundly beaten with great loss by the Indians about 100 miles north of Cincinnati. Their success over the whites made the savages rather "cocky." The following summer four men, three of whom were named Beagle, Murphy and Coleman, the fourth member of the party being an unknown soldier, were about a quarter of a mile from the station when they encountered a band of Indians.

The white men started on a run through the thickets for the station. Beagle tripped on a grapevine and was caught and bound. The soldier was killed. Beagle, Murphy and Coleman were terribly mistreated by their captors on the long and agonizing march to Detroit.

Beagle and Murphy were sold to the British which fact spelled the doom of young Coleman. The Indians would not part with him, but took him away with them. He realized the fate—burning at the stake—that was ahead of him, but he never whimpered. He was never heard of again.

In March of the next year Capt. Covalt himself died gloriously. He decided to erect a home outside the stockade so his family could have more privacy. He, with his two sons and Joseph Hinkle, were making shingles not far from the fort when attacked suddenly by the Indians, who came upon them without making a sound.

* * *

Hinkle was tomahawked and scalped. Capt. Covalt fell with two bullet wounds, one in his breast and the other in his left arm. He struggled to his feet and, ax in hand, ran for a hundred feet before he fell across a long, where he died. Previously in June, 1789, a hunting party in charge of Abraham Covalt, Jr., aged 15, and comprising R. Fletcher, Levi Buckingham, Jacob Beagle (probably the same man who later was sold to the British), and Mr. Clemens left the station. Discovering Indian signs within a quarter of a mile of the fort they determined to hasten back there and notify the occupants of their danger. Beagle and Clemens became separated from the others. Approaching Shawnee Run they saw two Indians taking off their moccasins preparatory to wading the creek. Beagle wanted to shoot them, but Clemens protested. Covalt, Fletcher and Buckingham were fired upon from ambush. Young Covalt was hit, but kept his feet. He ran a hundred yards alongside of Fletcher, and then told the latter to hasten on to the fort, as he was done for. The boy then turned and faced the pursuing redskins. He fought like a tiger before he was overpowered and tomahawked. He was scalped and his rifle and powder horn taken by the savages. His tomahawk was thrown away by them.

* * *

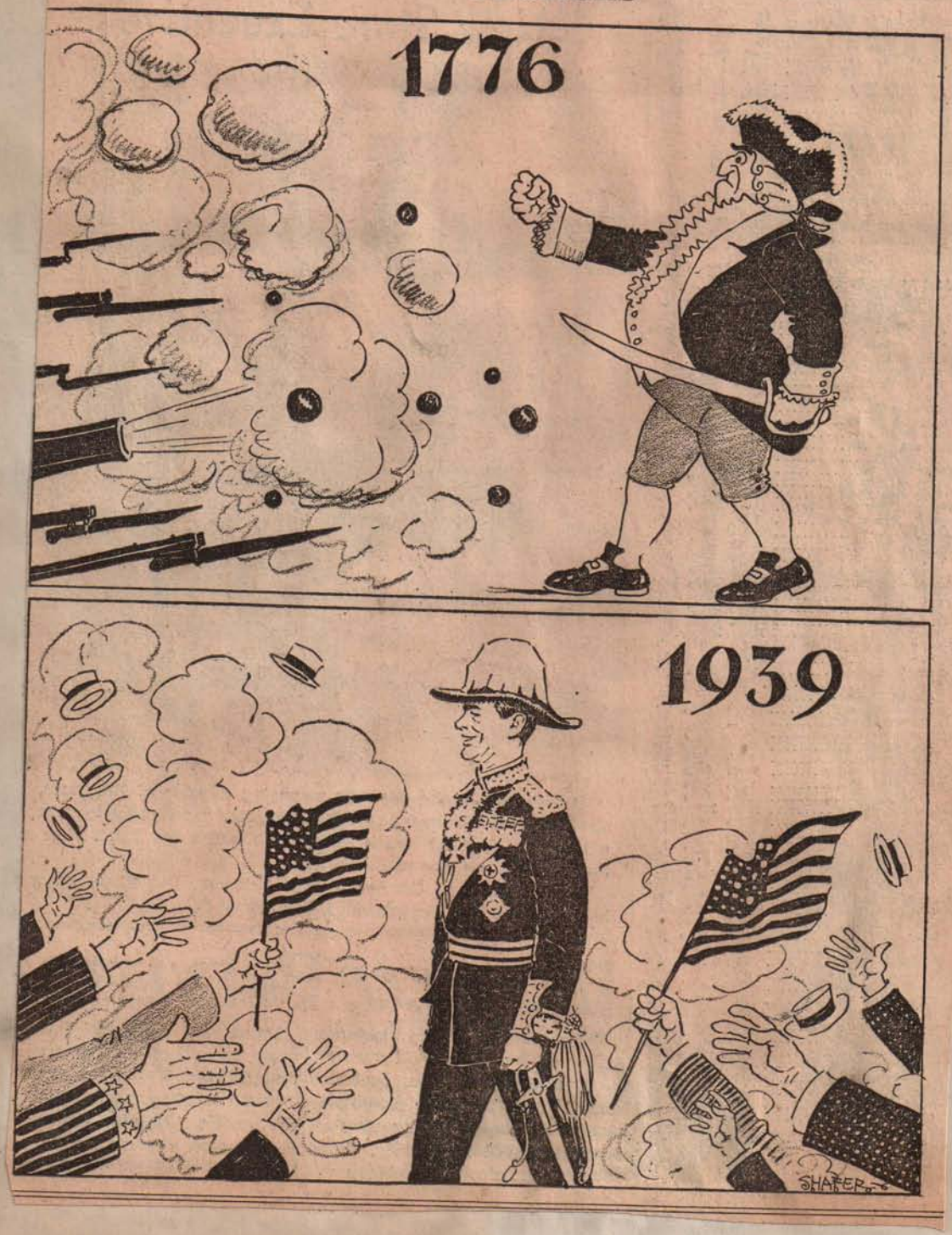
Twenty years afterward Buckingham found the weapon. When the other four men reached the fort and raised the alarm a punitive expedition set forth, but the Indians had vanished. The body of Covalt was recovered.

Shortly afterwards there was another grave alongside of young Covalt's. It contained the body of a youth named Seward, who was slain by the Indians while returning from a visit to Columbia. On August 14, 1792, John McNamara, Isaac Gibson, Samuel Carswell and James Barrack were bringing a hand millstone in a canoe from Columbia to Covalt when fired upon from shore below the riffles near the latter station. McNamara was killed and Gibson and Carswell wounded. They escaped however. Where the victims of Indian barbarity were buried at Covalt Station has never been disclosed. Traces of the well dug by the defenders of the station in the creek bottom still were visible up until a few years ago.

36.

CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR—Wednesday, June 7, 1939

TWO GEORGES



HISTORIC SPOTS IN GREATER CINCINNATI

BY FRANK Y. GRAYSON

"No marble rears its head to mark
The honored hero's dust;
Nor glittering spire, nor cenotaph,
Nor monumental bust,
But on the spot his manhood loved,
His aged form's at rest;
And he built his own proud monument
Within a nation's breast."

Those lines were spoken by Judge Joseph Cox as the finis of a very able paper read before the Cincinnati Literary Club many years ago. The paper dealt with the stirring scenes that attended the departure of Cincinnati's most distinguished citizen, Gen. William Henry Harrison, to take up the duties of the Presidency of the United States in March, 1841.

Judge Cox also described most graphically the sadness that descended upon the city upon the occasion of the return of his clay here within a few short weeks after his inauguration.

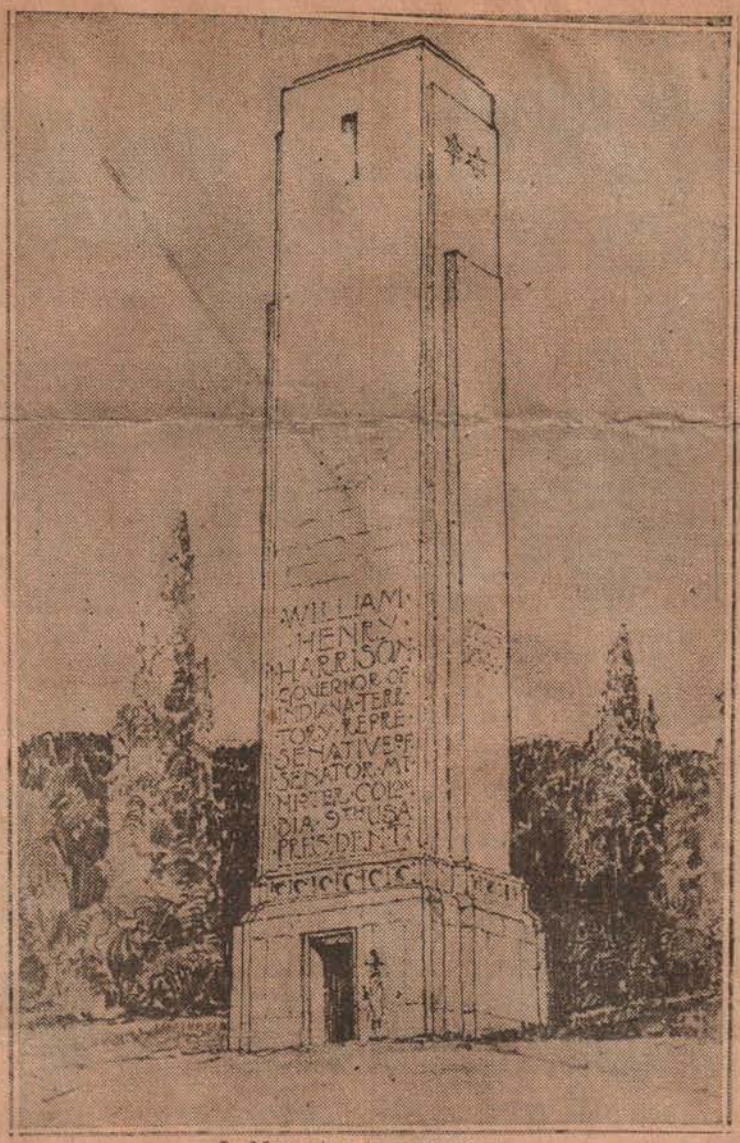
For many years that silent tomb on the brow of the beautiful and historic knoll in North Bend, located just west of his comfortable old country home, was neglected and forlorn, an abject example of the ingratitude of nations.

* * *

But now a massive shaft rears its splendid height above the tomb, with the knoll terraced and with steps leading up to it. On a tall staff flies "Old Glory," upon which Gen. Harrison had cast added luster through his magnificent services to his young and sprightly country.

The shades of evening were being drawn upon his beloved hills on that torrid afternoon in July when his body was entombed forever. The grass slopes of the little hill were alive with the great of the city, state and nation. From Washington had come dignified senators and congressmen as an escort of honor. His North Bend neighbors had gathered by the hundreds to pay their last tribute of love and respect to a sterling friend. Half of Cincinnati, led by public officials, had joined the host, but most significant of all this assemblage were the gnarled and sinewey comrades of the dead general in his brilliant Indian campaigns.

Of all that crowd their grief was the most pronounced. On the bosom of the great river at the foot of the hills was a fleet of steamboats, three of which, lashed side by side, had carried the body on a resplendent catafalque to his final resting place. The others were part of the great escort fleet, the smoke of which had darkened the skies for miles in its silent and stately progress down the stream which he loved so well.



In Memoriam to a President.

* * *

As the tomb was sealed, the requiem was a salute of big guns, the roars of which reverberated among the encircling hills. The sad notes of taps, that sweet lullaby of the soldiers' dreams, were sounded, and he was left to the long, long sleep.

* * *

Previously there had been impressive services in the city itself. The body lay in state at the home of Gen. Harrison's son-in-law, Col. W. H. H. Taylor, on the north side of Sixth street, just east of Lodge alley, where it was viewed by thousands of his old friends and fellow citizens.

After the religious services the bier was placed on the sidewalk in front of the Taylor residence, and citizens and the military filed past it. The march to the river began with muffled drums, and at the Public Landing, almost within a stone's throw of the spot where he made his first appearance in his adopted city, the body was taken aboard the steamer.

The corpse had arrived from Washington with a committee of Cincinnatians as an escort. They were Judge Jacob Burnet, J. C. Wright, T. D. Carneal, Charles S. Clarkson, Edward Woodruff, L. Whiteman, A. Dudley, D. A. Powell, A. McAlpin, John Reeves and Rufus Hodges. Such was the end of the first President from Ohio.

* * *

William Henry Harrison was a little man of sallow complexion, dyspeptic and choleric at times, but his personality was most engaging and magnetic. He was born in Berkley, Va., on February 9, 1773, the son of Benjamin Harrison, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. George Washington was the patron of the Harrison youth, and he induced William to enter the army and abandon the study of medicine. Probably the "Father of his Country" saw in the raw youth the makings of a great military leader. Subsequent events proved he was not wrong in this assumption.

Harrison's first military venture was in Fort Washington, where he arrived in 1791. When Gen. Mad Anthony Wayne marched from Cincinnati to thoroughly chastise the Indians, Harrison was an officer of the line. After that campaign he became commandant of Fort Washington. Romance entered the life of the young officer about that time. He met Annie, the daughter of John Cleves Symmes, the owner of all the land between the Miamis. It was a case of love at first sight. Judge Symmes opposed the attentions of Harrison, and was somewhat vociferous in expressing it.

During a brief absence of Symmes from his home the two young folks "up and got married," and the paternal blessing was bestowed upon them after due consideration.

* * *

Harrison resigned his commission and embarked upon a public career, the first step of which was service as secretary of the Northwest Territory. In 1799 he was elected delegate to Congress, and two years later was elevated to the governorship of the territory of Indiana, which office he held until 1813. During his incumbency of that office he was commissioner of Indian affairs, and as such he made thirteen treaties with as many tribes of redskins. On November 6, 1811, Gen. Harrison thoroughly whipped the Indians under Tecumseh at Tippecanoe.

During the war of 1812, with England, at the head of an army of regulars and backwoods riflemen, he defeated a mixed force of British and Indians in the battle of the Thames in Canada. In that engagement the famous Indian chief, Tecumseh, was killed. By reason of his first success against the Indians, Maj. Gen. Harrison, commissioned such in 1813, was known as "Tippecanoe." The sobriquet clung to him until his death, to be revived with enthusiasm years later when a grandson was the Republican nominee for the Presidency.

Slighted by the Secretary of War, Harrison resigned his commission, and the ensuing years found him a member of Congress, Ohio State senator, United States senator, United States minister to Colombia and clerk of the Court of Common Pleas of Hamilton County. He was nominated for the Presidency in 1836, but was defeated by Martin van Buren. Four years later he was renominated and elected triumphantly. He had a popular majority of 150,000 in the country and an electoral college majority of 174.

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HISTORIC SPOTS IN GREATER CINCINNATI

BY FRANK Y. GRAYSON

Opponents of Harrison and t
Whigs, in the two campaig
stressed as a campaign cry th
Harrison lived in a log cabin co
ered with coonskins, and that
drank hard cider, but the "lie
acted as a boomerang and came bac
to sock the originators of th
canard. The old homestead was de
stroyed by fire set by a spiteful, dis-
charged servant, a woman. Presi-
dent-elect Harrison had been in ill
health for some time before he left
Cincinnati, amidst great publ-

claim, to be inaugurated. He wrote his address in his mother's room in his old home on the James river, in Virginia.

Stricken with pneumonia in the White House, he died on April 4, 1841, a month after the day of his induction into the highest office in the land. In recent years the tomb of Harrison has been an American shrine. The passing of time has emphasized his great services to the republic in its period of adolescence. Mrs. Harrison, who died in 1864, rests beside him, as do twelve other members of the Harrison family.

So, sleep on, "Father of the West!"

Here, a President was born.

William H. Taft, the twenty-seventh President of the United States, was born in this house September 15, 1857. The comfortable old homestead, which is now occupied by Col. E. H. Ruffner, is situated at 2038 Auburn avenue and is one of the landmarks of that region.

The dwelling is of square construction with a commodious porch extending along the entire front of it, and is set pretty far back from the street. The large hall and the rooms opening upon it on either side are very spacious and homey.

A very attractive feature in the drawing room to the right of the hall is a magnificent hand-carved mantelpiece, the work of the late William B. Fry, who was a master of the art.

Mr. Taft spent his boyhood days on Mt. Auburn, his boon companions being two neighboring youths, Howard Hollister and Rufus Smith, who also were destined to become eminent jurists. The hospitality extended at this hilltop home was proverbial. The latchstring was always out.

The house was built by Judge Alphonso Taft, whose record of public service was distinguished. He was born in Townshend, Vt., November 5, 1810, and died in San Diego, Cal., May 21, 1891.

* * *

He was graduated from Yale in 1833 and was admitted to the bar in 1838, after serving a few years as tutor at that famous seat of learning. In 1840 he settled in Cincinnati and took part in politics, being a member of the Republican convention which nominated John C. Fremont in 1856. In fact, Judge Taft was one of the organizers of the Republican party and contributed as much, if not more, to its formation as his fellow Cincinnatian, Salmon P. Chase.

In 1865 he was appointed Superior Court judge in Cincinnati, and he served on that bench until 1872, when he resigned to take up his law practice again.

March 8, 1876, he was appointed Secretary of War, but after two months in that Cabinet position he was transferred to the post of Attorney General. During 1877-82 he practiced law in his home city, and in April of the latter year was sent as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria. From 1884 to August, 1885, he was minister to Russia.

* * *

William H. Taft graduated with honors from Yale in 1878. He studied law in Cincinnati and was admitted to the bar in 1880. From 1881 to 1883 he was assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County and for a time collector of internal revenue. After 1885 he was assistant county solicitor and two years later Governor J. B. Foraker appointed him to fill an unexpired term as judge of the Superior court. He was later elected for a full term. In 1890 President Benjamin Harrison appointed him Solicitor General of the United States.

In 1892 he was made a Federal judge of the Sixth circuit. After eight years of splendid service on that bench he was chosen in 1900 by President William McKinley to head a commission for the establishment of civil government in the Philippines and on July 4, 1901 he became the first civil governor of the islands.

* * *

His benevolent administration speedily won for him the affection of the Filipinos and he fully reciprocated in his liking for the little brown men. He brought order out of chaos and soon had the islanders on a firm basis of friendship with Uncle Sam.

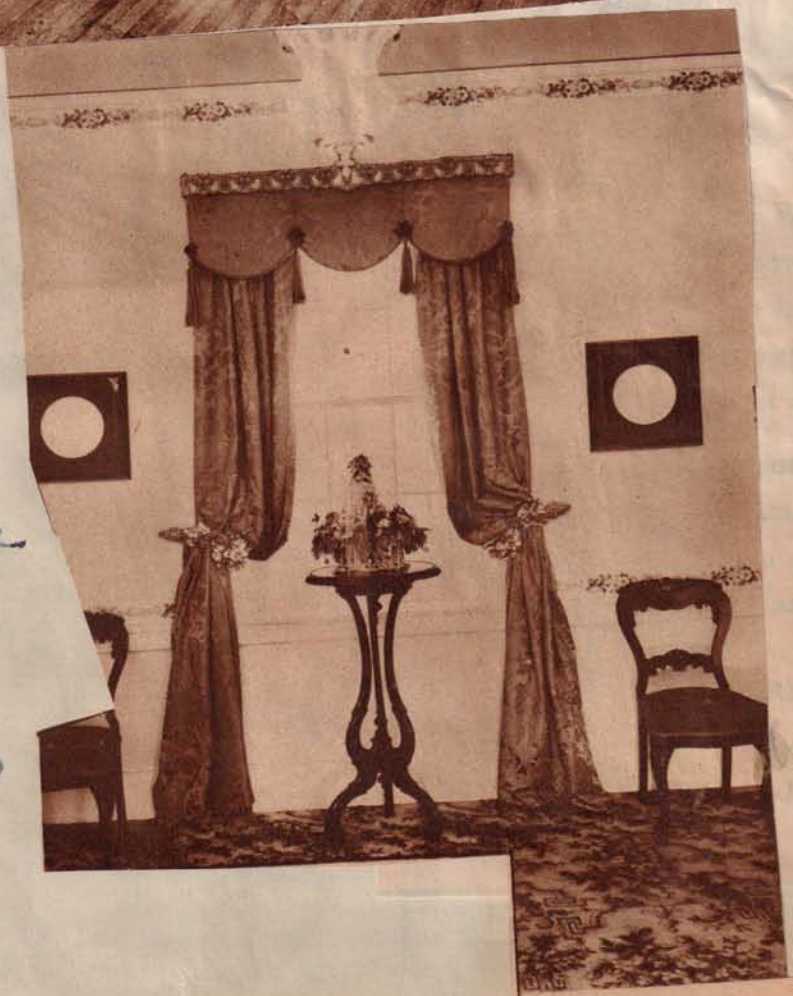
Deeming it his duty to continue in the islands he twice refused appointment to the United States Supreme court bench tendered him by President Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1902 in Rome he conducted the important negotiations for the purchase of the Catholic Friars' lands an accomplishment which added further luster to his great executive ability.

On February 1, 1904, he entered the cabinet of Theodore Roosevelt as Secretary of War. In 1906 when disorders in Cuba called for intervenion he for a time acted as provisional governor of the island. He was nominated for the presidency on the first ballot in the Republican National convention of June, 1908, and he received 321 electoral votes to William J. Bryan's, 162. Defeated by Woodrow Wilson for a second term with Theodore Roosevelt as the "Bull Moose" candidate, Mr. Taft in 1913 became Kent professor of law at Yale, lecturing on constitutional law in the college and in the law school. During the World War he was joint chairman of the National War Labor Conference Board. In June 1921 President Warren G. Harding appointed him to succeed the late Edward D. White as chief justice of the United States Supreme court which exalted office he held until his death which was sincerely mourned in Cincinnati as well as the world over.

At The Art Museum.
The new American wing was recently given to the museum by Mrs. Samuel Joseph in memory of her late husband. This dining room was in vogue during the 1830's.

Rooms from the home of the uncle of Alice & Phoebe Cary, College Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio



Parlor.
Its decorations date from 1860 to 1870.

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GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST

"The Story of Madeira"

(Taken from the "History of Hamilton County" by Henry A. and Kate B. Ford, published in 1881, by Ramona Kaiser, past Historian Mariemont Chapter, D. A. R., who is an owner of one of these rare books).

The village is situated a little south of the Sycamore Township line, on the dividing line of sections six and twelve, just half way across the township from east to west. It was laid out in and J. D. Moore. They immedi- 1871 by Messrs. J. L. Hosbrook ately began building and otherwise improving. A post office and railway station had previously existed here, taking their name from John Madeira, treasurer of the Marietta and Cincinnati railroad, who owned a large tract of land in the neighborhood. A Methodist Episcopal Church was erected here in 1873 — a neat frame structure, thirty by forty feet. There is also a Presbyterian society, meeting once a month. An Odd Fellows' lodge, also a lyceum, in due time became established institutions. The population in 1880 was one hundred and ninety-nine.

One of the first purchasers of land in this part of the township was John JoJnes, who in 1795 secured two or three tracts from Judge Symnes. David Black, in 1796, bought hereabout three hundred and twenty acres, or a half-section, for two hundred and thirteen dollars. Lewis Woodruff also bought a large tract, which he leased in 10 acre lots for terms of ten years, conditioned that the lessee should clear the ground, erect a dwelling, and plant an orchard. The wolves and panthers were specially troublesome here in the old days, while the deer devoured the wheat. Bear-hunts were quite common.

(to be continued)

Missing article Part 2 "Madeira" (2) "William Finch" (8)

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GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST

"CAPTAIN JOHN JONES"

(Beginning biographical sketches of old settlers of and in the vicinity of Madeira, as taken from family records.)

By Ramona Kaiser

A very interesting man was Captain John Jones among the early settlers of Hamilton county. He was active not only as a farmer, but served diligently in politics and military tactics.

John Jones came from Maryland, settling first at Ruddell's Station in Kentucky, coming to Hamilton County for permanent settlement in 1798. Prior to his residence in Ohio, he was going to assure himself of a fine tract of ground. In 1795, he secured about three tracts of land in the northeast section of Columbia Township, from the venerable John Cleves Symnes, for a very small amount, in comparison to present property prices.

In those days, prospective buyers often contracted land deals through an agent, without seeing the land that he was buying. Oftimes, the buyer was sadly cheated in his deal by an unscrupulous agent; but not so with John Jones he personally attended to his own contract.

During the Revolution, John Jones enlisted in the 7th Maryland Regiment, commanded by Col. John Gunby and the 4th Maryland Regiment. On December 10, 1776 he was commissioned a lieutenant; and on December 28, 1777, a captain. He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1781.

Captain Jones apparently was well liked in the new land, having served in several local offices. On November 7, 1801, General Arthur St. Clair commissioned him a captain of the 7th company, Hamilton County, 1st Brigade, 1st Division. At the expulsion of St. Clair as governor, he was recommissioned in the Ohio Militia by Governor Edward Tiffin on May 30, 1801, a captain; and later on July 13th of the same year, commissioned a Major of the 1st Brigade, 1st Division.

Captain Jones was elected a Representative to the Ohio Legislature at Chillicothe, during the Fourth and Fifth General Assemblies, convening December 2, 1805 and December 1, 1806, respectively. He later served from 1810 to 1815. Captain Jones travelled to Chillicothe from his home on horseback, a distance of ninety miles. It was, no doubt, a cumbersome journey in those early days, in comparison to the easy modes of travel today.

(The story of Captain Jones to be continued next week).

GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST

By Ramona Kaiser

"CAPTAIN JOHN JONES"

(Continued from last week)

Captain Jones, without doubt, was a progressive and energetic individual. At the time of settlement of Hamilton County, very few settlers ventured out of the bounds of Cincinnati, due to Indian troubles; but it seems that a few fearless settlers like John Jones built their homes on the hilltops, unmindful of possible dangers. Showing the sturdiness of the materials used by these pioneers, is illustrated by the fact, that the barn that John Jones built still stands on the property of a great-great-grand daughter: Mrs. J. B. DeMar (Frances Jones). Although the exterior has been replaced since the time of its construction, the original beams and frames are still intact.

An interesting letter, (now in the possession of another great great grandaughter: Miss Margaretta Jones, of Madisonville,) was written by John Jones to his wife from the early State capitol of Chillicothe, during the latter years of his term in the legislature. It was addressed to "Mrs. Anne Jones, on Indian Hill, near Cincinnati." It reads:

"Chillicothe, Ohio,
December 11, 1814

Dear Wife and Children—

I take this opportunity to let you know that I am well in health but still lame. My ankle is much better but shoulder is no better nor worse. We pay $4 per week for our boarding and 37½ cents per quart for whiskey, 75 cents a dozen for washing and everything is high here. How long we shall stay here I donte know. We have a great prospect of Peace at Ghent with Great Britten, (Britain) I appears they have give up almost all that we demand but we must make preparation to go on for fear they may deceive us. Joseph Kerr is elected Senator in lieu of Worthington in Congress. I hope these lines will find you all well. David Thomas is over here but I hante seen him yet. I wish Oliver to do the best he can. I will write you again soon. I remain your loving husband until Death. JOHN JONES"

In 1821, John Jones died at the age of 57 years and 15 days, from which one may have observed that his youth was one of many activities. He lies buried in the small family cemetery on a knoll on his farm, which is now owned by the J. B. DeMar's. His wife, Anne Thomas Jones, including his children and their spouses, are buried nearby.

On the 15th of October 1938, his grave was marked by the Mariemont Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution and was unveiled by a great grandaughter the late Miss Anna Bell Jones. Other descendants are the families of Larz Jones of New Orleans, Rufus Jones of Birmingham, Michigan, Mrs. J. B. DeMar, Mr. Stephen Jones, Miss Margaretta Jones and Miss Olive Parrott

(Next week another sketch of a pioneer family.)

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GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST

"JOHN WEIR AND JOHN D. MOORE"

By Ramona Kaiser

As we go further into the story of Madeira and the surrounding country, we discover that the early settlers of this territory were men of courage and adventure. They were willing to risk life and fortune in pursuit of liberty and happiness. Such was the case of John Weir who was born in the parish of Arbooth, Scotland, in 1882. He longed for the wilds of America with its freedom and opportunities for progress. In 1847, following his marriage to Eliza - beth Stephen of his native town, he set sale for America. Being a carpenter by trade, upon his arrival in the New World he wandered about awhile, he finally settled on a good farm near Madeira, where he concentrated his efforts on being a good farmer. In 1881, Mr. Weir resumed his carpentry by building a house in Madisonville.

John D. Moore was born in Philadelphia in December 7, 1836. When he was two years old, his father came to Cincinnati and settled in Walnut Hills. In 1849, Mr. Moore's mother died of cholera. For fifteen years, Mr. Moore operated a shoe store on the corner of Central Avenue and Sixth St. In 1857, he married Rachel, daughter of Major J. B. Mann, an old settler and prominent citizen of Hamilton County. In 1867, Mr. Moore came to Madeira and built fifteen houses. During his resi - dence here, he was quite active in township affairs; and was actively engaged in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. J. D. Moore, a progressive, in conjunction with J. L. Hosbrook, was instrumental in laying out the plans of and the developing of the now busy and "booming" village of Madeira.

(Next week: Major J. B. Mann)

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GLIMPSES INTO THE PAST

MAJOR J. B. MANN

By Ramona Kaiser

Over the Allegheny Mountains into the great Northwest, came a family of sturdy pioneers: the Mann family. From his home in Greensburg, Westmorland County, Pennsylvania came J. R. Mann to the Ohio country in 1796. His father, the first J. B. Mann, serv- ed as an officer in the Revolu - tionary War. With a deed in hand bearing the signature of William Henry Harrison, he braved the still, untamed wilderness, to make his home in Hamilton County, in the environs of Madeira. There is, without doubt, that in the close association with the venerable John Cleves Symnes, that he met one of the daughters of this house hold. The result of this meeting was: that Miss Symnes became Mrs. John R. Mann.

On the site of St. Gertrude's Catholic Church, Miami Avenue, Madeira, John R. Mann built his home about 1797. For many years this large, two-story brick house, was the family homestead. Many, many years after the death of the original owners, this house was acquired by the Stephens family. How well this author remembers the large, old-fashioned fireplac- es; and the reception hall, with a beautiful staircase leading to the second floor. This old home was destroyed by fire several years ago.

The old family cemetery on this property was removed, and the remains re-interred in Laurel Cemetery, Madisonville.

Joseph B. Mann, known as "Major" was a public spirited citizen in his community. He was the son of John R. Mann. He did much to develop the old Camargo and Madison turnpike enterprise. (How pleased would he be today, to see the fine highways that developed from his enterprise!) He was quite active in the affairs of his township and the early Methodist Church. Major Mann was the father of seven sons and two daughters. His daughter, Rachel, became the wife of J. D. Moore.

Major Mann was truly a pioneer of Madeira, having lived from his birth in 1804, to his death in 1860, in his old home. His wife, Catherine, died in 1875, at the age of seventy-four years of age, at the old Mann home - stead.

Among the living descendants of his son and namesake, still living in Madeira are: Frank and Walter E. Mann, Gladys Mann Keys (Mrs. Ray) and Helen Mann Jacobsen (Mrs. Ernest).

(Next Week: Another Pioneer Tale)

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