EARLY YEARS ON THE WESTERN RESERVE

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EARLY YEARS ON THE WESTERN RESERVE

WITH EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF EPHRAIM BROWN AND FAMILY

1805-1845

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CLEVELAND
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FOREWORD

Near the close of the year 1914, some months after the death, at the imposing age of eighty-eight, of Anne, the youngest and last surviving child of Ephraim Brown, I received, from her late home at Bloomfield, Ohio, a firmly closed package, with an explanatory message, that it contained, among other letters, the family correspondence of George, Anne's brother, which, it was said, was sent to me in accordance with her own written and spoken words to such effect.

Inasmuch as her directions in this regard particularly mentioned, and thereby gave precedence to, the member of her immediate family to whom I was related both cognominally and cognately, it seemed proper to conclude that this dual connection was in her thoughts at the time, and sufficiently impressed her with its appropriateness, to allow it a determinative force in the connection.

Be that as it may, the gentle distinction seemed in the nature of an appeal to take up and finish a task that had been too long deferred and, of course, aroused an instant inclination and willingness to forthwith acquaint myself with what, if any, enduring value the legacy had, and decide its final destiny accordingly.

The undertaking, however, was not free of dissuasive considerations.

The series, like the addition it soon received from the store which my own mother had left, was composed of numerous packets of neatly folded letters, each of which was duly endorsed with the writer's name, the period, or the special subject to which it related. As was to be expected, the individual pieces varied in size, the degree of preservation or change, and, sometimes, in the pains originally observed to insure legibility and ease of reading.

Although the material used, especially in the earlier of the series, had generally been excellent, nevertheless, the letters had paid their full tribute to time, and, in consequence, the paper was likely to call for too delicate a handling, and the writing for too strong a vision, to warrant a confidence that any perusal would be uninterrupted and free.

The physical process of unfolding, reading, and codifying an accumulation of this nature, is sure to be long, laborious, and trying to the faculties involved, and, then too, as in all such cases, from the more serious point of view of the feelings themselves, a journey backward, as that proposed, into the closed lives of those whom one has personally known and loved, is often a species of palingenesis so sombre, that its very contemplation makes one prone to halt, and, unless the urgency be plain, to cry out at last:

> From its consecrated cerements
> I will not drag this sacred dust again,
> Only to give me pain;
> But still remembering all the lost endearments
> I go on my way like one who looks before,
> And turns to weep no more.

However, one, whose early associates were those of

an older generation and particularly of his own family and kin, is readily quickened to a kindly curiosity about their past, and whatever will renew them to him in all their previous activities and surroundings. He is eager, especially for the opportunity such as a continuous sequence of letters affords, of seeing them through their own eyes, or the eyes of their contemporaries, as they advanced toward, and realized the very individualities he knew.

After all, the process is not, necessarily, either a sad or even a pensive one, for, the personalities with which we are occupied at such times may be regarded, in a way, as by no means the personalities from which we parted, but as identities of long before; nor, are the scenes of which we read, the scenes we once shared. In fact, we are so constituted, that until the past we are recalling touches and blends with our own, it may be looked upon quite objectively, and without a sense of pain.

Furthermore, in this case, as was at once also recognized by those interested in and directing the work of The Western Reserve Historical Society, these long preserved records had the potentiality of shedding a new, though perhaps but a feeble light, upon an interesting epoch in the life of our country, and a migratory movement within its borders which, from the nature of things, can never occur again.

When light is desired, whatever may be the intensity, or the angle and direction of the ray, it is to be carefully conserved and rightly focused upon the main objective.

In 1805, when the first of the letters was written,

the flow of population westward to the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys had already begun, proceeding always, in distinct waves corresponding with periodic seasons of commercial hardship in the east. By the end of the century's first decade, there had been no fewer than three of these great waves, each predicated on and synchronous with disaster at its source.

During the uncertainty and distress consequent upon the French Revolution, for instance, this movement of population reached dimensions which threatened the Atlantic states with depopulation. Upon the opening of the European War, however, in 1793, the increase of our trade abroad, brought on a wide prosperity which checked and held back the exodus to the west through the long space of time to 1802, and the treaty of Amiens.

The ensuing year of peace was one of declining commerce along our shores, but, correspondingly, of a new transfer of people to the distant interior. Its proportions were so great that, by the influx, Ohio, in 1803, was enabled to achieve statehood.

With the renewal of the Continental War, in that year, the trade to the West Indies was again opened; and, once more, and until the Great Embargo of 1807, every ocean was free to our carriers. The seaboard states were soon busily occupied in the building and use of ships, and in producing and collecting flour, lumber, cattle, pork, and other supplies, for their cargoes, but no one in that portion of the country now needed to change their skies in order to gain a livelihood, and emigration again subsided.

In 1807, President Jefferson proclaimed the na-

tional prohibition of any sailing from our shores. Good times in the East at once ended, and emigration to the West began. The embargo lasted until it was merged in and followed the fortunes of the War of 1812, with conditions becoming more and more accentuated from the first, until, at length, so barren of money, employment, and all assurances of prosperity or even sustainence were the people of the East, so impoverished and pursued by debt and want were they, that, in the end, they abandoned their homes and fled to the distant wilderness – as at the approach of a pestilence.

The migration was not made up of the improvident and destitute alone; farmers, artisans, mechanics, and tradesmen, those who had been used to steady and remunerative occupations, and the class which "no state could afford to lose," joined the movement.

> The Indian uprising and the war, did much to retard the emigration in 1812; but dull times, the coast blockade, the taxes and the disorders of the currency, so accelerated it, that, in the winter of 1814, the exodus from the seaboard states became alarming.[1]

Good times did not return with peace; on the contrary, conditions grew worse, and the westward movement of population more pronounced. With the disbanding of the European armies in 1815, and the high taxes and hard times abroad that followed, the body of emigrants from the farming and mechanic classes in England and other lands, made up a constantly increasing tributary to this on-flowing stream.

[1] McMaster's *History of the People of the United States*, 383.

In 1814, while at its flood, Ephraim Brown embarked his fortunes thereon, and was swept along. His destination was Township Number Seven, in the Fourth Range, Connecticut Western Reserve, Trumbull County, Ohio, the township, later, known as Bloomfield.

Abundant motives thus existed for a personal examination of the letters in question, but, aside from these, and all considerations of sentiment, was the practical situation that some final disposition was to be made of them, and the thought that what others had considered worthy of keeping and transmitting, surely, should not be actually destroyed or otherwise dealt with, except understandingly, and after duly proportioned inquiry. Accordingly, each of the thousand and more letters was read and whatever it had of possible moment, reduced to loose-leaf memoranda, either in the original language, or in an abstract of the same. About one-half of the number were thus noted, rudely and without thought, at first, that the notes might be useful to others, or, beyond the immediate task in hand. At the end, however, when the leaves were arranged sequentially, it was manifest that they might serve to point out particular incidents as to which fuller information should be desired, or to enable anyone interested to form an independent estimate of the series, without resort to the originals.

It is in the nature of an unaffected correspondence, particularly between members of the same family, that it should take no heed of what relates to the common status. Such information is desirable, however,

for a proper understanding of the writings by others. It seems pertinent here, therefore, in a prefatory way, to supply something, it may be, of the *dramatis personae* involved, the physical scenes, and surroundings, and other subjects and conditions to which the letters are referable. Little material of this nature is contained in the letters themselves, and, indeed, most of them, for all that appears, might as well bear much later dates, or have emanated from much older communities. As a source of pioneer data, therefore, and local details and occurrences of the kind especially prized by historical societies, these annals will prove disappointing.

It would be interesting, for instance, to learn from Mr. Brown, himself, the reasons which led him to go to Ohio in the first place; with whom he bargained for, why he chose, and, even why he named this particular location. Many details would be acceptable with respect to the measures which proprietors of western lands, like himself, took to attract settlers thereto, the terms and conditions under which sales were made, as well as other incidents that characterized his undertaking. There is little of this kind, however, in the correspondence, and, indeed, after his declaration June 4, 1810, that "it is now probable that I shall pass thro New Hartford some time this summer, on my way to New Connecticut," there is no word from him for the next ten years.

There is evidence, however, that he at once proceeded with the purpose thus early conceived for, it is understood, that by 1812, preparatory to moving to the West, he had sold the substantial residence which

he had built, in Westmoreland, and occupied from the time of his marriage. November 17, 1814, his wife's sister, Elizabeth, writes how: "Mr. Brown returned home, four weeks since, after a long journey, in good health and spirits; has made a large purchase in the state of Ohio, where he intends to remove next summer, if no unusual event prevents. It is their wish to have Nancy and myself accompany them. We have not yet concluded, nor will we, until we see you, or have your advice."

She refers to Mr. Brown as having been "in Painesville, Ohio (which is about thirty miles from the township he purchased)."

The absence of letters in the earlier years is easily accounted for, by the fact, that, at that time none of his children or his immediate family were separated from him. All the near relations, on both the Brown and the Huntington sides of the house, had either accompanied him, in the original hegira, or, followed soon after. There were few, therefore, or no one, to whom he, or any of the Bloomfield people could write, if they would.

Nevertheless, the correspondence as a whole, through its stretch of years, has a distinct atmosphere of the times, and directly or indirectly, and to a valuable degree, bears upon and illustrates what has been called "perhaps the most characteristic activity of the American people—the formation of society in successive wilderness areas from sea to sea."

In a literary sense, too, when those allowances are made, which General Washington said were "expected and made" with respect to all letters of friend-

ship, the correspondence is of exceptional merit. Besides the style and matter of the letters, their close sequence gives to the series the charm of an autobiography, or personal journal, wherein the interest is engaged, by various incidents, and carried along, expectantly, through a natural development to the close.

I. EPHRAIM BROWN

Ephraim Brown was born at Westmoreland, New Hampshire, October 27, 1775. He was the eldest of the eight children of Ephraim and Hannah Howe, his wife. The Ephraim, last named, was the son of Aaron Brown, who was himself the son of an Ephraim, who, in turn, as appears from the sources of information now available, was respectively, the son and also the grandson of a Boaz, the earlier of the Boazes being a son of Thomas Brown, the immigrant, who was one of the original proprietors of Sudbury, and, later, in 1638, a freeholder of Concord, Massachusetts.

In 1810, when Ephraim was considering a removal to Ohio, he was thirty-five years old, and, well-established, for those days, in all material respects. His home had always been at Westmoreland, where also lived his parents, his six sisters, and Joshua, the youngest of the family. November 9, 1806, he married Mary Buckingham Huntington, a daughter of Gurdon Huntington, of the Huntington-Mason family, of Connecticut, and Temperance Williams, his wife. Mary was a native of Windham, Connecticut.

In 1806, Temperance Williams was a widow with six children living, besides Mary. Their names recur in the earlier correspondence. A dutiful letter from Mary, at Westmoreland, to her mother, at Sunderland, which is also a model of genuine and gentle

expression, is found, wherein she pleads for a favorable reception "for her sake," and, because of his own deserving traits, of Mr. Brown, who is to bear the letter, and ask her consent to their union.

Ephraim and Mary Brown had nine children who survived infancy, and lived to mature years, some of them living to advanced, even very advanced years. The first four children were born at Westmoreland; the five others, at Bloomfield. They were:

Ephraim Alexander	born Dec. 1, 1807
George Washington	" May 25, 1810
Mary	" May 28, 1812
Charles	" Aug. 19, 1814
Elizabeth Huntington	" April 12, 1816
James Monroe	" April 2, 1818
Marvin Huntington	" Aug. 12, 1820
Fayette	" Dec. 17, 1823
Anne Frances	" May 31, 1826

Ephraim was nearly seventy years old, when he died at Bloomfield, April 17, 1845. The only portrait of him is a well executed ivory miniature, in 1805. The short waisted, double breasted coat in which he appears, with its high rolling collar, and brass buttons, the ruffled front and voluminous neckwear, and, his dark locks and youthful countenance, recall, at once, the representations of Commodore Perry, perhaps, or most any other of the more familiar personages of his day and years.

Unlike his children – except Elizabeth – referred to by one fond aunt as the "blue-eyed ones," he had brown eyes. His complexion was ruddy, and ex-

pression intelligent and composed. Any one of his sons, save James perhaps, could overlook him.

I asked my tailor to interpret the ten technical points of measurement, which Mr. Brown sent to Pittsburgh, in 1839, when ordering a coat for himself, from "a good piece of dark blue, or a dark bottle green, just which you may think best, and plain gilt buttons." After reducing the data to modern terms, he offered the opinion that the subject "was a somewhat portly man, nearly six feet tall."

What Mr. Brown's early opportunities were, or the nature of the then successes with which his sons credited him, are not known. There is a long fragment of a letter from Alexander, when he is twenty-three, in answer to one from his father wherein the latter had given some account of his "young days," and, with sufficient freedom, it appears, to make him dread "seeming foolish." The narration, however, impressed the son with gratitude, for the degree of confidence shown in its making, and with admiration for the facts disclosed.

In a later letter, he reminds his father of a half promise he had made, and expresses the hope that "you will (as you say you might) give me a more particular account of your life, than you did in your letter a few weeks ago. I should prize such a history more than almost anything else."

"I know very little about my grandfather," says Alexander, "and many other relations, as compared to what I should like to know."

Neither the letter to which Alexander's is a reply,

nor any letter of the kind promised by the father, was found in the Collection.

When a young man, it is said that he was on the staff of the governor of New Hampshire, and was addressed as Colonel, as the superscriptions of his earlier letters also show. This title, however, soon gave way, in Ohio, to that of "Squire," which, by the custom of farming countries, was still bestowed on the owner of any extensive acreage, and, thereafter, he was always thus addressed and referred to. "Where nearly all men were farmers," says Mr. Gaillard Hunt, in *Life in America One Hundred Years Ago*, "one who had a large farm, was a man of consequence," on the principle, we suppose, that in the Land of the Blind, the One-eyed Man is King.

This was a farming country certainly. "Only a very insignificant proportion of the United States lived in the cities in 1815,"[2] and these only on the Atlantic Slope. The Western Slope was wholly agricultural, without considerable communities, and, in strictness, without a single city. Buffalo was only six years old, and, not for many years, until the census of 1830, did Cleveland contain a thousand people. By 1817, Pittsburgh had a population of about eight thousand, and was the only settlement, in that region, that had pretensions as a city. The purchase and use of land was chiefly for country life, and as a reliance for the essentials of sustenance. There was no land speculation, as where manufacturing is thriving and people congregating, and dealers in land, who looked

[2] Hunt, *Life in America one hundred years ago.*

to resales, could only expect the slight advances and profits of the merchant or jobber of ordinary goods and articles, when disposing of them to the ultimate consumer.

Mr. Brown's youth fell in with the "Age of Reason," and the general exaltation of that faculty in human affairs. Spontaneous and impulsive action had no place, but every decision must be the result of a calm analysis, and deliberate judgment. This process, when habitually applied, or without allowance for the relative importance of things, is, of course, apt to breed an over-dignity, even a pomposity of manner and utterance.

However, in that day and generation, it was the practice of those who held positions of prominence, or, indeed, had any pretensions of worth, to use a style of expression which was something of this nature. It may be classified, perhaps, as a Johnsonian-Chesterfield blend, flavored by – the Franklin. Whatever else is said of it, the style was not that of either a scoffer, a cynic, or a trifler, but implied thoughts and instincts of corresponding breadth and dignity, and an elevated point of view.

A not uncommon consequence, however, of viewing things from on high, is that while the vision is expansive and far, much is overlooked that is near.

In the case in point, for instance, no one could have been more solicitous than he, that his children should have suitable educations, nor, have planned more adequately therefor, as the occasions arose. Nevertheless, when the plans were finally launched, the master

did not always seem sure of his course, and, in consequence, the vessel would veer and falter, and not hold constant to the destined port.

It was much the same with his sons' careers. He chose wisely enough in each instance, and preached his wisdom, but, in the end, the careers were fixed by the parties most in interest, and with little protest from him, when deviations were proposed and made.

II. PUBLIC AND LOCAL INTERESTS

Mr. Brown's interest in public concerns is plain from the correspondence; as to these, he had strong convictions, reached always by his own demonstrable thought. The evidence at hand mostly relates to national parties and politics.

He early committed himself against the tyranny and injustice of secret organizations, and, after the Morgan episode, from a Mason himself, he became a pronounced anti-Mason. He was long aligned with the party of Henry Clay, and in sympathy with its country-wide plans. In 1825, he went to the Ohio legislature, and, again, in 1832, when, as he writes, Mr. Whittlesey was chosen for Congress by a majority of a thousand, and he himself was elected, as an anti-Jackson, or – as such were soon to be designated – a Whig senator, from the district.

At length, as late as March 3, 1839, he writes his son George: "I suppose you have seen Mr. Clay's great Speech. It is a piece of fancy goods, handsomely wrought, and well glossed, but altogether lacking in substance. He says, for instance, that, living in different communities, the North has no right to meddle with the peculiar institution of the South, that is, to speak, write, or print their sentiments in relation to those institutions. He seems to forget what he said and did in Congress, and, also, about the poor

Greeks, when groaning under the tyranny of the Grand Turk.

"I regret I am compelled, in order to be consistent, to give up Henry Clay."

His feelings on this great human question had always been strong. A series of letters to him from a cousin, Silas Brown, extending from 1805 to 1817, now on deposit in the Library of Congress, and recently published by Mrs. Mary B. Harter, of Mansfield, Ohio, a granddaughter, disclose how early his views were fixed. There is a letter of his own in the set, dated, at Westmoreland, November 19, 1807, which, in other respects, indicates basic qualities of a high order, and, in particular, his then firm ideas with respect to human slavery.

In the course of the letter it became proper to state these ideas to his relative in Mississippi, which he did as follows: "With regard to the Country where you now reside, being a good place for Speculation, and the acquiring of property, I do not in the least doubt. But, my good friend, how is property made there? You will say by agriculture and commerce, professions of the most laudable kind. I will grant they are in a state which gave birth to you and me. Here the buying and selling of poor defenseless human beings does not form our Commerce, nor the using them like Beasts, our Agriculture.

"Not even the least plausible excuse can be offered in favor of Slavery—I challenge it from any person whatever. By the peculiarity of their constitution, it seems as tho' the God of Nature designed that portion of the Globe included in the torrid zone

for the people of color. Perhaps, you will laugh at my Yankee principles, but, I who am willing to put up contented with what can be got from honest industry, shall never be laughed out of them. I have been taught from my cradle to despise Slavery and will never forget to teach my children, if any I should ever have, the same lesson, for

> 'Tis Heaven's high gift, 'tis Nature's great decree,
> That none be Slave whom God himself made free.

Man, who is born for liberty, can never reconcile himself to servitude; your prediction, therefore, as expressed in your letter, should there be a War between England and the United States, were well founded. I not only believe as you do, that there would be much to be feared by whites from the blacks in the Western Country, in the case of a war; but should rejoice to have them rise upon their oppressors, and, if possible, make themselves free."

As the influence, in the government, in favor of Slavery grew, and, in after years, at last, seemed entrenched, he was of those who would have two governments, where before there was but one, in order that the freedom-loving of the people should be wholly free.

George refers to this disposition on his part, in a letter in 1833, as follows: "I think you have expressed a desire for a disunion of the states, putting the Slave-holding states by themselves; if so, I re-echo the wish with all my might and mind. . . It seems as though we were under a national curse, for the sin of slavery."

He, apparently, became hopeless that the Peculiar

Institution, as slavery was then referred to, would be done away with by public force and law, so that, in the later years of his life, when the slaves themselves looked only to flight for salvation, such convictions took active form and he became a chief agent in that "unorganized organization," known as the Underground Railroad, which was effective in making these flights successful, and, freedom, a fact to thousands.

There is little, or nothing of this, in the letters. Indeed, the subject, from its nature, was not one about which much would be written. The property rights and interests affected, running into millions of dollars a year, were alive and vengeful, and, the pains and penalties to which the laws subjected one who harbored or concealed a fleeing slave, were severe.

Speaking of the Underground Railroad, Mr. McMasters says:

> Each station was quite independent of the others. But once at one of them, the fugitive was fed, clothed if need be, and hidden till he could be taken in secret to the next station, to be sent to the third, and so on, to freedom.

Squire Brown's activities, in this direction, however, were well understood at the time, and, long afterwards, incidents about them were published in local histories and newspapers, and, even, in metropolitan journals.

The chase of "Tom and Jenny," made a thrilling and connected tale. In later years there was always some one who would undertake to locate the exact place where the hut was built, in which they hid for

weeks until the way to Canada had cleared. I myself believe the spot was in the so-called "Alton's Slashing," the little inlet in the East Wood, on the Brown place, just south of the ditch which connected the swamp, with the stream leading to the mill-pond. The big brick oven, and the ashes-bunkers, at the base of the chimneys in Squire Brown's house, were looked upon by not a few as the last keep and destined hiding-place for these refugees.

When Charles built the substantial Gothic Cottage, opposite his father's home, its suggestion of inner recesses and angles, raised the legend of a specially constructed, secret vault or compartment therein, where runaway slaves might be stowed and harbored on their journey north. Squire Brown's disposition, thus manifested, extended itself throughout, and was in full accord with that of the community generally, and, indeed, of the entire northeastern portion of the state. Through the trying years to come, this feeling in the district never relaxed.

"Benighted Ashtabula," the home of Wade and Giddings, and the capital spot of the country for such extreme radical spirit, was just across the border from Trumbull County and Bloomfield, and when these ideas were given a world-wide emphasis by the mad, but impressive action of Ossawatomie Brown, it is needless to recall, that whatever element of exalted sacrifice was involved, found instant and almost universal approval and sympathy there. Not unanimously, however, for history now gravely records that there was at least one dissenter, and he from Bloomfield, who tried to do the state some ser-

vice, in the perplexity and panic into which it was thrown.

As the fatal second of December, 1859, drew near, Virginia and the South were filled with rumours and belief, that all kinds of attacks and violence were to culminate on that day. Abolitionists were the conspirators, and Ashtabula County was the head-center and seat of a movement to rescue "Old Brown!" In his account of the situation, Mr. McMaster notes:

> The United States marshal, at Cleveland, forwarded a letter he had received from North Bloomfield, stating that John Brown Jr. had boasted that nine thousand desperate men would effect a rescue, and that his father would not be hanged.[3]

The letter is printed in volume 10, page 279 of the Virginia *Magazine of History and Biography*. It is dated November 11, 1859, and is signed by G. L. Kile, then a resident of Bloomfield.

He had just returned from visiting "most of the towns in Ashtabula county" where, he reports excitement exists over the Harper's Ferry affair. A prominent man in Andover, where John Brown Jr. had been living, and where the writer passed a night, told him that he saw Brown the day before, who said he had just returned from "a trip across the water. I suppose this meant Canada," and, when he was asked what he thought of his father's being hung, Brown replied that it never would be done; that the end of the Harper's Ferry war had not come. Then, follows the alleged boast about the nine thousand "desperate men," all prepared, and a reported remark by Brown, that "it was dreadful to contemplate their

[3] *History of the people of the United States*, vol. viii, 423.

action." The writer says men of good standing think there is a secret organization in the county that would "try and capture any one that should be arrested for aiding and assisting in the John Brown raid." He intimates that "the Old War Horse," meaning Giddings, was deep in plans of this nature.

It is recorded history, however, that John Brown was quietly hung, and, that no disturbance, nor even demonstration, of the sort predicted, was made. Whether this was because organization to such end had never been effected, or, thanks to the warnings of the Kiles of the land, any movements by the same had been headed off in time, does not appear in authentic annals.

October 30, 1825, Judge John M. Goodenow writes from Steubenville to "Col. E. Brown," as follows:

"My dear Friend: Yours of 24th inst reached me last night. I have before informed you of the *painful* result of my (non) election; and, I now have only time to write briefly.

"It cannot be more than 20 miles out of your way to come by Steubenville, and, I want to see you much; If you can bring yourself here in an *air-balloon*, or, otherwise, say, by one of your boys coming with you – I will present you with my old Gray horse, to ride to Columbus, and then home to *Bloomfield*, where I wish him to remain, under your guardianship, as an appendage to my farm. He is hardly able to perform all my travelling, and I cannot consent to sell him to a stranger – he is too worthy to be sold as a *mercenary* to any man. I have another.

"I have this morning taken the liberty to write to my friend at Columbus, Col. McDowell, to reserve for you one of his best berths, and also secure you a comfortable and convenient seat in the Representative Hall.

"Mrs. G. is better, and we set out this day to attend 3 courts, which will consume 3 weeks. We all send love to all – that's all Sr."

Judge Goodenow was born in Massachusetts in 1782, from whence he came to Bloomfield. The "farm" referred to in his letter lay just across the turnpike from the Brown place, and his house, occupied the site of Charles's Gothic Cottage, of a later date, before alluded to. This cottage and place afterwards became the property of the eldest daughter, Mary, of Charles's sister Mary, and was her home when she died in 1893. Judge Goodenow, removed to Steubenville where he made his home. He was one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in Bank, and, a member of Congress from the Steubenville district, for many years. There was much visiting between the two families.

Mr. Brown thought well of the invitation held out to go to Steubenville on his way to the legislature; also of the suggestion of bringing one of his boys with him, and, within the next fortnight, proceeded there with George. The latter details their journey: "Mr. Spaulding" – afterward the Ohio jurist, Rufus P. – accompanying them from Warren "to where the road branched off to Youngstown." Two days and two nights were needed for the journey.

In a letter from Warren, February 20, 1826, Alexander mentions his father's passing through that place on his return home. He also mentions that his father brought up from the Capital, on that occasion, one of those rather unique commissions, which the progressive spirit of the day, authorized and required should be bestowed on some prominent citizen, in each judicial district. The appointee became an associate or—as he was called—a "sitting" judge, with the regular judge, but, reversely from the qualifications prescribed for the regular judge, his qualifications were, that he should *not* be "learned in the law," but only, a good "judge" of human nature!

I suppose the unusual distinction of being made a magistrate, because, as is charged of Necessity, he "knew no law," called for a corresponding celebration by the appointee, and, doubtless, this was often of the hospitable kind indicated by Alexander, but, which, in this case, had rather sad consequences for certain of the Warren "deacons."

The journey to the December, 1832 session of the legislature, was by an all-horseback ride to Columbus. As soon as the election was over, with characteristic foresight, a "Boots and Saddle" call was sounded by Mr. Brown, to Pittsburgh for "Buckles for a plain Bridle," and "a pair of India Rubber short Boots, and if you cannot find them, then, a good, thick pair of shoes of the like material, both to be worn without any other shoes or boots, in a particular manner; will be good to ride thro' the Mud with." These, with various other articles, are to be done up carefully in canvas or oilskin wrappings, and labeled, so that

"even a thick sculled, and unlettered stage-driver can read" the address. He appears to have got the "Bridle Buckles" and the India Rubber "shoes;" there were "no boots in town," however, says George, "and, I expect there will not be this winter. They are a new thing, and cost high. They are brought from Boston and cost five or six dollars a pair."

November 25, 1832, after a three days' ride on Old Kitty, via Parkman, Ravenna and Canton, Mr. Brown was as far as Newcastle, on the way to Columbus. From Newcastle he writes: "Tomorrow I shall proceed on my journey. Old Kitty, you may tell Charles, behaves nobly, and will, while at Columbus, contribute greatly to my comfort, whenever I wish to exercise a little, on horseback."

The return journey to Columbus, for the December Session following, was not without discomforts. Mr. Brown reports, from Columbus, December 1, 1833:

"I arrived here last evening, after a very tedious and fatiguing journey, in tolerable good health. On the way, about wore out the cold with which I was afflicted when I set out. At Middlebury, as I wrote you from that place, I left Old Kitty, with Mr. Newton, and rode to Akron (3 miles) in a sleigh, and then, on a canal boat, to Newark, where, with other members, we hired a Hack, and came on to this place, a distance of about 33 miles. But, all the streams being swollen, we met with considerable difficulty; sometimes, in fording, the fore-wheels of the carriage would be completely under water. Alumn Creek was so high that we passed over, only two at a time,

in a rocking little Canoe, about as big as a hog-trough. Several stages started from Chillicothe, but, owing to the badness of the roads, could not get through. . . Tell them (Marvin and Fayette) and Ann, they must trace on the map of Ohio, the course of my journey here. . . The members of the Legislature, I believe are pretty much all in, and tomorrow, the strength of the parties will be tried, an account of which I shall send, as requested to Hapgood and Parker [proprietors of the Western Reserve *Chronicle*]."

January 30, he writes George, from Columbus: "I have written one [letter] for the *Chronicle* which has been published about every week since I have been here, except the two last—for the reason that I had too much other business to attend to. I have declined saying very much in the Senate, unless it was something in which my immediate constituents were particularly interested, and, they have had no local business for me to attend to, in comparison to most of the other counties. I have not attempted to make but few speeches on subjects of a general nature; the last I think you will see in the next Saturday's Ohio State *Journal*—which, as ordered, I conclude you regularly receive—as I took notice that the stenographers took minutes while I was speaking. . . I had, as you will see, to contend with a great man and a good lawyer, Mr. Morris lately appointed a senator to Congress. . . Judge King lost his election by one vote."

Following the habit of the day, he was quite constant in expressing his views on public matters, gen-

erally anonymously, in the newspapers. As appears from the above letter, The Western Reserve *Chronicle*, and The Ohio State *Journal*, were honored with these "pieces," as he called them.

During these years, there were frequent exchanges of political news and opinions between him, and his elder sons. On Oct. 15, 1832, he writes George at Pittsburgh that the information his previous letter contained "in relation to your election recently held for Inspectors, was highly gratifying. It came in a good time, for, our Congressional, State and County Elections, took place soon after, the 2nd Tuesday of October instant. I have delayed answering your letter until now, that I might be able to give you some account of our late Election. As there were three candidates for Congress–Whittlesey, Rayen, and Webb–Anti-Jackson and Anti-Mason fear was entertained that the Jackson candidate would succeed, but Mr. Whittlesey is undoubtedly elected by a majority of a thousand or more."

On Oct. 12, 1832, Alexander adds from Pittsburgh how, "The Election-Cholera has been raging here for a week, or two, to an alarming extent. The poor Jacksonites, Wolfites, Anti-Bankites, and anti-decent, up and down, straight forward, honest, clean *American-Systemites*, appear to suffer very much. . . Since the Election the barbers charge Jacksonites double, their faces being twice the length of other people's."

Again, Mr. Brown, says: "I am very glad to learn from you [George], that there is a great change in Pennsylvania, as it respects the national adminis-

tration of Government. The change in this state has been such as warrants the belief that the Anti-Jackson Electorate Ticket will succeed. The Masons, and Antis, of both sorts, I think will generally unite. We have succeeded in electing ten Anti-Jackson members of Congress, certain, and probably more, as you will see by the papers."

George says as to the then approaching October election of 1832, "I am for anything that will put down Jacksonism. Jackson elected, and the Union is very likely dissolved. But, Jackson, defeated, the party is put down forever."

On October 24, George makes an intelligent analysis of the election results, concluding, that "it does seem that, by hook or by crook, old Jackson, 'The Greatest and Best,' he that was 'born to command,' etc., etc., etc., will actually be ousted – not by his subjects, but, for the want of a few more."

Alexander declares in a letter of Oct. 24, 1832: "I have never been a Clay, Wirt, or Jackson man, but, always, Anti-Jackson, and I do sincerely hope, that he may never have another opportunity to trample under foot, everything that is good and constitutional – But, why need I *write* this to you who know these are my sentiments."

On Jan. 25, 1834, Alexander writes: "Mr. Webster, I see, has at length shewed himself a little on that question (Deposits) and I like the ground he has taken very much, in urging a decision of some sort now, as the country is anxiously looking for one. I think the spirit of concession shown by him will have a good effect, and however I may admire the

speeches of Clay and McDuffie, as being true, and as brilliant specimens of their talents at satire, I must say that I think Binney's long speech and Webster's short one, will do more toward the general good, than either of the others, or, in fact, more than all the other speeches made this Session."

On May 19, 1838, Mr. Brown notes that he expects to attend the state convention, at Columbus, on the thirty-first instant.

That the younger sons, as they came on, were lively observers of political matters and things, is apparent from the following extracts, from their letters home. On October 31, 1838, Marvin, aged sixteen, recounts a somewhat singular incident of its kind, from Pittsburgh: "This is the first letter I have written you since I left home. . . The Porter-ites had a jubilee here a few days ago, to express the joy they felt on the election of D. R. Porter. They roasted a whole ox, a hog, and, a sheep. When they thought they were sufficiently done, they took their places at a table, that had been furnished with bread, knives and forks, etc. They had just commenced, when David Lynch, the Postmaster, arose and said 'Damn the knives and forks; throw them down, and let us take our hands to it, and show that we are true Democrats.'

"So saying, the company of Porterites threw them down, and went to work with their hands, pulling and snatching – like so many hogs – at a dead, as well as a raw Ox! After they had despatched the beef, pork, mutton and – *whiskey*, being handy to the river, they went and washed the blood off their hands and faces, which they had got thereon, by being so greedy."

In 1842, Fayette, at Pittsburgh, says: "We are kept pretty busy 'tinkering with the currency,' or, in other words, receiving notes of broken banks, from people in the country, counting them over, running to the brokers to enquire the rates at which they will buy, writing letters, and copying them, trying to give some advice as to which are the safe banks,—some of which may be *bosh* the next day—and, finally, doing up and sending back money to the owners."

And, on May 24, 1844, he writes his father: "People are jumping into the frying pan of Politicks, and have begun to simmer a little already. The Whigs are in high spirits, but, although they are warm in the cause, they cannot get up another Tippecanoe time, notwithstanding their good luck in selecting a candidate for Vice-president, and in finding 'prizing,' 'rising,' 'horizing,' and other words to rhyme with *Frelinghuysen*. They cannot yet make everybody forget that Henry Clay is the owner of some fifty or sixty human cattle, and, that while he declares, in one moment, that his heart beats high in the cause of *civil* liberty, the next moment, he declares that the idea of universal liberty is a visionary dogma, and the words 'All men are born free and equal' in rights, were merely invented for schoolboys to spout on days of exhibition. If a vote of mine and a journey of a hundred or two hundred miles, to deposit it, would secure the defeat of this great expounder of God's and human laws, this great compounder of oil and water, I can assure you that I should consider it my duty—and a pleasant duty—to perform the journey and give my vote."

With the exception of a few allusions to the subject, in the letters, we are left to conjecture, as to Mr. Brown's main occupations during his life in Ohio. That he was busy enough is a fair conclusion. Indeed, he says as much in 1833: "Altho' it is Sunday, I have not had time to sit down, till this moment—and it is half past one P. M.—except to my breakfast. I have to neglect my office business, almost totally."

It is probable, that, during the primitive conditions of the earlier years, the matter of increasing the settlement, fixing and clearing locations, and, generally, establishing the basic lines of the community, engaged his chief attention. With the enlarging of the agricultural areas, the needs of intercommunication had to be satisfied, and building, on a more lasting scale, of houses, barns, stores and other structures, to be provided for. The lumber demand called for increased and adequate sawmill facilities, and these, in turn, for the construction and control of water-sites.

The Grand River furnished one site of the kind; another, and more important one, for a long time was the Mill Pond, constructed about a quarter of a mile to the south of his house along a ravine which was doubtless once an outlet for the Tamarack Swamp, when the latter was a lake. Across this he threw a dam, which held the water back in a voluminous and picturesque sheet and lakelet. The inflow to this was enlarged, and a full water-power assured by the sinking of a ditch from a point up the tributary stream, directly to the swamp. For many years after the

mill itself was abandoned, the pond was kept as an ornamental feature of the landscape, and was affectionately regarded by more than one generation in the vicinage.

Very early he undertook reclamation measures in the swamp, by constructing the Big Ditch centrally of the same to the southern end for the purpose. Considering its dimensions, the nature of the location, and the construction implements and apparatus only available, the work was quite an engineering achievement, although but negatively successful in the objects aimed at.

Grist and steam mills, followed, and highways, and subordinate roads were laid out. The pikes from Ashtabula to Warren, and that which, starting at Cleveland as "Kinsman Street," and ending at the township of that name on the eastern border of the state, crossed each other, at right angles, at Bloomfield Center, and gave access for travellers and traffic, to and from the outer world. Along these roads, in this country of trees, specimens were ranged and grown for their shade-giving powers, or esthetic traits alone, the locust, and the elm, but mostly the elm, that favorite tree of New England, and which is always in greatest beauty when associated with the ways and habitations of man. Relics of these alignments still commune together, at their ancient stations, commemorative of the founder, and his altruistic forethought.

III. HISTORICAL AND PHYSICAL

The township of Bloomfield is a square of land in Trumbull County, Ohio, five miles each way at the surface, containing sixteen thousand acres of land.

The "Reserve," of which the township is a part, is that rectangular portion of the territory immediately west of the Pennsylvania boundary line, and extending backwardly therefrom along the forty-first parallel of latitude one hundred twenty miles, which Connecticut held back, and "reserved" to herself, when, in 1780, in the interests of the Confederation, she ceded all her rights and claims to her other lands in the western country to the general government. Later, Connecticut further released and ceded the Reserve itself, but not before she had sold the same to The Connecticut Land Company, and the latter had begun the sale and disposition, for the purpose of settlement, of all the lands so acquired, which lay east of the Cuyahoga River.

Until after 1815 and the close of the War with England, no lands west of that river were open to entry or survey, and settlers ventured therein at their peril. The Indian Boundary Line of 1795, and the western frontier of our country, followed the meanderings of the Cuyahoga River from its mouth to and across the short portage to the Tuscarawa, down the latter stream to Fort Laurens, now the town of Boli-

var, and, thence, westerly through the present state.

Beyond this line the aborigines had and were conceded the exclusive right of occupancy.

The barrier thus established as the *ne plus ultra* beyond which the white man might not go, was the same as that which nature itself suggested by that continuous range of highlands which, entering the state at the extreme northeast border, divides its waters between the North and the South.

While direct in its main course, this huge anticlinal is abrupt and sinuous at first. In that mood, it swoops downwardly through Ashtabula County and the western townships of Trumbull, and, by a mighty U encircles and cuts out the headwaters of the Grand River, and turns them northerly to the lake. Bloomfield lies furthest down within this fold, with its eastern half resting thereon, as if cast aground, and its western half sinking backward into the marshes and flat lands below.

The upland portion has the vertical section and cross-contours of a much-truncated cone, being exteriorly, an extended plateau with little superficial variation or natural drainage. It terminates along the eastern border in the Tamarack Swamp, a well-defined tract, comprising about a thousand acres.

To the casual observer, there will appear nothing peculiar in the larger typography of the township; but, a section, east and west through the range of townships to which Bloomfield belongs, will show that it lies in a deep, broad basin, scooped out from a former level corresponding with that of the present high surrounding country on the east, west, and south.

This was the work of the Glacial Powers at their invasion eons ago. Were it supposable that indemnity was to be calculated for the damage thus wrought, it would be for Bloomfield the value of a cubical mass of duly assorted quaternary and carboniferous material, sixteen thousand square acres, at the surface, and say, twelve hundred feet thick or deep, which the glaciers, floes, bergs, and ice-seas, of those Powers, during the occupation, crushed, broke, detrited, ground, rock-planed, and, finally transported, shoved and diluted from its place, leaving the township bare and soilless, except for a shallow covering, of clays, silt, rock-flour, boulders, pebbles and other geological particles, drift and debris which the invaders cast off and abandoned there. This great avulsion included in its mass, the coal measures which we are assured then extended in one unbroken sheet from Pennsylvania across the county to the long north and south ridge beyond.

In the ages succeeding, this heterogeneous covering became a soil where, at last, vegetation sprang, forests grew, and productive cultivation was in order. Its traditional subsoil of stiff, tenacious clay, however, has always refused to absorb the rain, and hold any considerable reserve of moisture, with the consequence that the land, for the most part, is better adapted for grazing than for the plough. Even this untoward quality is met by modern methods, as the glowing crops testify, when any systematic efforts at aërating, draining, or fertilizing the lands, are made.

That the soil was not everywhere, or entirely inhospitable, can be inferred from the diversified char-

acter of the forestry by which, in 1815, it was overspread. Beech, ash and whitewood, which are somewhat indifferent to extremes of moisture, were more prevalent, but oaks and walnuts, which demand a richer soil, and a moderate but constant humidity, were nevertheless here and there in royal presence. The hickories too – the shagbarks on the uplands, and the shell-barks on the river bottoms – whose tap-roots always reach to the better conditions, were in good evidence, and chestnuts, maples, bass-woods, butternuts and elms were found in due proportions.

What the boulders and stones were to the early landowners in New England, the trees, and underbrush were to their descendants here. These growths must all be cleared away before dependable tillage was possible; and the pioneers resolutely attacked them, like enemies in possession. Their methods were systematic and unremitting, the "clearings," or spaces first gained, taking the names of "girdlings," "slashings" or "windrows" accordingly. Sometimes the trees, on an extended section, were simply girdled or cut around their trunks and left to die; sometimes the boughs and tops were slashed off promiscuously, and the logs carried away to the mills, and, again, row after row of trees were felled, in regular lines as before a great wind, to be later reduced to ashes.

December 10, 1833, Mr. Brown, from Columbus, instructs as follows: "You may contract with Loveland as follows: Land at $3 (there is over 76 acres). He shall winrow 30 acres on the east end of the middle, Session's, lot, by the 1st of July next – 10 in one year from that time on each of the other lots – on the

east ends thereof, and 24 acres on one of the Sugar place Lots at any other while in two years from the first July next – pay the interest annually on so much as remains due, from year to year, and the taxes on this 76 acres. The winrowing to be well done – one winrow to every six rods – winrows to be two rods wide and all the brush thrown on – cut down all trees, except good timber for rails, and for saw logs, and all oak, cucumber, and white wood suitable for hewing timber – no beach or maple, except curl maple, is to be considered suitable for saw logs."

The incidental fact that, in 1833, seventy-four seventy-sixths of a piece of land in the township was not yet ready for cattle and crops, goes far to explain the rather anomalous spectacle, nine years before, of Bloomfield sending to Warren for the three articles, of all others, which one associates exclusively with rural communities. To find Bloomfield trying to buy dried-apples, cider, and butter in Warren is as unexpected, in its way, as would be the information that Newcastle on the Tyne, for instance, was seeking coal in the County of Kent. The fact that Warren could not meet the demand, further indicates, how gradual was the conversion of the woodlands around, into pastures and fruit-fields.

On January 27, 1824, Alexander informs his mother from Warren, that although he had heard of "a load of apples," in town for sale "last week," he didn't feel sure at all that he could procure her the "dried apples" desired. He was confident he could not get the "cider," however, and, as for the butter,

"All we take in at the store, is wanted at the house" (the home of the merchant proprietor).

There were other inducements for cutting the standing timber, than to obtain arable land. The climate called for a not inconsiderable pile of firewood at every habitation all the time, and, the demand for building material kept Squire Brown's two saw-mills (which, he mentions, were "very profitable") going, night and day, so long as the "water held up to the saws;" but, ashes, however obtained, were at once converted, by the rude methods of the country people, into "pearl" and "pot" ashes, and readily bartered to the masters of the general stores, to be sold, as "scorchings," or "salts," in Pittsburgh, for the glass-makers there, and at points below.

On December 11, 1827, George Brown refers to a local merchant as "carrying on at a great rate; getting wheat and other grain, in abundance, with salts, etc., for almost nothing; carries them to Pittsburgh, and gets a good price—goods for pay—which he fetches back to Bloomfield, puts on a good price and—so it goes on."

IV. THE TAMARACK SWAMP

The Tamarack Swamp, as a natural feature, attracts some attention, because, unlike many swamps, it occupies the highest, instead of the lowest elevation in its part of the land. Topographers and other proficients in such matters explain the phenomenon readily enough, but ordinary observers at first do not realize that the nearer the crest of a watershed is approached, the more likely it is that swamps will be found, and that farther down such slopes, their existence is in fact impossible.

This, of course, because on summits the intake of water by swamps or other depressions there is only from the direct downfall of rain, and therefore, water will never come in sufficient volume or violence to overflow and break down the marginal barriers. Corresponding barriers, on the lower portions of a watershed, however, receive the cumulative force of the waters on all the areas above, which is sure to carry them away entirely. These highland cisterns have a benign and widely extending influence, for they are the sources of most of the springs that flow out at lower levels and supply a constant and much needed moisture over wide subterranean areas.

In former times, the Tamarack Swamp was crossed by a narrow causeway, a mile long, which followed the median line of the township east and west. From

this, on either hand, a dreary expanse of low shrubs and vegetation extended to the horizon. Whatever water or moisture there was at times, elements so distinctive of the swamps of lexicons and school-books, was effectually concealed by these growths, except at widely separated intervals, where, during the rainy seasons, pond-like interruptions appeared. These were unapproachable by man, and wild fowl of all kinds, ducks, snipe, plovers, rails, and sandpipers, found assured havens of rest and safety there.

Originally, timber of the larger growths, pine, spruce, hemlock, and, the black larch from which the tract gained its name, abounded, and gave an added impress of impenetrability and gloom to the view, but the time came when summer heats more and more deeply entered these fastnesses and prepared them for conflagration. Then, each year, the incongruous cry "the swamp's afire!" would arouse the countryside, and, for days and nights, a desperate battle would go on to keep the flames from spreading to the neighboring meadows, harvest-fields, and homes. While the fire raged at will in the swamp itself, lighting the nights and beclouding the days, no direct efforts against the same were attempted, since these would have been useless. Every foot of outside ground to the windward, however, was patroled for the first outbreaks there, and, when such appeared, all activities were centered upon them. Water, from toilsome distances, fresh grasses, foliage, and damp earth, were thrown upon the creeping foe, to smother it; a line of men, armed with verdant boughs and brushes incessantly threshed, to beat it out; and, fur-

rows were hurriedly run to turn under and bury the tinder-like sward in front. Sometimes counterfires were started in the grass, to sear the intervening space, in the hope, of anticipating and starving out the ravening intruder.

Finally, after many seasons, the big timber was devastated and only represented by scattered and blackened trunks, the sun penetrated the thickets through wider areas and the boundaries gradually contracted until the entire system was shrunk and withered to a dreary waste. Its present stage is one of attempted reclamation by the aids which modern science afford.

Besides being anomalous, because it was not a moist portion of the lowlands, as the definitions require, and because it was terrible by reason of its combustibility, the Tamarack "Swamp" was further eccentric in having so-called "islands," but islands completely disassociated with, or independent of, a body of surrounding water. In ancient days they doubtless were true islands, and now had that appearance, except that their sea was wholly inaqueous and green. They were four in number, close to, or jutting out from the western margin of the Swamp, Mound—from its Indian tumulus—Grand, Round or Moon, and Sugar Islands, distinct hummocks of sandy-loam, well grown with maple or other hardwood timber, and fringed around with low alders and evergreens.

By reason of its own extent and density and its near alignment with other swamps and broken country to the northward, the Tamarack was the finest

possible cover for wolves, deer, foxes, and lesser animals, and made a part of a continuous range for them over a long circuit, from which they could venture on their forays, at most any point, and readily "take soil" again if harried or alarmed. Big marsh hares, of variable hues – reddish yellow in the summer and white in the snowy months – thrived on the succulent growths. When winter hardened the surfaces and gave access within, it was fine sport to course these fleetest of creatures, around their paths and runways, to the waiting guns.

The place was long-famed as a pigeon-roost, and the daily flights thereto from the near and far beech woods and buckwheat fields fairly darkened the skies. Wild turkeys, partridges, woodcock, and quail were in great store. It was noted, too, for its bountiful crops of huckleberries, and was resorted to from long distances, by the country people, to harvest the same. The lure of the bush often led these gatherers to depths where all trails ended, and landmarks were no more. Then the hue and cry was raised, and gun-firing, bell-ringing, horn-blowing, and an organized quartering of the district took place, before the wanderer was recovered and brought home.

In the *Reminiscences of Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada*, speaking as of the year 1830, is the following: "There was a huckleberry swamp in the township of Bloomfield about five miles east of where we lived on Grand River, where I went two or three times, during each summer, with my mother and some neighbors, and their children, to gather huckleberries. We loaded a wagon each time with

the berries which were very abundant, so we had to walk home."

Alexander Brown, visiting at his father's home in 1841, makes these entries in his journal: "July 31st. A very heavy, steady rain all day. Spent forenoon at the store watching the waggons from all quarters, filled with men, women and children, going to the Swamp after berries; at least two or three hundred.

"Sunday Aug. 1. Awakened by a continuous ringing of the church bell; found that it was rung for the benefit of two unfortunate youths who had got lost, and remained in the swamp all night. After breakfast, a large party started out the road. Fayette and I went out by the Ditch with our guns; crossed the Grand Island, and met the party, picking berries, instead of hunting children! Swamp very pleasant, and full of Whortle and Cranberries, and all sorts of wild flowers and young Tamaracks."

To-day, the repute the humble berry gave this locality is perpetuated by the name, "Huckleberry," which the Washington authorities saw fit, years after, to give to Bloomfield's second postal station, when opening it near by.

Local tradition, for long, regarded this treacherous and dismal tract as a mysterious adjunct to the Underground Railroad. Bloomfield was on the route, and, as said, Squire Brown's home was an important station. It was whispered, how, more than once, when the pursuit was close, and the occasion desperate, Old Tamarack opened her murky depths to the panting human, and held him secret and secure!

V. A VANTAGE POINT

What the considerations were that induced the choice of Township Number Seven, in the Fourth Range of the Connecticut Western Reserve, rather than another location, when Mr. Brown's purchase was made, is left to speculation. Knowing that his decision in the matter could in no manner have been arrived at casually, and without reasons of some kind which impressed him as sufficient and sound, I once developed a theory of my own upon the subject. It formed a portion of a special article which I prepared for a County History,[4] of the time, and which was published accordingly. Renewed attention to the subject confirms the accuracy of the view then taken, and, therefore, it will not be inapt to reproduce the extract referred to here.

> The occupation and development of the territory northwest of the Ohio, was at that time (1814) engrossing the enterprise and resources of the East, and already the fertile region comprising the Western Reserve had been taken up in large tracts by original proprietors for the purpose of resale to the newly arriving settlers. . .
>
> Aside from the agricultural superiority of the land, this range of townships had further possibilities of advantage that were not to be overlooked. It is difficult at this distance of time to fully appreciate how closely early emigration was limited to the lines of least resistance. We of a later generation, have beheld a vaster numerical movement of pop-

[4] See *Biographical History of Northeastern Ohio* (Chicago, 1893), 452.

ulation, and across the same sweep of continent, but a movement that was deterred by no natural obstacles and followed only the direct routes of the engineers. In 1815, however, the mighty agency of steam in transportation, had not been even dimly visioned, and was not, for years, to receive any real attention among men. Water and wagon-roads were the only highways; wind and muscle the only motive power. Those stretches, therefore, on the world's surface, which best met these natural conditions of travel, would first become known and in demand. Already was this manifest through Central and Western New York, along the favored route to Detroit by way of Buffalo and the Lakes, and, the increasing importance of the markets, thus monopolized by Boston and New York, was soon to attract thereto the trade of Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

To reach this market, however, from the latter points, the portage must be made from the Ohio river to the lake – from the one navigable point to the next – and by those easy gradients on the right banks of the Grand River which attain their highest altitude at Bloomfield itself.

On the other hand, the magnificence and mystery of Burr, had fired the imagination and youthful ardor of an entire generation toward the boundless empire in the South, that only awaited possession. Thither, through a long future, would the steady transit of men and merchandise tend, but, just as the waterways of the lakes were the destined highways to the North, so the one great course to the South would always be sought near the upper waters of the Ohio.

This latter highway, therefore, must also draw patrons down the same portage tract which spanned from lake to river, and doubly certain seemed Bloomfield's favored site, thus standing at the parting of the ways!

Such the conditions, and, such, it may be presumed, the predictions therefrom by the early proprietors and settlers in this vicinity. That no lasting realization of these expectations was in any degree experienced, was unquestionably due to the application of the then undreamed of power of steam. In the lights at hand, however, the conception

> was none the less eminently correct and far seeing, and those who were moved thereby are entitled to our own unqualified respect.
>
> By the year 1830, all the conditions above sketched seemed fullest developed and assured. Ashtabula and Fairport had steadily grown to be the only considerable ports in eastern Ohio, and were rapidly increasing in tonnage. . . As to the community itself, arrivals were frequent in those days, and few who were looking for a home, would depart. . . Early as was this period, the town had nevertheless, within its limits, not a few congenial families.

Of these, during the first period, were the Howe and the Otis families. Major Thomas Howe, a younger brother of Mr. Brown's mother, was associated with Mr. Brown in the original purchase, and came out from New England, when possession of the township was taken. Mr. Brown soon succeeded to Major Howe's interest and the entire ownership, the latter reserving about twelve hundred acres, however, and continuing his home in Bloomfield the remainder of his life.

His son, Thomas H., and Ephraim's son, Alexander, who were cousins, began their business careers in Pittsburgh in 1829. Pittsburgh became the life home of Thomas H. and at his death in 1877 he was an eminent and most worthy representative of the city and state. He was the progenitor of the Pittsburgh Howes of to-day.

For many years, until into the thirties, the Otises lived in Bloomfield, but when Cleveland had attained some growth and commercial importance, they removed there. Augustus, Cushing, Harrison, Shaw, Francis, Lennius, Chandler, and Caroline are names in that family and generation, which are apt

to occur in the letters, whenever, as is too rarely the case, the writers allude to personal topics and happenings in their immediate neighborhood. By a fancy of their father, William Otis, his own first name was also made the first name of each of his sons, a distinguishing or middle name, in each case, immediately following, and being that, of course, by which they were familiarly addressed, when not referred to by merely the two initials of their Christian names.

VI. EARLY YEARS

In an historical sense, the first letter of the collection, from Bloomfield, is, by far, the most valuable. It was written by Mrs. Brown to her mother, back in New England on July 30, 1815, before the township had other designation than the surveyor's number and the number of the Range.

In this "far distant land," she takes up the narrative of their doings – after the "great Vendue" of the overplus of their household goods and effects, which they made at Westmoreland, preliminary to their departure – from the time when, at last, a few days behind their baggage-wagons and live stock, they "set out on our long journey, the 15th day of June (1815), about 3 oclock in the afternoon, attended by a number of our neighbors and friends who accompanied us as far as Putney." Thence, by true anabatic stages, she takes the little band through Brattleborough, Bennington, Ballston Spa [Saratoga], to Palatine, and the Mohawk River.

Thence they make the best of their way to New Hartford, an important settlement, where they get a welcome from Mary's Aunt Sherrill, and her brothers, Marvin and Gurdon. Thereafter, it is a week's journey to Buffalo, at which point they sell the wagon "the family came in," and go "aboard a vessel, on Wednesday, the fifth day of July" which

landed them safely, on the following Saturday, at Painesville, three and a half miles up Grand River.

"This," she summarizes, "was but four weeks and two days after we left Westmoreland, and, we were delayed, at the Springs, at Uncle Sherrill's, and, at Buffalo, eight or nine days, so that we were not quite 3 weeks getting to Painesville. We were all in good health through the whole of the journey, and met with no accident at all, nor with anything worth complaining of except bad roads, and bad taverns. . . We staid at Painesville till our cattle and horses came by land, which was not till the next Thursday . . . when we set out accompanied by Marvin and Mr. Palmer [a brother and a brother-in-law] for our new town. We arrived here, the Sunday following, it being the 16th of July, about 3 oclock in the afternoon. . . Betsey and Nancy [her sisters] have not been here long enough to know whether they will be contented or not, but this we have all found out, that we shall very much miss the society of our dear friends we have left, and, it is a melancholy reflection that we shall never be neighbors again. . .

"There are already sixty inhabitants in the town, and thirteen settlements are begun [by which she doubtless means "clearings," places where the trees had been cut away to make room for houses and homes]. Many families, it is expected, will move in this winter. Mr. Brown says he likes the land better than he did the first time he saw it [the previous year]. It sells for 3 dollars an acre; they have sold from 6000 to 7000 dollars worth already. . . We

have a very convenient log house, much better than I expected to have, and three springs of water near the house. . . There is no fear of starving here, as there are plenty of provisions to be had in the next town, about 3 or 4 miles off."

We get a glimpse of the house, or its location, three years later, from eleven-year-old Alexander, as situated in "a clearing," "surrounded by woods," and, only twenty rods from where, as he says, "the swift deer" could be seen (and brought down, too, it seems, and with squirrel shot), "the howling wolf be heard," and inferior fauna, in interesting variety, be "killed."

In a letter February 6, 1816, Mrs. Brown reports the town as "settling very fast;" they expect a school, in the spring, "as soon as we can build a school house. . . We have had preaching several times at our house by ministers who were traveling that way, and meetings every Sunday, when some one reads a sermon, others pray; and we have very good singers in town, so that it makes it much more agreeable than it otherwise would be. We hope to have a meeting house in 3 or 4 years."

In the interval, in some unexplained way, the township had been christened, for her postscript is: "Direct your letters to Bloomfield, Trumbull County, State of Ohio, Warren Post Office."

She mentions that provisions are very high, and some things hard to get, and adds: "Mr. Brown intends to visit New Hampshire in two years from last fall. If I do not see you before, I shall then, as I intend to accompany him, if nothing takes place more than I know of now. But I hope things will

turn out so that you may be in this country before that time. We will hope for the best at least."

In the following November, Mrs. Brown's sister Elizabeth writes from Bloomfield, to her mother: "I must tell you something of the little children; they have not forgotten Grandma'am, but often speak of her affectionately. Alexander has grown almost to a man. He has been at Painesville going to school, ever since September. George, Mary and Charles are pretty roguish, as we have no school for them. They have altered so much I hardly think you would know them. George is much healthier than he used to be. Now I must tell you what a fine little girl my namesake is. She is a charming child, and you may well think she gets a few kisses from her Aunt Betsey. I love her better than any of the rest of the children, and I know you would if you could see her, she is so good-natured and pleasant. I know you will laugh at my praising her, and say it is because she is named after me, but I am used to it."

April 30, 1817, Mrs. Brown is about leaving for the anticipated visit to New England, and tells her mother how it has been arranged by her brother that he is to go and bring her out to "this country" in September. She expects to be with her mother in season to advise her "what things" to bring out, "for one who has never been here cannot tell so well as one who has moved once." In advising as to any selling of her effects, preparatory to the change, she says: "When you can, get cash. . . Money is very scarce indeed. It is almost impossible to get even a dollar. It seems to be the universal cry, 'no money.'"

The mother, Temperance Williams Huntington, came out to the Western country as planned, making her home with her son in Painesville and her daughter, Mrs. Brown, at Bloomfield. She died at the latter place May 25, 1823. Her husband, as said, was Gurdon Huntington, born April 30, 1763, died July 26, 1804.

A little picture of travel is found in a joint letter from Francis Proctor and Elizabeth Huntington, his wife, which came to Mr. Brown, from Baltimore in September, 1823. Their twelve days' wedding journey, over the mountains from the Reserve, was just finished. He says: "We had a pleasurable journey, considering the intense heat of the weather, and roughness of the roads. Betsey performed the journey far beyond my expectations." After mentioning the kindly reception that awaited her at her husband's family in Baltimore, "Betsey's" portion of the letter continues: "To say I have a kind and affectionate husband would only be telling you what you are already assured of. Most husbands are so, at this period of their lives, you will say; true, I will allow that it is so. I, like other foolish girls who are just married, think mine will ever remain so, that is, if I conduct myself in a proper manner. Good wives make good husbands, and, again, good husbands, good wives. But, enough of this subject, you will say, and I think so too. . .

"The journey here, tho mountainous and rough, was a very pleasant one. I had really forgotten how mountains looked! It was quite fatiguing, to cross them, but the novelty of the scenery made ample

amends for all fatigue. There are some delightful prospects, none pleasanter than just as you are beginning to descend the height of land upon the Alleghenies. Here you have an ocean of country immediately under your eyes, than which nothing can be more grand and majestic. On the right you see mountains piled upon mountains, until the very clouds are reached. The view is truly picturesque; every spot seems capable of cultivation, and as tho' occupied. Openings are seen, at short distances, in every direction, but which, to us, had the appearance of being inaccessible to any human being. The deep valleys between us and beyond, seemed like impassable gulfs, while, on our left, in many places, the rocks seemed hanging over our heads, and, in others, the mountains rose higher than the eye could reach. Here, we plucked some of the laurel, a leaf of which I send you. It is said to be very poisonous when tasted. There are two kinds, the high and the low, the largest specimens are as tall as lilacs. This I send you, is of the low variety, growing no higher than a foot. It must make a beautiful appearance in the winter, peeping through the snow.

"We crossed what is called the Laurel Hills, the day before we crossed the Allegheny. With the hills I was not as well pleased, as I expected to be from their evergreen name. We reached their summit just at dark, in the midst of a heavy thunder shower. For about two miles, I thought of robber stories, for the place is well calculated for their exploits, I assure you. There is no running away, or escape save by the road, for on the right is a mountain whose foot meets

the road, and, on the left, is a precipice offering instant destruction. But I am dwelling too long upon the subject."

In a letter from her, the following year, after speaking lovingly of the older children she says, of the then youngest and his cousin: "As for little Edward and Fayette, I think they would get a pinching, if I could get at them, and, I reckon, a kiss or so. They are such fine large fellows, they are deserving of pretty names, and you have given them such. I do not know where you got the latter, unless from the Marquis Fayette."

VII. SCHOOLING, 1818-1830

The problem of schooling and education was of instant importance, but, as has been said before, in this particular family, the decisions reached and the consequent action were not always in agreement. The plans settled in these matters, were rather broken and undecided in their execution from the beginning.

First and last, there were six boys, and three girls to be made the best of in these respects, and parents genuinely anxious that the best should be made of them. Alexander, the eldest, at about ten years of age, in September, 1818 started in at school at Painesville, but by November of the next year, we hear from him at Steubenville, deep in *Historia Sacræ*– and full of depressing news and apprehensions in the connection.

"The boy I was studying Latin with," he writes his father, "has left off, and says it is of no use, and I am most discouraged, because I have heard that it was a dead language 2 or 3 centuries ago. I think it is a pity to leave it off, now I have spent so much precious time in learning it."

In the summer of 1820, he is home, "negligent of everything but play," as his father writes the second son at Painesville, where George has begun his own schooling. Next, for about six months both boys are

with a special tutor at Madison, Ohio, English composition, "cyphering," *Historia Sacræ*, and Virgil, being in prominence. And, then, Alexander is at the Warren Academy, somewhat perplexed, and seeking advice, as to whether he had better pay his "whole attention to some other branch" [than Latin] or, "attend to arithmetic, writing, spelling, etc. part of the time, and Latin the other part." The elective system, in the form where the scholar chooses his own studies without help or direction, was, evidently, thus early in vogue!

Alexander still favors the language that "was a dead language two or three centuries" before, and "no use"–and for his former reasons. "I think as you do, that as I have spent considerable time in Latin, it is a pity I should not get to be a master of it." He offers to carry along that study "out of school," if needs be.

In January, 1824, George followed Alexander to Warren, his father writing him then, "I am glad you are attending to Grammar, for that is the groundwork of an education, and, in studying it, I hope you will be careful to understand the rules, as well as to get them by heart."

During that year, Alexander finished his schooling and began a trying term, virtually as an apprentice with a Warren merchant. Mary and Charles, the next in order, were in attendance at the Academy, from which, as seen, George was taken to Steubenville by his father, where he seems to have remained at school for about a year and a half: "studying grammar, arithmetic, geography, and reading a great deal."

"Judge Goodenow," where he made his home, "takes a great many papers," George writes, "and I read about all of them; he has a great many books, too, and I am reading some of them;" he has read "360 large pages in the History of England, a number of novels, and 2500 pages of Plays, but—pretty small pages. . . Mr. Parkson [the master] puts his scholars into Poetry, or blank verse, the first thing, to parse, after they get the grammar."

As early as November 26, 1816, their aunt Elizabeth Huntington, writing from Bloomfield, said, "George, Mary and Charles are pretty roguish, as we have no school for them," but January 1, 1819, she writes from Painesville, "Mary," who was seven years old, "goes to school every day."

As already noted, all three children afterwards went to the Warren Academy, where Alexander was. In reporting their attendance there in 1824, the latter records the reputation for excellence of Mr. Coe, the teacher, and the reform and novelty in pedagogy, he had introduced. "He does not punish his scholars with a ferule, but with a look or a sharp word. I think he keeps as good order as the former teachers did, who punished so severely."

Alexander himself, it may be added, was much interested in the lecture classes in Chemistry, which this Mr. Coe conducted, and the "handsome experiments with the gases." He gives an animated version of his own sensations and antics in the classroom after "taking Exhilerating Gas prepared from Ether, by Doct Seely."

It is worth remarking, also, that, during this period,

Alexander is the active medium for the exchange of reading matter between Warren and Bloomfield friends. Cooper's tales were coming out and these with Scott's novels, figure in the transfers back and forth. He pays a belated tribute to the Warren library as his sojourn there draws to a close, and wishes that his mother "could get some of the books," which it has.

In April, 1826, the mother writes George how she expects "your Pa will go Eastward, the first of June, with Miss Green. Mary will go likewise to stay two years. There is a good ladies' school in Putney, where she can learn everything we wish to have her, with the advantage of boarding in Capt. Green's family, which, I think, is an advantage not to be overlooked. I know of no family where I would rather put a young girl to board than there." Mary was just fourteen.

The plan was carried out, as stated, and June 7, after parting with his daughter at Putney, Mr. Brown wrote her from Boston to visit certain old friends in Westmoreland, "when an opportunity occurs, such an one as will be approved by the Miss Greens," closing with an injunction to "remember you have come 600 miles to go to school to acquire useful knowledge, and you will not, I trust, disappoint the fond hopes of your parents."

Mr. Brown returned home in July, and from there, directs a long and carefully prepared letter to his daughter, giving details of the course and manner of his journey. In other respects his production is in-

teresting and somewhat notable, under the circumstances.

"By this time, even if you are ever so well contented with your present situation, you will, I conclude, be glad to hear from home, and of my safe return. Our family now, except yourself, are all at home, and in good health. The little stranger without a name [Anne] is a fine, hearty little girl, with blue eyes, and looks very much like Huntington [Marvin]. When I got home, which was on the 5th inst, I found George here on a visit. Alexander did not leave Mr. King's till a few days since, on account of Mr. D. K.'s ill-health. Where Alexander will go, or what business he will hereafter be employed in, I have not yet determined. After I bid you – and the interesting family with whom you reside – farewell, I had a very agreeable tour to New York, via Concord, N.H., Boston, Providence and New London. The next morning after I left Putney, I set out with a friend in a private carriage, and arrived in Concord, the next day about noon. The legislature was sitting at that place. Here I spent a couple of days with a large number of old friends and acquaintances, many of whom I had not seen for upwards of fourteen years and from whom I received the most flattering attentions. From this place I went to Boston, in the stage, where I staid until the next Monday morning, when I again took the stage and arrived at New London at 6 o'clock, stepped into a steam boat, and the next morning found myself in the great city of New York. Here I tarried till Friday evening, when I went aboard a steamboat, in company with

Mr. Wright and family, of Steubenville, who was returning from Congress. Lucy Proctor was with us. The next day, we took the packet boat, at Schenectady, and remained in it all the way to Buffalo where we arrived on Thursday morning. There were two steam boats lying here, but, as neither of them would sail before Saturday, we concluded to go in the stage coach. At Erie I was detained two days, by sickness, but I soon after recovered my usual good health.

"I would fill the remainder of this sheet, by giving you such advice as might be serviceable to you, did I not place the utmost confidence in the sound discretion and friendly feelings of the young ladies with whom you reside. They will, I have no doubt, by their example and good counsel, if you should, as I hope you will, be so wise as to follow them, lead you in the paths of virtue and impart to you that kind of knowledge without which no young lady can ever be respectable. My esteemed friends, under whose care I have placed you, will not undertake to enforce upon your tender mind any particular religious tenets, or doctrines; nor, should I be pleased to have you read any doctrinal books on that subject, until your mind shall have become more enlightened and your judgment matured. But don't understand me that I wish you not to read the Bible. No, my dear child, that is a proper book, both for infancy and age. That will hurt no one, but on the contrary, will do much good, and I do most heartily recommend it to you to study that part of the New Testament, in particular, that relates to our duty to the Supreme Being and to one another.

"Your mother joins me in the request that you would present our best respects to Mr. Green and family, and your brothers and sister join us in sending much love to you. The letter you wrote home is now not before me, and I don't know as I can recollect the contents of Miss Mary Green's Note it contained, but you will inform her that I did not see Mr. Tucker, our fellow traveler, after we parted at Brattleboro, nor any one else who traveled to the east with us, except the tall gentleman, with a plaid Cloak who got in at Fredonia; he came and introduced himself to me on board the Steam boat from N. York and seemed glad to see me. I should have been much pleased to have found our German friend again, even as much so as I should to see the Hon. Judge Cooper, or the Hypocritical Mr. P——, who has amassed a great property by Negro slavery and is now endeavoring to balance his account with Heaven, by an affected piety. If he was really pious, and had repented of his evil deeds, (buying, using and selling Negro Slaves) he would appropriate a part, at least, of his great wealth, in ameliorating the condition of that description of human beings. Tell Miss Mary that she would have been much more pleased with the Company I had on my return, than with those with whom we traveled. Mr. Wright, a gentleman of first rate talents, his oldest son, a graduate from West Point, and Mrs. Wright and two very interesting daughters. Mr. Terry from Hartford, Conn., with his family, and a Mr. Post and lady from Muscow, were among our fellow passengers, and were highly refined and very agreeable.

Mr. Thomas Emerson, of Norwich, was along. I shall say nothing of his qualifications, or agreeableness, except he says he is vastly rich, a fact, by the bye, which I knew before by report. . .

"Before I close, my dear Mary, let me enjoin it upon you to be industrious and attentive to your studies. Let nothing induce you to swerve from the strictest rules of morality. Be discreet in all your conversation with your school mates and others, and let your confidential friends be few and not hastily chosen. It wants more proof than the mere assertion of a person to prove that that person is your friend; I say again, be cautious. I am most affectionately yours. E. BROWN."

She writes her aunt, Elizabeth Huntington Proctor, in September of her studies, and how "Hidder [the son of the house] started for Hanover [Dartmouth] College this morning," exclaiming: "Oh, how I wish George and Alexander could go," etc. And it appears, she had canvassed this possibility with her father on their journey from home, and with some approving signs by him.

The father writes the daughter again, at full length, on October 7:

"MY DEAR CHILD: If you are like most young persons when absent from home, from their paternal roof, you will often, with a sigh, think of home and be glad to hear from those friends who are far away. A letter of course, from one whom I think I can say is among the best of them will be received by you with pleasure. All the letters which we have received from you since you left home [three] are now

before me. One is dated the 28th June, the other the 9th August. They are prettily written, especially the last one, because the style is natural, a thing I very much like to see in epistolary composition.

"From this encomium, you must not infer that your style, or manner of writing, are not susceptible of much improvement – it would be next to a miracle if they were not.

"I am very much pleased to learn from your letters that you remain in good health, and are contented with your present situation, but, am concerned to find that the school has closed, on account of the additional trouble you will give to Miss Mary.

"This you must prevent as much as you can by a thousand little attentions by way of assisting her in the affairs of the household. It will do you no hurt to be industrious and to fill up all your leisure moments by doing something that will be useful to the family where you reside – but it will do you a great deal of good as exercise will be beneficial both to your body and mind – besides, a thorough knowledge of housewifery is, by no means, among the least, or the last accomplishments I would wish you to acquire.

"I am quite gratified by your letters to find that you are not unmindful of the importance of improving your time. Your admonitions to George on that subject are very good, and you will not, I trust, be so inconsistent as not to practice yourself that which you so justly, and so earnestly recommend to him. You will, I hope, ever bear it strongly in your mind, that your situation in life imperatively re-

quires that you should economize upon your time—indeed, it is the duty of those who are born to affluence, and much more so, if possible, of those who must, in a great measure, as is your case, depend on their own exertions for a respectable standing in society.

"It is also important that your education should be adapted to that station in society which you will most probably sustain and such as would be most useful to yourself and friends in a country like this where you will, in all human probability, spend your days.

"A tolerable degree of knowledge of Phylosophy, History, Geography, Astronomy, Mathematics, Botany, Chemistry and Geology would do no good disposed person any harm, even if their situation in life was the most humble, as such knowledge must be a source of much happiness and satisfaction to every reflecting mind. The English language must be the only medium through which you can receive this knowledge. The necessity of understanding that language, therefore, will readily occur to you, and, at the same time, prompt you to use the utmost diligence to make yourself master of it. I like the practice of your writing composition. By so doing, you will improve your style, and acquire the habit of both writing and speaking correctly, a desideratum I am conscious I very much lack, and should reproach myself for this glaring defect had it been in my power, in my early days, as you now have it, in yours, to acquire those very useful and pleasing accomplishments.

"Much stress, to be sure, ought to be laid on a

scholastic education, yet you must recollect, my dear daughter, that something more is requisite to make a fine lady, without which to understand all the arts and sciences are worse than useless. It is virtue, under which head, among other things, can be reckoned Prudence, Modesty and kind and conciliatory behaviour, both in your words and actions to every fellow being. The most essential parts of politeness are included in the above, yet custom has established many indispensable requisites, called politeness, which, altho' they can hardly be ranked among the virtues, serve to give a polished and pleasing appearance to their possessors. Some of their opposites are ostentation, pedantry, assurance and awkwardness.

"It would be a difficult task for me to give you the news of this place in detail – I shall leave that part of my letter blank for your mother who intends to fill up so much of this sheet as I shall leave blank and whose memory is far better than mine.

"You will make my compliments to Mr. Green and his daughters for whom I have the most sincere and tender regard and to whom I hope you will not neglect to render the greatest respect and attention. Alexander is now in a store at Parkman. He left Painesville on account of the deranged state of mind of Mr. B——, otherwise he would have staid there two or three years. George, Charles, James, Fayette and your yet nameless sister, are all at home, and in excellent health, except James who has now an ill turn, tho' not confined to the house.

"Elizabeth is still at Steubenville, from whom we have recently had a letter which informed us she was

well. Huntington [Marvin] is at Painesville. They all want to see sister Mary – save the little baby who knows nothing of you and cares as little as she knows. She is a cross little imp, and I am determined not to give her a name until she is more quiet. She is much handsomer than any of my other daughters and, I think I love her about as well.

"It is now late at night, and this must go into the mail very early tomorrow morning. The mail now passes thro' here on Sunday mornings to the South. . . Adieu. E. BROWN."

The mother, with a fine-pointed pen apparently, cheerily fills in every remaining blank space, with passing local news.

The Green household was broken up before long, and Mary was transferred to a Female Academy and Boarding School at Brattleboro. We gain some idea of the curriculum and surroundings from a lively letter Alexander writes her there on July 13 of the next year.

"I hope you will not let your letter writing interfere with your studies, which are pretty numerous, and must require a better head than mine to attend to them as they ought to be. I hope you will not have too much to attend to at once – Geography, History, Arithmetic, Grammar, Philosophy, Music, Fishing and Riding, would be too much for my weak pate to manage at once, but I hope they will not be for you, as I believe you always liked study better than I did. Fishing, perhaps, is a desirable amusement for ladies in Vermont, but Ma'am says that 'she is so old fashioned' that she hopes you will not fish any more, and,

if you ride in boats and canoes, 'there is a great deal of danger;' therefore, do be careful. . . I hope when you come home you will teach me some new tunes, so that I can play them on the flute; bring some notes with you. Ma'am wishes to know who 'Clarissa' is, who sits at your right hand, and 'pretty cousin Martha,' who sits at your left. . . You wish my opinion respecting a blank book for a journal. I like the plan very well. Get a book that does not cost much, keep it neat, and write some in it every day. In that way you will have a pretty book and one that you will like to look over for years to come. . .

"This letter looks so bad, I am ashamed to send it, but I hope you will excuse me; I have written it in a great hurry, amongst squalling childer, etc. You know just how it is. Give my love to your Marias, Cousin Marthas and all!"

A final change of plans as to Mary was made that year. Her father wrote "Miss Green" in August that he had planned to come after Mary "the ensuing fall, but the very pertinent and judicious remarks contained in your letter in relation to Mary's remaining a while longer at school, together with her own entreaties, have nearly, if not quite, altered my first determination." He finally "concurs" in, and requests the transfer of Mary to Mrs. Willard's Seminary at Troy, where Miss Green herself was an assistant instructress. He discourses, in the letter, respecting the expense involved, her "studying," dress, "occasional social pleasures," etc. The latter are to be avoided unless when she is "attended by her

instructress," without which she is to "consider herself a mere school girl."

After the change to Troy, the father writes kindly, but with evident dissatisfaction with both an institution and a pupil, who are so little attentive to the habit of keeping petty cash accounts, and reporting individual expenses in the right quarter.

"If your Preceptresses have neglected to teach you this, they have neglected an essential part of your education. Every young lady ought to be taught how to keep accounts of this nature."

He uses a sheet which, when folded, is eight by thirteen inches, closing his letter as follows: "Miss Green thinks you had better attend to dancing. I think so too. To explain to her my opinion on that subject, I have referred her to the 466th No. of the Spectator, which I wish you to read. It will give some directions, which I presume your dancing master will not."

Her mother wrote often, in her own affectionate and satisfying style, and the others, so that the daughter was not left to repine because of no real news from home.

Early in the next year, a cordial invitation came to Mr. Brown from an old friend who lived in New York City at 20 Clarkson street, "which is quite in the upper part of the city, and a very healthy part," for a visit from Mary "for some weeks" before she returned to Bloomfield. We hope she made the visit, but there is no evidence that she did, and there is that she was home, once more, in July, 1828.

The Seminary she attended at Troy was, of course,

the school founded and presided over by Mrs. Emma Willard of enduring fame in educational efforts and ideas. The Miss Green referred to, now opened a School for Young Ladies, at Steubenville, Ohio.

April 15, 1829, Mary writes to George:

"Elizabeth and myself will probably go to Steubenville this summer. You and Alexander must certainly come home this spring before we go. I do not know but you have heard that Pa bought a carriage this Spring, a very handsome one. E. and myself intend to go to Warren, if you and A. come home."

They went to Steubenville in May, and Mary writes to Alexander then, which he quotes to his mother: "My studies are Willard's History U. States, Logic, Rhetoric, Botany, Chemistry, Grammar once a week, and Composition. Don't you think I shall have to be pretty diligent this summer?"

He comments, "Indeed I do think she will have to be not only very diligent, but must have a greater degree of both diligence and intelligence than most of her sex – yes, or mine either – are blessed with, to pursue so many studies, at a time, and understand them as she ought!"

Mary continues, "Elizabeth's are Geography, Grammar, History and Drawing."

Alexander, at Pittsburgh, wrote frequently to these young students, and his letters are interesting, witty, and full of cheerful and encouraging words.

Sept. 13, 1829, is the date of one of several long letters, of this nature, from him. He dutifully passes on to Mary and Elizabeth, a portion of a recent letter he has had from their mother, which enjoins high

rules of conduct for them in every situation; they are to "keep in mind the main object they had in view, when they left home, that they may not have to regret misspent time." She thinks of them a great deal, she says, and "hopes they will be discreet in all their actions. Should they, or any of my children, be guilty of such unworthy conduct, as some are, I might then think I saw trouble. But, I shall still hope that they will not, that they will go on as they have begun, in an honest, upright course, which is better than all the riches in the world."

Having loyally reproduced all these admonitory messages, Alexander considers it "unnecessary to try to add anything in the shape of advice to the foregoing, only to say, be good girls, and think what good, kind and tender parents we have, that will be sufficient to make you do right," and, thereupon, adopts an altogether less solemn tone. "Now for answering Mary's letter: Very glad if my letter did you some good. You say you were homesick till you received it. Mustn't be homesick, very naughty; heads up; study away. A few short weeks, or months will soon be over and end your troubles and homesickness, and you will be at home. If your time has been well spent, you will look back with pleasure (O, what a pen!) Elizabeth, can't you prescribe something for Mary, to keep her from 'gagging at the sight of a book'? Give her a little Oil of Birch, or, Old Hickory (I tell you, curse the pen)." He cannot visit them this fall. "Do your best a little while; you never will be sorry. We'll have some good days yet in Bloomfield, when we all get together, snug, and

nice and quiet. Hope's the lassie for me. She never forsakes. Goodbye.

"Elizabeth: I was at the Circus last evening, a short time, but saw nothing very splendid, and, your Mr. Blackburn must have been painted red, for I saw nothing but would be Indians. Poor fellow, he takes a terrible revenge truly on his unruly 'Dulcinea del' *Canton*. But, you say, he has interested one young lady in Steubenville. Wonder who she is! Eh! You would like to be a Circus-rider, hey! Let's see how you would look on a Circus bill: 'Miss E. B.'s benefit. Grand Brobignag fiddle-daddle, semi-demi, helter skelter flum-da-diddle! For the first time, the celebrated Miss E. on the tight-rope, during which she will perform many singular and pleasing feats!' . . .

"Mr. A. starts Tuesday, so goodbye. Sept. 22d!!! Tomorrow! I think it is, and, I am a greater dunce, blunderhead and booby than ever; the fact is, I thought I would not close my letter till the night before Mr. A. started: Well that night came, and I had somehow lost a day in my log-book, and never thought of Mr. A, nor anything else, until it was too late." He adds further anxieties about them of the mother, which have come in the meantime. The parents are to visit Steubenville, and then Pittsburgh. "I will send Elizabeth the first shawl I find that will do. I have no more to say, I believe except to tell you to be *good girls*, and say good-bye."

Nevertheless, he crosses the letter, in red ink, beginning as follows: "Where do you think Ralph Hickox and I were last Sunday? Eh! Give it up

do ye? Well, we were on the tip-top of a high hill, over the Allegheny. Walked all around a little white snug-looking house with a small steeple, and cross on the top. The fence around it was not high enough to be an obstruction, had we chosen to go over it; therefore, we staid on the outside. As we were in search of adventure, if there had been a high wall, with iron spikes on the top, we should certainly have procured a rope ladder, and scaled it, but, as everything was, we saw no chance for a romantic scrape, till, after sauntering around a long time, we saw a couple of nuns, skipping about in the field. Then, the adventure began!!!, and ——— e-n-d-e-d!

"Now, girls, I really have something to tell you, which I never yet told to mortal man, woman or child, and which, I hope and trust, you will keep locked up within your breasts. No—but stop—you are females, and, therefore, can't keep—but, I may as well tell you. You promise, do you? Yes? Well this is Tuesday the 22nd day of September 1829; remember it! It is nearly ten o'clock, P. M.; Well, *just one year ago, this Minute*, it was—very nearly the same time of day!!"

The daughters were home at the first of the next year, and on December 19, 1830, Alexander is "pleased to hear that Mary and Elizabeth are again going to Steubenville, to attend school." Elizabeth did return there, but, in July, 1831, the father tells the brothers at Pittsburgh, that she is discontented at the school, and he urges that one of them at once bring her away to Pittsburgh to await his own arrival there. She is soon home again, but, shortly,

George says, "Pa wants Elizabeth to go to school some more," and Alexander, George, and Charles at once engaged in an investigation of the comparative merits of the several Pittsburgh schools. The canvass was thorough of "The Edgeworth Ladies Boarding School," the "Erin School," that kept by the "Two Miss Parry," and Dr. Lacy's. One of these, Alexander visited, and wrote of it, in December, 1832, as "situated near Braddock's field, about 40 rods from the Monongahela River, 9 miles from Pittsburgh: Is kept by Mr. and Mrs. Olver, who are from England. Mrs. Olver is the better man of the two. She is, I suppose, about 40 years of age, quite a pleasant, dignified lady, and beloved by the young ladies generally. At present, they have 69 pupils; 30 of them from Pittsburgh, some from Columbus and Lancaster O., Chambersburgh Pa., and Hagerstown Md. There are 8 or 9 teachers in all. Young Olver and Miss Olver are teachers. Two of the young ladies were introduced to me, who played the Piano for us (a young painter who was engaged there last summer was my companion), conversed very well, etc. One of them has been there a good while, with her two sisters, ever since their mother died, and she said that Mr. and Mrs. O. were as good as father and mother to them, and Miss Olver as kind as a sister. Mr. Boggs, of this place has had five daughters there, five years, and, he says, Mrs. O. is the best woman to motherless children that he ever knew. Their mother died a number of years ago.

" I took dinner with the Scholars, and instructors, and was very well pleased with the decorum of the

scholars, the neatness and plainness of the fare, of which there was an abundance of everything necessary. At breakfast and supper (I understand) they have no meat. Mr. Olver carries on a large farm which supplies them with the solids principally. He keeps 15 or 16 cows, so that the scholars, who choose, can have milk. A short grace is said at their meals."

He transcribes the prospectus, or circular, setting out the guiding aims of the school, the curriculum, terms, fees, etc.

Impressions were derived from less intimate visitations, it appears. Somewhat later, he writes, of another school: "All hands of us took a walk a week ago last Sunday, and white handkerchiefs were shook at us from every window at ———'s House, by young ladies, apparently very young ones. If I had to judge of the order by that one display, I could not say much in favor of the school."

A decision was not very promptly reached, although the subject was by no means lost sight of. The father writes George, October 31, 1832: "I think it will not be prudent for Elizabeth to go to Pittsburgh, at present, if at all, for I hardly know which I like the best, the School or the Cholera.

"The Prospectus contains a good deal too much fudgification to suit me, notwithstanding Elizabeth has got nearly ready to go, and most probably will, in case the Cholera should keep away, or rather *go* away from Pittsburgh."

Again, on August 20 of the following year: "Elizabeth's health has of late, much improved for which, in a great measure, she is indebted to Charles, who

has been remarkably attentive in riding out with her since she returned from the excursion she took down south with Alexander. But I think she is not well enough to go off a hundred miles from home to school. I have told her that should she regain her health, she may go at the commencement of the next Quarter, tho' I have an objection to the institution on account of the extortionate sum that is demanded, and in advance, too, of the Pupils. Once paid, they may abuse the scholars as much as they please with impunity, and the Pupil has no remedy other than to forfeit the advance money and leave the school."

He denounces the particular school in question, with much emphasis, because of this feature, and closes with the observation: "The fresh heap of meal decoyed the young Rats, but the older ones were suspicious of it, and kept at a respectful distance."

Definite action was not taken, until the cholera had gone, the daughter's health improved, and the February term of 1834 of Doctor Lacy's School was but five days away. Then, George, who was in charge at home during his father's absence at the legislature, largely on his own responsibility it seems, hurried away with Elizabeth for the opening day, and "arranged for a year there," for her, all of which he duly reported to his father.

A visit which Alexander paid on his return from the East in March, is made the subject of one of his cheery and competent letters to his mother: "I spent a good part of last Sabbath at Dr. Lacy's, with Elizabeth, very pleasantly. I attended morning service with him, and scholars; then Elizabeth, and my-

self were left alone till dinner time, when Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, Elizabeth and myself dined together. The doctor is a very liberal, sociable, good living man. Mrs. L. observed that they did not generally have a warm dinner on Sunday; the Doctor said he thought victuals tasted as good to him on Sunday as any other day. We talked politics and travelling, while at dinner, and denounced Martin Van Buren, and his crew, while we drank our wine. Dr. L. says Van B. was a near neighbor of his for a long time, and, he has no faith in him; he is nothing but a mass of intrigue and cunning. Elizabeth appeared better and in better spirits than I expected to see her. She says the doctor is rather cross sometimes, and some of the laws do not quite suit her, but I think she will be entirely contented in a short time. Charles went out to see her yesterday, and he says she is in very good spirits. He smuggled out two or three letters for the girls there. One, I believe, from Elizabeth to Mary which was put in the office last night. The law prohibiting the girls from writing letters, without shewing them to Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, I think has the same effect as laying heavy duties on certain goods. Smuggling will appear over the lines very often."

He writes his father, July 28: "Doctor Lacy says she [Elizabeth] is a girl of first rate mind, and, he is sorry to have her leave so soon. There was quite a division amongst the scholars, a few days before the examination, as to whom the reward should be given for 'amiability and general improvement,' whether to Elizabeth, or one of the Miss Campbells

of Detroit. Dr. L. saw fit to award it to the latter. E— appears to be a general favorite."

In August he says, in a letter to his mother: "The 'Xaminin' is over, and all right. Elizabeth did as well as any of the scholars, and Doct. Lacy says if she will stay six months longer, he thinks she can learn more than double. He says there are no better girls than E. but—she always underates herself; and, she must look out, or she will be an old maid, if she always runs herself down so much.

"I was out all day; I liked all the exercises—except the music."

These "exercises," answered for Elizabeth's "Commencement" ceremonies, for, they were the ending of her schooldays!

VIII. SCHOOLING, 1830-1840

May 12, 1830, Mr. Brown writes that "Charles and Elizabeth are going next week to Warren to attend Mr. Gillet's School. Charles boards at Mr. Mason's and Elizabeth at Mr. D. King's." It does not appear how long they remained at Warren, but Elizabeth seems to have been at home again in the early summer, and, in September Alexander is referring to the need of Charles' "studying."

In January, 1831, Charles, apparently, was at school in Painesville, but during May of that year, he joins his brothers at Pittsburgh; the father writes to George, "Have a brotherly and friendly eye to Charles; correct his errors, if he has any, in a mild and friendly manner, and select proper books for him to read." He enjoins later upon George "to pay that attention to Charles, which I have no doubt you will, which every brother owes to a younger brother in the absence of his parents." Any regular schooling for Charles, however, ended now, he having been given a place in Alexander's business house.

The plan, however, was for him still to do some systematic studying at the evening schools, or out of hours, and, as late as February, 1832, the father writes to George: "Give my love to Charles; tell him to write some kind of composition often, and get you to correct it. It will assuredly assist him in

spelling. He improves in his handwriting, while I fail in mine, as you will perceive by this letter."

Indeed, from this time on, the possibility of combining business experience with schooling, or of so arranging that the two lines of training should be concurrent, seems to have rather hastened the despatch of the younger sons, to where such a plan could be tried. The ending of their schooldays and the beginning of their business lives, were consequently somewhat obscure, and, at the time, unsatisfactory to all concerned. The two occupations, of course, in their nature, are not to be run parallel. Study and school routine, to most boys, is work, and work without immediate reward or encouragement, either in money, or the greater versatility of the tasks and incidents. When the two kinds of work, one avowably only for a child, and the other only for one associated with men, are brought into daily contrast, boys feel entitled to prefer the rôle toward which they are most tempted, and to put away, more and more, the childish things of the schoolroom for the freer life and place among men.

James was now coming on. Alexander thinks "he will make a fine scholar if he has the will: The opportunity, there is no doubt about." After a rudimentary attendance at Bloomfield, he was sent to Austinburgh in Ashtabula County for a year. In writing George, April 17, 1832, his father says: "James, I expect home tomorrow, when he will have completed two quarters, since he went to Mr. Austin's school, at Austinburgh. Is it best to send him to live at Pittsburgh? He is as old as Alexander was

when he went to live with King. I believe I will send them all there, by and by, and, then, your mother and I follow after."

The following is a passage from the same letter: "You will live as economical as you possibly can and not be mean, and consider that trifling expenses, often repeated, will soon make a large sum. Besides, it is a good plan to form economical habits; those who do not—when they fail in business—very forcibly feel the want of such a habit. What some young men squander, and very foolishly too, if put out at interest would make them rich when they become old. Be in the habit of keeping an account of your expenses and adding it up at the end of each month. I do not make these observations because I think you are extravagant, but that you might be on your guard. Has Cousin Tommy [Thos. H. Howe] gone into business for himself?"

No decision was reached, however, until the next year, when, on June 28, 1833, as the father announced to Alexander, "James started, this morning, in the stage, with Dr. Norton, of that place, for Utica, where I intend to keep him at school, a couple of years. The Doctor bought the Clisbee farm, and the lot east of it, for $1800. . . James, I expect, will attend a good school, for 3 to 6 months, which is near Dr. N's, and will then enter the High School, which is one of the best in the United States. I hope he will do well, and will not forget that time is precious, and knowledge is power."

The mother added: "I parted with James with a variety of feelings which you can well imagine. He

was very anxious and willing to go, but, when he came to give the parting hand, the words 'goodbye' came with difficulty. As for myself, I have passed thro' so many such scenes, and have so often been obliged to suppress my feelings, that it comes very near making me sick now. I was hardly able to sit up yesterday, but I did not suffer a tear to fall. I knew from experience, that it would be better to indulge such feelings a little, but it will not do to set the example before children. I hope you will write to James as often as you think consistent, as you, yourself, have been from 'home, sweet home,' so much that you can feel for him and will know better what advice he needs. He is, I think, with a good man, and, as far as I can judge, the family will be very pleasant. It will consist of the doctor, his wife and one son. The doctor is very much of a gentleman in his manners, and is well esteemed in his professional character, as well as for his good qualities as a neighbor and friend."

George reports a letter from James soon after, from which it is judged that he is "in fine spirits." The next reference to James, however, is not until October, 1836, when he and his youngest brother are at school together at Gambier, Ohio. They were at home during the following spring vacation, and a very graphic account appears, in a letter by the mother, of the last moments of their vacation as, while waiting for the stage, Fayette "in the Hall," is making his final arguments and appeals to his father against his going on with the study of Latin. In the following May, the perplexed parent writes to his sons at Pittsburgh:

"I suppose you have been informed that James and Fayette have returned from Gambier; I hardly know what to do with them this summer." By the autumn following, Fayette was consigned to his Pittsburgh brothers to begin attendance at Mr. Eaton's school; and the other boys were placed at a private school in the adjoining township of Farmington. Their surrender to their parents at the close of the year, by the painfully pious individual, having them in charge, is marked by a ceremonious statement of the reasons for his action, and a ponderous protest of his sincerity.

The elder brothers, George in particular, were now active participants in all further planning for the juniors. George was unfaltering in his watchfulness and advice, although his honest heart was often tried by the spirit in which his well meant, but severely insistent efforts, were received. It took but a few years, however, for all discordant feelings to pass away, and, as it is believed, to be replaced by a full consciousness on the part of the objects of his solicitude, of the high grade of thought and character that their brother had manifested through it all.

Meanwhile, after leaving Farmington the two boys were at home for a while. Too long for George's ease of mind, however. He writes, early in 1838: "What is James doing and going to do? He ought to be reading his French, else he will forget what he has already learned. Perhaps we may find a place for him somewhere here next fall; what kind of business would he like? Had he not better be studying something with Doctor Palmer? If Marvin was at a good school I should not hesitate to say that he

had better not come with us till fall, as, after he comes with us, it is not likely he will go to school much more. As it is perhaps he had better come down in a few weeks from this time."

The suggestion George made as to Marvin was promptly adopted. By March 1, Alexander speaks of him as being in Pittsburgh, remarking that "I myself am almost sorry that Marvin did not continue longer at school, but I shall strive to have him study here."

Marvin had before been in the care of his brothers at Pittsburgh, under a like arrangement—from the fall of 1836 to the spring of 1838. Apparently, he was more nearly successful than the others, in realizing the store-by-day and study-by-night plan, but, as soon as the young man had become fairly at home in his *toga virilis*, he cheerfully put aside this form of double life for good.

In the early part of 1838, James joined the others, and, later in the year, took a position in certain chemical works. He either was not as fond of writing letters as his brothers, or his letters home did not become a part of the general collection, for there are but two messages from him in the series. One to his father by Alexander, who writes, "James sends, by Col. Tracy, some French books, and—nothing else, as he is not a judge of Rennets," which anatomical article, of some special brand, his father had asked him to obtain and send home. The other sample is an easily running, duty letter to his sister in June, 1839, to notify her of the departure from Pittsburgh on their long tour to the East, of "Ma, Elizabeth

and George." James returned home, the following year, to open a general store there with Joseph K. Wing – later the husband of his sister Mary – as his partner.

Fayette was, clearly, the Benjamin of the family, the youngest and best-beloved. His existence was a tender consciousness with each and every member, and his best condition, present and future, a constant concern. In his juvenile days he did not always realize this disposition toward him, and, when he did not himself approve of plans for his welfare, it is noteworthy, in view of the age, how modern he was in the freedom with which he expressed his dissenting views. The New England born brothers observed an almost instinctive deference toward their parents and seniors, and expected a measure of such consideration from their own juniors. Should this manner be relaxed in given instances a dignified reproof and apology followed. More than once, the happy freedom of Alexander's pen or George's more circumspect utterances transgressed in this respect, and called forth either a paternal rebuke, or a hurried amend to forestall such consequence.

George allows an unaccustomed hiatus to occur in his correspondence with a sister, because, by some course, she had not treated him, as he says, with that respect and regard which she "ought to have shown toward a much older brother."

This was in keeping with the teachings and examples of another time and place, but not, in any marked degree, with those of the new location. There, conditions were not much concerned with the

external forms of intercourse and it is presumed that little attention was paid to such matters. My own father, who came to Ohio in 1831, long after, would refer to a staid old New Englander, as the first boy in Bloomfield who stopped and removed his cap when they met, as he himself had been taught to do to his seniors in years. The opportunities, also, where manners could be openly displayed and noted were fewer than in the older communities, and such as there were, were not made so much of for the purpose.

In New England, the form and frequency of the appearances for worship on the Sabbath must have been a potent agency in impressing the younger generation with the grades of domestic respect which should prevail. Families not infrequently mustered for the occasion, with a hierarchal precision, beginning with the head of the house, and ending with its youngest and humblest inmates, and their approach to and entrance into the meeting-house was made and recognized by the waiting congregation with a corresponding solemnity.

The younger and the youngest of the boys were thorough non-conformists, as respects such codes and practices, and were little influenced thereby. While naturally this disposition was not entirely approved of by the others of the family, the latter by no means abated any of their anxieties and affection on this account. A series of letters to Fayette in 1837, kept by him, and finally turned over to the collection, represents a pertinent episode of this nature. They center around a rebellion initiate, on his part, against his father for having agreed to sell the

Bloomfield properties and home, but plainly, too, because he is being held at the Gambier School.

The incident, of course, was but a tempest in a teacup, but, such as it was, it called forth all the quelling and quilling powers the family possessed. Not one of them, above the age of thirteen, but hurried to advise, exhort, and entreat, and with the intensity of one who believes it was foreordained, that his voice, and his voice alone was to be decisive of the issue.

The correspondence, on the occasion, is a clear exhibit of certain of the family traits, as the beloved author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, himself a member of the family, assumes them to be in the portrait, of those bearing the name, which, as he says, he adds to the portraits drawn "by the pen of Thackeray, and the pencil of Doyle."

> Then, for clanship, they are as bad as Highlanders; it is amazing the belief they have in one another. With them, there is nothing like the Browns, to the third and four generation. "Blood is thicker than water," is one of their pet sayings. They can't be happy unless they are always meeting one another. Never were such a people for family gatherings, which, were you a stranger, or sensitive, you might think had better not have been gathered together. For, during the whole time of their being together, they luxuriate in telling one another their minds on whatever subject turns up; and, their minds are wonderfully antagonistic, and all their opinions are downright beliefs. Till you are among them, sometime, and understand them, you can't think but that they are quarrelling. Not a bit of it; they love and respect one another ten times the more after a good family arguing bout, and go back, one to his curacy, another to his chambers, and another to his regiment, fresh-

ened for work and more than ever convinced that the Browns are the height of company.

The father, as a fact, had concluded, as he thought, a formal and binding agreement for the sale and transfer of the principal holdings he had in the township. Relying upon the stability of this arrangement he went to much expense to build a house, and prepare a new home for his family. This he fondly thought might come to be cherished by his children, as dearly as was the home they were to give up.

The special set of letters at the time, shows how much stronger, than the father had estimated, was the attachment they all had for the old home, "Brownwood," as Judge Goodenow had christened it long before. To the reader whose interest has brought him thus far in the correspondence, their full perusal will repay.

Samples may be taken at random. Elizabeth endeavors to prepare the lad for his proper demeanor at his anticipated vacation visit. Her letter is dated March 15.

"If you come home, remember the advice, and shape your conduct by it, and we shall have a 'fine season' of visiting. Do not say anything in a reproachful manner about Pa's selling, for the matter cannot be changed now, and it only causes ill-feeling throughout the whole family. We all feel very sorry that the place is sold, and can never like another as well, but as talking only does harm, instead of good, we consider it best to say nothing more.

"Pa thought, when he sold, that all the bad feeling

any of us had, could be dispersed at the sight of a new place, but when he found we never could forget, and never cease to regret the loss of this, he felt very sorry for what he had done. He thought he was doing what would be for the good of all, and I hope he may not be disappointed.

"Now, if anything should happen, to prevent your coming home, do not repine, and be discontented about it, but bear it as a man, or as a boy thirteen years old ought to bear such disappointments, and, whether you come or not, resolve to excel in every study you undertake. Every day's observation convinces me, that nothing would be so useful to you, as the education which you have the means and ability of acquiring. Very often, our older brothers say: 'I wish I had learned Latin; I wish I had learned Greek,' and all such wishes are equivalent to the one 'I wish I had enjoyed, and improved, the advantages which Fayette now possesses.' Let this be a hint to *you*."

In the January previous, the eldest sister had addressed him a long letter, consolatory and gently argumentative, begging him, for his mother's sake, "not to persist in declaring that you shall not and cannot learn any more so long as there is any probability of Pa's selling." She continues: "It has always been her's and Pa's constant endeavor to promote the good of their children, and, now, Pa's only motive for selling is that. We may think it is a mistaken notion, but we have no right to tell him that he knows nothing about what is and what is not for our good. He came here when everything was new, suffered a great

deal, in body and mind, to create this beautiful spot, and, he has suffered more, perhaps, than you are aware of, at the idea of selling his, as well as 'your home.' . . Instead of that, when he found how badly we all felt to have him sell, if he could have given up the bargain (which is considered by everybody to be an excellent one, as far as money is concerned) without being considered a mean man, one who would fall from his word, he would have done so, for the sake of the feelings of his family. As it was, he offered Mr. H——, four times what he (Mr. H.) gave, for twenty-five acres on this corner, but he (Mr. H.) would not give it up." She tells him that the parents will probably go to Gambier, in the spring [of 1837] to see him, etc., and urges him, meanwhile, to "write to me, or Elizabeth whenever you feel bad." She ends with interesting details about the building of the "new house," the plans for removing to its grounds, from the old house, of "all the fruit trees and shrubs we want," etc., and, more welcome probably than all else to Fayette, she gives reasons for the strong hope she has that the buyer will not be able to carry out his part, beyond, at all events, making the first stipulated payment October first, at the Western Reserve Bank, of $5,000, "in gold and silver coin."

Her predictions proved true: "The panic of thirty-seven" was on, and is an all-sufficient explanation of the default which occurred, and why the sale was never carried out.

The "new house" became Mary's, on her father's death, and, after her marriage, was her home until

her death in 1887, when it descended to her children.

The house and home, for which Fayette sent out his cry, was never given up by the Brown family, and has never passed from their ownership. Upon the father's death, his son Alexander succeeded thereto. Upon the latter's death in 1894, the place went by his will to Elizabeth and Anne jointly, and, to Anne, in 1904, by Elizabeth's devise. When Anne died, ten years later, the place was left, by the terms of her will and descended to Fayette's grandson, Alexander Cushing Brown, of Cleveland, who is the present [1915] owner.

As has been seen, Fayette made his visit home, and returned to school under protest, April 24, 1837; also, that thereafter, during the first days of May, as his father writes, he "returned from Gambier" for good. Later in the year he was consigned to his brothers at Pittsburgh for further schooling. George is "sorry it was not determined before he left home, what kind of studies he should attend to, and whether he is merely going to school six months, or a year, or, whether he is to continue his studies till he has acquired a good education. I think the latter would have been the better course, and, if so, he ought to commence in the best school at once, and not have to change after a while."

On September 10, he writes: "Fayette commenced going to Eaton's School yesterday. I think it is a good school, and he seems pleased with it. He will study, at first, Algebra, Natural Philosophy, and the common branches, as reading, spelling, etc. I shall try and have him learn as much as possible, and

talk with some of his teachers occasionally, as I am acquainted with the principal, and one of the teachers, and see them often." This promised supervision was faithfully carried out. Again: "He ought to be kept at school steadily, for five or six years. He is learning pretty well, and will do still better, I think after he has been at school a few weeks longer."

Later Alexander writes that, at the end of the December recess, "Fayette will commence his studies . . . and I think will get along pretty well. As for Latin, he hates it, if possible, a good deal more than I ever did. I will try to have him study it some at the store, however. The school he goes to is English, altogether, etc."

The difficulties the brothers experienced in acting *in loco parentis*, during this period, are in full evidence. One semester over, however, Fayette was again at home in the summer of 1838 and free of all distasteful conditions of study for the time being.

He was not beyond the reach of George's further plans and hopes, however. A letter from the latter in the fall of 1838, dwells upon a passage which he quotes from Miss Martineau's *Retrospect of Western Travel*, descriptive of the University of Virginia, observing: "This would be just the place for Fayette. I wish he could be made to see the future advantage, as well as great source of enjoyment it would be to him, to obtain such an education, as he could, at such a place as the above."

Again, March 24, 1839, George writes to his mother, "I hope arrangements will be made for getting Fayette into West Point. I know he would be

pleased there. Engineering would suit him completely. If he was here, I could convince him in an hour, that it would be the best thing for him in the world, to go there. I would only need to take him to the office of a graduate of West Point, now in the Engineering Department, and who has been engaged in making a survey of the Ohio River, and is making maps from his survey," etc.

He follows up the suggestion in a letter to his father on March 30, 1839: "I hope Fayette will go to West Point. It would be worth everything to him, and I have no doubt he would be perfectly contented there, and also be willing to go, as he must certainly see some of the advantage it would be to him. He seems particularly fond of Mathematics, and, if I recollect, he has a considerable taste for drawing—sufficient, at any rate, to be worth cultivating to an extent necessary for an engineer. A skillful engineer is sure of employment, at all times in these days of improvements, and, what is of consideration, without regard to politics. I am acquainted with one gentleman here, who has been employed several years on the Ohio improvements, and who is bitter against the present Administration. He is a graduate of West Point."

In October of that year he urges an alternate plan, sending catalogues of the Cannonsburg [Jefferson] College, "by which you, at home, may see on what terms and conditions, Fayette may go there. I wish he would go with a determination to study and be contented for two, or three, or four years. The proper way would be for him to enter the preparatory class,

and, in one year, fit himself for college which he could easily do, if not in a shorter time."

This plan was adopted, and Fayette took up a residence accordingly. George writes Elizabeth in January, 1840, that he has a letter from him from which he seems "to be well and tolerably well contented," but that he is protesting against staying at Cannonsburg "longer than six months." On January 27, 1840, the father begs George to "write Fayette, and encourage him in his present pursuits." In March, Alexander has word, by a senior in the college, that Fayette is "well," but, Alexander warns, "he has no idea of remaining another session." Alexander promises that "some of us will try and go over," soon. Fayette's residence at Jefferson College ended as predicted, and with it any further attempts at a preparatory education for him.

A few letters from him at this time, excellent specimens in themselves, indicate a growing interest and restlessness toward a business occupation, and it is evident that the lure in that direction was strong.

A last effort, however, to shape, or insure, a professional career for him was made, December 28, 1840. His mother writes George that Fayette is to go "to study law with Mr. Wade, of Jefferson, where I hope he will do well. He seems pleased with the idea. Mr. Wade was here and spent two nights and a day, last week, which was another demand upon our time. He and James, Fayette and Mr. Harris, took a long hunting tramp, through the tamarac and on the different islands."

The Mr. Wade referred to, was "Ben Wade," later

the noted abolition senator, and the one on whom the Presidency would have devolved under the law, had President Johnson been impeached.

The first family grief, however, was near, to soften all hearts and stern decrees, and in its midst the young man was allowed his own choice of career. He was welcomed thereto by his eldest brother at Pittsburgh in 1841.

On May 12, Alexander writes his mother and sister, saying: "Fayette has come, and, I shall do my best to have him comfortably situated in every respect, to enable him to do himself and ourselves, the most good he can. What a bright, beautiful countenance he has! I hope it may never be clouded by anything that any of us do, or say."

IX. MISCELLANEOUS

The letters hereinbefore cited in connection with the subjects particularly reviewed, are rarely confined to such subjects, nor, for that matter, are such subjects only treated of in the particular letters cited. In those days the preparation and sending out of a piece of correspondence was rather a serious affair, and it was doubtless regarded as a species of wastefulness, not to fully utilize the occasion and fill the sheet.

Hence, generally, though not always, letters were long, and diversified in their subject-matter.

In his entertaining and informing account of a hundred years ago, Mr. Gaillard Hunt observes:

> In reading the letters written at this period [1815] we are constantly reminded of the great breadth of interest of the individual who wrote them – going from public affairs, to the proper method of shoeing horses, from classical literature, to the best way of preparing lumber for building purposes.
>
> The many functions of a man's nature were exercised and his characteristics had room to develop.

The letters under consideration are certainly of this class and few can be passed by as without the possibility of contributing something to the better understanding of the lives and conditions to which they relate.

One of the series, for instance, deals with the bank-

ing situation, the launching of a new partnership, the holding of the postmaster-general on a question of newspaper postage, and a suit by the writer with David Tod, esquire, as his attorney, all of which topics give way in turn to discourses on lightning-rods and the more efficient manner of laying the same, Venetian shutters, their better fasteners, and, finally, as to the conduct and educational methods to be practiced toward the young.

How to make a quill pen, or its proper renewal-cut and split, are recounted and, in 1832, the advent of the Steel Age of that implement. Occasionally, the prices of cattle, grain, cheese, and beans, are intercalated with the gravest injunctions respecting moral and bodily health.

We can fairly hear "the jingling" of the guineas in the pockets of the newly arrived, well-to-do English dairymen, and learn how eagerly they were sought after in exchange, at prevailing rates, for the dubious and degraded paper currency, with which the country was afflicted. The selection and purchase of the first piano to come to Trumbull County duly appears and numerous other incidents and petty information of passing note.

No great events are recorded; merely the happenings of a numerous and consistent family, through a definite period of years. Of the letters "calendared," Alexander and George together contributed about two-thirds; next come the parents, and then a score of other writers, most of whom, in a numerical sense, have only a formal place.

These different proportions are, of course, due to

the difference in the ages of the family members, several of whom had barely reached letter-writing years, when the collection closed. Except a single postscript, by Anne, to a letter of Fayette's, when she was sixteen, there is no suggestion in the collection of the epistolary art and excellence she possessed, and which were charmingly made manifest throughout the later years of her life.

Here are a few letter of note, among the more detached missives in the set. The boys, in that era, who were destined for a mercantile career, and that was, perhaps, the only organized and settled business open to them, had to learn the business by working in the general stores, wherever they could get placed. The service was hard, and ill-paid, but—they learned the business! In writing to his sister Mary, from Parkman, Ohio, in March, 1827, Alexander gives a lively description of his surroundings.

He had just returned from a visit to Warren. After giving some gossip of Warren and Youngstown, Mr. Harman's marriage, at the one place, and Mr. Lemuel Wick's, at the other; the new "stores" of Mr. Quinby and Mr. Van Gorder; how Mr. John Crowell is the Instructor at the Warren Academy, and the pleasant dance he had at the New Year's Ball, he proceeds:

"Now, I will give you the news of Parkman. I am here, in a little, old, black, dirty, narrow, contracted store, where there is a great deal of writing to do, and but little cash to count; where whiskey is the principal article of trade. The Counting Room is not so still, by a great sight, as a common Bar

Room, but, notwithstanding all these discouraging circumstances, I have lived here nearly six months, and can truly say I have never been kept so busy before, that length of time, and I have never had six months glide by me, seemingly, (to look back) so quickly as they have. Parkman is but a small village, with about thirty buildings, i.e., dwelling-houses, besides two stores, one Woolen Factory, one Distillery, two Grist Mills, (one of which is a three story flouring Mill), an Oil-Mill, and a Forge. Messrs. Converse, (with whom I live) have some interest in all the above Mills, etc., except the Woolen Factory and the Forge. I expect I shall not stay here more than a month or two longer, as the Goods are nearly gone, the Converses will dissolve partnership about the 12th of May next, and the store will be shut up. What I shall do then, I do not know. . . I have not told you about the inhabitants of the township and its vicinity.

"Generally speaking, they are a poor drunken set; spend half their time at the stores and tavern. All this (I believe) is owing to there being a Distillery here, which makes whiskey cheap and easy to be got. I hope there never will be a Distillery in Bloomfield, for now, the inhabitants are honest, industrious and, generally, doing pretty well. There are a number of pretty good families here, however, some very clever fellows, and some very fine girls. I expect they are the charms that have kept me so long here, seemingly so short a time. Well, well, enough of this. We have a dancing school here this winter. The teacher did not understand his business very well,

but—he was a good fiddler, and would, now and then, show us a new figure, and steps. We are soon going to have Cotillion Parties, with a picked set of 12 couples. I expect to enjoy myself pretty well. . . There is another *Maria* lives in this town, so you see, there are some hopes for me yet. She enquired of me the other evening, if I had not a sister about her age, who would be a mate for her. I told her I had one in Vermont, to whom I was going to write the next day, and that I would send her love. . . Little Ann, when I was home, was as bright and good-natured as needs be, and as handsome as a picture. It appears, from your letter, that George enquired of you, which you had rather have come after you—George, or myself. You must choose me, if you will, as I am the oldest, etc., etc. I want to travel very much."

The writer closed his term at Parkman as anticipated, and by May 20 had proceeded to Ravenna and engaged himself there, of all which he sends a humorous account to his parents. The last of July, Alexander reports to his father, with much indignation, the proposal of his employer to cut down the time for which he was hired, so that a silent partner, who has suddenly "come on from Boston," could be taken on in his place. He discusses the situation as knowingly and rightly as he always did puzzling questions of a practical nature, and—then vents his feelings upon the subject.

"I am out of humour this morning as you will see, I think. My writing, I take it, looks very independent; there are a number of very independent

scrawls, the making of which serves to make me better natured. Every one is as good to me as an oath is to some folks. . . I am in good health, have a good stout pair of legs, and another of hands, and—thank God, I am beholden to ———, as little as to most anybody else." The writer finds that he "did not address" his father "as he ought" in this letter, and makes a frank explanation and apology for his freedom later.

August 27, 1827, he gives an account of a visit to Cleveland, upon the solicitation of his Ravenna superior, to obtain a position thought desirable and open there, with an alternative possibility of the sort at Painesville. At Cleveland, he looked forward to stopping at Belden's Tavern, "the best on the Reserve," and is disappointed at being put down, instead, at "Scovill's," known as the Franklin House, which, however, he regards as "good enough for anybody."

He found the place sought was already filled. "Sauntered around Cleveland" the following day, admiring its new court-house, the stores, docks, and canal terminals; called on Mr. Kingsbury, with Mr. Bradley, Mr. McClintock's partner, but he had "agreed with a young man the day before." Saw Mr. Harrison Otis, who introduced him to Mr. Hilliard, a merchant who "spoke favorably of engaging him," but could not give him a definite answer "for some weeks." The census of 1830, three years after this visit, gave Cleveland a population of one thousand seventy-five, exclusive of Ohio City.

Alexander returned to Painesville, by stage;

looked around there, at the opportunities for employment presented, and finally hired himself to the Geauga Iron Company, there, for wages that were not up to his expectation, but was glad to be at work again on such terms as they were. That was much better, he thought, than "sauntering about doing nothing." He remained here until 1829. In February, 1829, he was offered a place at Mason and McDonough's, in Pittsburgh, but he was dissatisfied with the terms, although apparently they were better than those of his Painesville employment. His father writes, "I was very, very sorry that Alexander had not accepted Mason and McDonough's proposals. Ralph Hickox has gone into a wholesale store in Pittsburgh, at $300 a year and – find himself, and Thomas Howe expects to go. I have written to M. and McD. in his favor. I will not blame Alexander too much yet, for, perhaps, he has been offered a much higher price, tho', in this case, wages would, in my mind, be a secondary consideration."

Pittsburgh's position among the cities west of the Alleghenies, commercially, and as one of the greatest distributing centers of the country, was then unchallenged. Its population was only about twelve thousand, but its trade was commensurate with that of a place of many times its rating in the census, and it was rapidly advancing according to every standard of estimate.

In 1842, when Alexander retired from business, it had a population nearly the same as Ashtabula has – in 1915! Alexander, himself, evidently regretted his indecision with respect to the offer he had had, and

which his cousin accepted, but soon after got himself otherwise placed, in Pittsburgh.

May 5, 1829, he gave his father an account of his "passage," from Painesville to that city, "of only six days," and how he was beginning his life there. "I commenced services April 30th, with George R. White and Co., No. 75 Market street, corner of the *Diamond*. It is a [dry-goods] retail store, but *we* do a good business considering that *our* stock of spring goods is rather low. Ralph Hickox is with S. Baird and Co., on Wood street. He has the same wages that I am to have, viz. $350 per year. Thomas Howe is yet at Mason and McDonough. . . I board at the same house with Ralph and Thomas, a private house kept by a lady. There are, besides us, about 8 or 10 boarders, merchants, clerks, doctors, etc.; all pay $3.00 per week, and fifty cents per dozen, for washing, which, for a year, deducted from $350, will leave the enormous salary of, about, $180 a year." The letter is lengthy and enlivened with much original comment and observation. Later in the year he makes a fine protest to his father's offer to supplement his "enormous" salary a little.

Before August he left White and Company – with their consent first obtained – to take a place with Wm. McKnight and Company, who, he says, "have the best retail store in the city," agreeing, however, for but a few months. He had the satisfaction, at this time, of receiving and declining the offer of a position in the Rolling Mill office of Mason and McDonough, the same firm that had given him such an opportunity while in Painesville.

In going to McKnight's, he writes that he is all the while keeping in view the possibility of "getting into a wholesale store." "I really am tired of being a servant," he writes. "I begin to feel as though I could enjoy myself better if I could play 'chief cook' myself a while. Seven years (four of them long ones) is a good while, 'if not longer,' as Benjamin Bellows would say." He staid at McKnight's until March, 1830, when he engaged with S. Baird and Company, who had wholesale and retail stores, for dry-goods chiefly, both in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. This was an advance which was greatly appreciated by him. Within a year the firm wished to make some "arrangement" which involved his connection with their retail department or store, but after giving the subject proper thought, he decides to keep on, as situated, a few years longer until he is "ready to open a wholesale establishment."

If he had as genuine a detestation of one branch of the trade as he expresses, his decision in the premises is little to be wondered at. "The Retail business is such a mean, peddling, lying, urging, screwing, *soaping* sort of a life to lead, that I almost sicken at the thought of it." Nevertheless, after all this outburst, his mind was still kept receptive, and as a *tabula rasa* for any new impressions, the letter to his mother closing with the observation that he is "not quite decided, however, as to his course."

By January 1, 1832, the Bairds and he had concluded a five years' arrangement, which he explains in detail, whereby a new store was to be opened, under the name and style of "E. A. Brown and Com-

pany." He was to put in ten thousand dollars, five thousand of which was borrowed from his father, have one-half the profits, and be in full charge. The business, as agreed, started at once, and under Alexander's zealous and wise management was very successful from the first.

He gave Charles employment in the establishment at once, and before long encouraged the ever-present thought of their father that, some day the firm should become "E. A. Brown and Brothers," with George a member too.

Industrious and interested as Alexander was in his work during this period, there is abundant evidence that he had normal inclinations toward the social diversions of the day. On the last night of the year 1829, in mock seriousness, he wishes his parents' advice upon an alleged important matter, which, however, he knows will avail him nothing, since "before I can receive it, it will be too late, 'the die will be cast.' The advice I want, is whether it is good for me to attend the Ball tomorrow evening!" And he soberly argues the question, pro and con.

His father, evidently, advised him in the premises, untimely though it would be, as appears from Alexander's return letter to his parents: "I am afraid I did not spend New Year's day night, in the social manner Pa hoped I did, but I proved his words true that 'amusements may be carried to extremes,' for I played cards with our boarders pretty late, rather than attend the Ball. That evening was the second, and last time that I have played cards in Pittsburgh. I believe there is not so much card-playing, in pro-

portion to the number of inhabitants, here, as there is in Painesville or Warren."

Sleighing, apparently, was a social reliance in its season. January 31, 1830, he writes: "It is nine months since I came to Pittsburgh, and I have not been more than three miles out of the city, and have not rode *one inch*. I thought I would take a sleigh-ride (or go a-sleighing, as they say here) but, finally, gave it up, as rather an expensive, cold and disagreeable job, as I know of no Pittsburgh folks ('people') with whom I could take *solid comfort*; $10 an evening was the price of a sleigh, two horses and driver, a part of last week. If the snow stays long enough, I think I may improve it, in going to OHIO, but I think it will not. But, if I should 'pop in,' some cold evening, 'I hope I shan't intrude.'"

That the omens were all favorable for the expedition, and that he did "pop in" upon the home people accordingly, appear from a letter dated February 14, in which he tells them of his return to Pittsburgh, the difficulties they had in passing the "Narrows," the icy roadway there, and the necessity of lifting the stage close to the precipice to allow a loaded wagon to pass. He adds a postscript, at a later date: "11 oclock. I am now sitting up to see Ralph Hickox off on the stage, at 2 oclock. He is leaving here for good" to go into business at Warren. "If I stay here next summer, I shall miss Ralph very much. We had some delightful rambles, some of the pleasant Sundays, last summer, and had anticipated still more."

He made another visit home that summer, and his

return journey is reported in full detail July 27, 1830. The first day's ride of fifty miles ended at Middlebury before dark; the next day's, was twenty-six miles to Deerfield; the following day, to Hillsburgh which was ten miles from Poland. The following day's ride was but twelve miles to Petersburgh, where he laid up some hours, traveling during the evening to Greensburgh, and the next day, Sunday, finishing the forty miles remaining. He says:

"There has been but very little rain in this region for a long time. Last night a smart shower seemed to revive the scorching, smoking, dusty city, and its palefaced inhabitants. I was really surprised Sunday, as I rode in and met many of my acquaintances on the street to see them so pale. None of them had been sick, but they had got the Pittsburgh *black*, and I had not prepared myself for the contrast."

He was at his duties again and adds that he is now quite convinced of the maxim of Ben Bellows (a quaint character at home), that "it is hard work to–work hard!" He was also at home again in the summer of 1831, as appears by a letter from the eldest sister to George, July 3, and other accounts. She says: "I wish you were here to go to the Warren ball with us. We (that is Angela and myself) had an invitation to attend a ball in Cleveland, and Mr. H. Otis' wedding. It was our intention to have gone, but we altered our intentions on Alexander's arrival.

"Mr. W—— is going with us in the carriage. I expect there will be great times there (Warren) on that day."

Alexander's own account of his visit home – to Elizabeth at Steubenville – is witty and free.

George had gone to Pittsburgh for a few months in 1830, and he went again in March, 1831, when he was employed by S. Fahnstock and Company, 108 Wood Street. He there hoped to learn the hardware business, and become fitted to set up for himself in that line, as Alexander did in his. In the same way, James was later enrolled, with drug and chemical establishments, that he might become prepared, by the experience, to himself undertake that kind of business.

The father made it clear from the first, that whatever resources he had were to be devoted in advancing his children's interests in life, treating them "all alike." He looked on their terms of service with merchants and other business men as attendance at the Academies and Colleges were regarded in the case of those preparing for the learned professions. He, therefore, encouraged no undue efforts by the sons to get maximum wages, but regarded their pay as a subordinate consideration entirely.

George was to remain three years at his place, and when by an advance in his pay and a "present he [Mr. Fahnstock] made me, of a nine dollar hat bought in Philadelphia," it was clear that his services were appreciated, the father was greatly satisfied. He told the son he "was better pleased (and it ought to be valued more) at the present he made you, than if you had drawn $500 in a Lottery," adding: "Do not press for more than Mr. Fahnstock has offered (as the increased salary). Young men of spirit and enterprise, in commencing business, should after

all, regard wages as but a secondary consideration."

George's health was never good, and often for long periods very poor. He frequently despaired of being able to lead a business life on this account, and that of a lawyer which his father had desired for him and which he had once all but undertaken, seemed equally hazardous and unfitted for the same reason.

In 1831, he wrote his father: "You have strongly desired me, frequently in the course of a few years past, to study Law, and, perhaps feel displeased with me for not complying with your wishes, but I never felt a desire to be in any station of life so public as that of a lawyer, and, moreover, I do not believe I should be an adornment to the profession. To be sure I might do something, and be a common kind of a practitioner, and likely get a living, but nothing more, and that very uncertain; besides it requires good health for the practice of law as for almost anything else, especially strong lungs, which I have not. I cannot even read aloud, when I have a cold. Accept my sincere thanks for your desire for my welfare, and the above as sufficient reasons why I did not comply with your desire that I should study law. If I could have it, I should like that quiet, middle rank in life, which the father of Robinson Crusoe recommends to him. As much as I disliked the idea of studying law, I should have made my arrangements to go to Mr. Goodenow last Spring, if I had not found immediate employment here."

Two years later, the subject is renewed: "You speak of my studying law – In the first place, I do not

think it would agree with me to study; it would be too much of a confinement. In the next place, I do not think I am the right stuff for a Lawyer. I lack *impudence*, (a great matter) quickness, etc., etc., etc."

As the end of Alexander's partnership with the Bairds drew near, his plans for the future were matured, and, after considerable correspondence the father was asked to draw up partnership articles between George, Charles, and himself.

Alexander was liberal, it seems, as to the proportionate shares of his brothers. In a fine letter to his mother, on May 4, 1837, wherein he speaks of future possibilities for the other brothers, he announces: "We have published the new partnership of 'E. A. Brown & Bros.,'" etc. Soon George is cheerful and busy in the new association, the father is sending "sovereigns" down to Pittsburgh, on account of the capital the junior partners were to contribute, and a happy fraternal relation was established which was only ended by death.

The remarks, accompanying the first consignment of sovereigns, are characteristic: "I shall send you, as a loan to you and Charles, two hundred sovereigns, by Thomas Howe Jr. They cost a little over $1030, and will be charged at $1050, and you must pay the same interest (seven per cent per annum) I charged Alexander on sundry loans I formerly made to him. I do so to be impartial. I could get fifteen per cent for it, easy enough, but if I assist you all alike, it matters not to me, whether I get no interest or a large interest."

The sons delighted to report to their father from

time to time their progress as a firm. Alexander is naturally most in evidence, as doubtless his greater experience and absorption in the common concerns made fit. Starting, as they did, with the Year of the Great Panic, it required his courage and foresight to successfully carry them through that trying period.

He loved the struggle and was never depressed or downhearted. By the fall of 1839, he writes from Philadelphia: "We hope for tolerable good times, while others are desponding and croaking. I have the pleasure to be able to say that the credit of the tall house of E. A. Brown Bros. is as good as old wheat, and always has been, and, I hope, always will be."

In January, 1832, Alexander made the first of the forty-four always delightful journeys to him, across the mountains to Philadelphia. He used to report them home with considerable particularity and relish. He writes to his father from Philadelphia, February 16, that he is much pleased with the city, and would "like to live" there. His daylight hours in the city are completely occupied with his business, "and, at night, I am nearly pulled to pieces by my numerous friends, some, for the Theatre, some to Church, some to Concerts, some to Cotillion and Card parties."

February 29, 1832, he wrote to his mother: "I hope little Ann is quite well now. Tell her I thank her for the kiss she sent me, and I wish I could see her to pluck it from her lips. Give her a dozen in return from me. As I can think of nothing else, I will tell you something about Philadelphia, and my

journey there. Well, the journey there was tolerably pleasant, though very cold. We had good company most of the way. Mr. Baird and myself stopped part of a day at Chambersburg, and took some ladies in a carriage to Greencastle; had pleasant times. Sarah H—— was one of the ladies, and I think there is not a better girl in the world. She did not want to go to Greencastle; she said she had rather stay at home and see me, and talk about Pittsburgh, and the people there. Nothing worth mentioning happened on the road. By the way, however, I was much pleased with the scenery crossing the mountains, especially one called Cove Mountain. The view from that is beautiful indeed, and I hope to see it again, in the summer, when it will certainly exceed any scenery I ever beheld.

"As we went through the towns very quickly, I can say but little about them. Harrisburgh is a pretty lively place in the Winter; the Summer, I am told, it is dull. Bedford is a very common little town, and is much different from what I had supposed from hearing so much about the Springs, etc. Carlisle is a nice Dutch town. Lancaster is much larger than I expected. The streets are lighted at night, and a watch kept. The Dutch farmers, through this part of the country, are kicking because the Railroad is cutting through their farms, upsetting their apple-trees, etc.

"I was a little disappointed at the appearance of Philadelphia; to be sure it far surpasses Pittsburgh, but I had heard such big reports about it, that I went too high—overshot. It is, really, a beautiful city,

and I would like to live there, if I *did* live there, but *here*, I am! I had so short a time to do my business in, and so little time to spare, that I did not visit many of the wonderful places; the weather, too, while I was there, was quite unpleasant.

"I went to the Theatre three times; was disappointed there, though pleased; to church, four times; disappointed every time; expected to hear something, more than human, speak. A man, in the Presbyterian Church, beckoned to me, as I went in, to come to his pew; I did so, and he soon commenced trying to pick my pocket! I let him know that I was up to trap, and—I did not go to church again. I meant to have written home a long account of the great celebration, on the 22nd inst." Here follows such an account.

Steam-hauled railway cars, over considerable distances, were a novelty in 1833, even east of the Alleghenies. On the west, they did not yet exist. August 25, 1833, Alexander writes from Philadelphia: "We were nine hours coming from Baltimore here; distance 130 miles. The country through which we passed is not at all interesting, the *second* time viewed, particularly the section through which the railroad passes.

"Give me the mountains to cross, for pleasure. Let me get on the 'boot,' with the driver, on a pleasant morning, or afternoon, where I can have a full view of all the surrounding country, occasionally dashing down a mountain at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and meeting, in the descent, 15 or 20 six-horse wagons slowly toiling up, carefully taking one side

of the road, as the driver's horn echoes among the hills, and then — turn over (that is this paper, not the stage)" and the letter continues, on the next page, after an interval of ten days: "Went to New York from Philadelphia, 'putting up' at Holt's, a beautiful large, stone house, six stories high, but not as large as my ideas had pictured. . . I was much pleased with one play I saw performed, viz. 'Mazeppa,' one of Byron's pieces dramatized. They have a beautiful white horse trained completely; He is brought on to the stage, acts very wild and wicked. Mazeppa is lashed back to back upon him, and the horse turned loose; Immediately, he starts off and disappears behind the scenery, but, directly, reappears running full speed up *a mountain*, Mazeppa still lashed to him; again disappears, on the other side, and, again and again, is seen running, still going up the mountain till he gets nearly to the roof of the Theatre. Then, other scenes intervene; after a while the horse and rider appear again, in full career, coming down a mountain, the lightnings flash, the thunder rolls, wolves are seen, in the background, chasing them, their eyes, in the uncertain light, looking like balls of fire. After a while the horse, and rider lashed to him, are seen, apparently, nearly dead laying on the ground; a shepherd girl discovers him, cuts the bonds, etc., etc. The whole piece is admirably 'got up,' and, sustained throughout. But enough of this." The letter closes with various subjects– "cloth for a cloak;" watches, and, details of dinner and other sets, for the home people, which he saw and priced at the factories.

In another letter, he describes his stage wardrobe, or dress: "I can now sleep as soundly in the stage, as any other place, let the weather be as cold as it may; I have a very heavy pilot cloth coat, a pair of *ditto* leggings, Buffalo overshoes, and, over-all, a first rate, large, double camblet, cotton padded cloak, and, to cap the climax, a good, warm, fur cap; also, a good woolen comforter and fur gloves."

On March 1, 1838, he tells of a detour to Washington: "I went to Washington this time. Saw little Martin [President Van Buren]; shook his Fox-paw; said yes, and no-one each-to him; heard the close of Mr. Hubbard's windy speech, and, a part of Mr. Talmadge's sensible, conservative ditto. Saw all the big folks and Daniel Webster's daughter; besides, called at Mr. Whittlesey's lodging; he was at dinner; left my card, but, had to leave on the cars before Mr. Whittlesey had time to call. He sent me word at Philadelphia, that he felt hurt, etc., etc., that the son of his old friend Ephriam Brown, should be in Washington without his seeing and doing the polite to him. I presume, however, that he will survive the disappointment. . . The fact is my head is a little dizzy, from the motion of the stage and Rail Road cars. I forgot to mention, that I came, per Rail Road, from Philadelphia to Chambersburg, 150 miles, which makes the trip much easier than formerly."

While the brothers, apparently, could not get too much of their home, it is quite plain that their sisters found the life at Bloomfield monotonous, at times,

and welcomed changes in the habitual conditions there.

In September, 1830, George writes: "I am really glad to hear, Mary, that Pa has sent for a Piano, as you really must, at times, feel very lonesome."

Visits to and by friends at Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Warren, Painesville, and other points, were pleasant and fairly frequent episodes. In May, 1831, such an interchange of visits with the Goodenow family was in progress.

Alexander writing one sister at home, sends certain articles for her, and, "some books for Angela" [Goodenow], remarking: "I see the stamp (on one of the books) has no motto on it, such as you described as suitable for ladies, but I am afraid to send any other than what her father selected. I suppose one 'suitable for ladies,' would have half a dozen cupids and doves, and altars and darts, etc., etc., on it, would it not?" He proceeds to tell of a visit those at Pittsburgh had had, from "her father" [Judge Goodenow], his daughter Lucy, and Alexander's sister Elizabeth. They had come up, on horseback, from Steubenville. He relates, as an incident of the visit, how George went with Elizabeth to a fashionable milliner there, and selected a dress, with directions "to make it [the dress] long and wide, and so and so, and so forth. Well it was done, and it did not fit, and was not long enough, broad enough, so and so, and so forth enough, and so she – just set to and cried a while, and, then, I heard about it, and *axed* her, should we go and see Miss D. So we did, and talked at her, but she insisted that she had made

a fashionable dre—, O, but Elizabeth will tell you herself–but, don't tell Pa!"

March 2, 1838, among certain more trivial occupations and which required a larger company than could often be assembled at the home, Mary notes:

"We commenced reading, yesterday, Mr. Webster's speech, on the Sub Treasury Bill. How can any one be other than honest–to read that," and continues, "I have nobody to quarrel with on politics, now Mr. H—— is gone. Mr. D. is too pleasant and good-natured. Speaking of Mr. H——, Mr. Willey has received a letter, within a week, from *General* H——, containing the "prodigiously" interesting intelligence that there had been "a great revival" in the city of Rochester! He filled two pages with an account of it, and, then (*woman-like*) added the most important matter as a post-script–that he knew not when he should be in Bloomfield!" etc.

Later, in May, she goes over in lively manner, the prevailing topics, and occurrences at home. These were, essentially, of a kind with those of other similar communities of that day. "I hope the weather will change soon; it must, or else the farmers will all hang themselves. We have had several snowstorms of late, and the ground is completely saturated with rain. There has been no planting done, as yet, and we are in a very fair way of starving to death! The trees are as bare of leaves as ever they were, and men's purses are empty of money. Every one I meet has a face as long as half my arm, at least. My own face does not grow round, you may be sure,

when this other style is so in fashion. . . We have made but few visits lately, and received few. I expect Miss F. will leave Bloomfield soon for good. I hope she will not, for she is the only young lady associate we have. Mrs. W. is at present boarding at Mr. Hayes'. We have visited with her several times, and like her tolerably well. Her 'gude mon' has gone to Michigan. J. K. has got into one of his fits of staying away, and calling us *Miss Brown*. We see him very seldom; he is riding about considerably. . .

"That is all I know of our neighbors. As to ourselves, I suppose Pa can, and will tell you about the H. business, all he knows himself. . . Our new house will be plastered this week, and, when it is finished, entirely, I do not know but we shall have to move into it, to have this old 'Castle Rackrent' repaired. I do not think Pa will ever get a cent of H.

"I think some of you bachelors had better bestir yourselves, and get a wife, buy one or the other of the situations, and settle down in peace, taking one of the old maids to maintain. I do not see any prospects of their ever having a chance to help themselves to a living. Indeed, I do think it is a shame that such flowers are left to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on this 'desert air.'

"It is half past–bedtime, so, good night, goodnight."

X. LAST CHRONICLES

During the summer of 1838, George accompanied his two elder sisters to Niagara Falls, visiting congenial relatives and friends en route. He was full of the plan, for some time in mind, of the brothers taking a house in Pittsburgh, to be presided over by one or both sisters, and, which should be a home for all.

In September, he gives his sister Elizabeth an account of his visit at a home and household, beyond the city, where many of his hopes were centered:

"Then, there were conventions, first, the Whig Convention; then, the Loco Foco Convention – all full of excitement. There was wrangling and fighting by day and by night. D. P. was here at the Whig Convention, and again invited me to visit him; he left town on Wednesday, and, I was to have gone out on the following Saturday . . . but, it was then too late, so, in my mind, I put off the ride a week, not fully determined, however, that I should go then. . . Last Saturday morning came, and with it a prospect of a pleasant day; so, about 11 o'clock, I was ready to start, and did so, for Zelianople, where I arrived about six o'clock, and staid till after dinner on the following Tuesday. I spent the time very pleasantly, of course, for how could it be otherwise? On Sunday Detmar and I went over the creek to the

farm (the Doctor with us) and thence on to the high hills adjoining, where we had a fine view of the valley. Came home by the Mill, and, after dinner, we (D. and myself) went to Mr. M's. who received us very politely, and enquired for you. We soon returned, as Mr. M, himself, was just preparing to go down to Mr. P's to see them, and carry Mrs. P. a muskmelon from his place. He came soon after we got back, and, that, as the other evenings, were spent very pleasantly. What a passion Mr. P—— has for pictures, provided they are good! Mrs. P. was very entertaining; always had something to say interesting, or which, at any rate, was rendered so by her pretty way of pronouncing our language–tongue I should say, and, by the excellent language she uses. And last on my list, tho' not least in my remembrance, what shall I say of Virginia. She looks and appears to me the same well informed, entertaining, interesting and good girl that she ever has since I first saw her. I have not seen her since some time last winter, February I think–at Miss B's . . . but you, I fear, will not be able to come to the sense of all this rigmarole of mine, for I find, at least, that I want the talent to give language to my thoughts and feelings."

The letter plans for a visit by Elizabeth, to Pittsburgh; gives an account of a picnic party to Brunot's Islands; his reading–including a return to geology–and certain social visiting.

He brings up the subject of a suitable ultimate, or finishing school for the youngest sister "Ann," and, relates what he has heard with respect to some establishments of that kind in and about Pittsburgh.

The next spring, in planning for the New England trip and that his sister Mary should be added to the party, he says, in the event that she remains at home instead, that she will have more time for her French; if not, "Ann must make up for it by increasing her study," adding: "If she (Ann) learns French well, I will employ her as my teacher, when opportunity offers, for I shall want to know something of that language, if I carry out my present intention of visiting Europe, in a few years." The trip East occupied considerable time, in its arrangement, and carrying out. April 8, 1839, Alexander writes his father:

"I have been looking for a letter from you on the subject of our contemplated trip next summer, and now must remind you of it. It is a trip that will do us all good. You have too long kept yourself penned up in the smoky walls of your office, with but few associates suited to your mind. To be sure you read the papers of the day, and have a pretty correct run of what is going on in the world, but still, if you would travel around more, you would not only feel better, but you would be astonished to see the changes that have taken place, in a few short years. Even in Pittsburgh, where you have been within two or three years, you could hardly realize the changes that have taken place. You have never seen the great State Improvements of Pennsylvania; you have not been in New England for a long time. There are many old friends there who would be glad to see you, and all of us. Ma'am has a great desire (which I think a very natural one) to once more see her native place, and, the few old friends yet living there.

I believe she has not been back but once in upwards of twenty years. She enjoys travelling anywhere, but would enjoy a journey to N. England more than any other. . . In short, it is a trip that we all ought to make."

On May 20, he wrote his mother and sisters, that he hasn't time to answer their letters separately, so he takes the liberty of addressing them "*jointly*, as the man said when he was trying to carve a very tough chicken, with a very dull knife. Now, you must not think I mean to call you 'tough chickens,' but, that I mean to call myself 'a very dull knife'.". .

"I think the plan proposed by Ma will be the best, and I thought it was so concluded, that is – Ma and E. to come here with all convenient despatch – to stay a few days, to rest, pack, arrange, visit, etc. Then, to start by Canal say, first June, or a few days later with George. To proceed to Philadelphia with what comfort they can, feeling and acting independent, pleased and happy; to stay in Philadelphia, as long as it is agreeable, say, two or three days, or more so as circumstances may direct (I can give some letters that will, perhaps, be of service), then, to New York, etc., etc., etc.; to New England, writing occasionally and, particularly, after settling down where the rear-guard, or *corps de reserve*, is to join them.

"About the first July, or earlier, Pa is to be in this place, by Canal, or otherwise. Then, we [his father and himself] are to 'follow in the footsteps of our illustrious predecessors,' and, after many 'perils by sea and land,' hairbreadth 'scapes,' etc., we, are to join the main army at the appointed rendezvous, and further – deponent saith not." . .

"Don't think of such a thing as giving up the journey; never mind getting blowed up, or upset, Pa, it's nothing when you get used to it. Besides, I believe nobody will die before their time comes. I am determined for my part, neither to die, nor to get married before my time comes. Other people may do as they please. I think, however, that my time for the latter event, is drawing nigh, that is if we go to N. England, and, there is no if about that.

"Hem! that makes me think of my trunk. Ma thinks it will do for Pa and me, but, as I am detertermined to create a sensation, my trunk will not contain all my finery, and Pa's also–; but, another small trunk will do, with mine. . .

"I am not so particularly anxious to have Jessica sent as I am for Surrey. I hope his and her shoes are off–so as to give their feet a chance, to cure their corns. I shall have to be turned out myself soon! Give my love to her ladyship, and all the little ladyships, and baby-ships, and, the old man 'Dolph, I, say' and Uncle Marvin, and all the folks.

"Give my love to Aunts Betsy, Polly, Nancy, Ann, Louisa, and all the good, clever folks, in and around Bloomfield."

The first detachment left Pittsburgh, for the eastern journey June 19, as James wrote. There is an easily running account July 24, by Alexander, from Boston, to his father, at Saratoga Springs–where he had left him–of the sightseeing Elizabeth, George, and he had done in and about Boston. The mother is at Walpole, where they are all to assemble later.

Alexander refers to their experiences–in a letter

to his mother – later in the year. He had been obliged to leave the party prematurely.

"I often feel very sorry to think that I did not travel any with you last summer, but hope some other time to have that pleasure. However, both you and myself, and all of us, enjoyed ourselves, I think. For my part I often sit and think of the different scenes I passed through and saw. The 'Sophby' factory girl, with her pine trunk burst open, and the finery peeping out; Old Pickwick, with his 'O, My Soul;' the young chaps from Boston cutting up like boys just out of school; the leaving newspapers for Miss Jones; the climbing Mt. Washington, the beautiful grounds and sublime scenery, both there, and on the beautiful Connecticut. Tell Elizabeth, I want to see her more than ever, and talk over all those things. I shall never regret the journey. On the contrary, I can never forget any part of it, not even the nice beds we had, in the good old-fashioned mansion at Salem – the fishing party at Hampton Beach, or the beautiful song, so beautifully sung, by the beautiful Miss Bellows.

"So much for all that. I send by Pa three books, for our girls, which Mary has seen and approved. She thinks they had better be sent now. I hope they may convey a faint impression of the affection of their brother and Your affectionate Son."

The eastern visit, left pleasant impressions on the other brother also. Letters were interchanged thereafter, between him, and a cousin, George W. Huntington, at Walpole, New Hampshire, the final letter from George, being in August, 1840. He tells of a

recent visit to Bloomfield, where he "had several horseback rides" in agreeable company, "hunted some, fished some, visited some, etc., which, altogether, made the four weeks that I was there, pass very pleasantly, and quickly. . .

"On the Fourth of July I went, with several young men, to Jefferson, 25 miles, to attend a Whig Convention and Celebration; started the night before, about 11 o'clock, and called, on the way, at a real country ball, where we joined, for a while in the dance.

"There was, at Jefferson, about 15000 persons present (about 2000 women and girls) and a more enthusiastic assemblage perhaps you never saw; no drunkenness nor fighting." He argues very energetically, for a page, on the advisability of his cousin 'leaving Van Buren-ism' and coming over to the support of General Harrison, and hopes to make another visit, at a suitable time, to New England, either when he may bring his relative back on a western visit, or when such a visit has come to an end.

In December of that year (1840) there is a letter to him, from his mother, of fine construction and expression. He had been reported as sick, by his brothers, and she urges him, with great solicitude and love, to come home for their care.

Later in the month, she writes him again, telling of their Christmas dinner, and those who gathered there, with other matters.

In January, George realized his failing condition, and told them at Bloomfield to expect him, and how he had arranged the details of the journey. The

physician at Pittsburgh adds his formal opinion – and really final decree – that, he will derive more advantage from a careful system of diet and exercise, and from the pleasant scenes and associations connected with home, than from any system of medical treatment that can be laid down."

The return home was accomplished; an interval followed with considerate and sympathetic messages coming to him from the scattered brethren, all ending, however, with George's death, on April 12, 1841.

This first rupture in the family circle was met with fortitude by the stricken members, and without undue expression of their grief.

Of the letters at the time, the following extracts from one by Charles to his mother, contain allusions to George's personal traits and appearance:

"We cannot drive the dread reality from our minds that *he* is gone from us in this world forever, but we can reflect that he lived as pure a life as most any person we can think of, and, that he died with a hope of a bright hereafter. . .

"I can easily imagine the pain it gave you to part with Fayette, your youngest son, who has, perhaps, been more at home and consequently more endeared. All this added to the great weight that rests upon you must have depressed you very much, but I hope you will not allow your feelings to prey upon your health. Heavy as the calamity is that has befallen us, we ought not to repine, or forget to be thankful for the blessings that we are daily permitted to enjoy. Death must be ours, sooner or later, and we have many reasons to be thankful that George died,

as he did, when he did, and where he did. But it is presumptuous for me to read you a homily on resignation.

"What one of the girls said in their letter to Alexander, about parting with Fayette, reminded me of when George first started for this place. I remember exactly how he looked. He had an entire suit of blue, and one of the girls (I think Mary) said, when he tried on his coat (and how well I remember his looks, how straight he stood, what a sober, serious face, such as I have since seen him wear!) 'How the girls will wonder—and ask—what tall, interesting young man is that!'"

The series of letters substantially closes with the life of this eager and active contributor to the same. Not entirely because he was no more, but because the generation to which he belonged had, in fact, run its course of youth, and was fast giving place to new.

The need of the lighter sympathies, confidences, and praise, which is strong at the opening of life and is the condition of all familiar correspondence, is slackened and broken as years mature, and, in the natural order, careers are achieved, responsibilities assumed, and new centers of affection formed.

This first death was nearly coincident with other changes of importance in and to the family group. In the following year, Charles, and also Mary, were married—and James soon after. In 1844, Alexander retired from the firm of E. A. Brown and Brothers, and took up a residence at the Bloomfield home which was to continue, as such, through the many re-

maining years of his life. In April, 1845, the father himself died, but not before the letters to and from his children had ceased to be the almost daily reliance, and for the most part had become only the medium of making known some particular event, or special message of inquiry or love.

We can well judge that this changed condition was deplored by Alexander, but that, with his natural ability to read things as they were he recognized the inevitable, and that the years of joyous letter-writing, which had been most dear to him, were over, and had become "as a Tale that is told."

He was the first of Ephraim's children who appears in the letters, and, also, the last, and, curiously enough, while conceiving the same sort of action in each case.

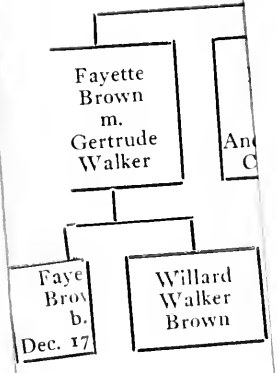
His mother introduces him on a December in 1808, lying in her arm as she writes, and trying to tear her page "in pieces." The last view we have of him here, is when he is trying to destroy the letters before him—but with no better success than before.

December 2, 1844, he writes his mother, from Pittsburgh: "Judge King intends starting for home in the morning, and I will write a few lines to you, although it is 11 oclock.

"For some nights past, I have been gathering up my old letters, reading them, filing them away, etc. When all are collected, the pile is a large one, I assure you. I intended, as I have a hundred times before, to select those I liked best, and burn the others, but have finally burnt none at all, but some utterly out of the way things from indifferent persons. I

cannot find it in my heart to destroy any mementos of the past. Each one I pick up, seems like an old acquaintance; some particular remark in it, I recollect as if written yesterday. Oh! what changes have taken place in a few years only; what calculations made, what failures, disappointments, etc. . . The arrangement spoken of when you were here, will probably go on. . . My intention is to be at home early in January, and make such a visit, as I never have made before. I expect to be like an old piece of flood-wood, for a while; perhaps I may lodge on some sand-bar or rock, and, perhaps, I may keep floating on for a good while yet, getting the bark and the corners knocked off and worn, and the main substance completely water-soaked and past use. I have never tried, but I think I cannot live long without some business. I am determined, however, to be free, for once, for a little while. If I am not too extravagant I can live comfortably on the interest of what I have made, when I get it. It will take a good while to settle up all old matters, and that will be attended to by Charles and the boys. . . I want to see you all very much—particularly the little Wing. Kiss her six times a day for me till I come. The boys have a fine fire-screen, or fender; so, keep her out of the fire, "nicely," till that gets there. . . Wm. P—— is getting to be quite a lion. Last night he preached the anniversary Sermon, for the Female Bible Society, in the First Presbyterian Church, which was crowded. He bids fair to become a second Stockton. He has a truly Heavenly look, and his sermons are very effective.

"Sydney was here last week. All well at Zelianople. We invited him to go to Bloomfield this winter, but he says he cannot leave home very well now. Poor fellow! how much he must miss his dear sister. . ."


Fayette
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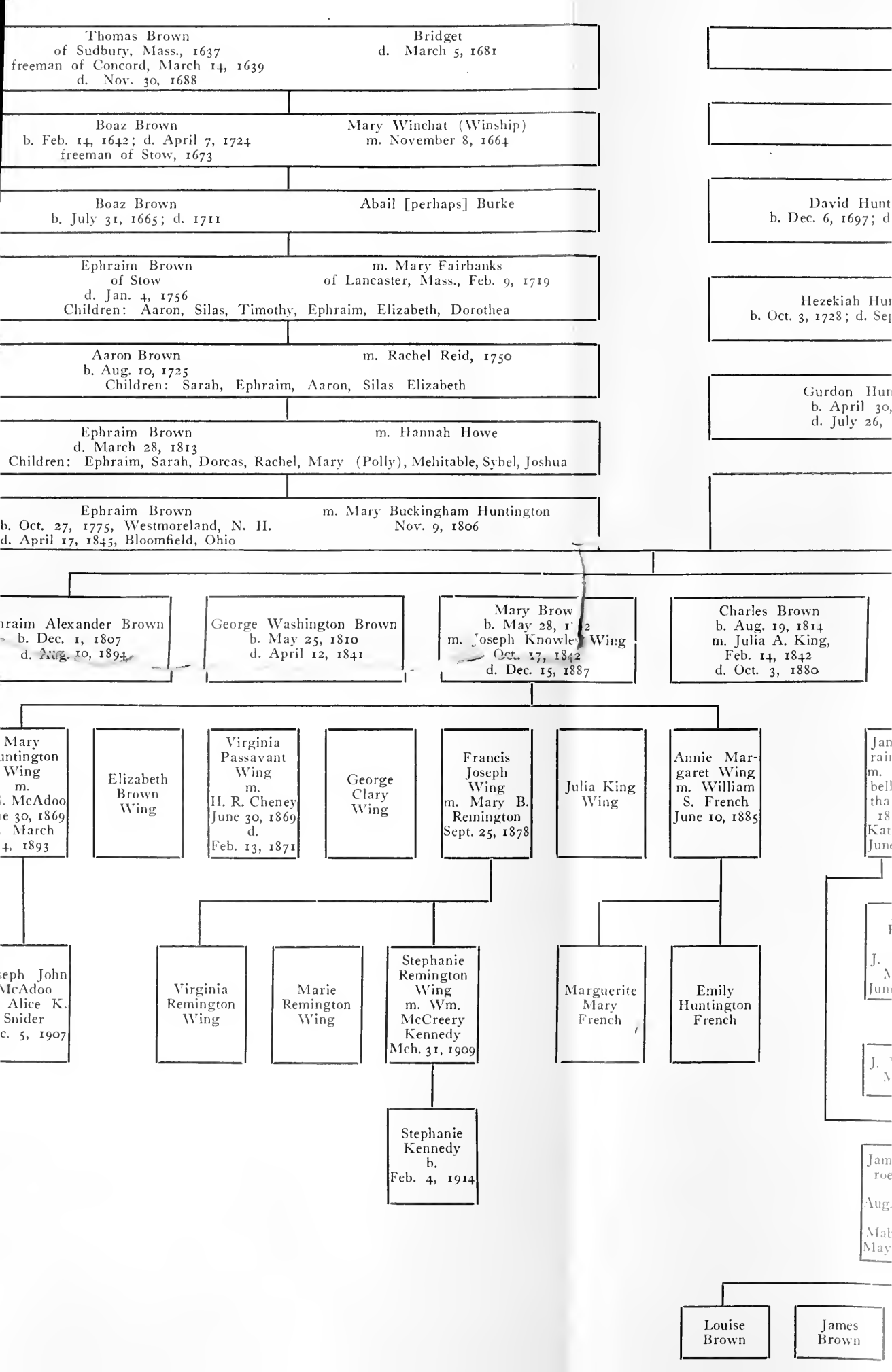
Thomas Brown
of Sudbury, Mass., 1637
freeman of Concord, March 14, 1639
d. Nov. 30, 1688
Bridget
d. March 5, 1681
Boaz Brown
b. Feb. 14, 1642; d. April 7, 1724
freeman of Stow, 1673
Mary Winchat (Winship)
m. November 8, 1664
Boaz Brown
b. July 31, 1665; d. 1711
Abail [perhaps] Burke
Ephraim Brown
of Stow
d. Jan. 4, 1756
Children: Aaron, Silas, Timothy, Ephraim, Elizabeth, Dorothea
m. Mary Fairbanks
of Lancaster, Mass., Feb. 9, 1719
Aaron Brown
b. Aug. 10, 1725
Children: Sarah, Ephraim, Aaron, Silas Elizabeth
m. Rachel Reid, 1750
Ephraim Brown
d. March 28, 1813
Children: Ephraim, Sarah, Dorcas, Rachel, Mary (Polly), Mehitable, Sybel, Joshua
m. Hannah Howe
Ephraim Brown
b. Oct. 27, 1775, Westmoreland, N. H.
d. April 17, 1845, Bloomfield, Ohio
m. Mary Buckingham Huntington
Nov. 9, 1806
David Hunt
b. Dec. 6, 1697; d
Hezekiah Hur
b. Oct. 3, 1728; d. Sep
Gurdon Hun
b. April 30,
d. July 26,
raim Alexander Brown
b. Dec. 1, 1807
d. Aug. 10, 1894
George Washington Brown
b. May 25, 1810
d. April 12, 1841
Mary Brow
b. May 28, 1
m. Joseph Knowles Wing
Oct. 17, 1842
d. Dec. 15, 1887
Charles Brown
b. Aug. 19, 1814
m. Julia A. King,
Feb. 14, 1842
d. Oct. 3, 1880
Mary
ntington
Wing
m.
. McAdoo
e 30, 1869
March
4, 1893
Elizabeth
Brown
Wing
Virginia
Passavant
Wing
m.
H. R. Cheney
June 30, 1869
d.
Feb. 13, 1871
George
Clary
Wing
Francis
Joseph
Wing
m. Mary B.
Remington
Sept. 25, 1878
Julia King
Wing
Annie Mar-
garet Wing
m. William
S. French
June 10, 1885
Jan
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18
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eph John
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Alice K.
Snider
c. 5, 1907
Virginia
Remington
Wing
Marie
Remington
Wing
Stephanie
Remington
Wing
m. Wm.
McCreery
Kennedy
Mch. 31, 1909
Marguerite
Mary
French
Emily
Huntington
French
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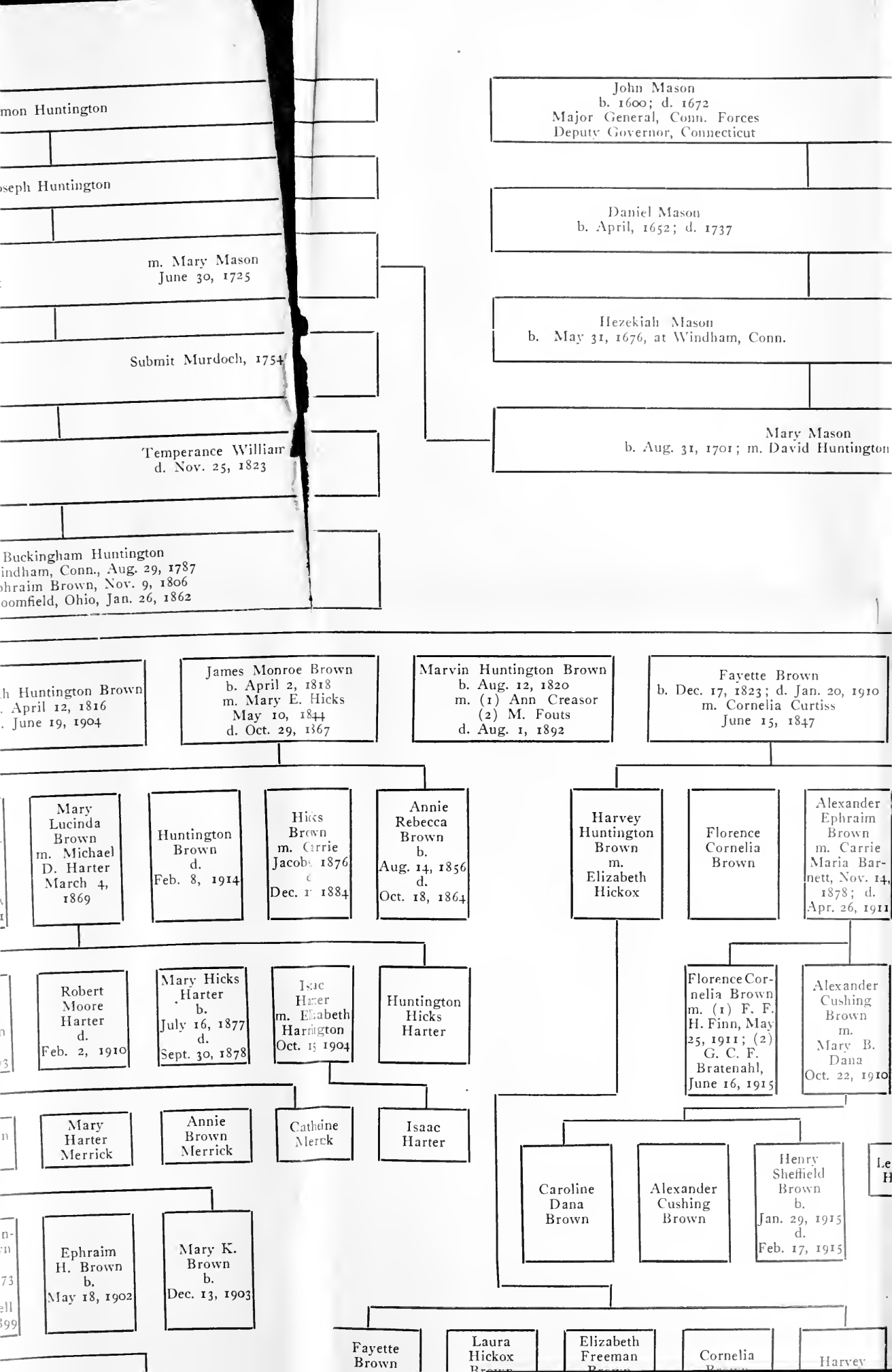
Stephanie
Kennedy
b.
Feb. 4, 1914
Louise
Brown
James
Brown


mon Huntington
oseph Huntington
m. Mary Mason
June 30, 1725
Submit Murdoch, 1754
Temperance William
d. Nov. 25, 1823
Buckingham Huntington
indham, Conn., Aug. 29, 1787
hraim Brown, Nov. 9, 1806
oomfield, Ohio, Jan. 26, 1862
John Mason
b. 1600; d. 1672
Major General, Conn. Forces
Deputy Governor, Connecticut
Daniel Mason
b. April, 1652; d. 1737
Hezekiah Mason
b. May 31, 1676, at Windham, Conn.
Mary Mason
b. Aug. 31, 1701; m. David Huntington
h Huntington Brown
April 12, 1816
June 19, 1904
James Monroe Brown
b. April 2, 1818
m. Mary E. Hicks
May 10, 1844
d. Oct. 29, 1867
Marvin Huntington Brown
b. Aug. 12, 1820
m. (1) Ann Creasor
(2) M. Fouts
d. Aug. 1, 1892
Fayette Brown
b. Dec. 17, 1823; d. Jan. 20, 1910
m. Cornelia Curtiss
June 15, 1847
Mary Lucinda Brown
m. Michael D. Harter
March 4, 1869
Huntington Brown
d.
Feb. 8, 1914
Hicks Brown
m. Carrie Jacobs 1876
d.
Dec. 1884
Annie Rebecca Brown
b.
Aug. 14, 1856
d.
Oct. 18, 1864
Harvey Huntington Brown
m.
Elizabeth Hickox
Florence Cornelia Brown
Alexander Ephraim Brown
m. Carrie Maria Barnett, Nov. 14, 1878; d. Apr. 26, 1911
Robert Moore Harter
d.
Feb. 2, 1910
Mary Hicks Harter
b.
July 16, 1877
d.
Sept. 30, 1878
Isaac Harter
m. Elizabeth Harrington
Oct. 15 1904
Huntington Hicks Harter
Florence Cornelia Brown
m. (1) F. F. H. Finn, May 25, 1911; (2) G. C. F. Bratenahl, June 16, 1915
Alexander Cushing Brown
m.
Mary B. Dana
Oct. 22, 1910
Mary Harter Merrick
Annie Brown Merrick
Cathéine Merck
Isaac Harter
Caroline Dana Brown
Alexander Cushing Brown
Henry Sheffield Brown
b.
Jan. 29, 1915
d.
Feb. 17, 1915
Ephraim H. Brown
b.
May 18, 1902
Mary K. Brown
b.
Dec. 13, 1903
Fayette Brown
Laura Hickox
Elizabeth Freeman
Cornelia
Harvey

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