

The Maumee Valley.

HOW TO RECOGNIZE ITS HISTORY.

Woman's Part

IN

Pioneer Home Life.

MEMBERS OF

MAUMEE VALLEY PIONEER ASSOCIATION,

1895.

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EXPLANATORY.

IN preparing the programme for the recent annual meeting of the Pioneer Association, it was deemed proper so far to vary the same as to give to the Pioneer Women of the Maumee Valley a degree of recognition not previously accorded them. To this end, it was arranged that such sketches of these as might be found available, should be obtained for presentation on that occasion, the collection of which was placed in charge of Mrs. Phebe Batchelder of Maumee, to whose untiring effort the execution of the work was committed. With so large a field and uncertainty as to results, it became with her a serious charge, demanding much time and labor, the more embarrassing from being so serious a departure from previous historical collections. The degree of success attending her efforts, is shown in the material herewith presented.

The fitness of such innovation is eminently clear. Too long had pioneer record been almost wholly that of the male sex, with comparatively slight recognition of those without whose devoted and indispensable co operation there could have been no substitution of civilization and christianity for the savage life of the aborigines, as now found here. With the bare labors and exploits of the men undertaking such radical change in conditions, however determined or persistent their purpose, there must have been utter failure, but for the support to be found only in homes and social advantages not possible without the presence and unselfish devotion of mothers, wives, sisters and daughters.

In this connection becomes pertinent the special and just recognition of the Mother of the "Father of his Country," in form of a magnificent monument unveiled with fitting demonstration at Fredericksburg, Va., May 10th, 1894. Most prominent in the exercises of that occasion was President Cleveland, who made very appropriate remarks, specially fitting from one of Washington's official successors. The column bears the simple inscription: "Mary, the Mother of Washington." The true relations borne by woman in every department of civilized life could hardly have been more clearly or more justly presented, than was done in the words of the President, in his presentation of the case of Mrs.

Washington. It was eminently just toward her, and no less so as to the great body of mothers bearing so largely the responsibilities and cares necessary to human progress. While it is true, that but one woman can be honored as the Mother of Washington, it is no less true, that but for the vast aggregate of pioneer mothers faithfully meeting their responsibilities in the Colonies, there could have been no Washington to make proper a monument to his mother.

The case of the Washington Monument has added interest here, from the fact that it was made possible very largely by the persistent efforts of Mrs. Amelia C. Waite, so well known as the wife of the late Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite; she for some fifty years having been prominent among the Pioneer Women of the Maumee Valley. She was President of the Washington Monumental Association, organized in 1890, through whose efforts the requisite funds were raised, every State of the Union contributing to the same.

In the nature of the case, this first attempt at special record of Pioneer Women, is limited in extent. It would be impracticable now to do more than inaugurate such work, which it is hoped may be continued until something like justice be done those to whom are so largely due the present advance and remarkable prosperity of the region thus signally benefited.

The fitness of the departure from custom now made, will be the more highly appreciated from the portraits given of Pioneer Women, the regret in the case arising in the fact, that it has not been found practicable now to present a larger number of such fitting mementoes of the class so highly entitled to recognition. Unfortunate in this connection is the fact, that the great body of these had passed away before camera or pencil was available for such fitting record. But it is hoped that for future issues additional portraits may be secured.

December, 1895.

The Maumee Valley and Its History.

WHAT DOES FORT MEIGS STAND FOR AND REPRESENT?

BY DENISON B. SMITH.

THE late "unpleasantness" with the Southern members of these United States, settled by the arbitrament of the sword on bloody battlefields without number, at cost of human life and human suffering and treasure unparalleled and matchless in the world's history, occurring within a comparatively recent period of our history, has so occupied our thoughts as almost to blot out of memory the heroic deeds of a very few, comparatively, of our citizen-soldiers, from 1794 to 1813 and 1848. This is not surprising. Hundreds of thousands of fathers, sons and brothers of our own times gave up their lives in the war of rebellion; and what is a daily reminder of the bloody sacrifice, is, the presence in our midst of the survivors, with many a mute appeal of empty sleeves and pants.

But am I correct? Are the people of this country, not residents of the West, forgetting our early contests, and the hardships, sufferings and death of a less numerous but no less heroic band of citizen-soldiers and martyrs in the defence of home and liberty? Let us see. I know an intelligent person living on the banks of the Ohio river, who was here at the annual meeting of the Maumee Valley Monumental Association, who wanted to know what we were celebrating, and what events this old Fort Meigs scene of conflict and slaughter represented. Another illustration. Two gentlemen of intelligence, one an army officer, were passing the monument to Gen. Worth, near the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and the civilian asked the army man, "And who was Gen. Worth?" "So passes away earthly glory." How many of us here remember the splendid record of Gen. Worth in Mexico.

It is very meet, right and the bounden duty of this great people to

love and cherish the remembrance of her early and later heroes, living and dead. It is becoming, in this present generation and before the world is older, and while the survivors of our latest war are yet with us, to purchase and suitably mark, by monument and tablet, the scenes of their conflicts; and I maintain, that it is no less an inspiration of patriotism to consecrate in like manner the ground and the devotion to their country of those who achieved perhaps no less important earlier results. Commencing with Gen. Wayne's campaign; the march of his little army through dense forests, with altogether inadequate means of protection, compared with the facilities of our time; the battle of Fallen Timbers, three miles above here, with the final contests of 1812-13, made sure to us, in my judgment, the country from the Ohio river to the Canadian borders on the great lakes.

Who can adequately schedule the ultimate riches gained by the Mexican war? It is a provision and evolution of wealth that cannot be measured by years. The fruit of all these early contests, was a continent devoted to human freedom and equal rights. These results are ever before us in agriculture, manufacture and an internal commerce greater than the world has before seen. The lesson, to my mind, is that the Government, which means the people of to-day, can well afford to purchase and appropriately mark the battlefields where all this wealth and happiness were won by the blood and life of our fathers. I hope I have suitably responded to the question at the threshold of my paper, and that the whole country may know what Fort Meigs stands for.

And now, I desire briefly to commemorate an early and very important Fort Meigs celebration. It was in 1840, twenty-seven years subsequent to its evacuation by our troops. I was then twenty-three years of age, and the thought comes to me to-day, that but few are living who were present on that occasion, of that age. It was an enormous assembling of the people. An era of adverse conditions had swept over the country. The State banks that never should have had an existence, had made almost universal and disastrous failures. Their managers had aided to swell the tide of speculation in lands at values baseless and fictitious; and when the reverse came, their securities for loans were inconvertible and worthless. Their circulating notes in the hands of the people were a dead loss. Solvent money was almost unobtainable, and business of all kinds greatly depressed. Agriculture had been neglected for operations in land. There were no surplus products, and

no markets for them, if there had been. There was no manufacturing to support population, and never was the West in a more hand-to-mouth condition. In my judgment, this country has never experienced adversity corresponding to that which followed the speculation and "Wild Cat" banking previous to 1840. The only money recourse in this locality was that disbursed by the state in the construction of the Wabash and Erie Canal, and the low credit of our State and the stringency of money at that period is illustrated by the fact, that Ohio six per cent. bonds were sold in payment to Canal contractors at 50 cents on the dollar. It cost twelve to fifteen per cent. premium on any kind of money in circulation to purchase a solvent draft on New York.

All these events produced in the minds of the people a condition of great discontent, and almost of despair. The people turned to the political administration of the period, and unjustly assailed it as the cause of all their adversity, and resolved to over-turn it. That Fort Meigs outpouring of the people signalized their thought and will. Never, since then, has there occurred a period representing so apparently unanimous public sentiment. The people had taken possession of the campaign and the result was a victory as irresistible as Niagara. It was the "Harrison, Log Cabin, Hard Cider," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" campaign. The number of people here on this ground and covering the adjacent lands was estimated at from fifteen to twenty thousand. All the passenger steamers on the lakes, fifteen in number, left their different routes of business, and came to Perrysburg, with the Commodore Perry, Capt. Wilkinson in the lead, all loaded to the guards with people from all the Eastern States. The passage of this fleet of steamers was greeted by the cheers of our citizens along the banks, and responded to by cannon from the boats. No similar procession has ever been witnessed. The public highways were filled with every description of land carriage. Horse-teams, and long teams of oxen blocked up the roads. Horses and oxen were garlanded with trimmings and mottoes expressive of the public sentiment of the day. Wagons were loaded with miniature log-cabins, with all the details of Western primitive housekeeping in full progress. In other wagons were to be found barrels of cider, and some of them on tap, to my personal knowledge. Furs and peltries, especially the fox and coon, supposed to be symbolic of the character of the President, were arranged in all manner of funny ways to excite the people. The air resounded

with the songs of the period, and it was a great roaring, singing mass of men, women and children, who came to the great convention. Gen. Harrison, the hero of the Western wars of 1812-13, was here and delivered a long and eloquent address, but in a voice so feeble as to be heard by not more than 500 of the vast mass of people. He was the nominee of the Whigs for President, and swept the country like a cyclone. At the following November election, I cast my first vote for President and for Gen. Harrison. His nomination was a mistake. It was a sacrifice to political expediency of a talented, patriotic and worthy gentleman, but one who was physically weak and by no means equipped for the laborious duties of the office, and death very soon relieved him from its cares and toils.

To the few who were twenty-three at that celebration, and are living to-day, it is interesting to recall the events and scenes of 1840. The judgment of the people is not always accurate, and it was not then. The prevalent adversities were based upon over-trading in land at enormous values, in which the banks of the country aided by their issues, and when the day of redemption came, the land could not be sold and the banks squatted. It was Argentina on a smaller scale. We are doing better now. We lend about half the cash value and the land can be relied upon to furnish the means for redemption.

And now, I desire to emphasize the importance of our organization and the responsibility of its members. Do we to-day fully appreciate the importance of both these thoughts? I want to group and present them to you as they occur to me. The Maumee Valley Pioneer Association is by no means simply an organization for social purposes, as much as we can commend that feature; but it was designed, and yet exists as a society for making and presenting the records of early life in this Valley. Its office is to perpetuate the memory of early events and the early settlers who suffered great privations in clearing the forests and opening the paths that have led to the present high conditions of civilization, refinement and wealth. The lives of these men and women, what they did and said, ought to fill a precious page in our records and I want to suggest that any of those who have correct reminiscences of early lives and early events in the Valley, should devote time enough to write them out and send them to the Secretary at Toledo, who will see that they are properly revised, when necessary, and made of record. That is part of the responsibility of each member. We are

responsible for the preservation of such records, for the satisfaction, happiness and real benefit of those who succeed us in membership of our association. In some period in the future we shall adopt a name which will represent the character of the Association, as an Historical Society. As a step in that direction, we shall soon have a room devoted to the preservation of relics and the histories of our friends. It will be a removal of the ark to its resting place.

And now, in closing, I want to greet, and most tenderly and cordially do I greet those upon whom, like myself, accumulating years are whitening the locks. The flying years will soon enough bring us to the period when we must submit to the demands of infirmity. Meantime, let us blend in our lives the remembrances and habits of days younger than now. Let us group some of the activities of younger, with the experiences and wisdom of present days. It is a beautiful world to live in, and often and often we are at fault if we are not happy in it. We remember a great many mistakes that we have committed. It is too late to correct them, but it is not too late to seek a better and richer usefulness in our lives, to guide our intercourse with each other and with all the world by a spirit of love and charity, which He taught who was the Exemplar of all purity. Let us seek to "deal justly, love mercy and walk humbly before Him." Then let us grow old slowly,

"Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light,
Under full sail and the harbor in sight,
Growing old slowly, cheerful and bright."

ADDRESS BY REV. MARK RICHARDSON.

Venerable and Esteemed Pioneers of the Great Valley of the Maumee:

We have a great country. Let me say, that every State and every Territory in this great United States was redeemed by blood and treasure. Every foot of it. In the Revolutionary War what treasures, what blood were sacrificed to make this a free country! At the time of the war of 1812 to 1815, with Great Britain, what human blood, what treasures, what suffering, what sacrifice! In the war with Mexico, and in our late home internal war. I say every-

thing has been redeemed by blood and treasure. It is estimated that in the late war there were one million of lives sacrificed. The treasure that was spent run into billions of dollars. If all the tears that these wars have caused to flow could be collected in one great reservoir, an army might swim in it. If all the blood that was shed in these wars to redeem this country and make it a free country, could have been collected together, an army might bathe in that blood.

Well, it was worth fighting for such a country. We have the best government and country under the blue heavens. A government of equal rights and the common blessings equal to all, and a common law throwing out her protecting arm over the cottage as well as the mansion. We have a great country; the best on the globe. There is abundance of money in this land to purchase everything needed. If you have a dollar, it is one hundred cents, whether it be gold, silver or paper. There is no discount. It will go anywhere and purchase anything. We have the highest credit, perhaps, of any nation on the globe. Our bonds go in all parts of the world where offered, at a high premium, and we are paying our national debt a little faster, perhaps, than any nation on the globe, and no repudiation of our debts either. We are willing all men shall have their dues. It is a great country that can say even that much.

We look abroad at our common schools. Our free school system you cannot find anything to equal. We have 130,000 schools to-day, with 230,000 teachers of schools to educate our children, to educate the country, and none need be ignorant. These free schools are open to all. Then, again, we have our churches—the very four-corners of our freedom. One is the electoral franchise, universal. Every male citizen, of whatever color or nationality, if he be a citizen, has this great privilege. Then, we have a free press, and free speech. In addition to all this, we have an open Bible. We have open churches, where all men can go and worship God, and where all ought to go and ought to belong; where they can go and worship God, under their own vine and fig tree, in the church of their choice and according to their conscience, and man or devil could not interfere with them.

Now, pioneers, we old fellows have a good deal to be thankful for. We are monuments to-day of God's mercy. Imagine 10,000 human beings starting out at the age of 21 on life's journey. In ten years,

one-third of that 10,000 have disappeared from the journey. In ten years more, when at middle life, one-half have disappeared from the race-course. At the age of three-score, 600 tottering pilgrims, out of the 10,000, only remain. Six in every hundred. At the age of three-score and ten, there are two hundred out of the 10,000, tottering along life's pathway. At the age of four-score, there are to be found about thirty of the 10,000. At the age of ninety, there are six, and at the age of one hundred, there is one left. A marvel, a wonder of the world, and there he is tottering and fluttering like one of the last leaves found in autumn. Then we look again, and he is gone. "The days of our years are three-score and ten, and if by reason of strength they be four-score, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for soon it is cut off and we fly away."

Then, pioneers, you are monuments of God's mercy. Living monuments of His mercy. You ought to be among the best people in the world. Old in goodness and good in oldness. While we have the best country on the face of the earth, yet, we are not without faults. We are matchless; matchless as a nation. Why, at the war, when we conquered Great Britain, King George wanted to have a celebration, a jubilee, as well as the States and Territories. Well, they might have a jubilee. They were victorious. They had sent the British home defeated. And they had a jubilee. George thought he would not be outdone by the rebels, and he called for a jubilee, too. Well, he had an old friend in Windsor Castle, very intimate with the king, and he asked the king: "For what is this jubilee? Is it because your majesty has lost thirteen of the brightest jewels from his crown?" (meaning the thirteen States). "No, no," was the reply, "not for that." "Well, is it because so many millions of treasure has been added to our debt in this war?" "No, no." "Is it because so many thousands of our brave men in conflict with men of the same color, same blood, same nationality and religions—is it because so many thousands have lost their lives in this unhappy war?" "No, no," said the king, gravely shaking his head. "Not for that." "For what reason, then, please, your majesty, shall we give this jubilee?" George raised up and with great energy said, "Thank God it is no worse!" Well, he put me in mind of the Dutchman who fell from the masthead and broke his leg. "What a mercy that it was not my neck," he exclaimed. George certainly had reason to be

thankful that it was no worse, and he got off easy in this conflict, too. I say we have much to be thankful for.

Well, here are old veterans who fought for the flag and maintained our national honor. Here are the old veterans telling of their privations and then their victory. Here is another class, our old pioneers, and they are telling how they cultivated the soil, cut down the forests, leveled all obstructions they met, and turned the howling wilderness into a green land of beautiful cultivation. They are telling of their labor and privations. Then another class I see—all Christians. They begin to tell of their depravity and terrible sins and rebellion, when they murdered reason and kicked common sense out of doors, in fighting against God and their own souls and all that was good. Here are these three classes, telling how we repented and passed from death unto life, and what joy and peace, light, life and love we have in the service of the great God our heavenly Father. We are telling all this. Some men, however, do not know anything at all about gratitude. Do not know when they are well. They were born grumblers, have lived grumblers and will die grumblers, and then they will go to a grumbler's home. They will never learn anything, unless they learn to work by want when deprived of all these blessings. Now praise God for all these privileges. Our beautiful land, our homes, our freedom, our government, our money, and all the blessings God has showered upon us.

There was once a time in Switzerland, when some of those old shepherds were away up in the Alps, you know. When one felt very happy, remembering God's love and goodness, he would take up his Alpine horn and shout aloud through it, "Praise ye the Lord!" Then a brother herdsman on another slope, away up another mountain, with his horn shouts back, "Praise ye the Lord!" Then another, still higher up, on the peak of the mountain kissing the clouds, takes up his horn and shouting and re-echoing down those hills, is heard, "Praise ye the Lord!" until hill shouts to hill, peak echoes to peak sublime praise to the goodness of the Giver of all good. We have, indeed, blessings to be thankful for and to rejoice over. When God made this beautiful world and gave it to man, He asked His angels what they thought of this world. One answered, "It is so perfect; it is so good; it is so beautiful; it is so complete that only one thing is lacking. God should have created one clear, mighty,

harmonious voice in creation, singing, 'Praise ye the Lord!'" God did not do that, but He created you and me, and when He made us Christians, He gave us a mouth, a tongue, a heart, that all should be employed in praising God "from whom all blessings flow." Praise Him in your hearts. Be grateful to God. Employ your talents, energies and powers in loving and lifting up humanity, in bringing down to the children of men God's blessing. By and bye, He will say to each one of us who is here when our days are numbered, "Come up. Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord."

ADDRESS BY GEN. D. W. H. HOWARD.

Well, is it worth while to take up the old ashes of these men? Take up the ashes? No. Protect the ashes of the men who sleep, who laid down their lives and opened up the great enterprise of the North West. They sleep in unknown, unmarked graves.

I said to Congress, "Take a little of your overflowing treasury." Why, silver is worth 100 cents on the dollar, and the treasury is overflowing. I say, take some of that. Around us are the battle-fields. There lie Dudley's soldier men. Over here, the Kentucky Blues. Friends, you have ploughed among these graves and desecrated the ground where sleep these men who came to us in 1813. Men who came 300 miles through forests to drive back the savage who had raised his tomahawk, saying that this was his country and the pale-face could not have it! Washington told a delegation who went there, that the king had signed a treaty giving to the Americans the line of the lakes. The Indian said to Gen. Washington, "My father, the king, across the great water, does not own our country. It is our hunting-ground. Our braves will defend it. Our women and children starve for food when you drive them back." Then the tomahawk was raised. I said to those people: "A few acres of ground in each locality will secure the cemeteries where these people are buried." A little money will raise a monument that will keep alive the patriotism in the breasts of those men who laid down that we might be here to-day. I care more for that, than I do for the mere protection of the dust of the men who have lain a century under the sod. I do, my fellow-citizens, to-day. I care more that these places shall be marked; that your children and

theirs to follow, shall have something to quicken the patriotism that inspired these men to come here and give their lives for you. Now, of all the hardships that the soldier endures, we are all conversant who know anything about the early wars and histories. I think the pioneer, and I mean by that the early settler who came, for instance, from 1810 to 1830, to the Maumee Valley, suffered more in hardships, privations, sickness and death, than did the soldier who in a few hours laid down his life.

You have had a very fine paper read here by a lady of your city. Such a paper is not competent to delineate all of the hardships and privations that come to the pioneer woman. This is the first time the pioneer women have been presented to this association. It is a magnificent paper. The few sketches that were given, and they were all of the brighter side, are simply a few reminiscences of the hundreds of other women who came with them.

I made the suggestion to the association a few years ago, that I thought a picnic, a social gathering was well enough, but I thought we had had pretty nearly enough of that, if that was all there was to it. The pioneers are nearly all gone. Why not now have something practical? Why not raise a shaft to the pioneers who came into the valley three-fourths of a century ago? You are competent to do it. Will you do it? I would like to live long enough to harass the Congress of the United States until they come to time and erect proper protection to these soldiers. I would like to live to reiterate to you that the pioneers of the valley erect something to the memory of the early pioneers. If the men do not deserve it, I am sure the women do. I know my mother did, and every other mother.

Now, to-day, you have a magnificent audience, a magnificent gathering. There are hundreds here not pioneers, but descendants of pioneers, who sympathize with you. A movement must be made. Initiatory steps must be taken. I want to say further in behalf of the Monumental Association, permit me to ask you to co-operate in asking the Congress of the United States. I claim it of them as a duty. I do not go begging to Congress. I ask what is your right. I ask the Congress of the United States, "What are the rights of the people sitting before us to-day; the descendants of the men and women who sleep in your soil here?" I am sure you will co-operate. There is no reason why there should be any division. Inaugurate some movement

by which you may start the ball rolling. If they will let me stay with you awhile, I will keep hammering away at those fellows at Washington. I have been there once or twice. I succeeded in getting an engineer once. I spent two weeks with the engineer-in-chief. He platted every one of these battle-fields; every one of the cemeteries; made large maps of all of them; recorded and made prints of the whole work and published it. An appropriation was made for that and it was all paid for. The last thing I asked for in Washington, was when I was sure the bill would pass, that they send a competent engineer. I said to Senator Sherman, who helped me some there, "I want a man with a little grey in his hair. I want an experienced man. I do not want a boy with shoulder-straps to go with me over Fort Meigs and Defiance. I want one who knows more than I do about the work." They sent a man who had years of experience in the rebellion and he made a perfect work. I want to say to you, that I have not the least doubt that, with proper energy; by sticking to it, if you please; we will accomplish our object. These grounds and graves will be protected as parks and resorts, and the government will pay for them and own them.

I have been asked the question, "Gen. Howard, did you ever know the Government to appropriate money, unless there was a job in it?" He smiled a little when I answered, "There is a job in this." I desire that the Government of the United States do take this job. Make the contracts as binding and iron-clad as you please, and bind the Government to be responsible. We will give you our time and pay our expenses. We do not want the Government to pay anything to us. Do the work according to your own plans, with your own employes as engineers, and I think the Government will appropriate.

A lady requested me to say a few words upon a subject, and hundreds of others might be told like it. I remember of saying to Gen. Hayes once, that days might be spent in these reminiscences. I sometimes write these little things. This lady read a paper referring to Mrs. Knaggs, one of the earliest pioneer women of the valley. Her son more than once repeated this story to me. In visiting him, he has told it to me and to my wife. I did not pay so much attention to it at first, but later, being much interested, I asked him to repeat it to me. Gen. Harrison was fearful of getting out of ammunition, especially powder. He communicated with the Colonel, but he was fearful

his supplies would not come in time. He therefore employed Mrs. Knaggs, who was conversant with all the ways of the savages, French and English, to quietly obtain all the powder she could buy from the traders, a little at a time so that no suspicion could be aroused. Her son, George, was doing the same, and possibly the other boys. She obtained quite a supply of the powder. Then came the question, how to get it to the fort. Why, the bank of the river bristled with British pickets. Now, I repeat to you what was told me, and I believe it was the truth. They could get the powder to the fort in no other way, and so she tied together two or three of the packages of powder into about five pound packages, and these at different times she conveyed to Harrison at the fort. How did she do this? Why, she swam the river with that powder tied securely to her head. I might say to you, that all frontier women could swim—French, English, and Indian. She brought these packages of powder across, coming up the river beyond the picket line. Now, a friend of mine, in whom I have the utmost confidence, told me his mother did that, and that friend was Col. Geo. Knaggs. Do you appreciate the work of such women? I know this audience does. That was what one of the pioneers of this Maumee Valley did.

Again, I ask and urge that you people of the Maumee Valley take hold and help us to put up something that will keep these reminiscences before the generations to come after us.

PIONEER HOME LIFE.

MARY S. HUNT.

Mrs. MARY S. HUNT, one of the first pioneer women of the Valley, and wife of Gen. John E. Hunt, was married May, 1822, in Detroit. Her wedding tour was on horseback from that city to Maumee, making the journey in three stages. First day, to Trenton; second, to Monroe; the third day, facing a driving rain, they arrived at Maumee. Mrs. Hunt was delighted with the scenery on the river, and at once loved her new home. It has been said, that "probably among all the pioneers of the Maumee Valley, no other brought in higher degree personal grace and accomplishment, than did she; and yet, of them all, none more readily assimilated to the peculiar circumstances and demands of those early times. She began housekeeping in a log-house on what was called the "Reserve," part of which property was bought many years after by Mr. William B. Dicks and built upon, and where his widow still resides. In two years a new home was erected upon the brow of the hill, over-looking the river, opposite Fort Meigs. Here her kitchen was in the basement, dining-room on the floor above (every meal being carried upstairs, as there were then no "dumb waiters"); and her bed-room in the upper story; an arrangement modern housekeepers would hardly call convenient and labor-saving. But true it is, that the busiest ones find the most time to help others, and Mrs. Hunt, always watchful for opportunity to do good, it was no unusual thing for her to bring home some one convalescing from bilious fever (so prevalent then on the Maumee), whose home comforts were limited, and care for her till strength returned. The pleasure of driving was always much greater, if an afflicted friend who needed recreation accompanied her. She early joined the Methodist Church, and her house was always open to the pioneer ministers. Elder Gavitt, still living in Toledo and near ninety years old, being one of her first guests; and such was the veneration taught the young in those days, that if one of Christ's ministers occupied the spare chamber, her children

thought no harm could come to the house that night. Here, for thirty years, "her home was a center of hospitality to rich and poor alike." In 1853 Gen. Hunt moved to Toledo. Mrs. Hunt died Christmas morning, 1876, being nearly eighty-one years of age, making new and loving friends to the very last. In a memorial written at that time by a friend, this beautiful tribute is paid her:

"Her Christian earnestness was of that rare type, which, like a deep but noiseless fountain, overflowed unconsciously with blessings to all around. The warmth of interest she exhibited in the well-being of friends and acquaintances, the cordiality of her greetings to all, and the quiet self-forgetting earnestness of her daily efforts to do something for those around her, and to seek the needy and afflicted to do for them. All these traits, exhibited in their full activity almost to her dying day, made up the souvenirs of a character 'whose like we ne'er shall see again.'"

MRS. MARY RALPH SPAFFORD.

Amid the scenes of the Maumee Valley, there is much gratification when viewing them, to associate them with the life and personal character of those who lived, acted and took part in the early or pioneer times of its settlement.

The writer, not long since, was sitting on the Western brow of Fort Meigs, and while there in a mood of reverie, there came drifting through his mind something of the traditional and written history of the grand picture before him. On the flats, just West of the fort, stands to-day a few pear trees, which aid to outline or locate the home of one of the first pioneer families of this beautiful valley, as well as the hamlet of Orleans. Here, at a very early time, history records the fact of many families living, all bound together, as it were, with true brotherly love; the outgrowth of hearts that shared equally the vicissitudes and the joys and hopes of a frontier life.

Notwithstanding a declaration of ownership of this territory by the Government, few only of the whites of the country were willing to penetrate and reside in this yet unforsaken abode of the Indian. In the year of 1810, Maj. Spafford came here to perform the duties of Collector of the Port of Miami. He was also appointed Deputy Postmaster. A copy of his return to the Government, as Collector for the

first quarter of his services, ending June 30th, 1810, shows the aggregate amount of exports to have been \$5,640.85. This amount was for skins, furs and bears' oil. Among the settlers of that year (1810) were Andrew Race, Thos. Leaming, Halsey W. Leaming, James Carlin, Wm. Carter, George Blalock, James Slason, Samuel Ewing, Jesse Skinner, David Hull, Thos. Dick, Wm. Peters, Andrew Hickox, and Richard Gifford, all of whom came into the valley the same year; in fact, no authentic account is given of any others, except Col. John Anderson and Peter Manor, who came prior to that time.

Our pleasant, peaceful, convenient way of living, with every luxury the world affords, obtainable with a little wholesome exertion, cannot serve to give us any idea of the privations, hopes and fears those early settlers must have had in their endeavor to provide comfortable homes for those dependent upon them. But in the midst of their endeavors, there came a greater trial than usually comes in labor's peaceful field. Somewhere near the pear trees alluded to, the first home of Maj. Spafford was built; and all was moving on reasonably well until sometime in the year 1812, when the second war with England was proclaimed.

After Hull's surrender at Detroit, nearly all of the families at the foot of the Rapids fled immediately, but Maj. Spafford and some others remained till a man of the name of Gordon informed the Major that about fifty Pottawattomies would be coming that way, bound for Malden. The Major and his friends that had remained on the river, now hurriedly put in sailing condition an old pirogue, and took such of their effects as they could quickly gather and sailed down the river and lake to Milan, a Quaker settlement on the Huron river (now in Erie county), where they remained until the close of the war. Before arrangements had been definitely made to return to the Maumee Valley, there came to Milan, in an overland conveyance from Vermont, one Capt. Elijah Jones, with his wife, little daughter and others, destined for the West, where a home could be made. Soon an attachment grew between Maj. Spafford and Capt. Jones. From this intimate association, Capt. Jones was persuaded to join the Major's party and come to the beautiful Maumee, but before taking their leave, Capt. Jones was taken sick and died. The funeral and ceremonies over, then came the sad time for the widow, as well as a trying experience upon the sympathetic nature of Maj. Spafford; but in the goodness of

his heart, he proffered the lone widow and her child a home in his family as long as she would desire to make it such. Mrs. Jones, in her grief-stricken circumstances, knew not what to do, whether to accept the offer made her, or endeavor to go back to the mountain home in Vermont. Upon due consideration, she concluded to accept the kind offer and came with Maj. Spafford's family to the valley of the Maumee, soon after the War of 1812 had ended.

On the Major's return, he found everything regarding his home in a very bad plight, for everything of worth pertaining to their old home had been destroyed by the Indians. But, with undaunted courage they made arrangements for a temporary home till a permanent one could be built. Many living to-day can remember the second home built by Major Spafford, just east of those pear-trees now standing. The store-house, the farm-house, the great cider-press and mill, barns, sheep-sheds, the old orchard south of the pear-trees; the new or younger one west, just north of those pear-trees; the vegetable garden and the never-to-be-forgotten peach orchard, east of all, made up one of the quaint, happy homes of this beautiful valley at an early day. Still east, but a little distance, and at the foot of Fort Meigs, on the north, was Orleans, a village that made pretensions to greatness long before Toledo or Perrysburg was thought of. If you walk to the western end of the fort, you can see on the flats below those pear-trees, representing the nucleus around which clusters in the memory of the older pioneers now living, all the conveniences, though rude they may have been, that made one of the rural homes of this valley pleasant, comfortable and long to be remembered.

It was in this descriptive home that Mrs. Jones and little daughter cast their future lot. Be it said to the memory of Maj. Spafford, that no better home could have been provided, as the sequel will show. The Major, no doubt, was prompted by the noblest of motives when he proffered a home to them, but it savors a little of Abraham's judgment in making a selection for his son Isaac. Kindness, love and affection were generously bestowed upon the widow and her little daughter, in their new-made home by the Major's family, especially did the Major's son give every attention to the "little girl," and no doubt the young and beautiful widow received her due share, for February 20th, 1817, she became the wife of Aurora Spafford, the Major's son. This was the first marriage solemnized in the Maumee

Valley under the laws of the State of Ohio, Charles Gunn, J. P., officiating. But a short time after their marriage, the little daughter was sent to call her mother's husband to breakfast. In her child-like way she said, "Aurora, come to breakfast." But the young married man, having a little pride, called the little girl to him and said, "Hereafter you call me 'father,' my little dear, and I will ever be to you a kind and true one." The little girl, then about six years old, often related that little instance in her later life, and said that her stepfather was true to his promise, for no daughter ever had a more kind or better parent. Work, school and the usual rural amusements and pastime engaged the young life of Miranda, for that was the name of the little girl, until she had reached nineteen summers, when she became the wife of J. L. Crane, April 15th, 1830. Of her mother's type, she had only one view of life; that was, to make her family most happy by performing every duty that would have a tendency to that end. She, her husband and three children have passed away; only two sons are now living an unassuming life on a farm east of Perrysburg.

It would be an oversight the pioneers now living would hardly excuse, if further mention was not made of Mrs. Mary Ralph Spafford, who became in later years the one to care for and direct the affairs of that rural home, built after the war had ended and only exists now in the memory of the older pioneers or in the imagination of traditional knowledge. Mrs. Spafford was born in Princeton, Mass., Sept. 20th, 1791; her parents moved to Woodstock, Vt., while she yet was a little child, and where she lived till united in marriage with Elijah Jones, Dec. 24th, 1809; her father, Edward Ralph, performing the ceremony, he being a Baptist minister. About two years after their marriage, Capt. Jones, wife and little daughter, moved to York State; thence, in company with western adventurers, to Milan, where Capt. Jones died; the widow, as already stated, accepting a home in Maj. Spafford's family. Mrs. Spafford was an unassuming, kind, discreet woman. She was ever interested in providing for the wants of her family. Much of the wearing apparel and bed clothes were manufactured by her from wool, cotton or flax.

Mrs. Amelia M. Perrin, a most worthy woman, now living in her 85th year, with all of her faculties except hearing, in active use, giving her the appearance of a woman much younger, especially when

engaged in conversing about the days of her youth. She told the writer that Mrs. Spafford was the first woman in Orleans who enjoyed the luxury of an ingrain carpet. She also remembers much of the weaving Mrs. Spafford did, especially the coverlets which were so much prized in those days. Mrs. Spafford lived for many years on the old homestead, known at this time as the "Spafford farm," just above the present site of Fort Meigs. Subsequently Judge Spafford moved into Perrysburg, and since his death, she has remained his widow. Being independent, regarding the care of herself, she preferred to keep house and bought herself a pleasant home, dividing her time there and with her children, Mrs. J. L. Crane, of Perrysburg, and Jas. A. Spafford (deceased), of Hull's Prairie. She was the mother of six children and outlived all but one of them. The secret of her long and useful life, was, no doubt, the care and regularity in her manner of living. She had a remarkable set of teeth, sufficient to masticate her food well up to the day of her death; never complained of toothache, that dreadful affection. From childhood she had made it a point to clean her teeth after eating. She died at her son's residence, Jas. A. Spafford, of Hull's Prairie, Saturday, January 18th, 1879, in the 88th year of her age. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. T. J. Pope, of Haskins, on Monday, January 20th, after which the remains were taken past the old homestead and farm over Fort Meigs, familiar scenes to her in years gone by, to the Perrysburg cemetery, and laid away after so long a life of usefulness and activity. Previous to her first marriage she joined the Baptist Church, her father, Rev. Edward Ralph, being the pastor. After her marriage to Judge Spafford, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Perrysburg, which relation she held until her death. Born soon after the Revolutionary War, she grew to womanhood hearing frequent recital of that long and bloody contest. In the War of 1812 she was at an age and in a position to know much about the whole affair. At the time of the late war, she was zealous in reading much about that sanguine affair and having a very retentive memory, in fact, she was good authority on all the principal facts connected with the three wars. Such is a sketch or brief outline of the life of a kind mother, a faithful wife, a discreet woman in all of her family affairs, as well as a pioneer woman of the Maumee Valley who will long be remembered.

SUSAN WAKEMAN SCOTT.

BY FRANK J. SCOTT.

My mother, Susan Wakeman, was born in Southport, Fairfield County, Connecticut, in 1797. Her father was a wealthy ship-owner, and her education, especially in music, was of the best. At the age of 27 she married Jesup W. Scott, of Ridgefield, Fairfield County, Connecticut. Their wedding tour was by one-horse chaise from Connecticut to Columbia, S. C., where Mr. Scott opened a law office. He subsequently, with mother's assistance, conducted an academy at Augusta, Ga. My brother, William H. and myself were born in South Carolina, and Maurice A. in Ridgefield, Conn., in 1830, when, by reason of threatened nullification by South Carolina of the laws of the United States, my father had returned to the North. Jesup Wakeman, Mrs. Scott's father, had extensive ownership of lands in Huron County, Ohio. My father and mother came with their young family to Florence, in that county, in the fall of 1830, to the home of Judge Ezra Sprague. He edited and published at Milan, in 1831-32, *The Ohio and Michigan Emigrant's Guide and Farmer's Register*. In 1832 he came alone to the Maumee and purchased the Sutphen tract of 70 acres, swamp and sand-hill, on which the Toledo Court House and High School now stand. In May, 1833, the family came to Perrysburg in a "Pennsylvania moving wagon," being two days on the road from Lower Sandusky (Fremont) to the Maumee. The writer remembers very distinctly camping out on the Portage river, and especially my mother boiling water to make tea by the road-side on the usual forked stakes and cross-piece of the camp. The covered wagon was the sleeping place of the family. I remember, also, the story-and-a-half squared log house that we went into on the North side of Louisiana Avenue, in Perrysburg, and that soon afterwards we removed to a little frame house on the opposite side of the street, which occupied the lot between ——— street and the alley northwest.

About this time a wonderful fashion of emigration to the West had set in among the educated youth of the first families of New England and New York. Father loved educated society and was a fine conversationalist. Mother, soon after moving into the "yellow cottage," got a fine piano. The society that was hospitably welcomed into that little house in 1833, '34 and '35, would be a surprise to any

village of its size in the country to-day. In all my subsequent life, I have never seen more choice society of educated men than were visitors at our house during the summer months of those years. Father's enthusiasm about the future development of cities on the Maumee, was unbounded. What has happened in Chicago, was, in his prophetic vision, the destiny of "The City" of the West end of Lake Erie. Mother shared little in his enthusiasms, but bore all the small privations and annoyances of life in the primitive town with high cheerfulness—always less elated by prosperity and less depressed by adversity than he.

Mud was the horror of those days. The whole surface of the country was ready to be made into mud, on the slightest provocation. But village streets became especial wallows after every rain. The clay soil of Maumee and Perrysburg is almost unequalled in the world, in its sticky quality. The boys, when they returned from school or play in wet weather, were literally plastered with it from toes to hips. Those were the things that tried women's souls. The boys' and men's pants, when "stood up" to dry around the open fires, would sometimes stand alone without legs in them; and when dried or baked, would require muscle and patience to beat them out so as to bring the original cloth into sight and pliancy. The boys were in bed when this work was done, but my mother's resolute cheerfulness stood all drafts upon it.

I remember one Sunday morning in June, 1833. My father suggested to mother that she join him in a walk to Fort Meigs. I went with them. I have a distinct recollection of the many pretty places on the south side of the river bank street, after passing "The Exchange," which looked a very stylish house in those days, and (thank fortune) still remains a perfect souvenir of the "stage-days" of the time. The marvelous beauty of the river views, as seen on that walk and at Fort Meigs, would have remained vividly printed on my memory, even had I not been a witness of my father's enthusiasm and my mother's delight over them. Capt. David Wilkison's home (long since burned), and the Jonathan Perrin place, were the two finest places on the road. The latter, which is still standing, inspired my childish fancy as a wonderful place—it had such a beautiful fence! Imagine my delight, to meet dear old lady Perrin, the then mistress of that home, now in the nineties, at the last meeting of the Pioneer Society.

My mother was a very tall and slender woman, of rather cold aspect to strangers, but of unfailing hospitality and genialness to old acquaintances. Her poorer relations always loved to visit "Aunt Susan." When reverses came to my father's fortune, and we lived at Miami, growing poorer and poorer every year from 1838 to 1843, and my mother having to turn and twist the boys' clothes to make them "do," and to put on the patches two or three deep, her unfailing cheerfulness was a staff and strength that my father greatly needed. There was no pioneering in that. It has to be done in the oldest as well as in new countries.

But as I have been requested to give such bits of my mother's history, as seems connected with what are called "Pioneer days," I hope that it may be welcome. Mother died in 1882, aged 85.

HANNAH EMICK CROSS.

In the fall of 1822 we left Dayton for the Maumee river. We were four weeks and three days on the way, being obliged to make a road through the "Black Swamp." We started our fires by striking a flint and steel and catching the sparks on a piece of punk. We landed at the Adams hill, where stood a log-house of one story. The wolves were numerous and would come and scratch on our door. There were two Indians to one white person. I was about seven years old when I came to the Maumee Valley. Our living was principally corn-bread, wild meat and fish, which latter were so numerous that the horses would stumble on them while fording the river. Waterville was first called "Stump Town." We lived there a short time and then moved to Maumee City. There was but one frame house in the place. This was in 1823.

I remember at the time of the "Black Hawk" scare, Mrs. Lucy Pray exhorted us all to be brave and calm, as "God would take care of us." The first Sunday School I ever attended was taught by Mrs. John E. Hunt, whom I always looked up to as a noble Christian woman. I was one of the first members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Waterville.

MRS. EMILY UNDERWOOD BALLOU.

My mother, whose maiden name was Emily Underwood, was born July 4th, 1809, in Onondaga Valley, New York. Her father, Artimeus Underwood, was married to Sally Todd, July, 1776. The family, consisting of the two last named and eight children, removed from the Valley (or, as it was then called, "Onondaga Hollow"), in 1818. They left the Hollow in the Spring of that year, and stopped at Flat Rock for a couple of months, to rest and make further preparation for the trip to the "Wabash Country," which was their objective point. After laying in the necessary supplies, they again started. Upon their arrival at Buffalo, all except the oldest son (Salmon) took passage on the first steamboat built on Lake Erie (the Walk-in-the-Water), the son driving the team around the south shore of the lake, through the Black Swamp, to Maumee—which was quite an undertaking for a lad of twenty—where they all met in a happy reunion early in September, 1818. At the time my grandfather's people landed in what is now Toledo, there were but two houses built, both being of logs, one hewn and the other rough.

After arriving at Maumee, it was considered too hazardous to push on to the Wabash, and they concluded to winter there and renew their journey the next season. But, alas for the propositions of men! Sickness and death soon followed. I will introduce the Bible record now before me, which, for nearly a century, has served to refresh memories weakened by time. I will give them in the order that I find them:

Gilbert Underwood, died Aug. 7th, 1819.

Milton Underwood, died Sept. 27th, 1819.

Salmon Underwood, died Oct. 4th, 1819.

Laura Underwood, died Oct. 21st, 1819.

Sally (my grandmother), died Nov. 21st, 1820.

Salmon and Gilbert, the oldest, were the main stay, and, of course, the thought of continuing the journey to the Wabash was discarded. My grandfather finally settled on Presque Isle Hill, on what is now known as the Ward farm.

I will relate an incident in which my mother was very closely connected. In one of her sylvan rambles she had chased a ground-hog (better known by old settlers as the wood-chuck) into a hollow

tree, and as his lordship had entered his villa near the ground, she adopted the well known method of "smoking him out." Filling the aperture with leaves, she procured a firebrand from the hearth (matches not being known at the time); she started a conflagration beyond her most sanguine expectations or wishes. The whole hill burned over, except where the cabin stood. The liabilities were two hogs in a pen and two small haystacks; assets, cabin and fixtures. She never knew what became of the ground-hog.

Mother was married to Orson Ballou, in 1831. In 1833 they settled four miles west of Waterville. The Indian camp was one mile south of them, and the Indians were frequent visitors at the house.

My father ran the grist-mill in Waterville for his uncle, John Pray, and was at home only at intervals. The whoop of the savage and the howl of wolf were the base and soprano of their nocturnal music. The owl and mosquito made up an impromptu alto and tenor. Here, for six years, with a small clearing and proportionate cabin, lived my mother, the nearest neighbor three miles away by trail, roads, like our ship canal, being only talked of.

I will relate an incident which will serve to show the coolness of a woman living under those circumstances. An Indian on his return from town, where he had imbibed pretty freely of "fire-water," entered the house and demanded whiskey. Father being at home at the time, refused him, saying he had none for him. The Indian seeing the camphor bottle on the shelf, said, "White man lie." This was too strong language coming from an Indian, for father to listen to quietly, and with persuasiveness that was usual with him on such occasions, he seized the Indian and an ejection took place. On closing the door or attempting to, it was found the Indian's rifle was between the door and jamb. He had left his rifle leaning against the jamb outside, so that it was but the work of a moment for him to prevent the closing. Seizing the gun near the muzzle and holding it upward, he permitted the door to open with the Indian's weight against it. With one vigorous kick from my father's heavy boot, he lay almost lifeless on the threshold. Reversing the rifle, father was about to send him to his "happy hunting ground," when mother sprang from the corner where she had retreated with the children, and throwing up the gun, she exclaimed, "We shall all be scalped before night, if you do." Of

course, when his anger subsided, father saw the folly of his position. Simply ordering the Indian to leave his premises, which order he readily obeyed, leaving his rifle until the next day, when he returned with his chief and reclaimed his property. The Indians frequently came to the house with berries to trade for corn meal. On one occasion an Indian came with cranberries and wanted meal in exchange. The meal being in the loft, could be reached only by the rude ladder secured to the logs. Mother being alone with the children, found it quite difficult to make the exchange. Telling the Indian to remain outside, she ascended the ladder, and had just finished dipping out the required quantity, when what was her astonishment to find that the Indian had followed her with his cat-like tread, and was looking in the barrel, at the same time remarking, "Pale-face, much meal." Of course, she was startled. Always showing sympathy and kindness to the Indian, she was generally beloved and respected by them, and had there been a general uprising, there is no question but she would have been unmolested.

O. W. BALLOU.

MRS. SALLIE WIGHTMAN WILKISON.

SALLIE WIGHTMAN was born April 14th, 1784, and died November 7th, 1839. She was a descendant of the last Christian martyr, Richard Wightman, burned at the stake in England, and of a long line of ministers of that name, some of whom "wrought effectively in securing religious liberty" in Connecticut and Rhode Island. Her father early in her life emigrated to Herkimer County, New York. Here she was married in 1803 to Jacob Wilkison, who was of Revolutionary stock. He had emigrated from New Jersey, and though young, was a man of means and influence. Not long after his marriage he emigrated to Ohio. He took his little family, (wife and three children), in the winter, in a sleigh, to Cleveland. But for some reason he concluded that was not the place he wanted for a permanent home; so in 1811 he came to the Maumee Valley, and settled at Orleans—which was then considered the "head of navigation on the Maumee river." The site of the settlement was just under the hill on which Fort Meigs afterwards was built. A number of families had settled there prior to that time, but the occupation was short, owing to the war of 1812.

Gen. Hull, very soon after the arrival of the Wilkison family,

passed through the country on his way to Detroit. He crossed the river with his army in plain sight of the people of Orleans. Soon the news came from Detroit of his surrender, which has been so often told. The settlers were obliged to leave their homes, with everything they had accumulated, and flee as best they could to places of safety. Jacob Wilkison took his family to Cleveland in an open boat which had been brought down from Fort Wayne by the soldiers, using a blanket for a sail. Mrs. Wilkison carried six silver spoons in her bosom, which was all she saved of their household possessions. The two little boys of the family, hoping to save their treasures, two small chairs, carried them to the boat, but soon these must be left on the bank of the river, so small and crowded was the little bark. Owing to the hostility of the Indians, they were obliged to keep far enough out in the lake to be beyond rifle-shot; but when an opening in the forest was reached, they would put to the shore for a short rest. They were hospitably welcomed by the citizens of Cleveland, as word had reached there in some way of their coming, the shore of the lake being lined with people anxiously watching their arrival.

When peace had been proclaimed, nothing daunted at the prospect of pioneer life, the family returned to Orleans in 1816. Their former home having been destroyed, Mr. Wilkison built a hewed log-house of two large rooms, with a frame kitchen. A good ash floor was laid. This was something the house-wife took great pride in, as it was unusual at that time. This floor must be scrubbed every week with sand and water, and thereby was kept like the old Dutch floor, of which Washington Irving tells us. Mrs. Wilkison required that the work of scrubbing be done by the boys of her family, the eldest daughter finishing with a "house-cloth," a piece of heavy linen about a yard square. The brooms were bought from the Indians, and were preferred for that purpose to the "corn broom." Here they made their home for many years.

The "sickly season," which did not fail in its periodical visits, was a source of great discomfort, but even such things had their compensations, in a measure. Sickness brought the people together in common sympathy, as each was dependant on others for care. Though that was not the day of "Aid Societies," such as we now know, the early settlers without special organization did the work of the Master, and were happy in doing it. Mrs. Wilkison was ever ready to assist,

even when the care of young children pressed heavily upon her. Instances are remembered in the family when she must take the babe with her, and the eldest daughter, if her watch was to be at night and the distance far from home. If a stranger was sick, she was always ready to provide a place for them until such time as they were able to care for themselves. Her life was ever a busy one; and not hers only, but those of all pioneers of the Maumee Valley. The women of to-day would be appalled at the work that must have fallen them.

Not only was all the clothing to be made, but the material itself. This involved a great deal of work for both men and women. The care of the sheep, the shearing, the washing of the wool, carding, spinning and weaving; all to be done with the most primitive facilities. When the material was thus prepared, the web of woolen cloth would be sent to Monroe, Mich., to be colored and pressed for the women; that for the men, a heavier material, to be colored, fulled and pressed. This was done until a woolen mill was built in Maumee about 1830. After a few years cotton goods came into the market, but for some time was too expensive to be generally used. It was not long, however, before the raising of flax ceased to be a necessity. Very little wheat was raised, the supply of flour generally came down from Fort Wayne, in boats called "Arks," the arrival of which was hailed with joy. If the supply of meal gave out, as sometimes happened, and there was no flour, the family must prepare for their consumption by hulling. There was no mill nearer than Monroe, and it was not always practicable to make the journey.

The house of Jacob and Sallie Wilkison being one of the largest in Orleans, was often used for religious services. Chairs would be arranged around the room at intervals, on which boards would be laid for benches. The center of the room would then be filled in the same way. After the room was thus prepared, the minister would take his seat by a stand, with one candle (if in the evening), then taking a camp-meeting hymn-book from his pocket, he would sing until the room was filled. The congregation came in softly and silently, and the room was generally well filled. These hymns are still a pleasant and vivid recollection to the writer, who was then a child. When the meeting was opened, the preacher "lined" the hymn, that all might sing,—the scarcity of hymn-books making this a necessity in those days. The first meeting I remember was conducted by the Rev.

J. P. Kent, in 1820. He was sent by the Genesee Conference. Sallie Wilkison was one of the four people who joined the first Methodist class-meeting organized at Orleans. She was a member of the church until her death. Meetings were held in private houses until John Hollister put up a business building, in the second story of which was a hall, which was used for public gatherings. The hospitable home of the pioneers was thus relieved of what would now seem somewhat a burden to the housekeeper and her family.

The garden of the Wilkison home was always of the best. Wild game abounded, so the table was always beautifully supplied. The kitchen furniture was simple, wholly of iron. Large and small gourds were raised for dippers and other uses. Fruit trees were speedily planted and peaches were soon had in abundance. Apples, trees being of slower growth, came a few years later.

The life of the pioneer women was one of hardship and trial. Many died in the prime of life; some abandoned the contest and returned to their eastern homes. Those who endured to the end, made as happy and pleasant homes for their husbands and children as do the more luxurious ones of to-day. The pleasures of those pioneers were few; still, they indulged in two annual balls—one on the 1st of January, and one on the 4th of July. In 1826, the ball on the latter date was given in Waterville. The usual celebration was not neglected. A son of Sallie Wilkison was one of the managers for that in 1826, during which there was a "Representation of the States," by a number of young ladies, after the manner of the present time. Two of the young ladies taking part in the representation are still living, and still enjoy the recollection of the day.

Sallie Wilkison was the mother of five sons and three daughters. The boys, all but one, died in early manhood. Two daughters are still living, who venerate and love the memory of the devoted mother and affectionate wife. She, with many others, did her part in making the history of the Maumee Valley, and all deserve a place in the records with them, and I am gratified to know that such a place has been accorded. To make this Valley the beautiful one it now is, many laid down their lives. Sallie Wilkison was among the number. Her descendants rise up and call her blessed.

Prepared by Mrs. Amelia Wilkison Perrin, daughter of Sallie Wilkison. Perrysburg, September 10, 1895.

MRS. JANE TRIPP ADAMS.

JANE TRIPP ADAMS came to the Maumee Valley in 1816, from Lake Memphramagog, with her daughter, Mrs. Sawyer, and her children. They traveled in sleighs to Whitehall, New Hampshire, and on arriving there found the place illuminated in honor of Gen. Jackson's victory at New Orleans, January 8th. From there they came in wagons to Sandusky, and sent the women by sail-boat to the Maumee. It rained all day; and at night they landed and slept on the shore, with the rain pouring upon them. In the morning they climbed the hill to a little log cabin, occupied by a French family, where they remained until the wagons came with the goods, and they then cut their way through the forest to a site near Waterville, which was selected for their future home. A large double log-cabin was built and a home made for all who came; and it was no unusual thing for the floor to be covered at night with the beds of the settlers who had stopped to rest over night from their weary journeying. Later on four cabins were erected on the farm, to accommodate travelers. Mrs. Adams was always ready to respond to the call of sickness, and often rode in the darkness of the night as far as Portage, Wood county, with a man leading her horse and blazing the trees to keep the trail, with the wolves following close behind. Indians, as well as white people, loved her for her unfailing kindness. Hardships and privations were many, but borne with a resolute courage and heroic spirit. In 1817 Willard Gunn's family having moved near here, she went to call upon them in the afternoon, and on her return home towards evening, in the path in front of her appeared a tall Indian, who grabbed for the handsome string of gold beads at her throat. With remarkable presence of mind, she dealt him a heavy blow with her umbrella, which felled him to the ground. She ran rapidly to the clearing. Her husband, seeing her, took his rifle and ran to meet her; but the Indian crept through the weeds to the river and disappeared. The case was reported to the chief, who said, "He was bad Indian to squaws and to everybody; but white man no kill Indian when he find him." He was afterwards captured by the tribe and tortured to death by the squaws.

Some two years later, one bright 4th of July morning, Squire Pray decided that they must have a celebration of some kind, so he



MRS. HARRIET WHITNEY COLLINS.

consulted Mrs. Adams, who agreed to cook the dinner, if he would get the crowd. Invitations were speedily sent to Maumee and vicinity, and by noon 40 people were assembled. Mrs. Adams had an immense Dutch oven, and pigs, chickens, bread, cake and pies were roasted therein; and such a dinner and such a glorious "Fourth" had never before been seen on the river. There was no mill nearer than Monroe, Mich., and it took two weeks to go and return, having to cut the wood and build the bridges; steered by a pocket-compass. Matches were a thing then unknown, and if the fire unluckily went out, some one had to ride to the nearest neighbor to "borrow fire." A green log was hollowed out, in which the corn was put and pounded to make the samp, which was slowly cooked in the kettle over the open fire all day, to furnish, with milk, the evening meal. The Indians were friendly, coming often to get corn-meal and pork in exchange for English calico, brooches, etc., received from the Government. No door was ever locked against them, and Mrs. Adams was noted for her hospitality, giving a cordial welcome and assistance to all who came, in sickness or in health. Many times the squaws, whose little ponies would get beyond their depth in the river, were fished out and carried half-drowned into Mrs. Adams' house, where she would roll them in blankets and let them lie before the fire till recovered.

MRS. HARRIET WHITNEY COLLINS.

HARRIET WHITNEY COLLINS is the daughter of Major Noah Ashley Whitney, and was born at Oswego Falls, New York, March 14th, 1814. In 1822, her father with his family of wife and eight children, emigrated to the then Far West, making Detroit, Michigan, their destination. After entering Canada, when on their long journey, he was compelled to give bonds of \$500, as security for being a peaceful traveler, while passing through the British dominions.

His object in coming to this western country, was to invest in iron, and build up a business in which he had been largely interested for many years. But he was disappointed by not finding as large deposits of ore as had been represented, and decided to enter a farm of government land, and make a home for himself and family. So, a purchase was made of 80 acres, lying on the present Collingwood

Avenue, Delaware Avenue, and Bancroft Street, Toledo. In October, 1824, her father and three brothers came to build the house which was to be their home, and Harriet (then a little girl of 10 years) begged to come with them. A small shanty was placed by the side of a large tree, near which a fire was kept burning for comfort, as well as for cooking purposes, and she assisted in the work of household duties. Thus her pioneer life began. On December 24th following, the house which had been built from hewn timber, was sufficiently completed to receive the family. The work of clearing away the trees and getting the land ready for cultivation was a slow process and required the united efforts and labors of the entire household in its respective departments. Their nearest neighbors were Maj. Coleman I. Keeler and family of nine children, who lived a half-mile away, having made a home on the present Collingwood Avenue, in 1818. These, with Maj. Stickney and family, Captain Baldwin and family, living two or three miles away, comprised their society at that time. In 1825 came John Phillips, with a family of five sons and two daughters; so, as the years went by, pioneers came in more rapidly, and the opportunities for knowing more of the outside world, as well as for social gatherings, became more numerous. Her sister, some ten years older, opened a school soon after their arrival, a long distance from their home, and well does she remember the daily trips, through the woods, over a single path, sometimes becoming frightened by imaginations of wild animals, etc.

In the month of December, at the age of 12 years, nearly, she went to Monroe, Michigan, for the purpose of attending school. This journey of twenty miles was made on horseback, fording the Ten-mile Creek or Ottawa River. She remained there seven months and returned home with her father and brother, in a boat called a "dug-out" or "pirogue," which was filled with flour and grain for home consumption. At night, they stopped at Gard Island, and attempted to sleep in a roofless cabin, with bags of grain for pillows; but the mosquitoes were too numerous for comfort, so they returned to the boat, which was secured by a chain to some object on shore. In her childish fancies, Harriet imagined the boat would leave her moorings and float away, so she spent most of the night in holding on to the rushes, to prevent such disaster.

At the age of 16 Harriet Whitney taught school in a log-house,

situated where the High-School building now stands, which was built by Seneca Allen. This was the first school taught by a woman within the present limits of Toledo. Children came across the river in boats to attend this school. Miss Harriet Wright has been given the credit of being the first woman school teacher, in the histories of early Toledo, but she succeeded Miss Whitney some five years. This lady afterwards became the wife of Munson H. Daniels.

At this time places for entertainment had been completed and greatly enjoyed by residents far and near, and no place is more conspicuous in her memory, than the hall located in the upper part of the warehouse owned by Capt. John Baldwin, situated at the mouth of Swan Creek, and where parties from Perrysburg and Maumee came and danced the "small hours" away. By this time social matters had been greatly improved, as well as in literary and religious ways. Meetings were held by itinerant ministers, the first of any importance occurring at the home of Esquire Eli Hubbard, located on the present Lagrange Street and Ottawa River.

Between the ages of 17 and 20, Harriet Whitney spent most of the time in school at Painesville, Ohio, and soon after her return home, she became the wife of Sanford Langworthy Collins, a young merchant from Detroit, Michigan. She looks back to her life prior to her marriage, as being a very pleasant one in most respects, notwithstanding the labors and privations which attended the conditions of a new country. Her home circle had been a happy one and had remained unbroken, save by the death of a little half-brother, which occurred soon after their arrival at the new home. After her marriage to Mr. Collins, the new life was a continuation of improvements upon the old one. Mr. Collins had already invested in several hundred acres of land in their vicinity, with the intention of improving a large portion for farming purposes, in connection with his dry-goods business. Mrs. Collins was equally ambitious, and the work of clearing and preparing for cultivation added many cares to the young housekeeper; but all these burdens were borne with patience and love, the ruling characteristics of her life. In referring to Mr. Collins, I will say that he built the first frame house within the limits of Toledo, locating it at the corner of Lagrange and Summit Streets, for store purposes. This fact, I think, has never been mentioned in the histories of Toledo.

Fifty-five years Mr. and Mrs. Collins passed in loving companionship, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and together they saw the grand-children and great grand-children come into their hearts and home. This home was always a hospitable one, and a shelter for the unfortunate. Five children, beside their own son and daughter, were given a home under its roof and helped into a world of their own.

On February 2nd, 1889, Mrs. Collins was called to mourn the loss of him, her beloved companion, who left her for the better land. She yet remains to be a comfort to her family and friends, retaining her mental and physical strength to a wonderful degree, these conditions being the crowning glory to a long and useful life of more than 81 years.

MRS. LUCY DUNHAM PRAY.

LUCY DUNHAM was born at Fort Edwards, New York, March 28th, 1789, and was married to John Pray March 21st, 1809. They came to the Maumee Valley with four children, crossing Lake Erie in a sailboat, and arriving at Fort Meigs in August, 1818. In the years 1822 and 1823 Mr. Pray built at Waterville the pioneer grist-mill and dam on the Maumee, the nearest milling accommodations having been at Monroe, Michigan. Mrs. Pray then did the household work, without help save that of her four little children (Harriet, John, Mary and James), all persons there employed being thus provided for, no help being available. Very few families were then at Waterville.

Mrs. Pray was the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom lived to manhood and womanhood, of whom three are now living—Paris H., at Whitehouse; Thomas, at Waterville; and Ozra Pray, at Stockton, California. Mary became the wife of Whitcomb Haskins, and Harriet the wife of Ralph Farnsworth, all of Waterville. Mrs. Pray died August 11th, 1874, in the 85th year of her age. Throughout she was an exceptionally active woman, until 1859, when she accidentally broke a thigh, from which she never recovered, but her mind remained clear and vigorous to the last. She survived her husband two years, they having lived happily together for sixty-three years, six months and twenty-seven days.

PARIS H. PRAY.

Whitehouse, Ohio, September 4th, 1895.



MRS. LUCY DUNHAM PRAY.

MRS. ELIZABETH LAFARRIE.

BY MRS. SWOPE.

MRS. ELIZABETH LAFARRIE, one of the pioneer mothers of Wood County, Ohio, was born in Middletown, Md., March 12, 1800, of good old Maryland stock, of which she was very proud. She was married to James LaFarrie, March 28th, 1819. In the fall of the same year the young couple left Maryland to make themselves a home in Ohio, the former home of Mr. LaFarrie, settling in Lancaster, where he opened a cabinetmaker's shop, and as he was an industrious christian, he soon gained hosts of friends, both in the church and in business.

After two years the wife wanted to go back to see her old home and parents, brothers and sisters. As she used to say, "I was so homesick I could not eat or sleep; and I would have died, but LaFarrie saw Effinger, who was going to take a drove of horses to Baltimore, and engaged passage, so I was to go the whole trip on horseback. Well, in a couple of days I was ready, and in company with his wife and sister, I took leave of my little boy and started on that long road home; and if my husband and child had been along, I should have been happy; but we both knew I could not take John so far without his father, and I left Betsy (her sister-in-law) to keep house. So I rode, every day, changing horses so as not to tire them too much. We generally rode ahead of the drove. We ladies and Mr. Effinger made pretty good time, being only ten days on the road (550 miles). Then father wrote to LaFarrie to come back from the West, and so he settled up his business and came back to Maryland, too, he carrying the little boy on his horse. Other children were born to us in Maryland, but they died." All of five years elapsed ere they started again for Ohio, going to Lancaster again, where they remained until 1832 or '33, when they came to Perrysburg, living in the village for two years, where they enjoyed the "ague" as only an old settler could. Mr. LaFarrie bought over 300 acres of land of the government, six miles east of Perrysburg. Then he moved his family and built a log-house, with a puncheon floor, using the carpet for roof until he could cover the house with clapboards. And so they moved in with their three children. The first night in the wilderness home the wolves howled so much around the cabin that she thought she had died and could hear

the cries of the wicked. As she had the shaking ague, it was not an unreasonable idea. So they lived, the husband clearing the land ready for the plow, working in the shop when not in the field; she spinning and sewing, besides her household duties; but could always visit the sick, for both were admirable nurses.

After a few years, through the influence of John Chaney, a member of Congress, and who was also a brother-in-law, James LaFarrie was appointed postmaster, and an office was given him at his place. Now, what was he to name it? After due consideration, he called it "Stony Ridge," which name still clings to it, being named after the two little ridges on his home farm. The mail was brought once or twice a week, over a trail from Lower Sandusky, (now Fremont). The road is now known as the "Maumee and Western Reserve Turnpike." Mrs. LaFarrie has often said that at one time she never saw a white woman for three months, only Indians, and when she saw one of the former, she cried for joy.

So years passed on, and in 1852, her first great sorrow came. Her husband went to nurse a family who had the cholera, and he took the disease and died, after being sick only twenty hours. So passed away one of the best of men, who, on his death-bed, committed his dear ones to the Father's care, and as his wife told afterward, exclaimed, "Now lettest thy servant depart in peace." And so he passed from earth to heaven. The widow afterward lost two sons, in 1864 and 1865, which sorrow she never got over; but always being very active and industrious, she would say, "Only by hard work can I forget my troubles."

Her needle-work was greatly admired, for she excelled in all fine work, and with a skillful pencil she wrought out designs truly artistic. She loved poetry, and when in her eighty-fifth year could quote poems she learned in youth, for her father gave his children a good education for that age. He was himself an educated man, and of course, his children had advantages that others did not have. Mrs. LaFarrie often said, "My father never sent any of us to a free school, for there was none when I was a girl, and so he sent us to select schools, and the boys to schools at Frederick City." She lived on the old home farm with her youngest daughter until her death, which occurred in the fall of 1888, when she died at the advanced age of 88 years and 10 months, loved and respected by all. Two sons and two daughters survive her.

MRS. ELEANOR FULKERSON McMASTER.

The subject of this sketch was born in Elmira, New York, June 21, 1804, and was married to Richard M. W. Howard, in Dresden, Yates County, New York, June 11, 1823. With her husband, and the families of Edward and Robert Howard, and their father, Thomas Howard, she left the beautiful banks of the Seneca Lake, in the State of New York, in the latter days of June, 1823, in emigrant wagons, to seek homes in the new and wild countries of the West. At Buffalo, the women and father Howard, with the two children of the party, embarked in a small sailing vessel, commanded by Capt. Reed, and coasted the shores of Lake Erie to the mouth of the Maumee River, which they entered on the 17th day of June and landed near the walls of Fort Meigs, in the dusk of the evening of the same day. The first greeting of this little party, on entering the river, was the whoop and yells of the Indians, gathered in groups on the banks, where they had camped in many hundreds to receive their annuities from the government. They were enjoying their usual sports of horse-racing, foot-races, wrestling, games of ball, etc., but were now interested observers of the little vessel as she quietly moved up the placid waters of the Maumee with a gentle breeze. This was the view that first met the gaze of Eleanor and her companions as they left the blue waters of the lake, to pass up the stream—its banks then clothed in unbroken forests of green to the water's edge. No white face was to be seen among all that savage assemblage. What a reception! What a welcome to those young women just leaving friends and home behind them.

These emigrants found the little settlement of white people, consisting of about a dozen families, living mostly in log-cabins on the low bank of the river, just under the picketed walls of the fort. This place was called Orleans, and on the opposite (or north) side was the trading post of Miami, with about the same number of American and French families. The wagons of this party of emigrants were driven around the shore of the lake and did not arrive for some days, but when they made their appearance, they were warmly welcomed and every means provided to make them comfortable in the empty cabins and rooms among the families of the settlers. Some unoccupied cornfields were generously provided for them, and corn, potatoes and garden crops were soon growing, and everything was prospering with the new set-

tlers, until about the first of September, when the ague, that scourge of all the western frontier at that day, made its appearance, when scarcely one of the lately arrived immigrants escaped its terrible shakes and debilitating effects. During the fall and early winter the lands in the valley were examined and purchases made at the Grand Rapids of the Maumee and cabins erected. In the spring, Eleanor and her husband, with the brothers Robert and Edward, and grandfather Howard, cut the road through an untrodden wilderness to their cabins, and commenced the labor of carving from the forests new homes for themselves. On the opposite bank of the river from their cabins was the Ottawa Indian village of Kinjo-i-no, where dwelt several hundred Indians at all seasons of the year. Eleanor could look from her cabin door into the wigwams of her dusky neighbors at any hour in the day. Four families, including that of Peter Manor (a Frenchman), constituted the white settlers, and for several years there were very few additions to the settlement. During the sickly season of the late summer and fall, fevers and ague and bilious fevers, it often occurred that there were scarcely well persons enough to take care of the sick. The writer well remembers the remark made by Eleanor and her sisters-in-law, that they did not know what they should have done, if it had not been for the many kindnesses rendered by the Indian women from the village across the river. They were unremitting in their kind attentions during sickness. No one knows the hardships and privations of the women of frontier life, who has not had personal experience. The food is coarse, often-times limited in quantity, and obtained with great labor, owing to a scarcity of mills to reduce the grain into flour or meal. There was not a flouring mill in the Maumee Valley at that time, excepting an ox-mill, (if that be an exception), which was located just below Waterville. The power of this mill was a yoke of oxen which moved slowly round a center shaft that turned a small millstone.

The years of labor required to carve a farm from the tall dense forest, with the sickness, privations and hardships attendant upon frontier life, required courage and a perseverance that is not always found in women of the present day.

Not only the privations and sorrows of every-day life in this isolated wilderness at the early settlement of the country, but others of far more painful character often were added. The loss of the first born

of Mrs. Eleanor Howard, a bright little girl of nearly two years by sudden death, was very hard to bear. The body of the little one was tenderly laid away in a small cemetery in Maumee. The Presbyterian church is erected over those graves. But when the husband followed a few years later, her cup of sorrow was full, indeed.

There were at this time no roads in the country, and the more common and convenient mode of transportation in the spring and summer was by canoe, and in the winter was on the ice of the frozen streams. Richard and Robert Howard traveled on the ice several miles with sleighs loaded with corn, but when passing the mouth of Turkey-Foot Creek, the ice suddenly gave way and both teams went into the river. No help was near, but after an hour's hard work, the teams were rescued. The men, wet and nearly frozen, reached their homes sometime after night, with clothes frozen on them, and they were nearly perished. Richard took his bed and in five days his sufferings terminated in death, caused by brain fever. This was a sad blow to the brothers, and especially to the widow, who was left with two small children, one still living in Missouri (Mrs. Margaret Howard Flynn), the other, a son, soon followed its father. The little cabin on the banks of the river was now a lonely spot, indeed, with but three neighbors within a distance of several miles, save those at the Indian village opposite. From their many acts of kindness they were now recognized as friends, and were especially helpful neighbors to the lonely widow, ("Dick Squaw" they called her), and they brought her many comforts. She soon learned to converse with them in the language of the different tribes. Heart-breaks and hardships of sickness and death occur to all communities; but to the isolated pioneer, far from friends and the old home, they fall with double force.

The death of Richard Howard occurred January 26, 1834, and his widow, after struggling along in her cabin for a few years, married Thomas Davis, of Grand Rapids, who came to the country with the flood of immigration which began to settle into the Maumee Valley in about 1832. From this marriage there were four children—Mrs. Sarah E. Gunn, of Maumee, being the oldest, and William T. Davis, both still living. Their father, Thomas Davis, died on August 14, 1854.

Eleanor Howard Davis, was a christian woman in every sense of the word. No weather was so severe as to prevent Aunt Eleanor from

visiting the sick or suffering, and to administer to their wants seemed truly a pleasure. No condition of life, however lowly, prevented her kindly and benevolent heart and willing hands, from administering the cooling draft to the fevered lips, or to smooth the pillow to the aching head. I am sure that many of the descendants of the early pioneers could testify to the many kindly acts received at her hands, when they were but children, inhabiting the rude, and often comfortless, log-cabin; and all who knew her appreciated her kind and benevolent heart.

After remaining a widow for a number of years, Mrs. Davis married David McMaster, of Potter, Yates County, New York, who died in 1878, leaving her a widow for the third time. She then returned to Maumee to end her days under the kind and affectionate care of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah E. Gunn. After coming to Maumee, she still suffered greatly from a lingering consumption, and in a little over two years, she passed to the eternal home September 4, 1880. She had lived a christian life many years as a member of the Presbyterian church. She was buried in the family burying-ground at Grand Rapids, beside (at her request) her little daughter Letticia, and near other members of her family, who had passed before her.

This is a sketch of the life of one loved by many, and her memory is ever cherished.

A BELOVED DAUGHTER OF THE PIONEER.

MRS. JULIA ANN CHAMBERLAIN.

Augustus Davenport Williams, was born in Long Meadow, Connecticut, in 1806, the fifth of seven brothers. At the age of 19, he left home to learn the machinist trade, in the city of Worcester, Mass., which avocation he followed for about nine years, working part of the time in the city of Pittsburgh, and part of it in the city of Maysville, Ky., where his health failed and he went on a farm with one of his brothers, in Gallia county, Ohio. He was here married to a Miss Sarah Kerr, of that county. About the year 1832, he returned to Connecticut, and in 1834 moved with his father's family and two of his brothers to the Maumee. They farmed for two or three years a part of what was known as the Big Island, and about this time they built the Washington House, which they operated for a year or two.

He lost his wife within a few months of their coming into the Valley. In 1838 he was married to Miss Julia A. Chamberlain, of Boscowen, N. H., with whom he lived fifty-three years. About this time, the Washington House having been sold, the money reinvested and lost in Maumee real estate, he moved to the farm where he resided until the time of his death. His life here was one of hard labor and close economy, and the small measure of success he attained was due to industry and straight forward honesty.

Julia Ann Chamberlain was born in Boscowen, N. H., about the year 1813. She was fitted for a teacher and spent several years in that work, coming about the year 1836 to Maumee, making the journey alone from New Hampshire, in the days when there were no palace cars. She there met, and until her marriage resided with her uncle, Mr. Jonathan Wood. She was one of a family of eleven children, of whom it was said there were seven different kinds, all calling one woman mother; and the most remarkable thing that could be said of her family, was, that she said that in all the time she lived at home, she never heard one cross word in all that mixed family. Her father was a Captain of Militia in the War of 1812, and died when she was quite small. In the year 1870, her mother came to Maumee and spent the remainder of her life at the farm. She was a person of remarkable energy, and of good ability in any work she undertook, and one of whom it could truly be always said, that she had not an enemy in the wide world. To her husband she was a helpmeet, indeed, and much of his success was due to her untiring care and industry. Their united lives were filled with years of toil and care, but they were united, and as their years were many more than the average allotment, so were they united in that perfect confidence that makes the most of the years. They now sleep in the quiet church-yard. As their lives fully told, they rest in the hope of a glorious reuniting in that land where earth's cares shall be forever unknown.

MARY SUMNER RATHBUN.

Mary Sumner Rathbun was born in central New York, at Ovid. Her parents dying when she was five years old, she was taken care of by strangers. Her brothers, as soon as they could make a home for her, took her with them to Broomsville, New York. At that place

she married Nathan Rathbun. From there they went West, following Levi Beebee, of Broomsville, who afterwards built the Neeley House, at Maumee, and a large hotel opposite, which was blown down. Mrs. Rathbun settled at Maumee in 1830. In 1830, with her husband, she moved to Washington, D. C., remaining two years. Her husband died in 1852, and she returned to Maumee, where she lived the most of the time until her death in 1883. She was a devoted member of the Episcopal Church, and her happiest days were those in which she worked for it, visiting all over the country to personal friends for funds to purchase a bell for the little church; and as a last proof of her love, she bequeathed her little property to St. Paul's Parish. She had many warm friends, who cherish her memory.

MRS. TRYPHENA WORDEN.

In the summer of 1824, our family, consisting of Isaac B. Worden, myself and four children (Eliza R., S. B. Worden, Experience and Tryphena), three daughters and one son, left Tonawanda, Niagara County, New York, for the Far West. In a small boat we went to Black Rock, three miles below Buffalo. There we went on board the schooner Red Jacket. The writer was only 10 years old then. We came to Sandusky; there we landed on the 8th of August, stayed one night and then shipped on an open five-ton sail-boat, owned by Selden Martin, and started for the Maumee River; landed the 10th of August, 1824, at the mouth of Swan Creek (now in Toledo), in the afternoon, at John T. Baldwin's dock, then called "Port Lawrence, Monroe County, Michigan." We found there five families only. They were John T. Baldwin, Maj. B. F. Stickney, Wm. Willson, Joseph Prentiss, and Bosseel Trombley; we making the sixth family, as the germ of the now City of Toledo. It was then a very sickly place. In that condition we could neither return nor go further. We had to battle with a frontier life; all woods, with fever and ague prevalent. There were then 700 Indians at the mouth of the river, our nearest neighbors. My mother being a sterling Massachusetts woman, with a commanding and energetic spirit, was our only stay and support, as father and all the children were taken down with fever, without a cent to buy the least comfort with. Mother's health was spared. She

planted a garden, and, being a good cook, managed to provide vegetable food for us. The Indians would come with venison, and mother swap some articles of clothing for venison, and then we would have a feast. We would go into the woods and dig crane's-bill and cook it for coffee for breakfast, and spice-bush for tea. Then mother had a fine silk bed-spread she swapped with Joseph Trombley for a cow, when we fared sumptuously on boiled and roasted potatoes and milk. The next summer we raised a small field of corn, shelled a bag of two bushels, put it in a canoe. We had heard that Deacon Adams, at the upper end of Turkey-Foot Rock ridge, had an ox-treadmill, where we could get the corn ground into meal. We took it there. That was the first bread we had. My mother's energy, intelligence and very hard work, saved our lives.

(Prepared by Sylvester B. Worden.)

MRS. CLARINDA S. HOMER.

Among the "Pioneer Women" of the Maumee Valley was Mrs. Clarinda S. Homer, a native of Massachusetts, where she lived until the tide of emigration swept over that portion of the State in which she resided, and May 18th, 1831, she, with her husband and young family, in company with three other families—31 persons in all—started for the then "Far West," in wagons, as far as Albany, N. Y., where they embarked on a line-boat, on the Erie Canal, sometimes riding and sometimes walking, but keeping up with the boat; traveling in this way till reaching Buffalo, where some of the party took different directions, but the subject of this narrative and some others boarded a steamboat for Cleveland, expecting to make a home in that vicinity. There parting with the remainder of the company, save her own family, she stopped for a few days, and not finding things satisfactory or as represented, they decided to try Michigan, where some relatives might assist in locating. Remaining in Tecumseh one year, where was their first experience in "getting seasoned" to the climate, nearly all being sick at the same time, among strangers, and all the neighbors in the same condition. At the end of one year, all being able, they moved again to Summerfield, now Petersburg, to take charge of the "Tavern" of that place, also the Postoffice. Although the "season-

ing" was not completed, they yet were able to take care of the traveling people, who were many, going farther West. Remained there three years, during which was the Ohio and Michigan "war." Word was received one evening that "the enemy would be upon us before morning." Every inmate of the house was equipped with some weapon of defense. As the stock of fire-arms was quite limited, every edged tool was brought out, from the broad-ax to the carving-knife, the latter carefully deposited under the pillow of Mrs. Homer, after seeing that all others were supplied. But as no one appeared to molest, the weapons were not used, and it proved a bloodless war, much to the delight of all.

In May, 1835, Mrs. Homer, her husband, two daughters and one son, with their goods, left Michigan, in wagons, for Maumee. The road was marked with "blazed trees," taking two days to reach here. One of the children had the ague each day, making a pillow of her mother's lap in the lumber wagon. On arriving at Maumee, they were more fortunate than many others who came about that time, as her husband had a few months previous bought a lot and commenced building a house, which was enclosed; so it became a shelter and they were not obliged to go to the "Old Castle," as it was said every family had to go there first, till a more convenient place could be obtained. Any one living here in those days will remember the "Old Castle," that was like the omnibus, always with room for one family more.

There were many Indians about here at that time. It was no unusual thing, when glancing at the window, in the evening, if the curtains were not tightly drawn, to see an Indian face against the window-pane; and when they received pay from the government, and had partaken freely of "fire-water," they made night hideous.

There were many families moving into the place, consequently much sickness, especially during the building of the canal through the place, which gave it the name of the most sickly place in the western country, which it has hardly outgrown at the present time, though false, as it has been for many years. There was great need of help among the new comers, and Mrs. Homer, though never strong, was ever ready to render aid to the sick and needy. Many times has she said to her daughter, "we must get our work done up for the summer, before the sickly season begins (which was usually in August), so we can help where there is need." She was unassuming, and whatever

she did was in a quiet way. After the death of her husband, May 18th, 1863, she made her home with her only remaining child, till called to her home above at a ripe old age, having just entered her 90th year, April 14th, 1879, still in the possession of her faculties to a great degree, but ready to depart and be with her Lord.

MRS. BETHIAH PRATT.

The subject of this sketch, Bethiah Pratt, was born in Boston, Mass., January 24, 1778. Her father and grandfather were Presbyterian ministers. She was given every advantage of education of those early days. In 1798 she was married to William Pratt, a teacher in Boston, and in 1802 they removed to the Mohawk Valley, in the State of New York, where he taught for two years, and removed thence to Canada, near Toronto. Having taught there for two years, he engaged in building vessels until the war of 1812, at which time, with a few hours' warning, he departed from Canada, leaving all his property in the hands of his enemies, and with his family in an open boat, crossed Lake Ontario to Rochester. The family thence removed four miles into the country. A company of cavalry having been raised, Mr. Pratt was given the command as Captain, with his second son as waiter. He served his country during the three years of the war, and in his absence his brave wife cared for the family as best she could. Their two youngest children died, and the mother was left to bear her sorrows and trials alone. The battle of Rochester was fought on the day her first babe was buried. She heard the roaring of the cannon all day and knew not at what moment her husband and son might be cut down or fall into the hands of their enemies. All these trials and afflictions were only preparing her for the hardships and privations of pioneer life.

Three years after the close of the war, Mr. Pratt built a vessel, and with his family and a company of twenty men, set sail for the Maumee Valley, the then "Far West." After many difficulties they arrived at the foot of the Rapids of the Maumee, at Orleans, in the month of June, 1818. This was a place of eight or ten log houses, and they moved into the only one vacant, having three rooms, next door to Jacob Wilkinson, and between these families was formed a

lasting friendship. In August and September sickness commenced, and no one escaped. With kind hearts and cheerful dispositions, those two families carried sunshine and comfort into many a sorrowful home of their less fortunate neighbors. They cared for the sick, the dying and the dead, and no one was turned from their doors. If sick, they were cared for; if hungry, they were fed. It can be truly said of them, that they did all they could at that time, in the year 1821.

Mr. Pratt bought lands two miles from Fort Meigs, then a dense forest, with only enough cleared for a house. They commenced to make a home and in a short time had twenty acres cleared. They then began in pioneer style to live, and with brave hearts and willing hands, soon made a home for the family. They had begun to enjoy the comforts of life when the husband and father, after three months sickness, was removed by death February 10, 1824, when again the wife and mother was prostrated with grief; but her strong faith in the promises of God enabled her to care for her children. She was the mother of eleven children, of whom six were sons and five daughters. The three older sons departed and made homes for themselves. One son (Hiram) remained at home until the younger ones were able to assist their mother, when he removed his family to a farm of his own. The youngest son, (Foster Pratt), remained with his mother as long as she lived, and still remains on the farm, where he was born 71 years ago. He was married to Susan Perrin, who was a kind daughter to his mother in her declining years. Eleven months before the death of Mrs. Pratt, she went to Grand Rapids, Ohio, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Francis Hinsdale. Her health failed so rapidly that she did not return to her home. She was tenderly cared for by her daughter and endured all her suffering with patience, and calmly waited to be relieved. She departed this life on July 28, 1859, and was laid to rest by the side of her husband in Fort Meigs Cemetery. Her age was 81 years.

MRS. REBECCA S. KNAGGS.

REBECCA SLY, wife of George Knaggs, Sr., who was stationed at Fort Miami, before 1775, was one of the earliest Pioneer Women now on record. She came from England with her husband, a young British officer. A woman of refinement, though firm and courageous, she

encountered many hardships of the pioneer life with untiring zeal and fortitude. She raised a family of six children—Whitmore, James, William, George, Rebecca, and Mrs. Col. John Anderson, mother of Mrs. Chief Justice Wing, and also of Judge Alexander Anderson, all of Monroe, Mich.

Mrs. Anderson was at the massacre of River Raisin, the Indians and British coming across the ice from Canada, at the first freezing of the ice, surprised them in the night. Her husband being with the army, she was alone in the house. The Indians rushed in upon her, and commenced plundering the house. She took her seat on a chest in which her husband had \$800. They took her by the hair of the head, and when they demanded that she get up, she opened her dress. As they raised their tomahawks, she said, "If you are a brave Indian, tomahawk a woman," when they turned and left her, saying, "You are a brave woman, and we will not kill you." When her husband, expecting she had met her fate with the rest, she surprised him by handing him the money and relating to him her experience

She married Captain May, of Detroit, who was shipwrecked. On hearing of the fate of her brave husband, she at once manned a life-boat with fearless sailors, and providing necessaries for herself and crew, started on her perilous voyage to search for him whom she feared might have been cast on some of the islands of the lake. She continued the search for several weeks, but to no avail. He never returned.

Her son, Whitmore Knaggs, was the guide and interpreter of Wayne, through whose influence President Washington appointed him Indian Agent, and stationed him at Detroit, where he married the daughter of Dr. Labardie, of Paris, and to them were born five children: Whitmore, George, John (well known here), and Mrs. Chas. P. Desnoyers, of Detroit, all now deceased. The only living survivor of his immediate family is James Knaggs, of Cincinnati.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Rebecca Sly Knaggs removed to Detroit, from Fort Miami, and there remained during the war of 1812, enduring all the privations of a frontier life and its vicissitudes, having her son Whitmore taken prisoner by the British, bound in chains and sent to Halifax, where he remained for two years. All of this she endured with unfaltering spirit. After the close of the war, she left Detroit with her younger sons and located at Green Bay,

where she carried on a wholesale trading post with the Indians, shipping boat-loads of valuable furs and bears' oil (an indispensable toilet article at that time) to Detroit; disposing of the same to the American Fur Company, represented at that time by the famous fur-trader John Jacob Astor, of New York City. She continued the business for many years, amassing quite a fortune and dying at the advanced age of ninety years. She had lived to see the wilderness, in a measure, displaced for the fruits of the husbandman, and where she once saw the Indian trail, bridges and roads dotted with houses, proclaimed Detroit a village. No hungry person, Indian or white, was ever turned from her door; for such was her benevolent character and charitable nature.

Mrs. Malinda Gunn Knaggs, wife of John Knaggs, Sr., came at the age of 13, with her parents, to the Maumee Valley, August 7th, 1818, on the small vessel Sally, with Capt. Pratt, of Perrysburg, as its master. She was the daughter of Elisha and Mindwell Gunn, and grand-daughter of the famous explorer, Jonathan Carver, whose name let history proclaim.

MRS. ELIZABETH FORSYTH NELSON.

Mrs. ELIZABETH FORSYTH NELSON was a descendant of William Forsyth, of Blackwater, Ireland, who fought under Gen. Wolf at the siege of Quebec, and for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle, received large grants of land from England. Elizabeth Forsyth was born at Sandwich, Canada, in the year 1800. She was a girl of great personal beauty, and was known as the "Rose of Sandwich." She married Mr. George Nelson in 1818. In 1832 Mr. Nelson came with his wife and family to Maumee, where she was soon left with five children—Eliza, Amelia, Mary, Noah and George. She had, in common with most of the early settlers, some joys and many sorrows; for the hardships and deprivations of the pioneer can hardly be estimated. Withal, this dear woman possessed in a large measure that great virtue, charity, which the times and place gave her ample opportunity to practice. Her utter forgetfulness of self; her ready wit at all times; her keen sense of humor, unvarying cheerfulness and heartfelt sympathy, made her ministrations and companionship at the

bedside of the sick a benediction, which are lovingly remembered by those who survive her. Immortelles crown the last resting place of one, who amid all her own cares never forgot the Master's example, but, like Him, ever went about doing good. Mrs. Nelson's two sons, Noah and George, fought in the war of the Rebellion, responding to President Lincoln's first call. A daughter, Mrs. Norton Graham, of Maumee, and a son, Mr. George Nelson, of Piqua, Ohio, survive her.

MRS. JAMES WILKISON.

MRS. JAMES WILKISON, the subject of this sketch, was one of the early pioneers of this country, which at that time (in 1825) was but a small Indian trading post, with but few of the comforts of life. She came from the old New England Puritan stock, a native of Boston, Mass., and a descendant of the Bancrofts, an honorable name in those early days, as well as at the present time. Her parents dying in her infancy, she was brought up by her maternal grandmother, the wife of Major Peter Bancroft, who was mortally wounded when defending the arsenal near Boston. The sword then used by him is now in the possession of his great-great-grandson, C. W. Matthews. Mrs. Wilkison was reared in wealth and luxury, having inherited what was then considered a princely fortune from her father, and in addition, she received a fortune from her paternal grandmother, Mrs. Goulding, of Boston. Mrs. Wilkison was well educated and a proficient in the accomplishment of the day. Specimens of her painting and embroidery remain as treasured heirlooms in her family. Mrs. Wilkison was twice married. Her first husband, Mr. Charles Roby, of Boston, was an able lawyer and stood high in his profession. They lived in affluence until the failure of the bank, when everything was swept away from them. Not wishing to remain in Boston in their changed circumstances, they went to Detroit, Michigan. In a short time Mr. Roby died and his wife was left a stranger in a strange land, with two little boys to educate and provide for. Mrs. Roby then came to this section and began life anew, with its discomforts and privations, surrounded on every side with Indian wigwams, bearing little resemblance to this now fair and peaceful land. In course of time, she was wooed and won by Mr. James Wilkison, also a pioneer; a man of undoubted

integrity, great strength and nobleness of character. Fortune smiled upon them, and by their industry a competency was the result of their labors. Mrs. Wilkison was a beautiful woman, of commanding presence, and possessed energy and business ability in an unusual degree. Mr. Wilkison and his wife were interested in all good works, and gave with a generous spirit and willing hands of their substance to church and educational interests. They lived to see the wilderness, with only Indian trails and the birch-bark canoe gliding swiftly over these bright waters, to blossom as the rose. Honors and wealth came to them, and no name is more honored and revered than that of Hon. and Mrs. James Wilkison in this lovely of noble men and women.

MRS. REBECCA WEBB McKNIGHT.

REBECCA N. WEBB was born January 9, 1794, at Maiden Lane, New York, and died at Perrysburg, July 20, 1854, of cholera. She became the wife of Thomas R. McKnight. She was a devoted christian woman for many years, kind and affectionate to the sick and benevolent to the poor—even to the poor Indian, who never left her door in want. She had six children—three boys and three girls; but two now living, Sarah W. Lindsay, of Peoria, Ills., and G. S. McKnight, of Perrysburg.

Mrs. Lindsay is a daughter of a veteran, born in Canton, O., Oct. 5, 1817; came to Perrysburg, January 20, 1820.

Thomas Reed McKnight moved his family from Wooster to Orleans in January, 1820. He moved his family from Sandusky City on sleighs across the head of the lake and up the Maumee river on the ice to Orleans. No roads at that time and nothing but a howling wilderness, inhabited by Indians and wolves. They had high water in those days. I have seen houses on the flats with water to the second story and a cradle swimming around the room, with a baby in it fast asleep; but he was all right, as the cradle was water tight.

G. S. McKNIGHT.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCE.

MRS. SARAH MARTINDALE HECOX, who was married in the first house built where now is Bowling Green, Wood County, and came to



MRS. REBECCA WEBB McKNIGHT.

Maumee on horse-back for her wedding trip, furnishes the following memoranda of pioneer days :

Pioneers of the Maumee Valley want to know about early times ; how the women lived and what they did. We lived in log-houses ; some with two rooms, but more with only one. In 1818, and from then to 1826, very often there was not a family but had one or more cases of ague and fever, and often all the family would be down at the same time, not one able to get a pail of water or give another a drink. When not sick, women would spin wool for clothes and bedding. Some women had flax to spin and weave for summer clothes. Almost every woman had a little wheel to spin flax for thread, and the big wheel for wool and tow ; and some women had looms in their houses and did their own weaving, and also wove for their neighbors. Now, what with sickness, spinning, weaving, coloring, cutting, making, and mending, (which was not a playspell), besides knitting, dipping candles, making soap, cheese and butter ; without carpets or lamps ; no sewing machines, no door or window screens ; flies and mosquitoes plenty ; to say nothing about baking rye and Indian bread in brick ovens, etc., etc. Perhaps, it was a Providential circumstance, that there were no " Woman Clubs " or " Woman's Suffrage Societies," in those days, because the women were too busy at home. Our supplies generally came from Detroit. Our sugar was made by the Indians and bought of them. If I could be with you I could tell you about hulling corn for food and a number of other things.

MRS. SARAH HECOX.

MRS. CHRISTINA SPINK.

MRS. CHRISTINA SPINK, whose maiden name was Smith, the daughter of Elisha and Mary Smith, was born September 10th, 1813, the day of the battle on Lake Erie, in the town of Sempronius, Cayuga county, New York. When she was nine years old, her father removed with his family to the village of Fort Ball, now part of Tiffin, Seneca county, Ohio. Later they removed to Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. The daughter attended school in Buffalo, N. Y., for eighteen months, boarding during that time with the family of the late Millard Fillmore. After her return to Lower Sandusky, she taught one term of the village school. November 21st, 1833, she was

united in marriage with the late John C. Spink, journeying by stage-coach to Perrysburg the following day. Although not one of the earliest pioneers of the place, she with others was obliged to undergo some privations. There were no sidewalks at that time in the place, and Maumee mud is proverbially sticky. She used to say that she could carry sufficient mud on her feet to comprise a tax title. Then there was no market there. Fish and pork were abundant, but to obtain beef, fruits and other table luxuries, it was necessary to send to Buffalo or other eastern ports. Mrs. S. lived to witness many changes and improvements, and died December 11th, 1880.

MRS. SELENA JONES JACKSON.

MR. JAMES JACKSON, of Paris, Tennessee, was appointed Indian Agent, at Maumee City, during President Jackson's second administration, and took possession of his office in March, 1832, bringing with him his family, consisting of his wife, three daughters (Anna Maria, Charlotte Templeton, Susanna Dunlap), and one son, William Jones Jackson. The oldest daughter, Eliza (Mrs. Henderson W. Horton), who resided at Nashville, Tennessee, with her husband and family, came north at a later period.

The subject of this sketch was a woman of education and culture, and one whose influence would be felt wherever her lot was cast. Her history was identified with the Methodist Episcopal Church in this Valley. Very soon after their arrival, Mr. Jackson made application to conference for a minister. The first class-meeting was organized at their home—the government house, built for the Indian Agent, upon the “point,” and known throughout the county as the “Jackson Castle.” The first five members enrolled at this meeting were Mrs. John Elliott Hunt, Jacob Spangler, James Jackson, Selena Jackson, and their daughter, Anna Maria Jackson; Mr. James Jackson being leader. Their home was naturally headquarters for the minister. With a heart full of love for her family, loyal to her friends, generous to the poor, her thoughts and hands ever busy in good works and deeds, charitable towards all, hers was a truly christian life; she well-merited the name given her—a Mother in Israel.

Mrs. Jackson died in 1855. Her daughter, Anna Maria, married

Dr. Oscar White, a leading physician. Charlotte Templeton married James H. Forsyth, a prominent young merchant of Maumee City. William Jones Jackson married Susanna D. Berlin, of Texas, Ohio. Susanna Dunlap married George W. McCann, a lawyer of Napoleon, Ohio.

MRS. CHLOE SPAFFORD HULL.

CHLOE SPAFFORD HULL was born in Rochester, New York, July 7th, 1807. Her father, Samuel Spafford, with his wife and six children, moved to Fort Meigs in June, 1818. At that time there were but four white families at Fort Meigs, and the same number at Maumee, and in Toledo (then Port Lawrence) but one frame house, the residence of Major Stickney, with some log cabins occupied by French families. The second frame building erected at Perrysburg was by Samuel Spafford, in 1822, being the hotel so long and favorably known as the Spafford Exchange. Chloe Spafford was married to Isaac Hull, September 27th, 1827, and settled at Defiance, where Mr. Hull had an Indian trading-house, the whole population of that place then consisting of eight families. Here Mrs. Hull, in addition to her household duties, assisted her husband in the store, often taking entire charge of the business while Mr. Hull made long journeys on his pony into the surrounding wilderness to buy furs from the Indians. In 1834 Mr. and Mrs. Hull removed to Maumee City, where he carried on an extensive mercantile business. Eight children were born to them, four dying in infancy. October 20th, 1855, their only daughters, Caroline and Mary, were drowned in the Maumee river. This was a terrible blow, from which the parents never recovered. In July, 1865, the youngest son (Robert Hull) died, leaving of the large family but one son, J. S. Hull, of Maumee. Mrs. Hull's memory was good and her mind clear to her last moment, and she delighted in relating incidents connected with pioneer days.

ALMINA HULL FORSYTH.

A very prominent woman of the early days on the Maumee, was Mrs. Almina Hull Forsyth. Her father (Isaac Hull), with a family of six children, came from Derby, Connecticut, in 1814, and settled

in Maumee just after the close of the war of 1812. In 1819 she was united in marriage with Robert A. Forsyth, and began housekeeping in a log-house on what was called the "Reserve," where her husband had a large Indian trading post from 1816 to 1833. About 1825 the new home was built on the brow of the hill opposite Fort Meigs, and across the road from Gen. Hunt's; a fine building at that day, with its solid foundation, its large airy rooms and old-fashioned fire-places, all suggestive of that large-hearted hospitality, for which the early pioneers were remarkable. Nor was this hospitality confined to the cultured and civilized alone. The red man shared with them. It was no uncommon occurrence to have her kitchen floor covered with Indian lodgers. Four children dwelt in this happy home, all of whom preceded her to the other world. Her life was a very eventful one, connected as it was with the earliest history of this valley. She united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1840, and continued a faithful, honored member. Her death occurred at Maumee, February 15th, 1878.

MARTHA CLARK HULL came with her family to Maumee from Derby, Conn., in 1814.

ELIZA HULL FORSYTH married Dr. Horatio Conant, December, 1817.

MRS. MARIA LEAMING REED.

MRS. REED was born in Livingston County, New York. Her father landed off a sloop at Fort Meigs, with his family, September 2d, 1815. They were four weeks coming from Buffalo. Her father bought a pre-emption right to 200 acres of land of a man by the name of Bottles, who had commenced a log-house, which was the first house erected at Perrysburg. Mr. Leaming finished the house and moved his family into it. In 1817 the government claimed it for village lots and he did not get a cent for it, nor for the improvements made.

Mr. Leaming, after losing his home, bought at Monclova and built a saw-mill and sawed and hauled lumber to Maumee to build the Forsyth and Hunt homes, which are still on the bank of the Maumee. The Forsyth home is now occupied by Mr. Puhl. Thomas Leaming, his brother, helped to build these houses.

Mrs. Reed played with Indian children many a day in the vicinity of Perrysburg. A boy by the name of Staman, when going after the

cows, just back of the Fort, was killed by the Indians shortly before they came.

Benedict Affoller came to Maumee in 1835. He has been a resident of that city and vicinity since that time. He is now 94 years and 4 months of age. He has now been a citizen of America 66 years.

MRS. MARY THORNDYKE PECK.

MARY THORNDYKE PECK was born at Jaffrey, New Hampshire, January 2d, 1808, and removed to Ohio with her parents in 1821. They settled in the town of Thorndyke, now Brimfield, Portage County, most of the township being owned by her uncle, Israel Thorndyke. When she came to Ohio, they were six weeks on the way and traveled the whole distance (nearly 900 miles) in a sleigh, finding good sleighing all the way. Such a journey could hardly be made for many years past. She was one of the pioneer school teachers in Portage County, and was very successful in that vocation. In those days the system of "boarding round" was in vogue, and wages very low, \$2.00 to \$3.00 per week being considered large pay. She was married to Dr. Erasmus D. Peck, at Brimfield, in December, 1832; came to Perrysburg with her husband in 1834, and was a resident of Perrysburg 39 years, dying at Washington, D. C., (where she had gone to spend a few months with Dr. Peck, during the session of Congress of which he was a member), January 24th, 1873.

HULDAH H. MERRILL.

HULDAH H. MERRILL was born in Penobscot County, Maine, November 21st, 1825. She removed to Lucas County (with her parents) in 1835; was married to Thomas H. Leaming at Ai, September 18th, 1844, locating at Monclova, where she still resides. She was the mother of seven children, four of whom are still living, three at Monclova and one at Defiance.

MRS. SUSAN GORDON HUNTINGTON.

SUSAN GORDON HUNTINGTON was born in Lancaster, Ohio, Nov. 25th, 1807, and died November 25th, 1852. She came to Orleans in

August, 1825, and was well fitted by nature for pioneer life, being strong and patient of fatigue or privations. She was always kind in sickness, and to those less fortunate than herself, always willing to bear as far as she could, the burdens of others. Her memory is still a pleasant one to her old friends.

A. M. PERRIN.

CLARISSA WATSON COOK.

CLARISSA WATSON COOK was born in New Market, N. H., May 27, 1791. She was married to Dr. Daniel Cook, January 12, 1813; resided in Waterville, Me., until 1834, when they moved West and took up their residence in Maumee, where she lived 31 years, dying March 15, 1865. Of seven children born to them, only one survives, Daniel Francis Cook, who has lived in Maumee for 61 years.

AUNT OLIVE GUNN'S SCHOOL.

A little incident, illustrating the bravery of the Pioneer Women, is told of Miss Olive Gunn, who kept a school above Waterville, in a little log-cabin, near a large corn field. One day two men came riding through the little settlement, with the thrilling statement that the Indian chief Black Hawk and his warriors were marching upon them. All was excitement and a hurrying to and fro, and mothers watched anxiously for the school children returning home, but none appeared, when a delegation was sent hastily for them. On arriving at the school-house, Miss Gunn was found peacefully teaching her classes, undisturbed by the report. On being asked what she intended to do, she said, when she saw the Indians coming she intended to run to the corn field with the children, and "lay low" till the Indians passed. Fortunately the scare proved to be without foundation.

MRS. ANNA BUNNELL.

Prominent among Pioneer Women was Mrs. Anna Bunnell, whose genial disposition and cordial hospitality made her a general favorite. She was born in Connecticut, in 1810, and married Doctor Haney Bunnell, December, 1831, and with her husband moved to the Mau-

mee River, in 1833, settling at Gilead. As the wife of a prominent physician, with a large practice, her house was a refuge for the sick and distressed, many of whom were cared for. Many a poor dying person was soothed by her words of christian love. A friend who knew her intimately, says few have any conception of the hardships she encountered and the immense labor she performed in those early days. She was capable of doing more work, bodily and mentally, than any five ordinary women; and not only capable, but actually did it. Her literary education was much higher than that of the majority of women. Her late years were spent in Maumee, where her home was seldom free from visitors, who were always welcome. She died February 4th, 1878.

MRS. MARGARET MOORE GUIOT.

One of the earliest settlers was Mrs. Mary Moore, who moved to the Maumee in 1800. She died thirty years ago, in the small house back of the Methodist Church, and was buried in the cemetery at the Reynolds Mills. Her age was 102 years. She had eleven children. When Gen. Harrison came to Fort Meigs, in 1813, the family were living at Marengo Point, but for safety he had them brought to the fort, where they remained till after the siege was raised, when they returned to their cabin home. Margaret Moore married Robert Moore, one of Gen. Harrison's scouts. She died at the Navarre settlement, near Toledo. Fanne Moore was born at Marengo Point, February 7th, 1802; married Basil Trombla, in 1818. He died in 1827. She afterwards married Francis Burdo, who lived only one year. She afterwards married Lewis Guiot. She had a family of twenty-two children. Most of them are dead. She died in February, 1888, and was buried at Maumee.

MRS. H. CROSS.

In the fall of 1822 we left Dayton, Ohio, for the Maumee river, being four weeks and three days on the trip. We were obliged to make our way through the Black Swamp, without roads. For fire we used the flint and punk, the historical predecessor of friction matches. We landed at the Adams' Hill, where stood a log-house. In those days were there two Indians. The wolves were very numerous and

would come and scratch on the door. I was about seven years old when we came. Our food was chiefly corn-bread, wild meat and fish; the latter being so numerous in the river that the horses would stumble on them when crossing the stream. Waterville was our first stopping-place, where we lived a short time, and then (1823, I think) moved to what came to be Maumee City; then consisting of one frame house and several log-cabins. Church and school-house were wholly unknown. I remember that at the time of the Black Hawk scare, Mrs. John Pray exhorted us to be brave and calm, assuring us that God would take care of us. The first Sunday-school was taught by Mrs. John E. Hunt, whom I always regarded as a model christian woman. I was among the first members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, organized in Waterville, I think, about 1835. It would require much time to note all of the numerous incidents and facts of Pioneer Woman's life.

MRS. LUCIA VAN TASSEL.

MRS LUCIA VAN TASSEL was born in Blandford, Mass., in 1794, removing with her father, to the Western Reserve, in 1802, where she obtained a good education and became a successful teacher, preparing and having published an English grammar, for the use of the pupils. When 28 years old she married Rev. Isaac Van Tassel, and came to labor among the Ottawa Indians, on the Maumee, at Waterville, in 1822, remaining there twelve years. Her labors were arduous, teaching and instructing, visiting the Indians in their tents, to administer to their physical and spiritual wants. Constantly laboring for the good of those around her, her house was a shelter for the sick and the homeless. Her courage was remarkable. During serious illness at the Mission Station, one early spring-time, she rode on horseback to Maumee, for Drs. Conant and White. They accompanied her on the return trip, and were horrified on reaching the river, to find it filled with cakes of ice and driftwood. Nothing daunted, she rode down the bank and plunged in, telling them to follow, which they did, only because, as they afterward said, they were ashamed to be "beaten by a woman." After the death of her husband, in 1848, she went to New York and studied medicine, and practiced five years at Memphis, Tenn. She then returned to the Maumee Valley, where her remaining years were spent. She died at Maumee, February 5th, 1874.

ANN RAKESTRAW came to Waterville, September, 1832. She was the mother of nine children, five of whom are now living. She had a very severe experience as a pioneer, but bore it all bravely and without a murmur. She died in 1878, aged 83.

MRS. ISHAM, of Waterville Mills. Her father, mother and four children landed at Toledo, in April, 1834, coming by schooner from Oswego, New York, and passed on next day to Waterville. John Pray built a mill there, and Mr. Isham took charge of it. Mrs. Isham's cousin, Harriet Wright, taught one of the first schools in Toledo. She married Munson H. Daniels, and died in Toledo, July 20th, 1842.

MRS. CLARA CONANT MARTINDALE, sisters of Dr. Horatio Conant, came to Orleans in 1818 and died in 1851.

ELIZABETH GRANT, wife of Willard Gunn, came from Prescott, Mass., to Maumee, in 1817.

MRS. JAMES FITCH SHEPHARD was born in Lyme, Conn., 1810. Her husband came to Maumee with the New London Building Association, in 1835. She followed him in 1836, with two children.

SARAH SLOSSON, whose parents lived at the foot of the British Fort at Miami, was one of the earliest pioneers. She was married in 1808 to Samuel Ewing, and died in 1815. She was buried in the old cemetery at Fort Meigs.

JANE BURDO was born at Maumee, in 1819, married Hiram Willsee, and died in 1895.

MARY CLARK LEAMING came to Lucas County with her husband, Ephraim Leaming, September 20th, 1815, locating at Monclova, where she died in 1840.

MARY A. MCNEES was born in Harrisburg, Pa., August 10, 1806. Her husband was a native of the same place and born July 8th, 1802. They were married in 1823; moved to Maumee City in 1834, remaining there until the spring of 1857, and then settled on the farm, five miles from Maumee, in Springfield Township, where he died in 1872.

Mother McNees is still on the farm, and will be 89 on her next birthday.

ANNIE DUNN CHAPPEL came to the Maumee Valley in 1817; married in 1819. Her daughter, Mrs. Emily Graham, now residing at Maumee, has been a resident nearly seventy-six years.

MARY STICKNEY came from Maryland to the Maumee Valley. She was a daughter of Gen. Stickney, of Revolutionary fame.

MATILDA LEE KNAGGS, wife of Geo. Knaggs, was married in 1828 and moved to Maumee, in 1830. She was the daughter of Col. Lee, of Revolutionary fame, and was a very cultivated woman, receiving a fine education in the East. She died in 1847, and was buried at Maumee.

JERUSHA BARNARD KILBOURNE, was born in Maumee, in 1809, and died in 1835.

TEMPERANCE PRATT REED was born at Sharon, Conn., February 19, 1786; married to Henry Reed in 1806; moved to Waterville in October, 1833; and died June 8th, 1857. She was a prominent church worker, helping to establish the First Presbyterian Church at Waterville. It is quite safe to say that no other family of settlers in the Maumee Valley constituted as liberal an addition to its population. It included the parents and twelve children.

FIDELIA AUSTIN DRUMMOND came to Maumee in May, 1834.

CATHERINE BURNS ROWE came to Perrysburg from Wooster, Ohio in 1832. Emiline Rowe married George R. Owens in December, 1839. She is still living at Maumee, and well remembers Gen. Harrison at Fort Meigs in 1840.

MRS. LUCY SONDBRELL came to Maumee from Monroe, Mich., in 1831.

Members of Maumee Valley Pioneer Association

TOLEDO.

Andrews, Samuel, 1835.
Alexander, Wm. G., 1864.
Atkins, Rosantha, 1833.
Abbott, Enice S., 1855.
Avery, Elias, 1842.*
Bennett, Henry, 1833.*
Brigham, Mavor, 1835.
Bond, John R., 1836.*
Bishop, Amasa, 1824.*
Bissell, Frederick, 1835.*
Belknap, A. A., 1834.
Brownlee, A. Bruce, 1835.*
Berdan, Peter F., 1837.*
Ballard, Chas., 1837.
Bronson, Julius, 1824.*
Bennett, W. H., 1833.
Bramford, Richard, 1838.*
Blanchard, Samuel, 1834.
Bell, Robert H., 1847.
Bell, Delia A., 1847.*
Boos, W. H., 1842.
Bronson, Calvin, 1851.*
Blinn, N. D., 1836.
Bashare, Milo, 1858.
Berdan, John, 1835.
Bloomfield, Robert, 1842.
Brown, Ed. F., 1845.
Brigham, C. O., 1838.
Beach, Wm. A., —.*
Boice, R. V., 1846.
Baker, Wm., 1844.*
Boas, Mathias, 1837.*
Brigham, Mrs. M. P., 1843.
Brigham, Stanley F., 1844.
Bordeaux, Anthony, 1816.*
Bush, Mrs. Dr. I. H., 1836.
Bennett, Mrs. Henry, 1833.*
Berdan, Mrs. Pamela, 1835.
Blodgett, Mrs. Eliza, 1844.
Brecksiker, H. E., 1851.
Bradley, A. B., 1851.
Babbington, Wm., 1855.*
Birkhead, Peter H., 1854.*
Baldwin, Mrs. Maria, 1832.
Barlow, Bradford, 1824.*
Bartlett, Nathaniel, —.*
Burdick, Leander, 1855.
Bumbaugh, H., 1856.
Bond, Oliver S., 1855.

Brownlee, A. B., Jr., 1849.
Baldwin, Marquis, 1823.
Blinn, Chas. E., 1841.
Baldwin, Rev. F. B., 1837.
Baker, Mary G., 1845.
Carpenter, Geo. A., 1840.*
Comstock, James M., 1836.*
Collins, Morgan L., 1834.
Crank, Chas. A., 1830.
Chase, Galusha, 1839.
Corlett, Thomas, 1826.*
Crane, Gabriel, 1826.*
Consand, John, 1837.*
Connelly, Edward, 1836.*
Crane, Joel W., —.*
Coy, Charles E., 1835.*
Cole, Frederick J., 1842.*
Cheney, Wm. C., 1843.*
Coy, Cyrus H., —.*
Colton, Abram W., 1848.
Clark, Albert G., 1848.
Clark, Jacob, 1834.*
Callahan, —, —.*
Chamberlin, S. D., 1852.
Cranker, Jacob, 1848.*
Collins, D. A., 1837.
Cooney, M. J., 1842.
Chesbro, C. P., 1849.
Crafts, J. A., 1834.
Corlett, Wm., 1839.
Conway, J. A., 1837.
Coghlin, Dennis, 1836.
Chapin, Edward, 1855.
Cowderick, Vien, 1834.
Crum, Wm., 1836.
Conway, J. A., 1860.
Crabb, Gershom, 1831.*
Crabb, Sarah A. Stevens, 1833.*
Carter, S. S., 1840.
Dorr, Chas. M., 1837.*
Denison, James, 1834.*
Daniels, Willard J., 1832.*
Daniels, Thomas, 1837.
Deaneal, Jos. W., 1834.*
Dunlap, Thomas, 1840.
Draper, James, 1849.
Dyer, S. F., 1836.
Dowling, P. H., 1839.
Dunlap, Mrs. Thos., 1832.*

* Deceased.

- Dennison, Hannah L., 1837.*
 Enright, Michael J., 1853.
 Englehart, Jacob, 1852.
 Ensign, W. O., 1837.
 Eddy, Charles H., 1852.
 Eggleston, Mrs. H., 1844.
 Edgar, John, 1835.
 Forbes, Samuel S., 1851.
 Fay, John, 1833.*
 Fellows, Wm., 1834.*
 Freeman, John P., 1835.*
 Finlay, Wm. J., 1843.*
 Faskins, John, 1848.
 Fisk, Horace J., 1847.
 Gavitt, Elnathan C., 1828.
 Griffith, Wilson W., 1854.
 Gloyd, J. M., 1843.
 Gloyd, Mary E., 1850.
 Goddard, Alonzo, 1845.
 Gilbert, Mrs. Mary Ann, 1826.*
 Granger, V. W., 1849.
 Gardner, Nathan, 1832.
 Gleason, A. W., 1854.
 Galloway, Patrick H., 1838.
 Harroun, C. H., 1835.
 Hartman, Abraham, 1835.
 Hanks, E. S., 1835.*
 Herrick, Calvin, 1833.
 Howard, Robert A., 1823.*
 Hertzler, Horace, —.*
 Hill, Chas. W., 1836.*
 Holloway, Harrison L., 1834.*
 Hall, Henry, —.*
 Hone, J. W., 1833.
 Hathaway, I. N., 1840.
 Holzworth, J. G., 1854.
 Holt, Parley C., 1843.*
 Hunter, Edward H., 1846.*
 Howard, Mrs. N. M., 1843.
 Hoag, Philip, 1842.*
 Hall, W. F., 1850.*
 Howe, Charles F., 1850.
 Hubbell, M. W., 1834.
 Holt, F. J., 1851.
 Howell, D. Y., 1845.*
 Howell, A. D., 1850.
 Holloway, C. B., 1836.
 Hall, Cecil A., 1849.
 Hunker, Andrew, 1853.
 Hubbard, Franklin, 1866.
 Heine, Jacob E., 1866.
 Isherwood, F. P., 1853.*
 Jenison, Chas. V., 1818.*
 Jones, Joseph, 1835.*
 Johnson, David, —.*
 Johnson, Solomon, 1836.*
 Jones, W. W., 1849.*
 Jones, Adelaine, 1831.
 Ketcham, Valentine H., 1836.*
 Kelsey, Joel W., 1845.
 Kelsey, Mrs. J. W., 1836.*
 Ketcham, Mrs. Rachel Ann, 1835.
 King, Frank J., —.*
 Ketcham, J. B., 1851.
 King, Chas. A., 1840.*
 Kountz, John A., 1846.
 Ketcham, John B., 2d., 1848.
 Kahlo, Henry, 1850.*
 Kenyon, Henry, 1853.
 Kellogg, Joseph G., 1839.
 Leezen, Martin L., 1839.*
 Laughlin, Wm., 1846.*
 Lane F. T., 1842.
 Lindsay, Mrs. S. B., 1820.
 Lunday, Jonathan, 1833.
 Landis, N. M., 1840.*
 Lemmon, Reuben C., 1851.
 Lee, John C., 1869.*
 Myers, James, 1836.*
 Mott, Richard, 1836.*
 Manor, John J., 1829.*
 Mosher, John E., —.*
 Myers, Jerome, 1837.*
 Murray, Patrick, —.
 Myers, James W., 1848.
 Moore, Albert, 1832.
 Marksheffel, C. A., 1849.
 Merrill, Geo. W., 1852.
 Malone, Edward, 1851.*
 Moore, John A., 1836.
 Matthews, Nicholas, 1847.
 Marx, Guido, 1849.
 Merrikel, N. M., 1846.
 McNelly, James, 1840.
 Moorehouse, W. H., 1840.
 Mott, Miss Anna C., —.
 Newcomb, Alex. H., 1835.*
 Nichols, Francis L., 1836.
 Navarre, Peter, 1793.*
 Nearing, Mars, 1834.*
 Norton, C. W., 1835.
 Norton, Jane S., 1835.*
 Nye, D. H., 1849.*
 Norton, Mrs. M. D., 1829.
 Neubert, Henry G., 1844.
 Nay, Eccles, 1834.
 Nopper, Christ, 1854.
 Osborn, John R., 1837.
 Osgood, Frederick, 1836.*
 Pelton, A. D., 1850.
 Philipps, Henry, 1849.
 Prentice, Wm., 1818.*
 Phillips, Phillip J., 1825.*
 Potter, Emory D., 1835.
 Pease, Don. A., 1835.*
 Pearce, Sarah, 1840.*
 Prentice, Frederick, 1822.
 Parmelee, W. E., Jr., 1844.
 Pratt, Charles, 1833.
 Pike, Louis H., 1851.

Parks, J. H., 1848.
 Pheatt, Z. C., 1841.
 Parmelee, W. E., 1840.
 Perigo, Mrs. Esther, 1848.
 Plant, A. H., 1842.
 Rodgers, Alonzo, 1835.*
 Reed, Alexander, 1833.
 Roemer, F. J., 1846.*
 Raymond, E. P., 1847.
 Raymond, Paul, 1834.
 Rowland, W. L., 1849.
 Reed, S. S., 1850.
 Rogers, Mrs. H., 1832.
 Rouse, B. W., —.*
 Romeis, Jacob, 1856.
 Richards, R. E., 1842.*
 Raymer, James, 1853.
 Reed, I. N., 1847.*
 Richardson, I. A., 1866.
 Scott, Samuel B., 1835.*
 Stevens, Oliver, 1832.*
 Smith, Denison B., 1836.
 Southard, Thomas, 1832.*
 Scott, Jessup W., 1832.*
 Shaw, Peter H., 1823.*
 Spencer, George, 1836.*
 Secor, Joseph K., 1840.*
 Smith, James, 1834.*
 Seabert, Henry, 1833.*
 Smith, H. T., 1838.*
 Seaman, Ira K., 1832.
 Stebbins, Daniel B., 1835.*
 Stewart, E. E., 1843.
 Saltonstall, D. G., 1844.
 Straight, Joseph W., 1838.*
 Scott, Charles I., 1839.*
 Smith, W. H. H., 1849.
 Shepard, James F., 1835.*
 Snell, A. J., 1857.
 Snell, Levi, 1835.*
 Southard, Thomas J., 1841.
 Stettiner Samuel, 1850.
 Spencer, C. L., 1846.
 Spencer, J. M., 1850.
 Scott, William H., 1833.
 Stebbins, George, 1848.*
 Scott, Frank J., 1833.
 Stebbins, Orpha N., 1837.
 Smith, E. C., 1854.
 Steedman, James B., 1837.*
 Schansenbaugh, William, 1855.
 Stickney, Two, 1831.*
 Stinecamp, George H., 1837.
 Smith, Mrs. Julia E., 1834.
 Sisson, Jessie, 1845.

Secor, Mrs. Francis P., 1834.
 Thacher, Horace, 1833.*
 Tiernan, Thomas, 1839.
 Trowbridge, Anson, 1834.
 Thorner, Henry, 1845.
 Thayer, Lyman T., 1843.*
 Truax, P. B., 1842.*
 Timpany, R. H., 1843.*
 Taylor, William, 1834.*
 Thurstin, W. S., 1836.
 Thomas, Edwin W., 1841.
 Tappan, Winfield, 1834.
 Vanfleet, J., 1829.
 Van Gunten, John, 1834.
 Vanstone, Thomas, 1852.
 Van Gunton, John, 1854.
 Waite, Morrison R., 1838.*
 Waite, A. B., 1843.*
 Whitaker, William H., 1851.*
 Waite, W. S., 1843.*
 Waite, John A., 1843.
 White, Oscar, 1828.*
 Woodruff, C. D., 1835.*
 Woodruff, Elijah J., 1836.*
 Whitmore, Luther, 1825.
 Whitney, Noah A., 1834.*
 Walbridge, Horace S., 1833.*
 Walbridge, Ebenezer, 1836.*
 Waite, Mrs. A. B., 1843.
 Waggoner, Clark, 1856.
 Whitaker, John H., 1844.*
 Wells, George S., 1849.
 Woods, J. T., —.
 Walterhouse, J. W., 1846.
 Wilcox, M. I., 1850.
 Wood, Jonathan, 1831.*
 Wheeler, Maro, 1852.*
 Wachter, Christ., 1850.*
 Wachenhimer, L., 1850.
 Willey, Emery P., 1844.
 Wood, Alonzo H., 1843.
 West, Charles, 1847.
 Winans, James, 1844.
 Waite, E. F., 1846.
 Whitaker, C. H., 1846.
 Whitmore, W. H., —.
 Wilcox, Henry, 1834.
 Worden, S. B., 1834.
 Wales, Charles T., 1832.*
 Wilder, David, 1851.
 Wagner, Mrs. Mary C., 1834.
 Woolson, A. M., 1869.
 Young, Samuel M., 1835.
 Young, Horatio S., 1843.*

ANTWERP.

Bissell, C. A., 1863.
 Bisber, Henry, 1844.
 Doering P. P., 1847.

Oswalt, Jacob, 1846.
 Pocock, D. A., 1844.
 Pocock, Clara, 1838.

Ewing, William, 1812.
 Flock, W. F., 1854.
 Furguson, H. R., 1859.
 Gordon, L. S., 1855.*
 Graves, F. A., 1835.
 Harris, Henry, 1850.
 Harris, Jane E., 1854.
 Hughes, D. S., 1836.

Pocock, J. L., 1854.
 Pocock, E. E., 1859.
 Snooks, W. A., 1826.
 Saylor, Jacob, 1833.
 Stukey, W. W., 1839.
 Woodcox, C. B., 1838.
 Zuber, John B., 1849.
 Zuber, J. H., 1848.

BOWLING GREEN.

Dodge, H. H., —.
 Thomas, S. H., 1840.
 Newton, Daniel, 1840.*
 Newton, Mrs. Eveline, 1850.
 Caldwell, George D., 1855.

Perry Thomas, 1835.
 LaFarrie, James H., 1837.
 Black, Luther, 1836.
 Simonds, Alice, 1839.
 Ralston, James B., 1839.

COLTON.

Connolly, Michael, 1835.
 Grambling, Adam, 1859.
 Parrot, William, 1861.
 McGarvey, John, 1846.

Waler, Aaron, 1861.
 Waggoner, Simon M., 1850.
 Waggoner, John B., 1852.

CECIL.

Latimore, James F., 1843.
 Latimore, Mrs. J. F., 1839.

Simpson, A. N., 1825.

DELTA.

Crosby, O. V., 1828.*
 Cately, S. H., 1836.*
 Carr, M., 1845.

Howard, D. W. H., 1821.
 Holt, John, —.

DEFIANCE.

Abel, Benjamin L., 1846.
 Arrowsmith, Miller, 1833.
 Brown, Mrs. W. A., 1836.
 Brown, Kate B., 1843.
 Brown, F. G., 1841.
 Corwin, Isaac, 1850.
 Cox, B. B. W., 1829.
 Deamer, B F., 1849.
 Greenler, J. S., 1838.
 Gurwell, M., 1847.
 Gurwell, Jacob, 1841.*
 Holgate, W. C., 1836.
 Hardy, Henry J., 1851.
 Hudson, S. P., 1823.
 Hooker, Arabella H., 1839.
 Howard, E. A., 1832.
 Hall, H. B., 1844.
 Hahehenson, W. C., 1849.
 Jarvis, Mary B., 1849.
 Kirk, J. D., 1837.
 Langdon, Lyman, 1835.

Marcellus, D. H., 1835.
 Miller, John, 1820.
 Marcellus, Hugh J., 1836.
 Mix, E. B., 1840.
 Phelps, Edione, 1834.
 Parry, Gibbons, 1840.
 Rohn, James, 1822.
 Ralston, J. P., 1842.
 Sessions, Horace, 1833.*
 Stubbs, William M., 1836.
 Scott, Helen Brown, 1847.
 Saylor, Jacob, 1833.
 Simpson, A. E., 1825.
 Smith, William M., 1826.
 Travis, William, 1819.*
 Thornton, M. E. Stevens, 1839.
 Tittle, Charles P., 1839.
 Wilhelm, Adam, 1840.
 Myers, L. E., 1852.
 Hilton, Brice, 1823.
 Evans, Richard, 1822.

FLORIDA.

Andrews, H. R., 1850.
 Berdner, Mrs. Harvey, 1842.
 Bruback, F. M., 1847.
 Bruback, Emily B., 1840.
 Bowen, Jerry P., 1824.

Rothenberger, G. F., 1845.
 Scofield, J. E., 1833.
 Sisler, Peter, 1847.
 Weaver, H. S., 1854.
 Lowry, Samantha A., 1852.

Brubacker, David, 1850.
Karsner, Isaac, 1841.

Weaver, David, 1853.

GRAND RAPIDS.

Culbertson, Eli, 1852.
Judson, A. E., 1844.
McLain, J. C., 1853.

Reynolds, James, 1840.
Sterling, F. J., 1830.

GRELTON.

Bucklin, Osman, 1822.
Johnson, W. C., 1844.

Yeager, A., 1841.

HASKINS.

Berntheisel, H. R., 1831.
Garrett, P. J., 1862.

Garrett, Mrs. P. J., (Kate), 1856.

HOLLAND.

Gunn, A. D., 1834.
Tucker, Albert E., 1854.

Holloway, C. B., 1834.
Holloway, Mrs. Mary A., 1820.

MAUMEE.

Allen, J. C., 1835.*
Brown, Mrs. Thomas, 1852.
Blaker, Mrs. Amanda, 1861.
Chappell, Jonathan, 1823.*
Forsyth Robert A., 1816.*
Gunn, Warren B., 1820.
Hull, Isaac, 1814.*
Hull, W. R., 1833.

Kniser, Laura B., 1835.
Knapp, H. S., 1836.*
Mitchell, R. R., 1843.
Wilcox, John E., 1853.
Bales, William, 1834.
Gunn, O. N., 1836.
Gunn, Mrs. O. N., 1837.
Drummond, C. M., 1834.

LIBERTY CENTER.

Parnock, Edward, 1855.
Furney, Michael, 1865.
Gunn, Mrs. A. B., —.
Hudson, Isaac, 1844.
Leist, A. C., 1866.
Lamphier, John, 1840.
Pennick, Edward, 1855.

Williams, William F., 1835.
Woodward, M., 1846.
Young, C. C., 1849.
Viers, L. E., 1846.
Croninger, George, 1817.
Russell, W. H., 1844.

WEST LIBERTY.

Carpenter, Henry, 1848.

Brilhart, L. A., 1863.

MONCLOVA.

Allen, George, 1834.
Gunn, Mrs. Eliza Jane, 1826.
Heffelbower, Henry, 1833.
Kerr, John W., 1840.

Leaming, Hulda, 1835.
Lose, William, 1855.
Vanfleet Cornelius, 1831.
Leaming, Thomas H., 1834.*

McCLURE.

Shepperd, D. S., 1846.

Durbin, Thomas W., 1822.

NAPOLEON.

Bowers, George, 1828.
Brooks, William, 1860.
Bowers, James S., 1849.
Bowers, W. R., 1830.
Bowers, Mrs. A. C., 1834.
Britton, O. J., 1852.
Cowderick, J. E., 1831.
Cadwallader, Mrs. Mary, 1849.
Curtis, S. L., 1838.

Hudson, Harrison, 1848.
Hufning, Julius, 1849.
Huddle, John, 1861.
Hague, S. M., 1860.
Mory, J. D., 1833.
Pihlown, Mary, 1863.
Roisen, Mathias, 1843.
Sheffield, William, 1841.*
Scribner, Allen B., 1835.

Davidson, J. S., 1840.
 Gunn, Edward, 1820.
 Gillson, David, 1844.
 Furguson, Mary, 1856.
 Haley, James G., 1835.
 Hudson, D. P., 1845.
 Hill, Matilda N., 1866.
 Hately, D., 1861.

Shilt, John, 1847.
 Stevens, John W., 1844.
 Scott, Robert K., 1851.
 Sentre, H., 1847.
 Tyler, Justin H., 1852.
 Wheeler, Caleb, 1849.
 Wilson, D., 1848.
 Williams, L. B., 1835.

PERRYSBURG.

Andrews, Mrs. H. B., 1823.*
 Blinn, N. D., 1825.*
 Bates, John, 1832.*
 Bloomfield, Andrew, 1833.*
 Beach, Gilbert, 1835.*
 Brown, Abner, 1833.*
 Baird, C. C., 1835.
 Barlow, Martha, 1818.
 Cook, Asher, 1835.*
 Crane, Jeremiah D., 1827.
 Cook, William L., 1835.*
 Cook, William, Sr., 1831.*
 Creps, G. W., 1864.
 Crane, Mrs. Rosana, 1818.*
 Fenton, Robert, 1834.
 Fenton, P. O., (Wood Co.), —.
 Cingg, Rudolph, 1850.
 Houston, William, 1836.*
 Hollenbeck, Francis, 1842.
 Lock, L. C., 1835.*
 Lindsay, D., 1834.*
 Powers, George, 1835.*
 Peck, Erasmus D., 1834.*
 Perrin, S. G., 1828.*
 Pratt, B. F., 1834.

Perrin, Mrs. Amelia, 1835.
 Peck, Mrs. E. D., 1844.*
 Peck, Harry E., 1838.
 Powell, Frank, 1855.
 Parsons, Geo. N., 1837.*
 Powers, C. A., 1844.
 Ross, J. W., 1834.
 Ross, Mrs. J. W., 1845.
 Rumler, Estella, 1841.
 Spink, Shibna, 1833.*
 Smith, J. J., 1835.*
 Spafford, Mrs. Maria, —.
 Stubbs, James F., 1834.
 Fuller, E., 1835.
 Thornton, S. B., 1837.
 Warner, H., 1835.
 Weddel, George, 1837.
 Webb, John, 1822.*
 Way, Willard V., 1834.*
 Wilson, Eber, 1823.*
 Wilkison, David, 1818.*
 Webb, Thomas J., 1828.*
 Drummond, Calvin M., 1834.
 Keeler, Wm. O., 1833.
 McKnight, George S., 1820.

WATERVILLE.

Ballou, O. W., 1836.
 Ballou, Mrs. O. W., 1845.
 Dodd, Mrs. Mary, 1840.
 Eastwood, Lewis, 1832.
 Hall, J. E., 1836.
 Hoobler, Geo. W., 1837.
 Morehouse, L. L., 1837.*
 Pray, Thomas, 1828.

Reed, Henry, Sr., 1833.*
 Reed, Abram P., 1834.*
 Vanfleet, Jane R., 1828.
 Vanfleet, Wm., 1828.
 Vanfleet, H. F., 1849.
 Watts, Thomas, 1844.
 Shertzer, Joseph, 1856.
 Webb, John Charles, 1822.

WHITEHOUSE.

Atkinson, Wm., 1834.
 Atkinson, Louise, 1831.
 Bennett, Geo. C., 1838.
 Butler, F. A., 1839.
 Crosby, D. S., 1832.
 Doren, John, 1846.
 Doren, William, 1845.
 Goodman, M., 1861.

Gordon, L. S., 1855.
 Haskins, Mrs. Lucina, 1827.*
 Pray, J. Lansing, 1839.
 Pray, M. W., 1837.
 Pray, Mrs. Mary E., 1852.
 Pray, Parish H., 1819.
 Rakestraw, Yarnell, 1832.
 Paulsen, J. H., 1841.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ainsworth, J. M., 1848, Hicksville, Lucas County.
 Bush, B. H., 1834, Washington Township, Lucas County.
 Brown, Sylvester, 1831, Washington Township, Lucas County.
 Borderer, Henry, 1836, Flat Rock, Henry County, O.
 Collins, Sanford L., 1831,* Tremainsville, Lucas County.
 Collins, John W., 1834,* Tremainsville, Lucas County.
 Conant, Horatio D., 1816,* New York City.
 Cass, Joseph, 1832,* Adams Township, Lucas County.
 Curtiss, Nelson, 1836, Swanton, Lucas County.
 Crain, Henry, 1834, Oregon Township, Lucas County.
 Colton, Carlos, 1824 * Monroe, Mich.
 Dunlap, Jennie, 1848, 788 Broadway, New York.
 Edgar, John, 1835, Weston, Wood County.
 Freas, George, 1842, Okolona.
 Fenlon, H. R., 1832, Ridgeville.
 Griffin, W. C., 1822, Lucas County.
 Gerkins, Henry, 1834, West Toledo.
 Fast, H. H., 1854, Holgate, Lucas County.
 Foster, Joel, 1829, Tontogany, Wood County.
 Fairchild, Alonzo, Swanton, Lucas County.
 Gunn, O. B., 1818, Fulton County.
 Hunt, John B., 1798,* Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Herrick, Elijah, 1823,* Swanton, Lucas County.
 Howard, N. M., 1828, Gilead, Wood County.
 Hosmer, H. L. (honorary member), San Francisco.*
 Howdy, James, 1858, Texas, O.
 Hollington, H., 1838, Delaware, O.
 Huber, Henry, 1838, Weston, Wood County.
 Hardesty, A. F., 1853, Payne.
 Kellogg, Harvey, 1837, Adams, Lucas County.
 Kellogg, Betsey Ann, 1847, Adams, Lucas County.
 Keller, W. H., 1847, Neapolis.
 Lewis, Peter C., 1830, Washington, Lucas County.
 Lathrop, Pliny, 1834,* Richfield, Lucas County.
 McDonald, C. W., 1852, Weston, Wood County.
 Maurer, Mrs. Thomas, 1855, Tontogany, Wood County.
 Moore, J. P., 1834, Fremont, Sandusky County.
 Manley, Levi, 1833,* Springfield, Lucas County.
 Pease, John U., 1835,* Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Printup, Andrew, 1834,* Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Phillips, Charles B., 1828, Blissfield, Mich.
 Phillips, P. J., 1825, West Toledo.
 Robertson, Amelius, 1836, Hull Prairie, Lucas County.
 Rowe, John P., 1831,* Vienna, Mich.
 Rogers, O. D., 1825, New Haven, Ind.
 Scott, J. Austin, 1833,* Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Stephan, Andrew,* Granite, Colorado.
 Scott, W. A., 1835, Swanton, Lucas County.
 Stebbins, A. F., 1846,* Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Shull, John, 1843,* Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Shepperd, W. H., 1854, Weston, Wood County.
 Trowbridge, Michael, 1834, Fulton County.
 Tubbs, W. B., 1837, Tubbsville.
 Van Rempelaar, J. B., 1838, Maumee.
 Whitney, Joseph S., 1834, Jackson, Mich.
 Watson, William, 1835, Washington, Lucas County.
 Watkins, George, 1849, Chicago, Ill.
 White, J. W., 1836, Washington, D. C.

Warner, Martin, 1836, Tontogany, Wood County.
 Walbridge, Hiram, 1833,* New York City.
 White, J. S., 1845, Swanton, Lucas County.
 White, Mrs. Ellen, 1835, Swanton, Lucas County.
 Watkins, Welles, 1837, Swanton, Lucas County.
 Warren, W. B., 1834, Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Wilson, Wm. H., 1835, Richfield, Lucas County.
 Williamson, C. W., 1838, Wapakoneta, O.
 Cone, Ambrose, 1832, Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Downs, Geo. W., 1840, Custar, Ohio.
 Foster, O. W., 1840, La Moine, Wood County, O.
 Peters, B. L., 1847, North Baltimore, O.
 Peters, Fanny, 1838, North Baltimore, O.
 McMahon, R. W., 1871, Portage, Wood County, O.
 Conture, —, 1855, Auburndale, Toledo.
 Jones, L. J., 1848, Digby, Wood County, O.
 Robison, James B., 1869, Air Line Junction, Toledo.
 McDowell, Mrs. C. E., 1840, Prairie Depot, Wood County, O.
 Andrews, James, 1835, Sylvania, Lucas County.
 Blaker, Sanford G., 1836, Woodville, Wood County, O.

NO ADDRESS.

Harroun, Clara, 1835.	Stowe, Mrs. A. F., 1833.
Harroun, Mrs. E. J., 1836.	Stowe, R. C., 1831.
Johnston, Anna M., 1837.	Taylor, Mrs., 1835.
Knaggs, Malinda, 1818.	Trenton, James, 1835.
Keller, Mrs. W. O.	Trowbridge, Cornelius, 1834.
Loope, P. G., 1838.	Taft, L. W., 1847.
Mitchell, Joseph, —.	Taylor, Mrs. W., 1835.
Merrill, Ozias, 1838.*	Thomas, Adaline, 1835.
Wood, H., 1832.	Van Tassell, Isaac, 1838.
Pratt, Wm., 1818.*	Washner, Jerry, 1848.
Pearson, James, 1839.	Wood, Mrs. Sarah, 1833.
Palmer, Mrs. Sophia, 1832.	Woodward, Mrs. R., 1843.
Robertson, J. A., 1836.	