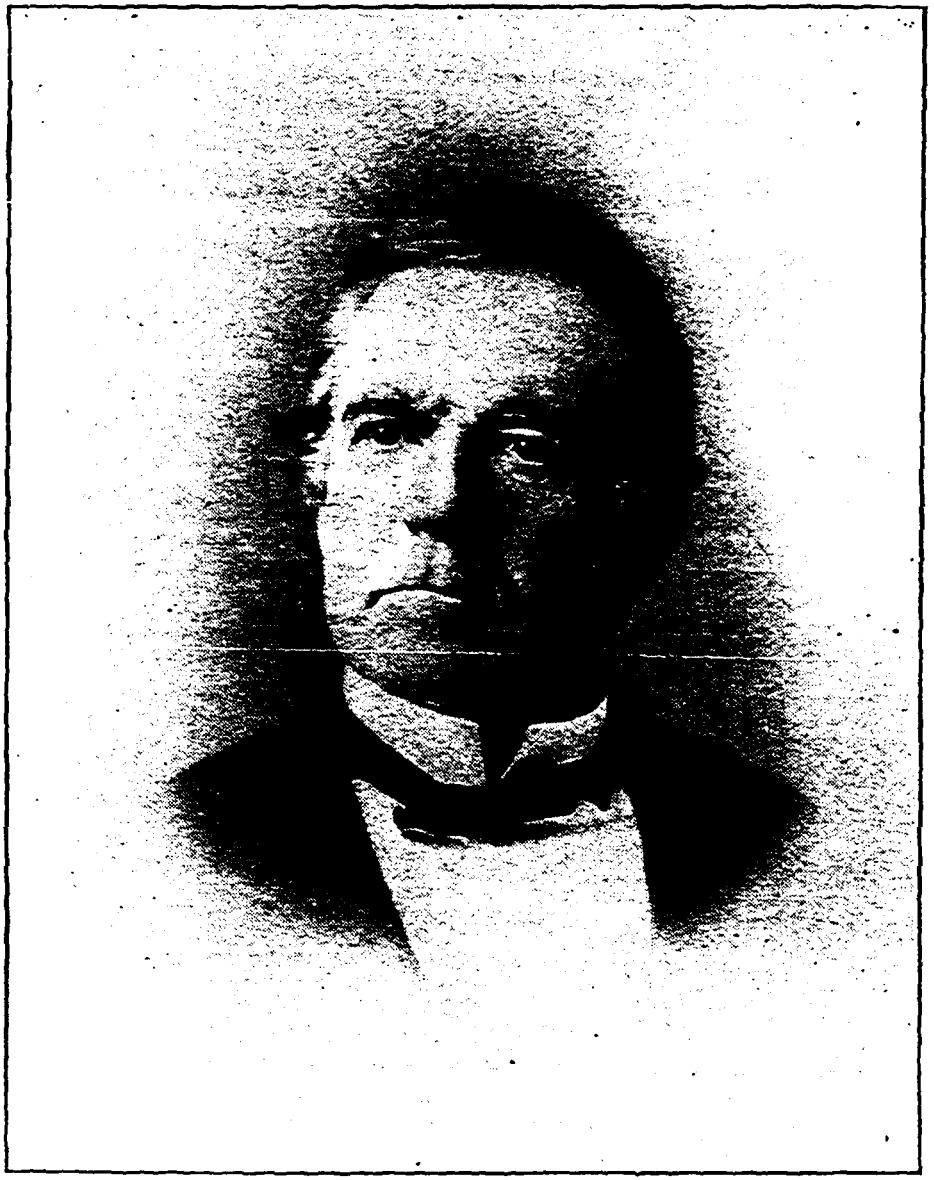
A Sketch of Stephen Guthrie, Senior and his children

A PIONEER FAMILY *of the* OHIO LAND COMPANY *of* 1787



STEPHEN HAND GUTHRIE.

Introductory.

The following Sketch of the History of his Family was written by Stephen Hand Guthrie, of Putnam, now Zanesville, Ohio, at the request of his friends. It was finished on his seventy-seventh birthday, Feb. 27th, 1886, about nine months before his death.

It is believed it will have some interest to the descendants of this branch of the Pioneer Stock of Ohio; and to the elder at least, of their living friends, in the communities where those commemorated so long resided. Of all the members of the family herein mentioned only one now survives; the others "have joined the great majority."

S. A. G.

A PIONEER FAMILY OF THE OHIO LAND COMPANY OF 1787.

It is an old, trite aphorism that history is truth teaching by example. And the race of men which most fully and truly illustrates that sentiment is the Anglo-Saxon race, with their American descendants.

Historians and orators have written and declaimed largely of the republics of Greece and Rome. Yet history teaches that all power was held by a handful of patricians, while the great mass of the population were slaves. There was nothing approximating the liberty of speech; no press, no tribunal where the poor citizen could find redress of grievances from oppressive laws, or escape the crushing power of the ruling classes.

Passing over more than ten centuries and coming down to the days of the great Reformation in Germany, when Luther severed his connection with the Roman Church, and in defiance of popes, princes, cardinals and a truckling, persecuting priesthood, stood up fearlessly before that august assembly at Worms; and maintained successfully the great cardinal doctrines of justification by faith, freedom of conscience, freedom of worship, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press; and while the minions of Rome pursued with unrelenting persecution the friends and adherents of Luther, the truth was cast abroad; cast beyond the bounds of Germany into France, the Netherlands, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, England, Scotland and

Wales. Among all the nations distinguished for their love of liberty and tenacious adherence to their convictions of duty, the Scotch stand pre-eminent.

These somewhat desultory reflections have led me away from the real object of a sketch of one of the pioneers of our State and his children, whose checkered history by the request of intimate friends and connections, (whose taste and judgment I respect,) I have promised briefly to trace.

The earliest traditional knowledge of our forefathers runs back to about 1680, at Edinburg, Scotland. The Guthrie family were of the best middle class, manufacturers of iron; of presumed Saxon descent, their name meaning "Warlike," in that tongue. Our great, great grandfather closed up his connection with his partners in that city, while quite a young man, and with a small capital, emigrated to the north of Ireland, where he very soon married a Protestant lady of good family; and after remaining there a few years, became interested in the then prominent subject of emigration to the northern colonies of New England. Being influenced by the circumscribed condition of all Protestants in that Kingdom, he cast his lot in with a company of emigrants who desired freedom of worship, as well as freedom of speech and freedom of the press; and the certainty of obtaining a homestead in that far off country of the new world.

After a long and tedious voyage of nearly two months, in the close and crowded cabin of the little vessel, they landed in the then town of Boston. After remaining a few years in that town, the family removed

to Litchfield County, Connecticut, settling in the town of Washington, where the name is still remembered; and where he engaged in the manufacture of iron, and for a time was quite successful with a small capital, running a forge and furnace on the Housatonic River, where he died, about the year 1730, according to tradition, leaving four sons, who continued the manufacture of iron up to the time when the arbitrary and oppressive measures of George the Third and Lord North drove the colonies to resist the Government of England and declare their independence.

Of these four sons I have certain record only of one, my grandfather, Truman Guthrie, Sr., who lies buried on the bank of the Ohio, on the farm of the late Edwin Guthrie, at Newbury, Washington County, Ohio. After the Revolution, my grandfather and his partners, Truman Guthrie, Jr., and our father, Stephen, became unfortunate in business, and sold it out at a great sacrifice. At the close of the Revolution, almost the whole nation became bankrupt. Officers and soldiers had expended and lost nearly all they had in the world. Congress resorted to the miserable expedient of the issue of the so-called Continental currency, without any provision for its redemption, which became almost worthless. Discontent and threatened rebellion hung like a dark cloud over the destinies of the young nation. Poverty and distress were in almost every household.

About this time, a few adventurous soldiers penetrated the North Western Territory, and returning to New England brought reports of the beauty and healthfulness of the country and climate. General

Benjamin Tupper and General Rufus Putnam in January, 1787, called a meeting at Brackett's tavern, The Bunch of Grapes, in Boston, to devise ways and means of relief, by forming a colony of people who were willing to emigrate to the then far West, at the mouth of the Muskingum on the Ohio River, North Western Territory. A small number attended, and a committee was appointed, which reported a plan of association, which was adopted, and subscription books were opened. On the eighth of March, 1787, the stockholders met and the company was fully organized as the Ohio Company of Associates, and Samuel H. Parsons, Rufus Putnam and Manasseh Cutler were appointed directors. Dr. Cutler was chosen a delegate to present the matter to Congress, then in session in New York. No better choice could have been made, and his name should ever be spoken in admiration and reverence. The plan was to purchase from the government one million acres of land, along the Ohio and Muskingum, paying for it with National scrip and currency. This proposition was submitted to Congress, and after a great deal of trouble, vexation and delay, he was finally successful in making the purchase, and in securing as stockholders some of the most enterprising and intelligent men in New England, who were willing to embark in this emigration, and brave the dangers and hardships of Indian warfare and frontier life.

Truman Guthrie, Sr., Truman Guthrie, Jr., and our father at once became members of this Ohio Land Company. Three years before Stephen Guthrie was married to a beautiful New England girl, Sally Chap-

pell, twenty years of age, a descendant of a French Hugonot family, whose father was a captain in a Connecticut regiment in the Revolution, and died for his country of a camp fever, leaving a wife and small family in rather destitute circumstances. In September, 1788, Truman Guthrie, Jr., and Stephen Guthrie, with a few companions, bold and resolved, but with sad hearts, left Litchfield on foot with knapsacks on their backs, to begin the journey of about nine hundred miles, nearly two hundred of them through the mountains, with here and there a log cabin. They camped out many nights with fire kindled to scare away the wild beasts and afford comfortable sleep, after their weary tramp of fifty miles. Their route after leaving Philadelphia was up the valley of the Susquehanna past Harrisburgh, then a mere hamlet of frontier log cabins, on to Bedford, which had been an Indian outpost. Thence to Red Stone, now Brownsville, on the Monongahela River, where they purchased a canoe, and set off for the mouth of the Muskingum, their point of destination, where they arrived safely about the first of October, 1788, welcomed warmly by Putnam, Tupper, Sproat and other distinguished gentlemen of the Ohio Company; who had laid out in part the town of Marietta and erected a few log cabins outside of the Stockade, which was the first building, with a substantial palisade of strong timber, sunk three feet in the ground and ten feet high, with portholes on every side, so that no savage foe could approach the inclosure without being seen by the guard.

Stephen and Truman Guthrie, having a claim upon a part of the tract of land where Harmar now stands, commenced clearing for sowing wheat, and got in some six acres in good order by the middle of November of that fall, being the first grain sown by any of the emigrants of the North Western Territory. During the winter, which was a hard one, the Stockade was enlivened by frequent balls and dancing parties, the music being furnished by a free colored man, who performed very acceptably upon the violin, contra dances, Virginia Reels, and the French Minuet, then the most recent and fashionable dance.

The ladies were accomplished, and from Boston and other New England towns, accustomed to graceful and refined society. Thus, the winter soon passed away. The spring opened beautifully, when building commenced, and by the early fall quite a number of comfortable cabins with a few small frame houses were finished, and speedily occupied by their owners. In the meantime father and his brother had harvested a really good crop of wheat.

About the middle of September, father and his brother prepared to return to New England again on foot. Stopping at Red Stone, now Brownsville, they contracted for a flat-bottomed boat, fifty feet long and fourteen feet wide, to be finished by the first of April, 1789, when they were to return to the mouth of the Muskingum River. On father's return to Litchfield he found a bright little daughter, born to him while away, who was named Laura.

When the Spring of 1789 opened they made preparations to return to the mouth of the Muskingum. They purchased two yoke of oxen, and one good cow, a wagon well covered and fitted up for a long, tedious journey. Camp equipage and provisions for three or four weeks were prepared; and starting near the first of April while the snow was yet upon the mountain tops, they bade a long and final farewell to home, friends and all the scenes of childhood and youth, and took up their weary march to the far off land of promise, in the then far west, towards the setting sun. Crossing the Hudson near Stony Point, they pursued much the same route through Trenton to Philadelphia, taken on their first trip out West the year before; through Harrisburgh, Bedford and Brownsville; stopping over night as they could at farm houses or cabins, where they were treated with that kind hospitality always freely proffered to those seeking homes in the West. But there was a long distance to go, through an almost unbroken forest, camping out at night, and while broiling their meat by their camp fire the wolves would scent the savory meal and make the evening hideous by their howling, taking good care to keep out of the range of rifle shot.

From Harrisburgh the road, (if it could be called such,) was a mere trail cut through the timber, and in one instance coming down the Allegheny Range they were compelled to unhitch their team from the wagon and let it down over the rocks by ropes. Thus they plodded on their weary way, and arrived safely at their objective point, Brownsville, where they found

their boat finished and in good order for their embarkation.

After resting a day they transferred their team, cow and goods, and started out with light hearts for the end of their journey at Marietta. All went well until they were passing Wheeling Island, where their boat struck a sunken snag and stove a hole in her bow planking. Fortunately for them, Mr. Zane, the owner of the island, came promptly to their assistance, and they succeeded in partially stopping the leak; and by removing the stock and wagon, got the boat off, and in a few days had everything ship-shape, so that they were ready to move on again. Mr. Zane and family were exceedingly kind to the party, and he expressed himself so much pleased with our people that he made very generous and tempting offers if they would remain on the island. But as they had land of their own in the Ohio Land Company, they were compelled to decline his offer. In a few days they landed safely at Marietta, and were cordially received by the whole community.

The family remained in the Stockade during that season, cultivating their land. But during that fall the Indians became troublesome, stealing stock and showing war-like demonstrations, so that preparations were at once commenced for resisting the encroachment of savage warfare, which seemed inevitable. During the fall of 1790 the war with the Indians was precipitated upon the North Western Territory, and all settlers were compelled to withdraw from their homes to block-house life for protection and defense; and the horrors

and privations of Indian War dashed the anticipations of a large number of different stations, and what was hoped a permanent peace was rudely ended; and the stern realities of war had to be met with that resolution, that dauntless courage, which were characteristic of these hardy pioneers.

The confinement of garrison life became exceedingly irksome to those members of the company who owned land in Belpre Township, and Mr. Goodale, Mr. Dana and some others, with father and Uncle Truman, proposed to build a blockhouse in Belpre and one in Newbury. Accordingly, they stationed picket guards, who watched while the others worked, and so continued until both were erected without molestation from the Indians, and their families safely transferred from the fort in Marietta.

The first and only capture of any one of their number by the Indians was Mr. Goodale, while clearing on the back of his land. His oxen were left chained to a log undisturbed, while he was taken away. In the Spring of the year 1790 what was supposed to be his skeleton was found near Lancaster, Ohio, identified by the loss of a front tooth in the skull.

In the meantime the blockhouse at Newbury was occupied by father, Curtis, Leavins and a few other families owning land in that place. For their protection it was necessary to send out scouts every morning, whose duty was to spend the day in watching and spying out the woods for several miles back through the surrounding region and report if any lurking Indians were anywhere to be discovered. This was the

daily life of these scouts, while the other men were at work clearing land. While thus employed they ran out of flour and cornmeal, and for six weeks used the breasts of wild turkeys, which were easily obtained and very abundant, as well as plenty of deer. Early in August corn and beans were ready for use, and after that they were comparatively comfortable.

The only disaster and loss of life by the Indians of any of the inhabitants of Newbury Station was that of the Brown family. Brown had been cautioned by the scouts that there were signs of Indians, and it would not be safe to continue at work at his clearing. He, however, went to work as usual, not heeding their advice.

In the afternoon his wife, little daughter, aged about eight years, and a little boy of six, with her infant boy in her arms, concluded to go up where her husband was at work, about a mile away from the blockhouse. After going half the distance they were taken by the Indians, killed, scalped and left, and here found by Brown on his way back from work. The infant was not scalped, as he had but little hair; he was stunned by the blow of the tomahawk and left for dead. A party after the alarm was given brought in the bodies. Some of the mothers thought that life was not extinct in the infant, and commenced using means of restoration, and finally were successful in bringing back consciousness and life.

After the terrible defeat of Gen. St. Clair by the Indians at the River Raisin, where we lost a thousand men, things looked dark and gloomy indeed to the

frontiersmen. Washington advised the appointment of Gen. Wayne, who at once commenced organizing an army strong enough to conquer a permanent peace. He moved with great caution from where Cincinnati now stands, with a good, well equipped force, to the region near where St. Clair met his defeat, on the Maumee River, where in the month of August, 1794, Wayne defeated with great slaughter all the Indian tribes; which was a final ending of the great Indian War, giving peace and joy to every fort, station and blockhouse throughout the whole region of the North Western Territory.

At the close of the Indian War came the disbanding of all communities of Stockade and Blockhouse life. Friendships, which had so long been cemented by the mutual interests, trials and hardships of garrison life, were to be severed, and give place to the influences of civilization and the demands of society. Roads were to be cut through those immense, magnificent forests of giant oaks, walnuts, poplars and beeches; farms were to be opened out and cleared up. Houses were to be built, rude log churches and schoolhouses were to be erected. These all demanded the united efforts of the community, but moving in concert, these people acted as one man, and the trials of the Indian warfare and the privations of frontier life drew all more closely together; and as their friendships and sufferings were never to be forgotten, they were always ready and willing to come together, and what would be an obstacle to one individual would vanish before the united efforts, courage and resolution of a whole neighbor-

hood. Was a clearing to be finished, a log-rolling took place. Was a house to be built, all the men of the settlement came together, and while some were riving out clapboards, others were splitting out puncheons and dressing them for floors. Others were laying the foundations; others again were felling trees and dressing them for the cabin, and by the time the horn blew for supper the second day, the house was finished ready to be occupied. For it must be remembered there were no saw-mills nearer than two hundred miles, and such a thing as a steam saw-mill was not yet invented.

In the early days of the pioneers they made their own clothing. Flax was raised and spun, a travelling weaver was called in, the team being sent to haul home his loom. Wool was carded by hand, rolls were spun by the neighboring girls, cloth dyed and cut and made up by a woman who came to the house. In the same way the shoemaker came with his kit, his bench upon his shoulder, and remained until the whole family were shod, when he moved on to the next neighbor. So the school master boarded around a week at a time. But it so happened that many places were not very desirable; in that event he often remained at our house three weeks or more.

Provisions were plenty; if a good turkey or fat venison was wanted one of the sons went out into the woods a few hours, and the larder was replenished.

Our father being authorized to solemnize marriage, as justice of the peace, one cold day in January, while engaged with some men killing hogs, observed a party of some half dozen coming in their sleds, who, driving

up, went into the house and made known the object of their visit. The justice suggested that he should have time to change his dress, as he had on a long white linen frock, provided in those days for log-rolling and all dirty work, and said to the party his appearance was not proper, as his long frock was badly soiled with blood. "Oh," said the intended bride, "We're in a great hurry, it makes no difference." So the ceremony was performed in short order, the groom giving the bride a smack which sounded like the crack of a small pistol. "What's to pay, Squire?" said the groom. His answer was, "The law allows one dollar and a half." "All right, I've not just got it today, but I will pay with flax in the Spring." But that flax never grew.

There were belonging to the people of Newbury Station some half dozen cows, and as there was no pasture each cow was provided with a bell. Their favorite place of resort was the open woods at the mouth of Big Hocking some three miles below the home place. At one time father went for them, and did not return at dark or before as usual. The family became greatly alarmed of course. There was standing, just out of the gate, a large walnut stump. It was suggested to fire an alarm from that, so that if father was lost he might hear it and find the direction home. He, however, came back safe a little late.

That fall, after the war closed, some Indians at the treaty of Greenville related that they passed the Blockhouse and heard the firing, after they had camped for the night just below. Thinking they were

discovered they packed up and travelled all night. This was the very time father was after the cows. There was connected with the incidents of life in the Blockhouse the sagacity of the dogs of which there were some half dozen. They were so trained that they would scent an Indian a long distance away, and always show anger and an uneasy disposition to get out. The custom was to turn the dogs out of the gate before closing it for the night, and at the order of the guards for the night, "Turn the dogs out," they would march out in good order. They were really a great protection, for if there was any unusual movement they were at once on the alert to give warning.

During the Spring of 1796, father, mother and their little family of three children were comfortably settled in their own log cabin in Newbury, Washington County, Ohio. He had cleared a small tract of land and put out a few acres of corn together with the usual quantity of potatoes and garden vegetables, so that they were considered in comfortable condition.

Settlers continued to arrive and occupy their land, Belpre Township was organized, and as father was regarded the most prominent man in that part of the country, he was appointed by the governor a justice of the peace. He held considerable landed property, but never accumulated anything more than a competency. Land was cheap, produce almost without a market, and it was difficult to obtain even money enough to pay taxes, although light in comparison with the present time. Father was a man of integrity,

land possessed a high sense of honor, but easily imposed upon by the oily-tongued sharper, and by the plausible stories of the peddlers and travelling rogues of the country. His distinguishing traits were love of justice, hatred of oppression in every form, and great reverence for the majesty of the law. He was generous and openhanded to a fault, honest and true as steel to a friend, but credulous, and hence was often the victim of fraud. He built a comfortable brick house, manufacturing the brick upon the premises. Here, most of a large family were born; and with the exception of J. C. and C. B. Guthrie, their education, if I may call it such, was obtained in a log school house near by.

Father was three times married. Our own mother lost her health after the birth of her youngest son, and died, leaving nine children, all unmarried excepting the oldest daughter, Mrs. Dunham. Mother was a woman of fine personal presence, kind hearted and sympathetic, ready always to bestow favors to all those who were entitled to assistance or material aid, which was offered cheerfully, with good and sound counsel. Her influence was not confined to the neighborhood, but extended beyond the bounds of her own circle. She died at the comparatively early age of forty-seven years, mourned and regretted by the whole surrounding community, on March 18th, 1818.

Father, after remaining a widower for two years, married a widow Ackley, living a mile below Athens, Ohio. She was a Vermont lady, a woman of most amiable tracts of character, a fervent Christian, en-

dowed with rare qualifications to discharge successfully the duties of a stepmother to a large family of boys. It must be said to her praise that she met all the various duties involved in that position with great judgment and tact. This lady had a life estate in the Ackley farm, where her first husband died, near Athens; and on account of her interests there, and the advantage of sending the boys to school at that place, our family moved up to that farm, where they remained for three years, when we had the misfortune to lose our second mother, which rendered it necessary to return to the old homestead at Newbury, in 1824.

Sometime thereafter, father married a widow named Palmer, of Marietta, Ohio. She was a kind hearted, but inefficient woman, and the addition of her three children to the family led to some discord.

The writer left his home in January, 1827, then a youth of eighteen, and got work on an old fashioned storeboat, which carried all kinds of coarse drygoods, groceries and whisky. This was before the days of temperance. Landing at Point Pleasant at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River, after a few days' delay, we ascended the stream to the Salines and engaged in trading on that river until late in September. During his absence father died September 3rd, 1827.

Nine of the children grew up and married. The oldest, Laura M., born in Connecticut, June 25th, 1789, married Amos Dunham, a man of kind heart, a great reader and of good mental ability, with but little energy. His wife struggled all her life against adversity, yet never repined. She was a fine looking

woman of strong character and marked intellectual taste, whose brightness and intelligence, even in extreme age, made her society delightful. She died at Pomeroy, Ohio, October 1st, 1875, aged 86 years.

Julius Chappell Guthrie was born April 26th, 1792, in the Blockhouse at Belpre, during the Indian War, and grew up on the homestead farm. Julius, having a lame leg, was sent to the Academy at Athens, Ohio, where he remained a year, a classmate of the late Thomas Ewing, one of the most distinguished lawyers of Ohio. While at this school he was offered a position by Buckminster Miles, which he accepted. While employed there, Ebenezer Buckingham of Putnam, came on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Miles, and being pleased with the appearance of brother J. C., offered inducements to him to go to Putnam, which he accepted. Of the character of brother Julius, I can hardly trust myself to speak. He was every inch a man, of noble presence, six feet high, weighing 180 pounds, without any surplus flesh, with a splendid head. He was a man of mark in any body of men. For many years he was a trustee of the Church and Seminary here in Putnam, and of great influence in the exciting days in politics in 1840.

He was a sterling Whig, and a thorough hater of fraud and dishonesty, either in public or private life. Always the friend of law and order, his influence was coextensive with his county and state. His judgment was clear, intelligent, and rarely at fault. He was suddenly cut off in the prime of life, at the age of

57 years, dying July 29th, 1849, at his home in Putnam.

His wife, Pamelia Buckingham, sister of Ebenezer Buckingham, was a most genial, kind-hearted mother, devoted to her home and children. She was born at Cooperstown, New York, Aug. 20, 1799, and died at the family homestead in Putnam, March 14th, 1863.

The writer of these pages wishes here to record and express his deep and heartfelt love and gratitude to both for their generous hospitality and timely friendship, when a home was afforded him after his father's home was broken up, and he was without home, means or employment, all of which were cheerfully furnished by this brother and his noble wife.

Erastus Guthrie was born at Newbury, July 22nd, 1798. He was the only one of the family who was a farmer. He owned the old homestead at Newbury, but becoming tired of that occupation, moved to Deavertown, Morgan County, Ohio, for some time selling goods; and some years afterwards engaged in the foundry business at Malta, Ohio, where he was not fortunate financially. He served acceptably one term as a Representative in the Legislature from that county. He was strongly opposed to slavery and his house was known as a stopping place on the Underground Railroad. He sheltered and personally helped many fugitives to reach liberty in Canada at a time when such help endangered the reputation and the personal liberty of those who defied the law as it then stood. He was a lover of freedom and justice and a hater of oppression in every form. He died June 26,

1861, at Malta, Ohio, aged 62 years. His wife, Achsa Palmer Guthrie, born in Massachusetts in 1800, was from Marietta, a woman of fine mind, of great intelligence and commanding appearance. She died in West Columbia, West Virginia, March 23rd, 1866.

Almira Guthrie, the second daughter, born Dec. 12, 1800, at Belpre, Ohio, married Walter Curtis, one of the associate judges under the old constitution of Ohio, a man of remarkable intelligence, who spent his life on a farm adjoining the old homestead and afterward purchased it after the death of Stephen Guthrie, Sr. His wife lived a comparatively retired life, as a farmer's wife, and was a good manager of all affairs pertaining to that position. She had seen much, and read more, of the early history of the country, and was a very entertaining talker upon topics related thereto. She was of fine personal presence and an affectionate mother. She died May 13th, 1880, aged 80 years, at Newbury, Ohio.

Sheldon Guthrie, the fourth son of this family, was born June 2nd, 1805. After the old home was broken up by father's death, Sheldon came to Putnam and was for a time employed as a salesman in the store of Brothers J. C. and A. A. Guthrie. After remaining a few years there, he went to Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio, employed by E. P. and E. Sturges, where he remained until he engaged in business for himself, first in Elyria, Ohio, thence going to the town of Kalida, Putnam County, in the northwestern part of the State. He married in Mansfield a beautiful lady named Terry. He became somewhat involved in Ka-

lida, closed out his business, and removed to New Orleans about 1853, where he continued until the breaking out of the rebellion. He was ordered on a certain day to report to the self-constituted authorities of secession, with a large number of other Northerners, who were required to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy before the Mayor and a committee. His answer was: "Gentlemen, my fathers bled and died to establish the independence of our government and I shall never recognize any other." The reply was: "Very well, sir, you can obey this order or close up your affairs in the space of three weeks and leave the city." Accordingly he had to sacrifice what he had, quit his employment, and, with barely enough money to bring his family to Cincinnati, they left the city. His son, who was a clerk in a drug store, was suffered to remain. Brother Sheldon stayed with his friends in the North until the close of the rebellion, when he returned to New Orleans, where he is now living (1886), an old man over 80 years of age.

His son, Sheldon Guthrie, Jr., entered the 32nd Ohio Volunteer Infantry as an orderly sergeant at this place, was captured at Harper's Ferry, was exchanged, fought bravely in many battles, was with Sherman in his grand march to the sea; and came out of the army a colonel by brevet. My brother's wife died in 1884 at New Orleans, aged 80 years. She

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Sheldon Guthrie, Sr., died in New Orleans, June 12, 1888, aged 83 years.—Ed.

was a kind-hearted, genial spirit, the joy of her household, and mourned by a large circle of friends.

Albert Austin Guthrie, the third son, was born Jan. 9th, 1803, in the old log cabin at the home place.

His young eyes looked out on the sparkling waters of the Ohio, and the grand old hills of Virginia on the East, and the primeval forest on the West. Sent to school in a log school house where he attained a little skill in reading, writing, geography and a smattering of arithmetic, without any lessons in grammar or history; for little else was taught in a country school in those days; almost without books excepting the Bible, some children's story books and the yearly almanac; he was obliged to work on the farm for eight months in the year. Thus he grew up, educating himself thereafter by general reading and by observation of the world. On leaving the home place he went to Putnam into the employment of his brother Julius, and later became a partner in business with him, and at one time also with Cyrus Meriam.

In the year 1834 the agitation of the anti-slavery question spread abroad through the land. Brother Austin became interested, took decided ground against the encroachments of the slave power, and advocated the cause of the slave and his right to emancipation. At that time the man who dared discuss the doctrine of abolition was hooted at as a madman. The clergy almost without exception justified slaveholding from the Bible; and mobs broke up the peaceable assemblies where anti-slavery discussion took place. The right of petition was denied by the

slaveholders and their allies in Congress. Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, was expelled from Congress for offering their petitions to that body, and defending the right of the people to petition. In six weeks' time his constituents returned him again to Congress with a majority of 5,000 votes from that grand old district later known as Garfield's on the Western Reserve, and there he stayed until the slave power was swept out of existence.

In the month of April, 1835, the first anti-slavery convention assembled in the stone house, now owned by Charles Robins, here in Putnam. This convention was composed of the best men of the State. Free discussion was denied by the faculty of Lane Seminary at Cincinnati, and forty of the best students and scholars left in a body. James G. Birney, who had just emancipated his slaves in Alabama, a distinguished lawyer, was here; Theodore D. Weld, Henry B. Stanton and other notable men were present. Brother Austin was a leading character in that convention and was specially singled out by the mob, who broke up and dispersed the meeting, for their vengeance. The mob followed him and other members of the convention entertained by him, shouting, howling, and throwing brickbats and mud, to his gate. He ascended the horse block and taking off his hat, politely thanked these scoundrels for escorting him home. One of the mob cried out, "Put on your hat, captain, you might take cold in your mind."

That night two barns were burned down. This mob here as elsewhere had the countenance of gentlemen

of property. No redress could be obtained from the courts. We were outlawed without having committed the slightest breach of the law. It was a sad and singular state of public opinion, showing how completely the influence of the slaveholding power had overshadowed the simplest forms of common justice when a peaceable, law-abiding, intelligent community of two thousand inhabitants was threatened with destruction by the wicked and cruel prejudice of men and women who gave tone to and controlled society, and who were willing not only to see, but by inuendoes and sneers to encourage the devilish spirit of mob violence to crush out freedom of speech, guaranteed by the constitution and the common law of the land.

The mob got up against this town in July, 1837, memorable for its savage character, was pre-eminent for wickedness, and deserves to be painted in its true colors. At that time we had our own village government in Putnam, many years before the annexation to Zanesville. We had learned that the mob had organized to burn us out, and our citizens called a meeting, and acting in concert by the authority of the Mayor, Z. M. Chandler, armed themselves, and seventy of them under his orders marched to the end of the bridge on Third Street, and awaited the approach of the mob, some two hundred strong. They came on shouting, "Bring on the cannon." We were formed in close order across the end of the bridge, commanded not to fire unless first attacked and after an order should be given. The men came close up and began a parley. One of our leaders was an old officer,

Major Nye, of the army, and a veteran of the War of 1812. His gun was well loaded with buckshot, and the mob watched his every movement closely. While the parley continued he stood close by the Mayor with his hand to his ear, for he was very deaf, waiting for orders, and asking, "Did he say shoot? Did he say shoot?" One of the mob said to another, "Do you see that old deaf cuss, I b'lieve he'd shoot."

Finding we were not to be intimidated, and were determined to defend our homes, they withdrew with the usual threats of cowards of what they would do on another day. The writer of these pages slept for weeks with two guns and a good pitchfork at the head of his bed, determined to defend his family and property at the risk of his life. For we had no protection from public opinion or from our courts of law. In 1850, long afterward, Congress passed a law compelling the people to become slave-catchers for the slaveholders. Not exactly in those words, but virtually amounting to that; as it required any citizen when called upon by the U. S. Marshal to assist in the capture of a slave, to obey such order, and any one refusing should be liable to imprisonment in the county jail, and a fine of $500, or both, at the discretion of the court. Now the passage of such a law shows the depth of degradation to which the Northern doughfaces in Congress were willing to submit in order to conciliate the domineering and dictatorial power of the slaveholders.

We repudiated that infamous law in every way. If a poor bondman came to us fleeing by the twinkling

light of the north star to the realms of liberty where no slave could breathe the air, we can say, and thank God for it, he never asked in vain. We have helped many on their way to Canada, and as far as we know, no slave was ever taken and returned to bondage from here. Our Underground Railroad was safe and sure, and no train was ever ditched or run off the track. And the blessing of freedmen in Canada has been wafted to us from that land of liberty many, many times to cheer our hearts. We always knew these slave hunters. They always rode prancing horses; their dress, broad-brimmed, slouch hats, generally white; their coats and trousers of gray Kentucky jeans, with coarse high topped boots with the "pants" tucked in; with necks like a bull and one cheek puffed out with a big quid of tobacco, and an oath in the other for the "damned abolitionists who had stolen their niggers." They were "From Viginyah, sah!"

In the month of August when the corn was in the milk and fit for roasting, the slaves commenced coming. Our work was done by our colored friends, and never was our confidence and trust betrayed. At one time in 1852, we had a poor woman with four small children hid in the loft of a colored man here, when the slavehunters passed within one hundred yards of them. A friend slyly informed them of an old, abandoned coal mine upon the top of Putnam Hill, and said it was quite possible the fugitives were hidden there. The slaveholders took the hint, and while they were groping their way underground, the woman and

children were removed to a place of safety, and that night put into large store boxes, and sent on their way to Canada, where they arrived safely in a few weeks' time.

But to return from this digression. Brother Austin was a good speaker, logical and clear in placing an argument before an audience; and was commissioned by the Anti-slavery Society of New York to travel in this region and deliver lectures in favor of emancipation. He continued this work for a year, everywhere commanding the attention of the better portion of the community, although frequently mobbed by the rabble and riffraff of society. His influence tended largely to change public opinion in relation to this whole question. He was for nearly forty years an Elder in the Putman Presbyterian Church, the same length of time a Trustee in the Seminary, during its brightest days of prosperity. His advice, always sound and conservative, contributed largely to its success and extended its influence far beyond the bounds of the surrounding counties. For more than forty years he was Superintendent of the Sabbath school of his church with but a short interval, surrendering it only as health failed him. In September, 1862, he was solicited by Secretary Chase to take the office of Revenue Collector for the 13th District of Ohio, and to show how he was esteemed by the government at Washington, here will be found a copy of Secretary Chase's letter, enclosing his commission:

"Washington, D. C., Sept., 1862.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter was duly received, and I thank you for it. Now and then I have the pleasure of calling into public service without expectation or solicitation, a man of such integrity and capacity that his appointment honors the office. Among these instances it gives me real pleasure to place your appointment that the President has kindly made at my instance. With best regards to all your family.

Yours faithfully,

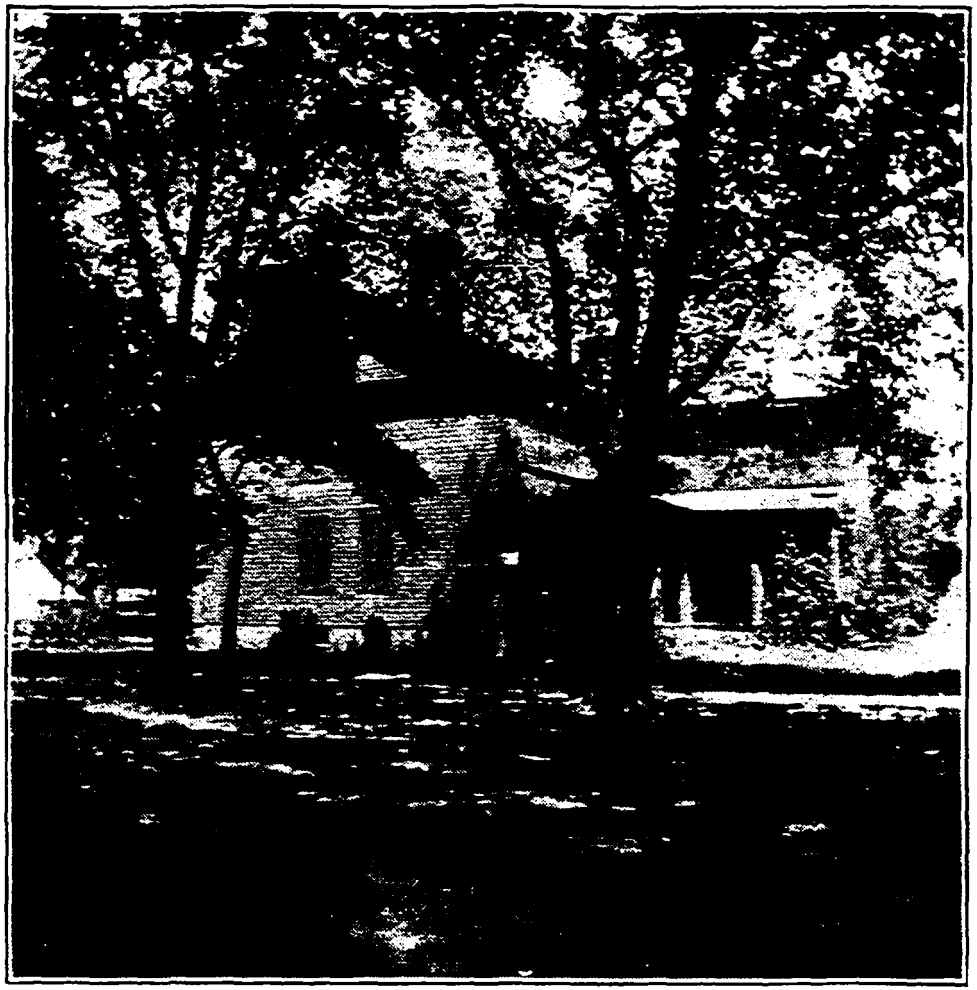
S. P. CHASE."

But what must ever remain, for all coming time, a beautiful living monument of Brother Austin's taste and skill in landscape gardening is Woodlawn Cemetery. Purchased by the united influence of the late Judge C. C. Convers and our brother, the whole management of arranging the various avenues, paths, roads, trees, shrubs and flowers was left to him. Neglecting his own affairs, for a small consideration, he devoted more than two years to adorn and beautify these grounds. Strangers come a long distance to view this landscape; and while they are filled with admiration, neither know nor care by whom this work was done. These grounds contain nearly all the sacred remains of the children of the old pioneer of 1788. A few brief years only remain, when the few left of the original nine will pass over the river from whence none ever return to tell the story of that far-off country. Brother Austin's home was the center of hospitality and of intellectual life, and open to clergymen, teachers and strangers of distinction. His rare gifts in conversation, his zeal for truth, for the

right and for knowledge, were felt by all who knew him, and shared in no small measure by his two surviving daughters. He died February 13th, 1874, aged 71 years.

His wife, Amelia Sturges, born in Fairfield, Connecticut, Nov. 5, 1799, was a sister of Solomon Sturges. She was a true Christian, a gentle spirit, of handsome person and devoted to her home and her children; and although ill health prevented her mingling much in society, she was always greeted with cordiality and esteem. She died Sept. 3rd, 1882.

Stephen Hand Guthrie, the fifth son, was born in the old log cabin at the farm, Feb. 27th, 1809. His early life was much the same as his brothers' had been. After the father's death he came to Putnam, and entered the store of his brothers, J. C. and A. A. Guthrie, in the last of October, 1827. After remaining there a year he was sent to the small village of Deavertown, Morgan County, Ohio, with a small stock of goods. August 12th, 1834, he married his cousin, Ruth Metcalf, of Lenox, Mass.; and in 1837 removed to Putnam, entering into partnership with his brother, A. A. Guthrie, which was dissolved in 1840. He sold goods for a time in Zanesville, and in 1844 relinquished that business, and engaged in coal mining and the manufacture of salt, and after accumulating a competence, built a pleasant home in Putnam in 1849. He continued that occupation successfully for some years. In September, 1859, he lost the wife of his youth, with whom he had spent twenty five years most happily, only shadowed by the death of two little daughters



HOMESTEAD OF S. H. GUTHRIE.

and her loss of health. She was an earnest Christian, a tender wife and mother, with every care for the comfort of their home, with graceful manners and true hospitality in entertainment. She had fine literary taste, and rare power in reasoning, in a day when books were not so many as now; and hampered by household duties as she often was. She was born at Lenox, Mass., June 5th, 1807, and died in Putnam, Sept. 1st, 1859.

In September, 1860, he was married the second time, his wife being Mary Annette Strong of Hartford, Vermont. She was principal of the Putnam Ladies Seminary for the year 1860. She was educated at Kimball Academy, New Hampshire. She had a rare faculty in holding the attention of her classes by an intelligent manner of imparting instruction without the least appearance of arbitrary authority. She was commanding in personal appearance and most genial and kind in manner. When her husband was overwhelmed with misfortune and her own health failed there were no repining, no reproaches or fault-finding; she bore all with cheerful Christian fortitude and resignation. During her long illness of consumption, of which she died, she was a pattern of Christian patience, and a bright and shining example of the power of faith.*

And here I wish to record my deep and heart felt gratitude to those of my own kindred who remembered me in the days of my adversity and sorrow. I have spoken of the help of Brother Julius and his wife in my need in youth. To the noble daughters of a noble father and a loving mother, Sarah Guthrie Jewett and

*Note.—Mrs. Mary Annette (Strong) Guthrie died at her home, December 23, 1872.—Ed.

Lillian Guthrie Waite, my own daughter's generous friend, I owe many tokens of timely kindness in my age and adversity. Brother Austin's two daughters, Esther G. Silvey and Mary G. Fulton, I thank most heartily for many favors generously bestowed.

The sixth brother and his wife are yet living, (1886). George Nelson Guthrie was born at Newbury, May 18th, 1811, and for many years was a successful merchant in connection with Brother Austin. In 1850 he engaged in manufacturing in wood, which business he carried on for some years. He is a trusted elder in the church, where his generosity often exceeds his ability, a man of great kindness of heart and genuine integrity. To Brother George I am under many obligations which my misfortune will forever prevent my paying except by deep and lasting gratitude.

His wife is a daughter of Dr. McFarland long known as a leading divine in the Congregational Church in New Hampshire. She is a lady of commanding influence in the church and community generally.

The seventh brother, Columbus B. Guthrie, born Feb. 27th, 1814, at Newbury, was the only one who received a classical education. He studied at Athens and Hanover Colleges, and with Dr. Robert Safford, an old physician here, graduated at Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia, and opened an office at Logan,

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Note.—Stephen Hand Guthrie died November 24, 1886, at Putnam, now Zanesville. Ohio.

George N. Guthrie died at home, June 1, 1891.—Ed.

Ohio. He married his cousin Mary S. Metcalf of Lenox, Mass. After remaining in practice a few years at Logan, his wife's health failed, and they removed to Granville, Ohio. She continuing to decline, they returned to Massachusetts, where she died. She was a tender and loving wife, a devoted Christian, and a general favorite in society. She left a little daughter.* He later married Jane Morton, of Fredonia, New York, a beautiful and accomplished lady, yet living in Minneapolis, Minn., with her children (1886).

After remaining a short time at Newark and Mansfield, Ohio, Brother Columbus removed to New York, and engaged with the drug house of P. Scheifflin & Company, of New York. He was traveling salesman for this firm through the Southern States, and while thus employed became acquainted with the faculty of the Medical College of Memphis, Tenn., who induced him to take the professorship of Materia Medica in that institution. He removed his family from New York to Memphis, where he remained ten years; when the clamor of secession became so loud that he resigned, returned to New York and opened a commission house for the sale of cotton; until the war broke out and he was compelled to close that business. When our armies opened the Mississippi to Memphis, he was the first bearer of despatches from Cairo with authority from Secretary Chase to buy cotton inside our lines. He was very successful and in three months cleared $60,000. After the close

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NOTE.—Mrs. Jane Morton Guthrie died about eight years since.—Ed.

*NOTE.—Mrs. Mary S. (Metcalf) Guthrie died July 1, 1844.

of the war he was induced to embark his capital in the West Columbia Coal & Salt Company, where in a few years he lost everything. He very soon thereafter obtained a position in Washington under Secretary Sherman, where he lost his health, and died December 28th, 1877, aged 63 years. He was a good scholar, a ready writer and a man of influence wherever he lived.

The descendants of Stephen Guthrie were nine children, and some sixty odd grandchildren scattered from New York to Buffalo, Columbus, Zanesville, Cincinnati, Dubuque and New Orleans. The writer of these pages, now an old man, seventy-seven years old this 27th day of February, 1886, remembers this State when we had a population of one-half million, when the wild beasts of the forests roamed over more than three-quarters of our territory. Now we have nearly three and a half millions, with Cincinnati, of 350,000; Cleveland with 200,000; Columbus, 70,000; Toledo, 80,000; Dayton, 50,000. This is the State that gave to the nation Harrison, Hayes, Grant, Garfield, the Shermans, McPherson, and Sheridan and 320,000 soldiers for the war.

A few remarks in relation to a certain Professor McMaster, who has undertaken to enlighten the nation by writing a history of the country; with particularly disparaging remarks as to the character of the men who formed the Ohio Land Company of 1788, and settled at Marietta, Ohio. Here is the testimony of Washington. Writing to LaFayette, he says: "No colony in America was settled under such favorable

auspices as that commenced at the Muskingum. Information, property and strength will be its characteristics. I know many of the settlers personally, and never were men better calculated to promote the welfare of the community." These are the words of Washington; and as Webster said to Hayne, who spoke in disparagement of Massachusetts: "There she stands, she needs no eulogy from me." I say the men who founded that colony need no defense from me. The influences that went out from it are spread over every state and territory from Ohio to California, Oregon and Washington; their constitutions, their laws of counties and municipalities, are copies of ours.

"What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement
Or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate,
Not Cities proud with spires
And turrets crowned.
No! men, high-minded men;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and
Knowing dare maintain!
These constitute a State!"

Such were the men who formed that colony.

S. H. Guthrie.

Zanesville, February 27th, 1886.
Seventy-seven years of age this day.