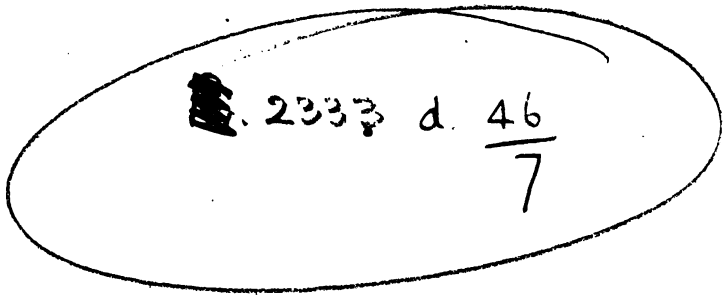

Ohio Valley Historical Series

NUMBER SEVEN

Miscellanies

Ohio Valley Historical Series

MISCELLANIES

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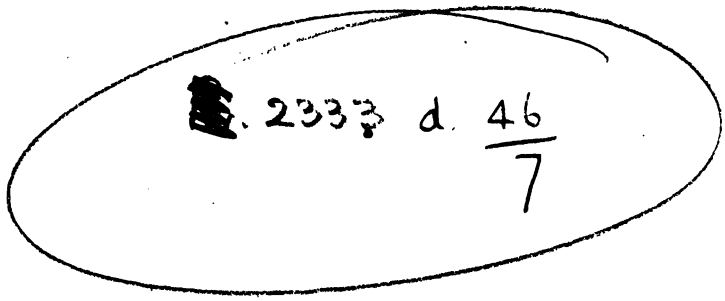
1 A Tour in Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana Territory, in 1805
By Josiah Espy

2 Two Western Campaigns in the War of 1812
By Samuel Williams

3 The Leatherwood God
By R. H. Taneyhill

CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO
1871



Ohio Valley Historical Series

NUMBER SEVEN

Miscellanies

He desires, in retiring from the duties which, in the midst of the cares of an active business life, have been a source of great pleasure to him, to express his gratitude to the gentlemen of the press, East and West, for their uniformly kind and appreciative notices of the *Series*, and to many friends for their generous assistance and encouragement.

At the end of this volume will be found a complete list of the *Series*, with some notices of the press respecting them.

R. C.

Ohio Valley Historical Series

MISCELLANIES, No. 1

Tour in Ohio, Kentucky, Etc

JOSIAH ESPY

Memorandums of a Tour

MADE BY

JOSIAH ESPY

IN THE

States of Ohio and Kentucky

AND

Indiana Territory

IN

1805

CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO
1870

Introductory.

JOSIAH ESPY was born in what is now the county of Cumberland, Pennsylvania, in the year 1771, and died in the city of Columbus, Ohio, in the year 1847.

His father emigrated to Kentucky in the year 1787. Having a large family of children, Mr. Espy, at the urgent request of his brother, Colonel David Espy, at that time prothonotary at Bedford, Pennsylvania, left Josiah with him, and he was received and treated by him as one of his own family. This gave him some social and educational advantages, which he would not otherwise have had. He entered his uncle's office as clerk, and served him faithfully until the year 1791, when he received an appointment as clerk in the War

Department of the Government, at the then capital, Philadelphia, under Edmund Randolph, Secretary of War.

Returning to Bedford, after a few years, he became somewhat prominent as a politician, attached to the Federal party; was elected to the Legislature, and was a member during the violent party strife, which ultimated in an effort on the part of the Federalists to impeach the newly-elected Republican governor, McKean. Mr. Espy, though opposed to the governor politically, did not agree with his party on the question of impeachment, and ever afterward kept aloof from partisan politics, though he remained a decided Federalist, and later in life acted with the Whig party.

In 1805, allured by the enthusiastic accounts he had heard of the beauty and richness of the Ohio valley, and urged by the desire to visit, after so long a separation, his mother and his brothers and sisters, he made the trip, the journal of which is here printed, with the intention of seeking a place to settle. Owing, however, as he *naively* acknowledges, to the "secret influence of a fixed and tender attachment," he returned to Pennsylvania.

He was married in the year 1812, to Maria Mur-

doch, daughter of Judge Murdoch, of Cumberland, Maryland. At the date of his marriage he adopted the family name of his wife, and ever after signed his name Josiah M. Espy.

At this period of his life he was engaged in mercantile pursuits, but did not give to the business that attention which insures success. He was too fond of books, and gave too much time to writing contributions to the local newspaper and the periodicals of the day.

In the autumn of 1826 he was elected cashier of the Franklin Bank of Columbus, Ohio, and in the following spring removed his large family to that place. He continued to hold this office until the final winding up of the bank, after the expiration of the charter in 1843.

Early in life, "after a long and sober investigation," he became a convert to the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, as promulgated by Emanuel Swedenborg. He remained a zealous member of that church through life, and was an earnest and active advocate of the peculiar religious views of that body. These were quite novel to his new associates and friends in Columbus, and oftentimes were made the subject of jest by persons toward whom he felt esteem. For the

purpose of placing his religious convictions frankly before the community, he wrote and published a work called "The Contrast," in which the tenets of the old and new churches were contrasted. This work he distributed over the counter of the bank, and it, together with the example of his pure and *practical* religious life, disarmed all prejudice against the new doctrines. He was a true gentleman.

MEMORANDUMS

OF A

Tour in Ohio and Kentucky.

IN 1805.

June 30, 1805. Left Bedford and, passing through Somerset, Greensburgh, Pittsburgh, Canonsburg, Washington and Charleston, I arrived at Wheeling on the

11*th July*, where I remained three days in company with my friend, Mr. James Reynolds, awaiting his boat, the building of which was not yet finished. On Monday, the

15*th July*, sailed at noon in the keel-boat *Mary*, commanded by Capt. James Reynolds, and on the

25*th July*, landed at Columbia, where I bade farewell to Mr. Reynolds with regret, feeling myself much indebted to him for his politeness and hospitality during the voyage. Next day, I set off for my brother Thomas', who resided about seventeen miles up the Little Miami river, where I arrived on the

26*th July*, in the evening, not having seen him or any of his family for about eleven years. I recognized, instantly, both him and his lady, but to them I appeared a perfect stranger. I immediately made myself known, and our meeting was joyful and interesting. He has a family of nine children, viz: Mary (lately married to Mr. John Kibby), Anna, Josiah, William, Betsy, Nancy, Sally, Thomas and James. Within about a half a mile lives my brother David, whom I had not seen for about seventeen years, when we were both children. I found him married to a person of the name of Dorcas Keene, by whom he has two children—Polly and James. On the

27*th July*, I unexpectedly, and to my great joy, met with my brother Hugh, at Thomas', where he arrived on a visit from Indiana territory. We had not seen each other for about fourteen years, and, consequently, found ourselves perfect strangers; but, from sympathy or congeniality, we became immediately intimate, and agreed not to separate until I had finished my tour through the western country. I found him, unfortunately, like myself, yet unmarried. On the

6*th August*, I arrived at sister Martha's (married long since I had last seen her to a Mr. James Mitchell), with whom my aged mother now lives, neither of whom I had seen for about seventeen years.

My brothers, Thomas, Hugh and David, accompanied me to witness the anxious meeting. It was ex-

quisitely joyful and tender, mingled with feelings somewhat painful, for my mother had lost all recollection of her son's countenance and features, and it was with difficulty that she could permit herself to be assured that I was really hers, although the tears of affection and joy, which flowed from every eye around her, assured her of the fact. When fully convinced, she literally wept over me for near half an hour, in such an extacy of joy that she sunk nearly exhausted and helpless, and I felt for the first time (such was the excitement occasioned in me by this interesting scene), that extreme joy has all the effects and nearly all the anguish of extreme sorrow.

Mr. Mitchell resides on the Little Miami, about forty-five miles from its mouth. He has a fine family of children, considering they have been raised in the wilderness. Their names are Margaret, David, Eliza, Anna, Maria and James Espy.

During my stay at Mr. Mitchell's, our happiness was, in a great measure, destroyed, by the indisposition of my brother Hugh, who, on the day I first met him at Thomas Espy's, complained of a slight attack of the rheumatism in his left knee. Here it became painful almost to distraction. On the first intermission of the pain, and as soon as we could with safety, we started for the Yellow Springs, about sixteen miles higher up the country, where we arrived on the

21*st August.* These are the most celebrated min-

eral waters in Ohio, and beginning to be much frequented. They are situated about seventy miles north of Cincinnati, and about a mile and a half west of the Little Miami. The country around them is more hilly and less fertile than is usual in that state, but it may be considered as pretty well calculated for wheat.

The Yellow Spring is a beautiful, bold and limpid water, issuing out of nearly the top of a hill, about eighty or ninety feet high; the country back of the spring being nearly on a level with the ground at the top of the hill, out of which the spring issues.

Down the face of this hill the water flows in rapid descent to a beautiful brook below, leaving a sediment, or deposit, nearly the color of half-burnt brick, which has accumulated to an amazing size. It is, indeed, the greatest curiosity in the neighborhood. The face of the hill, or projection, composed entirely of this deposit, is from fifty to eighty perches in circumference, and is, in its center, from appearance, thirty to forty feet deep.

From the small quantity which this spring deposits in one year, compared with the immense size of the mound, the man of science will find it difficult to reconcile the Scriptural account of the TIME of creation (according to common computation), with the number of ages it must have taken to produce this little mountain of mineral earth. To me it is another evidence of the great age of the world, and that Biblical chronology has

not rightly been computed heretofore. The face of the hill, on which this sediment has been deposited, appears incapable of producing much vegetation—a little shrubbery and red cedar are the chief which grow on it. I do not know whether any experiments have been made to ascertain the quality of this deposit, but, judging from its appearance, I should suppose a good paint, something in the nature of Spanish brown or yellow ochre, might be made out of it, in such quantities as would be sufficient to supply the whole western world.

The water of the spring is intensely cold. It has not yet been analyzed, but it is supposed to be strongly impregnated with iron (some think copper), and calcareous earth, and I have observed on its surface a dark oily substance in small quantities. Considering the intense coldness of the water, and apparent hardness, it is surprising what quantities may be drank with perfect safety—it usually operating as a diuretic, sometimes as a cathartic.

It is now most used in rheumatisms and eruptions of the skin, and with great efficacy.

The situation around it (yet nearly in a state of nature) is capable of the highest improvement, the beauty and convenience of the adjacent ground being almost unequaled. At present the only convenient improvement that appears is two excellent shower baths, which are much used.

My brother and I remained at the springs only three days, during which time he felt himself better; but on the day after he left there the pain of his knee became excruciating, and he was again confined at the house of an old friend of our father's, of the name of David Mitchell, about four miles from the springs, who humanely prescribed some poultices from the neighboring wood for his relief. These were composed of the pepper root that grows spontaneously here, which, being wetted with vinegar, and applied to the affected knee, produced a most violent external inflammation in a few hours. This inflammation grew more angry for three or four days, eating away the flesh, until it became necessary to apply healing poultices to extract the poison and fire. From that moment the rheumatic pains began to abate, and he again set off for James Mitchell's, where we arrived on the

27*th August*. On the same day I rode over to Dayton, a country town situated on the Great Miami, at the mouth of Mad river. This town is laid out by Mr. Cooper (who also resides in it) on a very liberal scale. The streets are from five to eight perches wide, and the lots proportionably large. The situation is level, perhaps to a fault; for I observed more sickly faces there than I had yet seen in Ohio.

Considering the flatness of the country, I was greatly astonished at observing the impetuosity of Mad river. It is one continued foaming rapid; and al-

though waters were then generally low, I found it ran nearly across the Miami river at its mouth in a limpid torrent, discharging more water than the Great Miami, which received it, although not more than one-third its breadth.

The lands on both the Miamis, and between them, are generally of the first-rate quality, and are beautifully situated; when well cultivated, no country can appear to greater advantage. It is also generally well watered and well timbered, and, except at certain spots on the rivers, and adjoining the large prairies, it is quite healthy.

I returned to Mr. Mitchell's on the

30*th August*, finding my brother Hugh still unable to ride. I therefore concluded to go on to Kentucky without him, under the expectation of his being able to meet me in that state before I should leave it for Indiana, where he himself resided. Under this hope, I parted with him, and left the Little Miami on the

2*d September*, and arrived at Cincinnati on the

4*th September*, where I remained two days.

Cincinnati is a remarkably sprightly, thriving town, on the north-west bank of the Ohio river, opposite the mouth of the river Licking, and containing, from appearance, about two hundred dwelling-houses—many of these elegant brick buildings. The site of the town embraces both the first and second banks of the

river, the second bank being, I suppose, about two hundred feet above the level of the water. On the *7th September*, I crossed over into Kentucky, and arrived in Lexington on the 9th of September. Lexington is the largest and most wealthy town in Kentucky, or indeed west of the Alleghany mountains. I have been in Lancaster, Pa., and in Frederick Town, Md.; but in neither of those places was there the same bustle or appearance of business. In fact, the Main street of Lexington has all the appearance of Market street in Philadelphia on a busy day.

I would suppose it contains about five hundred dwelling-houses, many of them elegant and three stories high. About thirty brick buildings were then raising, and I have little doubt but that in a few years it will rival not only in wealth, but population, the most populous inland town in the Atlantic states.

The country around Lexington, for many miles in every direction, is equal in beauty and fertility to anything the imagination can paint, and is already in a high state of cultivation. It has, however, one fault, and, to a Pennsylvanian, an intolerable one—it is very badly watered.

Here I met with my youngest brother, James, whom I had not seen since he was an infant. I found him at the University, where he has made considerable progress in the dead languages and in general science.

He discovers an ardent desire after knowledge, and promises to be intelligent and useful. On the

10*th September*, being the next day, I started for Mount Sterling, the residence of my sister Anna. I was accompanied by my brother James; and passing through the village of Winchester, a country town, we arrived there on the same evening. Here I was introduced, for the first time, to my brother-in-law, Mr. Joseph Simpson, who had married my sister some twelve or fifteen years ago, by whom she had five children—Eliza, Jane, Maria, Martha Mitchell and James Wilkinson.

A few days after I arrived at Mr. Simpson's, I was again joined by Hugh, who had so far recruited his strength as to ride without much pain. The three brothers remained with their sister a few days longer, enjoying much social pleasure and amusement, and making a very agreeable acquaintance with the ladies and gentlemen of the place. From the novelty of situation, however, and a disposition to get more intimately acquainted with each other's peculiar traits of character, the pleasure arising from each other's society was found to be the most interesting, and they were constantly together. One source of their amusement was in forming every afternoon a debating society, in which they alternately set one as president and the other two as speakers, *pro* and *con.* Another great source of their amusement was detailing the several

events of their lives, which were altogether new to each other. My youngest brother James was particularly interested in the accounts which I gave of the Atlantic states and cities, and of the history of my own life, which to him appeared very eventful. Thus we passed three or four very happy days in all the simplicity of genuine affection and brotherly love, each successive day becoming more delightsome than the preceding.

Mount Sterling is handsomely situated in a country rather more hilly than that around Lexington, but equally rich and fertile. It lies nearly east from Lexington, about thirty miles distant, and on the great road to the Olympic Springs. Within the town is a remarkable Indian mound (from which it derives part of its name), of the height of about twenty-five feet, and almost one hundred and twenty-five feet in diameter at the base, and perfectly circular. It is evidently formed by human art, but when, or by whom, it is altogether unknown, and most probably will always remain so. Large trees are now growing on it.*

* "The mound, which gave name to Mount Sterling was cut down during the year 1846. Many curious things were found, interspersed with human bones. Among them were a copper and two white queensware breastplates, about the size of a man's hand; a great number of large beads, some of copper and others of ivory; bracelets of copper, etc. Thirty years ago there were trees on this mound as large as those in the neighboring forest.—Collins's *Historical Sketches of Kentucky*, p. 469.

During my stay at this place my brother James's horse and my own both strayed away. This circumstance detained me longer than I intended remaining at my sister's. After diligent search in the neighborhood, I concluded they had strayed a considerable distance. I was, therefore, obliged to borrow from my friend Simpson one of his horses to accompany my brother Hugh to Indiana, where he resided. We, therefore (accompanied by my brother James as far as Lexington), on the

18*th September*, set out from Mount Sterling; and passing through Lexington and Frankfort, the seat of government of the state of Kentucky, we arrived at Shelbyville, the county town of Shelby county, where we stopped at the house of an old acquaintance from Bedford, Pa., John McGaughy, who had resided for some years in Shelbyville as a tavern keeper. He received us with great friendship and hospitality. We crossed the Ohio at the mouth of Harrod's creek, about eight miles above the Falls, and arrived at Springville, a little town in Clark's grant, in the Indiana territory, on the

22*d September*. Here my brother Hugh at present resides, with whom I remained about a week, exploring the adjoining country, which is now settling rapidly by emigrants from Kentucky and the middle states. The soil of this bank of the river for about five or six miles back is remarkably rich. A Pennsyl-

vanian, however, in the first instance would doubt this, as it is one continued grove of beech, intermixed occasionally with poplar, walnut, wild cherry, buckeye and honey locust. The beech in this neighborhood grow uncommonly large; I measured one of a number, which was fifteen feet in circumference at the height of my breast. The poplar grows still larger, many of them measuring above twenty feet in circumference four or five feet from the ground. In this settlement and all around the falls of Ohio, on both sides of the river, cotton and indigo flourish by careful cultivation. On the

30*th September*, I rode into Jeffersonville, a flourishing village at the head of the rapids opposite Louisville. Here it is proposed to take out the water of the river for the contemplated canal. On the

2*nd October*, I took a view of the magnificent falls of the Ohio. The rapids appear to be about a mile long. On the Indiana side, where the great body of the river runs at low water, I could not discover any perpendicular falls. It was not so in the middle and south-east channels, in both of which the extent of the rapids were in a great degree contracted to two nearly perpendicular shoots of about seven feet each, over rocks on which the water has but little effect. At some anterior period the channel on the north-west side, I am induced to believe, was nearly similar; but the great body of water that has been for ages pouring

down has gradually worn away the rocks above, thereby increasing the length of the rapid on that side, and diminishing their perpendicular fall. I have no doubt but that the first break of the water here is now much higher up the river than it was originally.

The beach and whole bed of the river for two or three miles here is one continued body of limestone and petrifactions. The infinite variety of the latter are equally elegant and astonishing. All kinds of roots, flowers, shells, bones, buffalo horns, buffalo dung, yellow-jacket's nests, etc., are promiscuously seen in every direction on the extensive beach at low water, in perfect form.* I discovered and brought to my lodgings a completely-formed petrified wasp's nest, with the young in it, as natural as when alive. The entire comb is preserved.

At the lower end of the falls is the deserted village of Clarksburgh, in which General Clark himself resides. I had the pleasure of seeing this celebrated warrior, at his lonely cottage seated on Clark's point, This point is situated at the upper end of the village and opposite the lower rapid, commanding a full and delightful view of the falls, particularly the *zigzag* channel which is only navigated at low water. The General has not taken much pains to improve this commanding

* It needs but little imagination on the part of one not versed in palæontology to convert the beautiful corals and other fossils found so abundantly at the Falls into the objects named by Mr. Espy.

and beautiful spot, having only raised a small cabin, but it is capable of being made one of the handsomest seats in the world.

General Clark has now become frail and rather helpless, but there are the remains of great dignity and manliness in his countenance, person and deportment, and I was struck on seeing him with (perhaps) a fancied likeness to the great and immortal Washington.

Immediately above Clark's point it is said the canal is to return to the river, making a distance of about two miles.

There appears to be no doubt but that this canal will be opened. At the late session of the legislature of Indiana a company was incorporated for this purpose on the most liberal scale. Books were opened for subscription while I was there, which were filling rapidly. Shares to the amount of about $120,000 were already subscribed by men of the first standing in the Union.

When the canal is finished the company intend erecting all kinds of water works, for which they say the place is highly calculated. From these it is expected that more wealth will flow into the coffers of the company than from the passage of vessels up and down the river. If these expectations should be realized, there remains but little doubt the falls of the Ohio will become the centre of wealth of the Western World. On the

2*d October*, in the evening, I turned my face towards home, crossing the Ohio above the falls, and entering the town of Louisville (accompanied by my brother Hugh), where I remained all night.

Louisville is one of the oldest towns of the state of Kentucky, and is certainly beautifully as well as advantageously situated on the bank of the river immediately above the falls; but on account of prevalence of the fever and ague during the autumnal months, it has not risen to that wealth and population which might have been expected. It contains about 200 dwelling houses, chiefly wooden. However, since the legislature of Kentucky have incorporated a company for opening a canal around the fall on this side of the river also, this place has taken a temporary start, and some large and elegant buildings are now erecting of brick and stone; and it is to be presumed that its great natural advantages will finally get the better of the prejudices now existing against it on account of its being so sickly, and that it will yet at no very distant day become a great and flourishing town. Two ship yards are now seen here, the one above and the other immediately below the town, but are yet in their infancy.

Whether the Kentuckians seriously intend opening their canal, or whether it is only intended to impede the process of opening one on the other side, is uncertain, but it is generally supposed that the situa-

tion is not as eligible for that purpose, as the one on the opposite shore.* On the

3d October, I parted with my brother Hugh, with feelings of deep regret, founded in strong affection, which had been chiefly formed during my present tour; and left Louisville on my way homeward, reaching my friend Colonel McGaughy, at Shelbyville, on the same evening. On the next day he, his lady, his son and daughter, accompanied me on a visit to his brother Arthur, one of the judges of the circuit court of that county, and formerly sheriff of Bedford county, in Pennsylvania. I recognized his person and features instantly, although I had not seen him for eleven years. He returned with us to Shelby, passing by Boone's station (celebrated for its defense against the Indians during the Indian war), now the seat of Major Lynch, and one of the most elegant farms in the United States.

Passing through Frankfort, Lexington and Winchester, I again arrived at Mr. Simpson's, in Mount Sterling, on the

9th October, in good health; but, on the next day,

* Nothing was done by this company beyond making surveys. In January, 1825, the legislature incorporated the Louisville and Portland Canal Company. Contracts were made in December of that year, and the canal was opened for navigation on the 5th of December, 1830. The project for a canal on the Indiana side failed.

I was attacked most violently with a species of intermitting fever, which detained me there until the

14*th October*, when I felt myself able to set off on my journey homeward (having again recovered my horse), passing the same day by the Upper Blue Lick salt works, on the banks of the Licking river. These works are fed by three pumps, set in a spring, from which flows as much water as would meet the demand of one thousand kettles. The water is of a blue, sulphurous color, with which it is considerably impregnated. On the

15*th October*, I arrived at Washington, a thriving town, situated in a very fertile country, in a high state of cultivation. The town lies four miles west of Limestone, and contains about one hundred and fifty dwelling houses, about ten or twelve of which are brick or stone. Here I remained during a remarkably wet day, being fearful of exposing myself in my weak state of health. On the

16*th October*, I again entered Ohio at Maysville (usually called *Limestone*), a little town situated on the Kentucky shore, the greatest landing place on the river. All the merchandise for Lexington and the neighboring towns leave the river at this place. The town itself contains only about fifty dwelling houses, and it does not appear to be rapidly growing. On the next day I arrived at *Chillicothe*, the present seat of government of the state of Ohio. In passing from

Limestone to that place, I took what is called the new state road, which passes through a poor, hilly country, almost uninhabited. This circumstance (heightened, no doubt, by my indisposition) led me to think very unfavorably of the soil of Ohio, compared with Kentucky, which I had left with the most favorable impressions.

Chillicothe is situated on the west bank of the Scioto river, about seventy miles from its mouth, and about sixty miles from Limestone. It lies on a pretty high gravel bank, on a flat of great extent, giving room for an immense population. Although it heretofore has been considered sickly, it has risen in wealth and population more rapidly than any town in the western country. It is only about eight years old, and it already contains nearly two hundred dwelling houses.

The country on the Scioto is considered in fertility equal to any in the world, and is settling and improving rapidly. It is, however, too low and flat, in consequence of which it is subject to intermitting fevers. These, however, are becoming less prevalent every year, and in Chillicothe for the last two years have totally disappeared; at this moment the town is perfectly healthy.

Nearly in the centre of Chillicothe is a large Indian mound, precisely of the description of the one described at Mount Sterling. On examining it, however, I was struck with the great want of taste displayed

in laying out the town, for about one-third of the mound is thrown into one of the main streets, leaving the remainder within a common building lot, in consequence of which it will finally be cut up and destroyed, whereas it might have been (without any injury to the general plan) thrown into the centre of a lot or public square, thereby ensuring its preservation, and adding much elegance to the place. In other respects, the place is neatly and liberally laid out, on a situation for beauty and convenience equal to any I have seen in the state.

Being still unwell, I remained in Chillicothe four days, and on the 5th concluding that I had quite recovered my health, I determined to start on my way eastward, but before I had got ready to mount my horse I was again attacked with the same deadly complaint, and in the midst of a violent chill, on the

22*d October*, set out for the Pickaway plains, accompanied by my kind friends and relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Fullerton. We reached their beautiful borders on the same evening, where we remained together during the night. On the next morning, feeling myself somewhat better, I proceeded on my journey, passing through the north end of these delightful plains for about three miles. This part of them is now in a high state of cultivation, producing the first wheat in the world. The extent of these plains in length is computed at about nine miles, and are from two to

three miles broad, affording in their natural state no kind of vegetation, except a species of grass about twelve inches high, and here and there, near the borders, small clumps of trees, adding great beauty to the sublimity of the scene. The soil is the dryest in the neighborhood, it lying rather higher than the forests adjoining, a stream of water passing along or near each side of the plains. On that evening, being the

23*d October*, I arrived at Mr. Pitcher's, in New Lancaster, where I found it necessary to apply to a physician for medicine to root out the fever and ague, which I found had taken too deep a hold on my system to be cured by bark alone, the only medicine I had yet taken. I, therefore, took a strong emetic, and then a carthartic, and finally a sweat, which, together with a plentiful use of the bark afterward and the blessing of God, so far recruited my health as to permit me in safety to proceed on my journey on the 27th October following.

My impressions of the nature of the country between Chillicothe and New Lancaster, I find very indistinct, the fever and ague during that ride had almost destroyed my curiosity for observation, and greatly obscured my memory for the time; but I think that the tract of country between those two towns, the land on the Hockhocking and the country from thence to Muskingum, may be considered the most valuable in the state, and perhaps will, when equally improved, be

equal to any in the United States. It is not regularly so good as the immense tract of fine country around Lexington, in Kentucky, but it contains a much greater variety of soil than any tract of equal fertility in that state, which has heretofore, and with much propriety, been considered the standard of good land.

The soil around New Lancaster particularly is exceedingly rich and productive, and that neighborhood is filling and improving more rapidly at present than any in the state; the emigrants are chiefly married Germans from Lancaster and other eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

New Lancaster, although sickly, is consequently growing very rapidly, and property now sells there for more than its real value. This arises chiefly from the number of emigrants being greater than can be accommodated with buildings to reside in. It already contains about ninety dwelling-houses, some of them very commodious. Another cause of the high prices of property here, and of its rapid growth, is the expectation of its becoming the future seat of government of the state, which is not yet permanently established, New Lancaster being considered more centrical than Chillicothe. The centre of the state, however, lies some ten or twelve miles north of this place. On the

28*th October*, I arrived at Zanesville, a new town, situated on the east bank of the beautiful river Musk-

ingum, opposite the falls and the mouth of river Licking.

This place is not only handsomely situated, but possesses many and peculiar advantages, which promise to make it a flourishing town. The falls afford seats for all kinds of valuable water works, and two or three excellent mills are already erected. The navigation of the river all the way to its mouth is nearly equal to the Ohio, and the country above is said to be fertile and healthy. Zanesville also is a candidate for the seat of government.

A broken, hilly country now commences, which continues all the way to Wheeling. Almost every spot of it, however, can and will be cultivated, and much of it is very fertile, not unlike the soil on the banks of the Monongahela.

After leaving the fertile and level plains of the Scioto and Hockhocking, I passed through this hilly and, in a great measure, uncultivated country with tedious pain and anxiety, and arrived at Wheeling with great delight, on the

30th October, 1805, after an absence of three months and a half. Here I made the following

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS.

The emigration to the state of Ohio at this time is truly astonishing. From my own personal observa-

tion, compared with the opinion of some gentlemen I have consulted, I have good reason to conclude that during the present year from twenty thousand to thirty thousand souls have entered that state for the purpose of making it their future residence.

These are chiefly from Pennsylvania, Virginia, New Jersey, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee; but on inquiry you will find some from every state in the Union, including many foreigners.

The emigrants from Kentucky, Tennessee and the Southern states are chiefly composed of those who are either opposed to slavery, or are unable to purchase slaves. Consequently, this class of people are daily increasing in Ohio. The expectations of the few who wish the introduction of slavery there can never be realized.

The Indiana territory was settled first under the same charter as the state of Ohio, prohibiting the admission of slaves, but the genius of a majority of the people ordering otherwise (the southern climate, no doubt, having its influence), the legislature of that territory, during the last summer, passed a law permitting a partial introduction of slavery, much to the dissatisfaction of the minority.* This circumstance

*The "Act concerning the introduction of negroes and mulattoes into this territory," was repealed Dec. 14, 1810. For an account of slavery in Indiana, see Dillon's *History of Indiana*, pp. 410–414, and for the legislation on the subject, *Ib.* 617–623.

will check the emigration of farmers who do their own labor, while the slave owners of the Southern states and Kentucky will be encouraged to remove thither; consequently the state of society there will be altogether different from that of Ohio. Its manners and laws will assimilate more and more to those of Virginia and Kentucky, while Ohio will, in these respects, more closely imitate Pennsylvania and the middle states.

The state of society in Kentucky I did not admire. The great body of the well-informed and wealthy were immersed in infidelity and dissipation, while the more illiterate were downright fanatics and zealots in religion. However, they are generally an hospitable people, fond of society and polite to strangers. With a few exceptions, they are more sprightly and fonder of conversation than the Pennsylvanians, and have a remarkable attachment to all public meetings and amusements, particularly to horse-racing, where they assemble in vast crowds.

In their persons they are generally taller than the inhabitants of the middle states, but less inclined to corpulency; bespeaking, in their countenances and gestures, a restless and enterprising spirit.

The inhabitants of the state of Ohio, being so lately collected from all the states, have, as yet, obtained no national character.

The state of society, however, for some years to

come, can not be very pleasant—the great body of the people being not only poor, but rather illiterate.

Their necessities will, however, give them habits of industry and labor, which will have a tendency to increase the morals of the rising generation. This, with that respect for the Christian religion, which generally prevails among that class of people now emigrating to the state, will lay the best foundation for their future national character. It is to be regretted, however, that at present few of them have a rational and expanded view of the beauty, excellency and order of that Christtian system, the essence of which is Divine Wisdom. The great body of the people will, therefore, it is to be feared, be a party for some years to priestcraft, fanaticism and religious enthusiasm.

In traveling through this immense and beautiful country, one idea, mingled with melancholy emotions, almost continually presented itself to my mind, which was this:—that before many years the people of that great tract of country would separate themselves from the Atlantic states and establish an independent empire. The peculiar situation of the country and the nature of men will gradually lead to this crisis; but what will be the proximate cause producing this great effect is yet in the womb of time. Perhaps some of us may live to see it.

When the inhabitants of that immense territory, will themselves independent, force from the Atlantic

states to restrain them, would be madness and folly. It can not be prevented. On the

1*st November*, I left Wheeling for Bedford, passing through Washington, Somerset and Berlin, and arriving at home in good health on the evening of the

8*th November*, after an absence of four months and seven days.

I had two objects in making this extensive tour, one was to view the country and to look out for some place in it as my future residence, the other to visit my respected mother, brothers and sisters, from whom I had been long separated.

Partly from an attachment to my native state, partly from the secret influence of a fixed and tender attachment not yet avowed, and partly from a prejudice received in consequence of my indisposition that the climate would not suit my constitution, I declined for the present of fixing on any place in that country to remove to.

With respect to the other object of my journey, it was in every respect realized, producing a heartfelt gratification greatly beyond what was anticipated.

Independent of the pleasure I received in performing a duty to my aged parent, on the verge of the spiritual world, the tender and affectionate feelings that were reciprocally created and revived by the journey are beyond description, and will always be recollected and

felt "with exceeding great joy." Besides, in another point of view, a most pleasing reflection will always remain with me. In the course of Divine Providence, it became my duty, after a long and sober investigation, to adopt the doctrines of the New Jerusalem Church, as promulgated in the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, and to discard some of the doctrines of the church to which my parents were attached. This circumstance coming to the knowledge of my western relations through false and perverted mediums necessarily gave them much pain. I was, therefore, especially gratified in the opportunity this journey gave me of dispelling in a great measure the mists of prejudice which false and perverted views of the doctrines of the new church had produced around them, and of developing to their minds the beauty and excellence of the doctrines I had received, and of their strict harmony with the Word of God—the fountain of all truth.

The prejudices I thus removed, the pleasure I thereby gave my friends, particularly my dear and respected mother in so doing, and the hope that I have perhaps laid a foundation in some of their minds for the further reception of the truth at some future period as Divine Providence may further open the way, gave me much real satisfaction, and will be a constant source of future gratification.

Under these feelings, and with sincere prayers to

the Divine Author of all Truth that *His Word* may become more and more the only standard of faith, I close these memorandums.

JOSIAH ESPY.

BEDFORD, *9th November*, 1805.

Outline of Contents.

Ohio Valley Historical Series.

MISCELLANIES No. 2.

Two Campaigns in the War of 1812-13,

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

TWO

WESTERN CAMPAIGNS

In the War of 1812–13.

1. *Expedition of* CAPTAIN HENRY BRUSH, *with Supplies for General Hull*, 1812.

2. *Expedition of* GOVERNOR MEIGS, *for the Relief of Fort Meigs*, 1813.

BY

SAMUEL WILLIAMS.

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Introductory.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS, the author of this narrative, was, for many years, a resident of Cincinnati, and more than fifty a resident of the State of Ohio. Thirty years of this time he was connected with the surveys of public lands north-west of the Ohio, as chief clerk of the Surveyor General's office. In this capacity he rendered important service, having had the principal oversight of the official business, and the direction of the work in the field.

He was born in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the year 1786, and was brought up among the mountains in an adjoining county. In the year 1800, at the age of fourteen, he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and three years subsequently removed with his father's family to Charleston, on the Kanawha river, in Western Virginia. He and his mother were the first Methodists who settled in that valley, and aided in the formation of the first Methodist class on that river. In 1807, he removed to Chillicothe, in this state, and twenty years afterward to Cincinnati, where he resided until his death in 1859.

Though without the advantages of an academic education, he was a man of much reading, extensive information, and thorough culture. He accumulated a large library, of which he made diligent use, and to the day of his death, his fondness for study and literary pursuits remained unabated. Mr. WILLIAMS took a deep interest in all matters pertaining to the Methodist Church, and had collected a considerable mass of materials to serve for a history of Methodism in the West. This collection he gave, but a few days before his death, to the Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, of which he was one of the trustees. Other matters of historic interest he made a subject of study, and in antiquarian researches he took great delight.

He retired from active business in 1845, and spent the last years of his life with his family. Most of this time was passed in much bodily affliction, but he was not idle. He found opportunity to prepare, for the use of his family, a full account of his own history, and that of his ancestors, and to gather up a complete genealogy of their families, embracing several hundred names. His personal memoirs comprise five large quarto volumes of manuscript, making about twelve hundred pages. Among these are numerous sketches of early times in the West, descriptions of pioneer life and customs, modes of dress, habits of living, styles of houses and their furniture, and details of domestic employments and public service.

This narrative of his military campaigns in 1812 and 1813, is taken from his manuscripts, and was published in the *Ladies' Repository* in 1854. To that magazine he contributed several

chapters of sketches, and these among them. In preparing his copy for the press, Mr. WILLIAMS purposely wrote in the third person, except when giving direct quotations from his own letters. A few additions to this account have been made from his manuscripts, by his son, who furnishes the narrative for this work. As this is the only history of the two expeditions herein mentioned, it was thought well to include it in the *Ohio Valley Historical Series*. It throws light upon several points of Ohio history, and forms in itself a complete episode in the war with Great Britain.

1. *Expedition of* Captain Henry Brush, *with supplies for General Hull*, 1812.

THE war with Great Britain in 1812, '13, and '14, was an eventful period in the history of our country, and was fruitful of thrilling incidents and stirring exploits, of deep concern at the time, and of much interest even at this day.

The declaration of war was made by an act of Congress, passed in secret session, on the 18th of June, 1812. Two or three months prior to that declaration and in anticipation of it, a large military force was drawn together at Cincinnati, under the command of Brigadier General William Hull, an old and distinguished veteran officer of the Revolutionary army. The force thus concentrated was called the "North-Western Army," and soon marched for the north-western frontier—the Detroit river. A regiment of Ohio volunteers from Cincinnati, under Colonel James Findlay, marched with General Hull. At Urbana he was joined by two other regiments of Ohio volunteers, from the Scioto and Muskingum valleys, under the command respectively of Colonel Duncan McArthur and Colonel Lewis Cass. A few miles north of Urbana

the army entered the wilderness, and from thence to the Grand Rapids of the Maumee river, about a hundred miles, had to be cut and opened a wagon road through a dense unbroken forest. It was the intention of the Secretary of War that the army should reach Detroit before war would be declared, and ample time was given General Hull to do so; but from want of energy on his part, the dispatch from the War Department announcing the "Declaration," found him and his army at the foot of the rapids of the Maumee. To expedite the march thence to Detroit, General Hull chartered a schooner then in the Maumee Bay, on board of which he put a large portion of the army baggage and provision, together with his military chest, and all his papers, including the official copy of the Declaration of War, and all his instructions, plans of the campaign, etc., to be shipped to Detroit. This schooner, while on its passage up the Detroit river, was seized by the British naval force lying at anchor opposite Fort Malden, on the Canada side. General Brock, the British Commander-in-chief on that frontier, had, through the vigilance of British spies at Washington, been put in possession of the fact of the declaration of war before it reached General Hull, and hence the capture of the schooner. The loss of this vessel and its valuable cargo was disastrous to the American army; while the possession of the instructions and plans of the campaign from the War Department, and the baggage and

military stores, was a most important acquisition to the enemy. And General Brock, as a skillful and experienced soldier, well availed himself of this advantage, as the sequel will show.

That General Hull must have foreseen—perhaps, deliberately intended — the capture of this richly freighted schooner by the enemy, seems hardly to admit of a doubt. And this is manifest by the history and disastrous termination of this first campaign of the North-Western Army, and by the subsequent trial of the General before a military court-martial, and *the sentence of death passed upon him for treason.*

The British fleet having the command of Lake Erie, the only route by which supplies could reach the army at Detroit was overland, by very bad roads, from the settlements in southern Ohio, a distance of over two hundred miles, and at an enormous expense. The transit of provisions was not only very tedious, but, as the intermediate wilderness was occupied in force by hostile tribes of Indians in the interest and employ of the enemy, every brigade of wagons or pack-horses, or drove of beef cattle, had to be guarded by a strong military force. To keep the communication with the army open, was made the duty of the Ohio militia. About the 18th of July Governor Meigs, then at Chillicothe, received by express, the following dispatch from General Hull:

"DETROIT, 11*th July*, 1812.

"DEAR SIR: The army arrived here on the 5th inst. I have now only time to state to you, that we are very deficient in provisions, and I have authorized Mr. Piatt* to furnish a supply for two months.

"The communication must be preserved by your militia, or this army will perish for the want of provisions. We have the fullest confidence that you will do all in your power to prevent so distressing a calamity to this patriotic army.

"I am, very respectfully,

"Your most ob't serv't,

"W. HULL.

"*His Excellency*, R. J. MEIGS,

"*Governor of Ohio.*"

The *original autograph letter* from which we copy the above was preserved by Mr. WILLIAMS, and stitched by him into the autobiographical sketches which he made for the use of his family. How he became possessed of this important official document he has now no recollection; but supposes it had been handed to him by Governor Meigs, about the time of its receipt, to copy, and in the hurry of the moment its return overlooked. The letter has been in his possession ever

*The late John H. Piatt, of Cincinnati, who was Commissary General of the North-Western Army.

since, and is now first given to the world as a scrap of the history of the times. The reader will not fail to notice the coincidence between the forebodings of General Hull in the above letter and the plea which he afterward set up in justification of his disgraceful surrender of Detroit and the whole army—that their provisions were nearly exhausted, and that a supply could not be obtained in time to save it from perishing! The expostulations of his field officers—his proper advisers—were unheeded. The General kept his own counsels. He knew what he was about. And now, to save appearances, he seemingly bestirs himself, and "authorizes," his Commissary to "furnish a supply for two months," and appeals to the sympathies of Governor Meigs to save his patriotic army from starvation, by keeping the communication open through the wilderness! Governor Meigs needed no appeal to his sympathies, and General Hull knew it.

With the dispatch from General Hull, Governor Meigs received a communication from Colonel Piatt, then at Urbana, stating that a brigade of pack-horses, loaded with flour, together with a drove of beef cattle, would be ready to leave that place for the army, so soon as the Governor could furnish a military escort to guard the supplies through the wilderness. On the following morning Governor Meigs called a meeting of the citizens of Chillicothe, and announced the requisition for a company of militia for the above purpose, proposing

to the meeting that a company of volunteers be immediately raised, instead of the tedious process of drafting the requisite force. The call was promptly responded to, and in an hour or two ninety-five patriotic citizens—mechanics, merchants, lawyers, and others—formed themselves into a volunteer company, and tendered their services to the Governor.* After electing their officers, and adopting a uniform, the busy note of preparation for an immediate march followed. Twenty-four hours after its organization, fully armed and equipped, this fine company took up its line of march for Detroit, by way of Urbana, where the supplies were to be placed under its escort, intending, on reaching Detroit, to tender their services to General Hull, and join the North-Western Army.

Before setting out with the company on its march, it may be well to describe their dress, arms, and accouterments. Every one, officers and men, were alike dressed in unbleached, tow-linen hunting shirts, and trowsers of the same material, with low-crown hats, on the left side of which were worn black cockades about two inches in diameter, on the center of which were displayed small silver eagles about the size of a silver quarter-dollar. Around the waist of each was a stout leather girdle; in a leather pocket attached to this was slung behind a good sized tomahawk, and in a leather sheath,

*For muster roll of Captain Brush's company, see *Appendix*.

also attached to the girdle, hung a medium sized butcher-knife. On the right hip, attached to a broad leather strap, thrown over the left shoulder hung the cartridge-box, filled with ball-cartridges. On the left side, in a leather sheath, suspended to another broad leather strap, thrown over the right shoulder, hung the bayonet. On the same side hung also a tin canteen, holding about a quart, suspended to a small leather strap over the right shoulder. The fire-arm was a United States musket, with bayonet, and a leather strap by which to sling the musket over the shoulder, for more convenient carrying when on a march. The knapsack was a heavy, linen sack, painted and varnished, about sixteen inches wide, and of the same depth, with a flap on the under side, thrown over the mouth, and tied by strings. To the upper and lower corner on each side was a strap through which to pass the arms. The knapsack was the repository of the changes of clothing, and such articles of necessity or convenience as each might choose to take along. On the top was lashed the blanket, and over this a piece of oil-cloth to protect all from the rain. The knapsack was slung on the back, and the straps through which the arms passed were tied by another strap across the breast. The arms and accouterments including the knapsack, weighed about thirty or thirty-five pounds.

Thus armed and equipped, this patriotic company took up its line of march on the morning of July 21,

1812, under the command of Captain Henry Brush, a distinguished lawyer of Chillicothe, who still survives, residing upon his farm in Madison county, Ohio.* A large number of the citizens of Chillicothe, in procession, escorted the company beyond the limits of the town, where a brief farewell address was made by a citizen, and responded to by Captain Brush on behalf of the company. A full narrative of the campaign is given by Mr. WILLIAMS, who was a member of the company, in a series of letters to his wife, written from almost every night's encampment. Occasional extracts from these letters are given, as they were written under the vivid impressions of the moment, and contain a freshness and a lifelike picture of passing incidents, which can not otherwise be imparted to the condensed sketch to which we must limit ourselves.

The first day's march was twenty-one miles, to General Timmons', where they encamped in a grove, lying on the ground in the open air, without tents. The march next day was over thirty miles, through the "barrens," or open plains, where the men were exposed nearly all day to the fierce rays of a midsummer's sun, in very sultry weather. A march of nineteen miles the third day brought them to Urbana, in the afternoon, where they encamped on the commons. The indoor

*This was written in 1854—Capt. Brush died the next year, January 16, 1855, aged 78 years.

occupations of nearly all the company wholly unfitted them for long marches on foot and exposure to the sun, carrying each a weight of thirty pounds, and trammeled by the straps and fastenings of his accouterments. Marching thus all day, and sleeping at night on the cold ground, without tents, was very severe. Mr. WILLIAMS, writing to his wife from Urbana on the 24th, says, "My limbs were so stiff and sore at the end of each day's march that I could hardly walk."

An express arrived from Detroit on Wednesday night bringing dispatches from the army, by which it appeared that the forces in Malden were one hundred and fifty regulars, four or five hundred militia, and as many Indians, whose canoes were all destroyed to prevent their desertion; for both they and the militia took every opportunity to desert.

The company remained in camp at Urbana two days. Here they were engaged in preparing their arms, making cartridges, running bullets, carrying in military stores, and in drilling, to become familiar with military exercises. The camp was laid out in military style and sentries posted at night, the same precautions being taken against an alarm or an attack as if they were already in the enemy's country.

The company resumed its march on the 25th, having in charge a brigade of seventy pack-horses, each laden with two hundred pounds of flour, in a bag, lashed on a pack-saddle; and a drove of about three hundred beef

cattle. The order of march was this: a scouting-party of three or four men went in advance, a half a mile or more; the company usually in single file; next followed the brigade of pack-horses; and after them the drove of cattle. On each side, at the distance of some two hundred yards, marched a flank guard of eight or ten men of the company on horseback; and about twenty soldiers of the Fourth United States Infantry, who had been in the battle of Tippecanoe, under the command of Sergeant Story, formed the rear guard. In the evening they encamped on the Indian boundary line, the frontier of the settlements, where they remained over Sunday, July 26th.

On Monday, 27th, they entered the Indian territory; and from thence their march was through an uninhabited wilderness, in which there was no road except the trace cut by General Hull's army, which was but the width of a wagon-track, and much cut up by his baggage-wagons and cavalry horses. In a letter to his wife, dated at Fort McArthur, on the Scioto river—near the present town of Kenton—July 29, 1812, Mr. WILLIAMS thus describes the usual routine of a day and night on the march:

"While we are waiting a few minutes to store part of our baggage and provision in this fort, to lighten our baggage-wagons for a more rapid march, I seize a moment to tell you that I am very well, in good spirits, and much improved in strength and general health.

The fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life are just what I needed. You would hardly believe it possible for me to endure what I daily undergo, in common with my fellow-soldiers. Our food is coarse, and cooked in the roughest manner. For whole days together we have had to use the water from stagnant ponds, or from the wagon-ruts and horse-tracks, in the road. We sleep upon the cold, damp ground, without tents. One-third of the company are on guard every night; so that each one of us, after a hard day's march, has, every third night to mount guard, and stand sentry four hours, or half the night, and during the remaining four hours turn out hourly to receive the 'grand round,' and 'relief' to the guard. The whole company not on guard 'sleep on their arms,' with all their accouterments on, ready for an attack from the hostile Indian tribes occupying the country.

"You would smile at our mode of cooking, could you see us thus employed. Our company is divided into 'messes' of six men each. Our rations are delivered together to each mess when we encamp at night. This consists of flour, fat bacon, and salt. The flour is kneaded in a broad iron camp-kettle, and drawn out in long rolls the size of a man's wrist, and coiled around a smooth pole some three inches in diameter and five or six feet long, on which the dough is flattened so as to be half an inch or more in thickness. The pole, thus covered with dough, except a few inches at each end, is

placed on two wooden forks driven into the ground in front of the camp-fire, and turned frequently, till it is baked, when it is cut off in pieces, and the pole covered again in the same manner and baked. Our meat is cooked thus: a branch of a tree having several twigs on it is cut, and the ends of the twigs sharpened; the fat bacon is cut in slices, and stuck on these twigs, leaving a little space between each, and then held in the blaze and smoked till cooked. Each man then takes a piece of the pole-bread, and lays thereon a slice of bacon, and with his knife cuts therefrom, and eats his meal with a good appetite. Enough is thus cooked each night to serve for the next day; each man stowing in his knapsack his own day's provision."

A few miles north of Fort Findlay, on Blanchard river—now the flourishing town of Findlay—the expedition entered the Black Swamp, through which the road passed for many miles, much of which was almost impassable. On the 2d of August they reached the Maumee river.

Along the route to this point, the expedition continued to suffer greatly from want of good water, being obliged to drink out of puddles by the roadside, and use pond water for cooking. For two weeks, scarcely any rain had fallen, but this was rather favorable for their progress than otherwise.

After marching many days through dense forests and thickets, and wading, much of the way, through deep

and extensive swamps and morasses, to emerge suddenly therefrom into the dry open plains east of the Maumee river, was a transition so great that it had a most exhilarating effect upon the feelings of our weary and way-worn travelers. A description of these plains and the Maumee Rapids, together with some historical reminiscences of the localities, are given by Mr. WILLIAMS in a letter to his wife, dated,

ENCAMPMENT, FOOT OF MAUMEE RAPIDS,
August 3, 1812.

"The country we yesterday passed through is the most delightful I have ever seen. Our route was, most of the day, over natural plains of many miles in extent, apparently as level as the ocean, seemingly bounded only by the distant horizon, and interspersed with a few small islets, or groves, of oak and hickory timber and hazel bushes, and here and there a solitary oak tree or two, standing out in the open expanse. These isolated trees and groves contribute much to the beauty of the scenery. But this is not all. These plains are covered with a most luxuriant growth of grass and herbs, and an endless variety of beautiful native flowers, representing all the hues of the rainbow, and loading the atmosphere with their perfume. Some portions are rich and dry land; others are of a wet, cold, and stiff clay soil.

"The Rapids of the Maumee, I am told, is nine miles in length, and formed of a succession of small

rapids, the principal one of which is at the place where the road crosses the river. Here the whole channel is stratified limestone rock, in horizontal strata, and divided, at distances of three or four feet, by parallel vertical seams, running diagonally across the whole channel, which is about forty rods wide. The descent of the current over the successive ledges of rock, form beautiful little cascades, at distances of a few yards between. The Rapids terminate five miles below the ford; and from thence to the head of Maumee Bay, a distance of some twelve miles, the river is from a quarter to half a mile or more in width, and navigable for the largest vessels sailing on the lakes, which readily ascend to the foot of the Rapids.

"The plain on which we encamped last night, was the battle-ground on which General Anthony Wayne defeated and totally routed and dispersed the combined Indian forces, on the 20th August, 1794—18 years ago. The Indians had chosen a strong position in the rear of the plain, among fallen timber of several miles in extent, in which their line of battle was two miles long, fronting on the plain. General Wayne, after reconnoitering the position of the enemy, sent General Scott, at the head of eleven hundred mounted Kentuckians, to turn the enemy's right flank by a circuitous route, and fall upon their rear. At eight o'clock on that memorable day, General Wayne advanced his main columns along the bank of the Maumee, formed in two lines, in

front of the enemy's position. The first line advanced, with trailed arms, upon the foe, concealed behind the fallen timber; and on receiving their first fire, rushed upon them and roused them from their fastness among the fallen timber and bushes, at the point of the bayonet; while General Scott precipitated his whole mounted force upon their rear, and the infantry and the legion of cavalry pressed forward upon their front, and into the midst of their position. The Indian forces were thus thrown into confusion, and in consternation fled in disorder down the river, hotly pursued, with great slaughter, by the mounted men and cavalry. On reaching the British Fort Miami, the Indians essayed to enter the gates and take refuge within its walls. But the British commandant, Major Campbell, through fear of General Wayne, prudently closed his gates against them; and the Indians, driven to despair, and now nearly surrounded and closely pressed by the victorious pursuers, fled precipitately around the fort, and down the hill upon which it stood, to the river. Being here hemmed in, many of them plunged into the river to swim across, and many more were slain; while the remainder made their escape to the woods. This decisive battle closed the war with the Indian tribes on the north-western frontier, and resulted in the Treaty of Greenville, in August, 1795.

"This morning we moved down the river about five miles, and encamped on the upper end of a large and

beautiful plain, bordering on the left bank of the river, a few rods below the old British fort, and on the very ground upon which the great battle above described terminated. Here, by order of General Hull, we are to remain till reinforced by a company of volunteers from Cleveland, and another from Sandusky, both daily expected to arrive. Near our encampment, in the bank of the river, is a large spring of pure, cold water, which is very refreshing after drinking, as we very often did, from the puddles in the road."

While lying in camp, near the old British fort, Mr. WILLIAMS made a survey of it with a pocket compass and a grape-vine measure. The fort was situated on the summit of a hill which rises abruptly from the margin of the river, at the head of the plain above mentioned. It was a quadrangle, constructed of large, squared logs of timber, laid closely together and notched into each other. At the two most exposed angles were strong bastions, enfilading three sides of the fort. On those three sides the fort was protected by a deep moat, or ditch, in which water was still standing. And on the remaining side—that fronting the river—there had been a covered way down the steep bank to the water. A portion of the walls of the fort were still standing, and the timber composing them in a tolerable good state of preservation.

The company expected from Sandusky, commanded

by Captain Roland, arrived on the evening of the 7th August. Without waiting for the other company from the Reserve, of which nothing had been heard, the two now in camp were formed into a battalion, under the command of Captain Brush, as major, and the march resumed the next morning, In the afternoon of the following day—Sunday, 9th—the battalion reached the Raisin river, and encamped upon the military square, containing about an acre of ground, inclosed by an old line of pickets. Here, for the first time, they enjoyed the luxury of good tents, which were furnished to them by Colonel Anderson, the military commandant of the local militia. The military defenses here consisted of a single line of pickets, made of round logs about twelve inches in diameter, sharpened at top and set in the ground close together, and standing seven or eight feet above the surface. At two diagonal angles were block-houses, about eighteen feet square and twelve feet high, constructed of round logs. These block-houses projected six feet beyond the pickets, and the lines of each had portholes to enfilade two sides of the inclosure. The pickets were now so much decayed that they formed a very poor defense against musket or rifle balls, and none against cannon. They were originally intended only for the defense of the settlement against the attacks of hostile Indian tribes.

The settlement on Raisin river extended, at that time, about three miles along its banks, on both sides, near

the center of which was the military post we have described. The inhabitants were almost exclusively the descendants of the original French emigrants from Canada, and spoke only the French language. The settlement was formed at an early period in the last century; perhaps, indeed, but a few years after that of Detroit, which is said to have been in the same year—1682—in which William Penn laid out the city of Philadelphia. Each family owned and cultivated a tract of land fronting on the river, having a few rods in width, and extending back from two to five miles; the side lines between the farms being all parallel to each other, and all the houses built on the bank of the river. In the midst of this settlement, on the north side of the river, and including the old stockade, stands now the flourishing city of Monroe, a prominent commercial port of Lake Erie, and having a railroad connecting it with the Far West.

General Hull, about the first of August, had abandoned the invasion of Canada, withdrawn his troops therefrom, and, recrossing the strait, the North-Western Army now occupied the fortress of Detroit. In the mean time General Brock posted a strong British and Indian force at a place called Brownstown, on our side of the strait, and on the only road from Detroit to Ohio, and equidistant between Detroit and Raisin river. And when Major Brush and his battalion arrived at that river, all communication with Detroit had

been cut off by the enemy. Charged, as he was, with the protection of the brigade of pack-horses and the large drove of beef cattle, it would have been madness to attempt, with his small command, to force his way to Detroit. Indeed, while encamped on the Maumee, he had received orders from General Hull to remain at the Raisin river till a reinforcement from Detroit should join him there. Two detachments from the army at Detroit had been successively sent, for this purpose, by General Hull. The first, under the command of Major Vanhorne, was met by the combined British and Indian force at Maguaga, an old Indian village opposite the mouth of the Detroit river, and a battle ensued, in which Vanhorne's detachment, after a sanguinary engagement, was overpowered by a greatly superior force, and compelled to make a precipitate retreat and return to Detroit.

An incident is related of the late Governor Lucas, of Ohio, in this battle, which is worthy of being preserved. A Mr. Stockton, from near Chillicothe, was one of the mounted men. Late in the engagement his horse was badly wounded in the head by a ball; and the horse becoming frantic with pain and fright dashed forward in the retreat, throwing his head about and covering Mr. Stockton with blood, till the rider was thrown off and much stunned in the fall. On rising, he was unable to run and uncertain which way to proceed. Having no means of escape—his company having passed on with-

out seeing him—inevitable destruction seemed to await him. At that moment General Lucas*—who, with a few brave mounted men, covered the retreat and kept the enemy in check—discovered Mr. Stockton, and seeing him covered with blood, supposed him to be badly wounded. Without hesitation he instantly dismounted and helped Mr. Stockton into his own saddle, and pointing the way, told him to make his escape as fast as his horse could carry him. This momentary delay left General Lucas the very last man on the retreat, and now on foot, with the pursuing enemy in close proximity, and himself exposed to the deadly fire of the Indian rifles. But he being tall, slender, and very active, outran his nimble-footed pursuers, and providentially—indeed, almost miraculously—escaped the shower of bullets, from the Indian rifles, aimed at him. Thus, at the most imminent hazard of his own life, he saved that of a fellow-soldier, an entire stranger to him.

*General Lucas was at the time a Brigadier General of militia, near Portsmouth, O., but joined Hull's army as a private volunteer, and had, on the march to Detroit, received from President Madison a commission of Captain in the United States service.

He was afterward governor of the state of Ohio several terms. Subsequently, when the new territory of Iowa was created by Congress, he was appointed its first Governor, which office he held several years. After his retirement from office, he continued to reside in Iowa till his death. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church from his early life, and died peacefully at a good old age.

The other detachment sent to reinforce Major Brush, consisted of about nine hundred men, under the command of Colonel Miller of the United States army. At Brownstown, a mile or two south of Maguaga, he encountered the enemy's forces, and a severe battle ensued, in which Colonel Miller was victorious, and drove the enemy from the field with great loss. But his own force was so much crippled and his men so fatigued, that he also found it necessary to return to Detroit from the field of battle. This engagement occurred on the 8th of August. Soon after Colonel Miller's regiment returned to Detroit, General Hull ordered out a third detachment to the relief of Major Brush, under the command of Colonel McArthur,* with orders to take a circuitous route through the trackless wilderness; and by crossing the Huron river several miles higher up, avoid a collision with the enemy, and reach Major Brush's position on the Raisin.

While these abortive efforts to relieve Major Brush were being made, his little battalion, numbering only some one hundred and sixty men, were in a position of great peril. The road and the whole territory between them and the American army, was occupied by a large force of the enemy, within four hours' march of their encampment. They were, therefore, in hourly expecta-

*Afterward a Brigadier General in the United States service, and subsequently Governor of Ohio.

tion of an attack from the enemy, who might at any time have overpowered them by a force five or ten times their number, and massacred them all, as was the unfortunate Kentucky brigade, under the command of General Winchester, at the same place the following winter, after being taken prisoners and disarmed.

In a letter to Governor Tiffin,* dated August 11th, after noting the battle of Brownstown, three days previous, Mr. WILLIAMS adds:

"It is certain that our affairs on this frontier wear a very serious and gloomy aspect. All communication between us and Detroit has been for several days wholly cut off by the enemy. The express mail, which, till lately, always succeeded in getting through, has entirely failed. We are, therefore, without any advices from Detroit and the army, and know nothing of its movements, nor whether, nor when relief will reach us. We are at a loss what to think of these things. Our position is a most perilous one. We are liable at any time to be overwhelmed by the vastly superior force of the enemy. The French settlers along this river are greatly alarmed, and seem confident that our garrison and the settlements will be in the enemy's possession before reinforcements can reach us."

Wednesday, August 12th, writing to his wife, he

* Then Commissioner of the General Land-Office, Washington City.

says: "I went, to-day, with Cadwallader Wallace and some others, to see Lake (Erie) distant about four miles east of our encampment, and to bathe in its limpid waters. The view of the placid surface of this inland sea was most enchanting to me—having now, for the first time in my life, looked upon a sheet of water exceeding half a mile wide. Here, with the exception of one or two small islands, scarcely perceptable in the distance, there is nothing to be seen but a wide expanse of waters, bounded seemingly by the horizon. We enjoyed much the refreshing bath in the cool waters of the lake, and battling its gentle rolling waves. It was, indeed, a great luxury in a hot summer's day. But our sport was soon spoiled by the arrival of a courier on horseback from camp, with orders for our immediate return, as the enemy was reported to be but a few miles distant, marching to attack us. Thinking to take the nearest course to camp across a large, level prairie, nearly on a level with the lake, we had to wade through three bad marshes, up to our breasts in mud and water. The alarm was a false one."

The last of his series of letters to his wife, is dated Friday, August 14th, in which is the following paragraph.

"All thought of being able to proceed to Detroit is now abandoned; and our attention is turned exclusively to fortifying our position, and putting it in the best state of defense we can. If the enemy should bring

their field artillery to the attack—which, if they come, they will surely do—our rotten stockade will be battered to the ground in ten minutes. What our fate will be I can not tell. But if we fall, we shall sell our lives as dearly as we can. We have lost all confidence in General Hull. In any event we can not remain here longer than this week, or the middle of the next."

Two days after the last-named date, namely on Sunday, August 16th, having the previous night crossed the Detroit river, two miles below the town, General Brock, at the head of the British army, marched to the attack of Fort Detroit. He advanced his force directly in front of the main battery of the fortress, and had but just displayed his columns in line of battle, when a *white flag* was run up on the flag-staff of the fort—a *signal of surrender!* Suffice it to say, that in a short time articles of capitulation were drawn up and signed. Thus the gallant North-Western Army, occupying a strong fortification, having a fine battery of twenty-five large guns, and a full supply of amunition, was surrendered prisoners of war to a force inferior both in numbers and efficiency, and composed mostly of Canadian local militia and Indians.

By a supplemental article General Hull surrendered Major Brush's battalion as prisoners likewise. This, however, was well, as otherwise they would have surrendered only on being overwhelmed by numbers, and at the expense of much blood, and the loss of many

lives. On Monday, 17th, the day after the capitulation, Captain Elliott, of the British service, arrived from Detroit, bearing a flag of truce, and delivered to Major Brush an authenticated copy of the articles of capitulation, with letters to him from General Hull and Colonel M'Arthur, confirming the fact of the surrender, and also an order from General Brock requiring Major Brush and his battalion to march to Fort Malden, on the Canada side of the Detroit river, as prisoners of war. The surrender of Detroit and the whole army was an event so unlooked for, so extraordinary, so astonishing, that the papers were regarded as forgeries and Captain Elliott as a spy; and he was immediately placed in confinement under guard as a spy. In the afternoon, however, three or four of the well-known Ohio volunteers from Detroit, who were absent from the fort when it surrendered, made their escape and arrived at Major Brush's encampment, fully confirming the sad news. A council of war was held in the evening, and it was unanimously resolved that the battalion should disregard the treaty and make their way back to Ohio. Accordingly every preparation was made, except that of cooking food, for which there was no time; and about ten o'clock that night—Captain Elliott being first liberated—the men took up their march homeward. The night was cloudy and dark, and in the dense forest the narrow road could only be kept by traveling in the mud worked up in it.

Early the next morning they had reached the foot of the Maumee Rapids, thirty-four miles. Here the few inhabitants furnished them a scanty breakfast of whatever could be gathered up, and the march was resumed. After crossing the river, Captain Rowland's Company took the Sandusky road, and Captain Brush's that to Urbana. The march was continued all day and till about midnight; when, getting into the Black Swamp, where it was all mud, it was found impossible to distinguish where the road lay. A halt was called, and every man sought for himself a dry place at the root of some tree, where he sat on his knapsack and, leaning against the tree, slept till dawn the next morning, when the march was continued. A courier was sent ahead on horseback to Fort Findlay, on the Blanchard's fork, where, on the arrival of the company, about noon, they enjoyed the luxury of a good and plentiful meal of bread and jerked beef, hastily prepared for them by the sergeant's guard stationed at that post.

To this point the company was pursued by Brigadier General Tecumseh, the noted Shawnee chief, at the head of three hundred mounted Indians, sent by General Brock to capture and bring back the escaped prisoners. But finding by the "sign"—the footprints of the retreat—that they were several hours in advance of them, and would reach the settlements before they could be overtaken, the pursuit was abandoned, and Tecumseh and his brigade returned.

The march was continued from Fort Findlay immediately after taking their meal, and late that night the company reached Fort M'Arthur, on the Scioto river. The next morning they made a very early start through a heavy rain, which continued the whole day, and in the evening arrived at "Manary's Block-House," on the Indian boundary, under the command of General Manary. Here every possible kindness was shown to the fugitives by the General and his men. Fires were made in all the huts, and their wet clothing dried; and the rangers gave up their "bunks" or berths for the repose of their visitors.

Here the company entered the settlements, and being no longer in danger of pursuit, they continued their march more leisurely. At Urbana they separated into small parties, for greater ease in traveling, and generally reached their homes at Chillicothe on Monday, August 23d, after an absence of five weeks, without the loss of a man.

Although the company thus escaped from the enemy, after being surrendered as prisoners of war, yet our Government recognized them as prisoners; and they were a few months afterward, regularly "exchanged," and were ordered by Governor Meigs to be credited for a full tour of duty.

2. *Expedition of Governor Meigs for the Relief of Fort Meigs*, 1813.

IN the narrative of the expedition of Captain Brush's company of Chillicothe volunteers, in the summer of 1812, we noticed briefly the disastrous termination of the first campaign of the North-Western Army in that year.

Soon after the fall of Detroit, and the occupancy of Michigan and the Indian territory by the enemy, President Madison appointed William Henry Harrison, of North Bend, O., a Brigadier General in the United States service, and Commander in chief of the North-Western Army. As the Government had now no disposable regular troops in the West, General Harrison was left to reorganize the North-Western Army from the militia and volunteer forces of Ohio and Kentucky, aided by some volunteer companies from Pennsylvania and Virginia. No time was lost by the General in collecting his forces, and posting them at the various exposed points on the frontier and in the Indian territory beyond it. As soon as practicable, he advanced a well-appointed and disciplined volunteer force to the foot of the rapids of the Maumee river, where,

in the following winter, Fort Meigs was built. This was nothing more than a line of pickets, with a ditch and a high embankment of earth thrown up around his encampment, with round log block-houses at the salient angles. Fort Meigs was an important post, and it contributed mainly to the defense of an extended line of frontier settlements. Small troops of mounted rangers, and scouts on foot, sent out from the Fort, scoured the wilderness, and kept in abeyance the bands of marauding savages, whose known mode of warfare was the indiscriminate murder and plundering of the defenseless inhabitants of the frontier.

The importance of Fort Meigs for the protection of the frontier, and in facilitating the operations of the American army in its rear, then preparing for hostilities, was well understood by General Brock, the able commander in chief of the British forces on the Detroit river, and he determined on its capture or destruction. Accordingly, in the latter end of April, 1813, he sent General Proctor, at the head of a strong detachment from the British army, with three thousand Indians, to take this fort. After a siege of about ten days, during which time a continual cannonade was kept up from his batteries, General Proctor abandoned the siege, with great loss. Again, early in July following, Fort Meigs was closely invested by another large British and Indian force, under the command of Generals Proctor and Tecumseh, well provided with artillery and all the

necessary armament for a vigorous siege. General Harrison was not in command of the Fort at this time. Its force was numerically vastly inferior to that of the besiegers; and, moreover, the stock of provisions was insufficient for a protracted siege. General Harrison, then at Lower Sandusky, immediately dispatched a courier to Governor Meigs, with a requisition for a large reinforcement of militia, to aid him in compelling the enemy to raise the siege. Meantime General Proctor planted his batteries, and kept up a cannonade on the Fort. Several spirited sorties, however, were made from the Fort, in one of which the enemy's cannon were taken and spiked.

With his characteristic promptitude, Governor Meigs on receiving General Harrison's requisition, at once called out, *en masse*, the two entire divisions of militia nearest that part of the frontier, with orders to march immediately to the relief of Fort Meigs. The order was obeyed with equal promptness; and in a very few days the two entire divisions, without tents, but well armed and provisioned, were on their march for Upper Sandusky, where the whole force was to rendezvous on a given day, to be there organized for a rapid march to Fort Meigs.

This expedition, which lasted about six weeks, was not distinguished for any

"Most disastrous chances,
For moving accidents by flood and field,
Or hair-breadth 'scapes."

It never met the "insolent foe" which it set out to encounter. General Proctor, learning that ten thousand hardy "Buckeyes" were marching upon him, suddenly broke up his camp, and fled precipitately back to Canada. This news reached Governor Meigs—who commanded the expedition in person—at Delaware, by dispatches from General Harrison. The Governor, however, continued the march; and on the day of the general rendezvous reviewed his ten thousand citizen soldiers, drawn up in line upon the beautiful plains of Upper Sandusky. The further advance of this formidable force—greatly to the disappointment of all—was now arrested, and their high hopes of military glory cut off at a stroke. The Governor, too, may have had his dreams of deathless renown and blooming laurels about to be won upon the ensanguined plains of the Maumee. But now the renown has vanquished, like "the baseless fabric of a vision;" the laurels are suddenly plucked from his brow. *Sic transit gloria mundi!* We were forcibly reminded of the memorable exploit of a royal chieftain of the olden time, which is so graphically recorded by the historian, in heroic verse!

"The King of France, with forty thousand men,
Marched up the hill, and then—marched down again."

The only history of this expedition, so far as the writer knows, is that which is contained in his own letters, written home almost daily, and preserved by him for his family. From his narrative, thus written, such portions are selected as will be the most likely to interest the reader. Mr. WILLIAMS was at the time Clerk of the Chillicothe Regiment—a military officer then in existence, in the regimental staff of the Ohio Militia, with the rank of lieutenant.

Instead of the privations and hardships which he endured in the campaign of the previous year, Mr. WILLIAMS had now every thing that could contribute to his comfort and ease. As a regimental staff officer, he was well mounted, and was entitled to, and received transportation for his baggage-trunk, forage for his horse, two daily rations of provisions; and was a member of the Colonel's "mess," and quartered in his large marquee; and, withal, was exempt from all military and camp duty. His office was to prepare and record the regimental orders issued by the Colonel, and to record and file all brigade and general orders received by the Colonel from his superior officers.

The several regiments of the two divisions were all on the march between the 25th and 30th of July. Colonel Ferguson's Chillicothe regiment marched on the 29th. The next evening Mr. WILLIAMS writes: "Last night we encamped seven miles below Pickaway plains. To-night we are seventeen miles south of Franklin-

ton. Major Dawson's battalion, from Adelphi, joined us at Circleville, and makes our regiment about six hundred men."

While the men were taking their lunch, about noon of the first day's march, the Colonel issued an order that no fruit, vegetables, or other produce of the country, should be taken, otherwise than by purchase or permission of the owner. After the regiment had bivoucked for the first night, one of the men, in direct violation of the above order, took, without leave, from an adjoining cornfield, an armful of "roasting-ears." Information of the theft was promptly given, through his Captain, to the Colonel, by whose order the man was immediately arrested and placed under guard. After supper the Colonel convened a court-martial at his marquee for the trial of the culprit, and appointed William Key Bond, a young man, a private in one of the Chillicothe companies, Judge Advocate. Mr. Bond had, but a short time previous, emigrated from Virginia, where he had studied law, but had not yet commenced the practice. The culprit was arraigned before the court, and Mr. Bond examined the witnesses and conducted the prosecution with much ability; and his closing address to the court was a fine effort, and eloquently delivered.

This was Colonel Bond's first appearance at "the bar." Soon after his return from this tour, he commenced practice as an attorney and counselor at law

in Chillicothe and adjacent counties, and soon rose to the front rank of the profession. He represented that district several years in the Congress of the United States, in which he was a prominent and distinguished member. Many years since, he removed to Cincinnati, where he continued the practice of law; was in the United States Revenue service four years as Surveyor of the port of Cincinnati; and has lately, we believe, resumed the practice of law in that city.*

The reader will please pardon this digression. The court-martial found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be drummed out of camp and dismissed the service. This sentence was carried into execution the next morning, when the regiment was drawn up in line to resume the march. The culprit was marched along in front of the whole line, followed by all the drums of the regiment, beating the "Rogue's March" played by the fifes, and was then dismissed the service in disgrace. This was the only case of disobedience of the Colonel's order which occurred during the campaign.

Two days after the occurrence above noted, Mr. WILLIAMS writes:

FRANKLINTON, *July* 21, 1813.

"We reached this place about six o'clock this evening. The Governor and suite met and escorted our

*Mr. Bond was born in St. Marys County, Maryland, October 2, 1792, and died at Cincinnati, February 17, 1864.

regiment into and through town, and then reviewed it, expressing himself highly pleased with its martial appearance. In the evening he visited us at our marquee, and engaged to breakfast with us to-morrow morning. General Manary's brigade—twelve hundred and fifty strong—arrived here this morning, and is encamped near us. Several regiments have already gone on to Sandusky. General Lucas, with the remainder of our brigade, from Portsmouth, will join us to-morrow. Dispatches have just arrived to the Governor from General Harrison, who is still at Seneca, nine miles above Lower Sandusky, awaiting our arrival. The enemy is still before Fort Meigs, intrenching themselves."*

*The subsequent movements of Gov. Meigs were probably quickened by the following dispatch from General Harrison:

"Head Quarters, Seneca Town,
2d August 1813.

"Dear Sir:

The enemy have been, since last evening, before Lower Sandusky, and are battering it with all their might. Come, on my friend, as quickly as possible, that we may relieve the brave fellows who are defending it. I had ordered it to be abandoned. The order was not obeyed.

I know it will be defended to the last extremity; for earth does not hold a set of finer fellows than Crogan and his officers. I shall expect you to-morrow certainly.

Yours etc.,

Gov. Meigs. Wm. H. Harrison."

At the date of this letter, it will be remembered, Columbus, the present seat of Government of the State, had not been laid out. The ground now occupied by that flourishing city was then covered with cornfield and dense forest. Franklinton was then a place of considerable note. Now it is withering in the shadow of its great rival on the opposite bank of the river.

At Delaware the Governor received the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned the seige of Fort Meigs, and retreated to Canada, intimidated, no doubt, by the approach of the overwhelming force then on the march against them.

Delaware was at this time a very small village. The only public house in it was kept by Major Byxbe, near the center of the town, in a small brick house, very poorly fitted up, and which, we were lately informed, has recently been pulled down. The large and celebrated sulphur spring here was then in its original state of nature. Across the morass lying between it and Byxbe's tavern the Major had constructed a footbridge, consisting of a single line of slabs set end to end, and standing on wooden legs driven into auger-holes, and having a rough hand-rail at one side. The beautiful grounds around and southwest of the spring, now occupied by that young but noble and flourishing institution, the OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY, were then an unbroken forest. Delaware itself, from being

an obscure and insignificant little frontier village, has, by the location there of the University, and by the building of railroads through it, become a large, populous, and flourishing town.

The whole force of the two divisions ordered out having arrived at Upper Sandusky, they were all drawn out for muster and review upon the adjoining delightful plains, covered with grass and flowers, and were reviewed by the Governor. The display was quite an imposing one. The sight of ten thousand men under arms, drawn up in line, had never before been witnessed upon these plains.

The siege of Fort Meigs having been raised, the further advance of this force became unnecessary. But, as General Harrison expected to sail in a few days for the Detroit river, with all the force under his command, to meet the enemy, it was judged indispensable that a part of Governor Meigs' militia should remain at Upper Sandusky for the defense of the exposed frontier. For this purpose the Governor selected two brigades, of one thousand men each, under the command of Generals Lucas and Manary, and discharged the remainder, who immediately returned to their homes. The two brigades took a position about a mile north of Upper Sandusky, on a high point of land, having the Sandusky river, with a high bluff bank, on the east side, and a deep ravine on the north and west side, while the south side was protected by a

deep ditch and an embankment inside. The encampment embraced eight or ten acres, around which was soon constructed a strong *abatis*, which consisted of piles of trees, or large branches, sharpened and laid with their points outward, and presenting a formidable barrier to the entrance of a hostile force into the camp. Block-houses were built at each angle. To construct these several works a hundred or more men were detailed daily. Governor Meigs remained in command, and personally directed and superintended the works. He was vigilant; always on the alert, to see that everything went on right, and that the orders issued were well and promptly executed.

In this connection, it may be as well to give the reader a description of *a day* in the "Grand Camp of Ohio Militia," as it was called; and the duties and employments of one day were, with but little variation, the same on every day.

At four o'clock in the morning a discharge from a nine-pounder gun and beating the reveille was the signal to "turn out." In several of the tents "family worship" was now attended to by singing and prayer. Twenty minutes after reveille beat, all the troops not on guard were, at the beat of the drum, paraded and drilled an hour. Between six and seven o'clock breakfast was had. At eight o'clock the guards—who had been on duty from the same hour of the previous day—were relieved by the new guard for the day. The guard

consisted of about a hundred and fifty men, divided into three "reliefs" of fifty each, one of which "reliefs" was always on guard, and, at the end of two hours, was relieved by the next. A few of these were posted at the Governor's and field officers' quarters as "officers' guard;" the larger number were stationed around the encampment, at the distance of one hundred yards or more, as "camp guard;" and the remainder were posted at different points, a quarter of a mile or more from camp, as "picket guard," to give early notice of the approach of an enemy. At the same hour—eight o'clock—the different "parties" for the day were called out—such as "fatigue parties," to build blockhouses, storehouse, hospital, dig intrenchments, fortify the encampment, etc.; "grass parties," to mow on the plains, and bring in grass for the field officers' and cavalry horses; "police parties," for sweeping the encampment and keeping it clear of filth and rubbish. These parties were detailed from the several regiments, according to their numbers. At nine o'clock the officers were mustered, and drilled an hour by the brigade majors. At noon, at beat of the drum, all repaired to their tents for dinner. The several works were continued till four o'clock P. M., when all the troops not on duty during the day were mustered on the plain before the camp, and drilled by battalions. At sunset another discharge of cannon was the signal for "retreat," which was then beat by the drums, and the roll

called. Between seven and eight o'clock supper was taken. At nine o'clock "tattoo" was beat—the signal for all, except the guard, to retire to rest. The "countersign" for the night was then given to the sentinels, together with instructions concerning their duty. No noise whatever was allowed during the night.

Another item of camp duty, more worthy of note than the foregoing, was the observance of the public worship of God every Sabbath. The exercises of the first Sabbath is thus described by Mr. Williams in one of his letters, written the same evening:

"This day being the Sabbath, a general order was issued in the morning by the Governor, announcing that public worship would be held at his quarters at eleven o'clock, and inviting all who felt so disposed to attend. At the hour named, about six hundred assembled at headquarters for worship. There being no clergyman in camp—they being, by law, exempt from military duty, and as the office of army chaplain was then unknown—a public prayer-meeting was held. The Governor himself conducted the meeting; and, after reading the hymns, his aid-de-camp, Colonel Couch, lined them for the congregation to sing, when the Governor called on some one by name to lead in prayer. Some six or seven prayers were offered—all, I think, by Methodists, and with much fervor. The meeting lasted over an hour, and was conducted with the greatest good order and solemnity throughout.

"In the afternoon, some twenty or more of us repaired to the Governor's quarters, at his request, and employed an hour or two in singing sacred music, conducting all the parts of each tune scientifically. A number of good hymns were thus sung by good singers, while several hundred of the men in camp collected around the quarters to hear."

A few further extracts from the letters of Mr. Williams, written at "Grand Camp, Upper Sandusky," and we close this narrative:

"*August* 21, 1813. Governor Meigs informs me that Commodore Perry's fleet has arrived in Sandusky Bay; and that General Harrison has gone down, as he supposes, to arrange with the Commodore the plan of combined operations against the enemy. The British prisoners captured in the attack a few days ago on Fort Stephenson—Lower Sandusky—are still here at the Fort, but are not closely confined. Among them I find a pious Wesleyan Methodist—Michael Lindsay—who declared to me that he would never go back to the British army, if he could avoid it." [Lindsay, when exchanged and on the march back, made his escape, and afterward settled in Chillicothe, where he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and pursued his business as a house painter.]

"*August* 24, 1813. It still remains uncertain at what time the General—Harrison—will be ready to proceed to Canada. The fleet is yet in Sandusky Bay."

"*August* 25, 1813. General Harrison has returned from his visit to the fleet; and General McArthur and some boats filled with troops have gone up the Lake and Maumee river to Fort Meigs, where the General takes command. We are yet in the dark as to the time General Harrison will move on, and it is quite uncertain whether he will give us an opportunity to 'see some service' on the other side of the Lake. There is, I have reason to believe, an unpleasant state of feeling between the General and the Governor in relation to the militia under the Governor's command. And there is a probability, in consequence thereof, that we will, in a few days, be disbanded. I am sorry to hear so much dissatisfaction with the General expressed in camp; but I must say that I have not seen or heard anything yet which has lessened my confidence in him."

"*August* 26, 1813. Mr. Kelley, of Chillicothe, who bears this, left Seneca to-day, but brings no news. General Harrison was unwell. Things all appear now to await the *naval action* between the two hostile fleets, which is expected to take place in a few days."

It will be remembered that on the 10th of September, a few days after the date of this letter, the expected "naval action" *did* take place—Perry's great battle and victory, in which he *captured the whole British fleet.*

"*August* 28, 1813. Our fleet is still in Sandusky Bay. Commodore Perry is sick, and this may have delayed the sailing of the fleet."

"*August* 29, 1813. The Governor very politely handed me, to-day, an official communication which he had just received from General Harrison, remonstrating against retaining in service the force then under the Governor's command not now necessary. The General says: 'I am alarmed at the astonishing consumption of provisions, particularly flour, at Upper Sandusky. I beg leave to urge an immediate explanation of the views of your Excellency, in retaining in service so large a militia force, which, from the very nature of their organization and period of service, can not be permitted to accompany me to Canada.' The Governor, as you may well imagine, was not in a very good humor, and his reply—which he also showed me—was in no very honeyed terms.

"We shall probably receive orders to commence our march homeward in two or three days."

The expected order was issued two days afterward—August 31st—and the same afternoon the line of march was taken up. Colonel Ferguson's regiment reached Chillicothe on Monday P. M., September 6th, and was immediately disbanded. Thus ends the campaign of which we have written. Its object was the relief of Fort Meigs, then closely besieged by the enemy. And *this* was evidently attained by the advance of so large a force; prudence dictating to the enemy their precipitate retreat as "the better part of valor." The decisive victory of Commodore Perry, on the 10th of Septem-

ber following, and his capture of the whole British fleet on Lake Erie, decided the fate of the enemy on the whole northwestern frontier. The entire British army on the straits of Detroit, and all their military posts and dependencies there and on all the upper lakes, fell an easy prey to the victorious march of General Harrison and his army before the close of that autumn.

Appendix.

[The Muster-roll of Captain Brush's Company, preserved in the War Office at Washington, contains the names of only *sixty-nine* men, as follows:

Henry Brush, *Captain.*
William Beach, *Lieutenant.*
John Stockton, *Ensign.*
William Robinson, *First Sergeant.*
Robert Stockton, *Second* "
Craighead Ferguson, *Third* "
Henry L. Prentiss, *Fourth* "
Richard Snyder, *First Corporal.*
Henry Wray, *Second* "
James McDougal, *Third* "
John Buck, *Fourth* "

Michael Byerly
Levi Dougherty
Ebenezer Petty
Colby Chew
Henry Buchanan
William Bailey
David Johnston
William Davidson
George Rust
Horatio Evans
James Shaver
William Armstrong
Jacob Shaffer
Isaac Eastwood

Joseph Cessna
William McGrim
William S. Hutt
Robert Brady
Lewis Davis
Hugh Andrews
Peter Leister
Adam E. Hoffman
Samuel McCullough
Robert Holmes
Samuel Willets
Peter Brown
Archibald Stewart
George Smith
Adam Bowers
Thomas Bailey
Duncan McArthur
Joseph Miller
James Huston
John Peebles
Mahlon Frazer
Oliver Simpson
John Mitchell
John Watson
John G. McCann
William Creighton
Samuel Devault
Cadwallader Wallace
Edmund Brush
Nathan Thompson
John Hoffman
James Cessna
James Mitchell
John Watson
Samuel Williams
Edward W. Pierce
John S. Langham
Isaac Taylor
John Hall
Stephen Cessna
Francis DeSouchet
Uriah Barber
Joseph Tiffin
Abraham S. Williams.

Total, 69.]

Outline of Contents.

Ohio Valley Historical Series.

MISCELLANIES, No. 3.

The Leatherwood God.

R. H. TANEYHILL.

OHIO VALLEY PRESS.
ROBERT CLARKE & CO.
CINCINNATI, O.

GRB

THE LEATHERWOOD GOD.

An Account of

The Appearance and Pretensions

OF

JOSEPH C. DYLKS

In Eastern Ohio in 1828

By R. H. TANEYHILL

CINCINNATI
ROBERT CLARKE & CO
1870

THE main facts of this narrative were published a few years ago, by Mr. Taneyhill, in a series of articles in the Barnesville (Ohio) *Enterprise*, under the *nom de plume* of "R. King Bennett." The various statements have since been verified, and the narrative enlarged by the evidence of other witnesses. The delusion of which it treats was so extraordinary in its nature, and produced, in so short a time, so great and permanent a change in the religious belief of so many intelligent persons, that we have thought it worthy of preservation in our "Miscellanies," as a curious episode in the religious history of the Ohio Valley.

The Leatherwood God.

RELIGIOUS impostors have flourished in almost every portion of the historic period. Nor is this remarkable, when we reflect that man, universally, is disposed to give credence to marvelous stories, to put faith in sanctimonious pretensions, and to refer whatever he does not understand to some supernatural agency. These religious cheats have always found ready subjects to impress with their views, however visionary, and to mold into material to promote their ulterior schemes and purposes, however absurd and wicked.

Such an impostor was JOSEPH C. DYLKS, whose advent, teachings, journeyings, and unhallowed pretensions, are truthfully rehearsed in the following pages, and form one of the most interesting and curious episodes in the history of the Ohio Valley.

REGION WHERE HE APPEARED.

The settlement at Salesville, Guernsey county, Ohio, was begun in the year 1806. The settlers composing it were principally from the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, with occasionally an immigrant family, who had ventured from the old world to fight the battle of life in the new.

The lands within the limits of the settlements were very rich, well watered, and heavily timbered. Through them flowed the Leatherwood creek, skirted by wide bottoms. Its clear, bright waters, sparkling amid copses and woods, fell sufficiently at various points to afford water-power for mills, while numerous tributary streams coming down from the hills, laved the banks of narrow, fertile valleys, and gave ample supplies of good water for man and beast. Springs were abundant, and the scenery at many points was picturesque and romantic. A region possessing such a variety of advantageous conditions was well calculated to attract to it, as this did, a class of settlers averaging above those of the majority of settlements in the Valley of the Ohio, in intelligence, morality, and educational advancement. Prominent among the early settlers here were the Brills, Frames, Williamses, and Pulleys, the numerous descendants of whom have contributed so much to make that neighborhood one of the most enlightened and refined in our great and beautiful State.

The settlers at Salesville were subjected, however, to the hardships common to the pioneers of the West. A wilderness had to be subdued, great forests had to be felled, and untamed nature to be reclaimed into fields and meadows. Houses had to be built, out-buildings to be constructed, and the infinite appliances of our civilization to be brought about them; all of which required time, and the exertion of much physical and mental labor. The settlers, therefore, had but little leisure to devote to the embellishments and charities of life.

STATE OF RELIGION IN THE SETTLEMENT.

At the pioneer settlements of the West, the families at any given point were generally of one religious creed, being drawn together by the reciprocal attraction of a common sentiment.

Salesville, however, was an exception. The settlers here were of divers religious views; some were Methodists, some United Brethren, while others represented many of the sects of the day. Nearly all were men of deep religious convictions, to whom the worship of the Most High was a necessity. Hence, as early as 1816, all united in a common effort, and put up a commodious, hewed log church, about the fourth of a mile north of the Leatherwood creek, on the hill overlooking the present village of Salesville. As it was the property of no sect, it was called by common consent the *Temple.*

At this house of worship, for many years, the settlers met regularly to offer up their devotions. But as ministers came among them only at long intervals to deliver religious instruction, that work fell generally upon some of themselves, and it was done with a will and force that caused the *Temple* and its worshipers to be a power in the land, wide-spread and influential.

Time wore away, during which the other settlements of Eastern Ohio erected church-houses, and the Methodist and United Brethren churches established circuits and appointed preachers to administer to the spiritual wants of the people; the *Temple* still remaining a common shelter for the worship of all sects, demonstrating that often-spoken, but seldom-practiced, expression, "How pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

The ecclesiastical polity of the United Brethren church is very similar to that of the Episcopal Methodists. They hold general, annual, and quarterly conferences; have bishops, presiding elders, itinerant ministers, and local preachers. For ministerial administration they divide the country into diocese, districts, and circuits, the presiding elders and traveling preachers being supplied by the annual conferences.

LEATHERWOOD CIRCUIT.

At the time of which I am about to write, the Salesville congregation of United Brethren and the

Temple were included in what was called the Leatherwood circuit, which then extended from the Conauton creek, Tuscarawas county, to Marietta, and from the Muskingum to the Ohio river. It was called a circuit, although there was but little of the circle about it, as the appointments lay almost in a straight line from the Conauton to Marietta. There were eight or ten preaching places south of the *Temple*, and as many more north of it. The Annual Conference of 1828 met in March, and appointed Rev. John Crum presiding elder of the district embracing the Leatherwood circuit, and the Revs. Sewell Briggs and Abner Martin, as the itinerant ministers for the circuit itself. To be as near the center of his field of labor as possible, Mr. Briggs located his family with the *Temple* congregation, while his coadjutor resided at the north end of the circuit.

This conference year began with bright prospects for the United Brethren of the *Temple* neighborhood. Concord prevailed among the membership, zeal inspired their hearts, and a godly sorrow for sinners determined them to exalt Zion and to extend and establish her borders. The reverend gentlemen appointed to minister to their spiritual wants were deeply imbued with the spirit of the Gospel, and were ardent to confirm the brethren and sow the good seed that should "spring up to eternal life."

So in harmony and peace, in labors many, but with

reward abundant, the *Temple* congregation moved on in their religious work through the spring and summer of that year, until the month of August was reached, when their Destroyer came—a destroyer that broke the unity of the church, seized their *Temple*, and supplanted the faith of their fathers by the most audacious and blasphemous errors, that ever found support in the infatuation of enlightened men.

ADVENT OF THE LEATHERWOOD GOD.

About the middle of August, a camp-meeting was held on the lands of one Casper Overley, two and a half miles north-west of the *Temple*, in the immediate vicinity of the M. E. Chapel, called Miller's meeting-house, under the auspices of the United Brethren church. The camp-meeting began on a Wednesday, and was to continue over Sunday. On Sunday the attendance was very large, the ingathering being from over twenty miles around. The Rev. John Crum, P. E., addressed the congregation at the afternoon service. He had proceeded about half way in his discourse, and by his eloquent appeals had obtained the profound attention of the audience, and had wrought their feelings up to their intensest pitch; a silence solemn as the quietude of the grave pervaded the congregation, when a tremendous voice shouted "Salvation!" followed instantly by a strange sound, likened by all who heard it to the snort of a frightened horse. The minister was

taken by surprise and stopped preaching, all eyes were turned to the spot whence the sound seemed to proceed, and were fixed on a stranger of odd appearance, seated about midway the congregation. He sat steadfastly in his seat, with a countenance of marked solemnity, and totally unmoved by the excitement which he had produced. That stranger was JOSEPH C. DYLKS, the noted "*Leatherwood God.*" The shout and snort of Dylks are described by every one who heard them as imparting to all within their sound both awe and fear. One who had heard them often said: "They carried with them, right through you, a thrill like that felt when greatly scared in the dark, and a dread similar to that experienced when we think of dying instantly." Their effects upon the congregation at the camp-meeting were singular indeed. Some of the men jumped to their feet, others bounced in their seats, women shrieked aloud, and every cheek blanched. It was several minutes before the minister could proceed with his sermon; but the people gave no further heed to it, they were too much absorbed in scrutinizing the mysterious stranger.

The strangest circumstance, however, connected with his advent is, that no one saw him come into the congregation, nor had any one there ever seen him before. The most searching inquiries were made, but no witness ever appeared to verify the manner of his com-

ing. He was there, but that is all we will ever know about it.

HIS PERSONAL CONDUCT.

The dress and personal appearance of Dylks were such as to highten the astonishment of the people concerning him. He was about five feet eight inches high, straight as an arrow, a little heavy about the shoulders, but tapered symmetrically to the feet. His eyes black, large and flashing; nose, slightly Roman; forehead, low and broad; hair, jet-black, long, and glossy, thrown back from the forehead over the ears, and hung in a mass over the shoulders, reaching nearly to the middle of the back. His face was fair, but pale, and was pervaded by a look of deep solemnity, tinged with melancholy. He was dressed in a black broad-cloth suit, frock coat, white cravat, and wore a yellow beaver hat. He appeared to be between forty-five and fifty years of age. When we reflect that this was the day of linsey-wool hats, hunting shirts, and wamuses; that there was not in that large multitude one broad-cloth coat, and not a male person whose hair was not cut close, and who had not a rustic, pioneer look, we see, at once, how these considerations complicate the question, how he got into the congregation unnoticed.

SUBSEQUENT CONDUCT.

When the congregation was dismissed, of course, many sought the acquaintance of Dylks. He main-

tained a solemn gravity, but was affable and pleasant in his manner to all who approached him. He was invited home for supper by Mr. Pulley, at whose house he sojourned for several days. Dylks attended the night services, and, at the time most opportune for making the greatest impression on the people, again gave his shout and snort.

An advent so strange and mystical—so like the coming of a spirit—was well calculated to excite the credulity of the people, and to form a ready and sure basis for the pretense that he was endowed with supernatural powers. He immediately availed himself of the vantage ground given him over the minds of the community, and began secretly to declare himself to be a celestial being, bearing in his person a heavenly mission. Dylks was very sociable, and took great delight in visiting from house to house. He was everywhere received with hospitality and, kindness, and when he bade adieu to a family, was always requested to repeat his visit. This afforded him fine opportunities to carry forward his plans. For several weeks following his advent, however, he made no public promulgation of his pretensions, but attended the various religious meetings of the neighborhood, conforming his conduct to the occasion, and fervently uniting in the services. Sometimes he lead at the meetings, at which times he informed his hearers that he was only a teacher and not a preacher even. His manner of giving public instruc-

tion was peculiar. He used only one hymn, that beginning:

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay."

This he would line off a verse at a time, then expound it, then sing it, and so on with each verse until the hymn was finished. His prayers were pointed, sententious, and short—rarely occupying over two or three minutes, and always ending with the Lord's prayer. His expositions of scripture were clear, terse, and spirited; his illustrations, familiar but pungent. He seemed to be a master of the Bible, unhesitatingly and correctly quoting any portion of it necessary for the illustration of his subject. This was Dylks to the public. In secret, he was impressing certain members of the community with a knowledge of his tremendous spiritual powers. Telling them that he came into the congregation at the camp-meeting in his spiritual body, then took a corporeal one, and clothed it as they saw him there; that he could disappear and reappear at pleasure, perform miracles, and finally that he was the true Messiah come to set up the millenium, and establish a kingdom that should never end; that he should never die, and that all who should believe on him should live forever in their natural bodies, and hold the earth as an everlasting heritage; that his kingdom would spread over the whole earth, and nothing but holiness dwell therein; that his body could be touched

only by his permission; that not one hair of his head could be taken from him. And that with one shout and one snort he could strike out the universe.

PROMINENT CONVERTS.

Conspicuous among the number lead astray by the secret teachings of Dylks were Michael Brill, Robert McCormick, and John Brill. As they played a leading part in the Dylks' imposture, I will give them each a brief notice.

MICHAEL BRILL was the earliest settler at Salesville. He was born in Loudon county, Virginia, in the year 1763, and was consequently in his sixty-fifth year at the advent of Dylks. Mr. Brill had been a prominent member of the United Brethren church for many years, and his acknowledged piety gave him a wide influence in the neighborhood. He was well off, owning a farm of one hundred and sixty acres about a mile northwest of the *Temple*. His family consisted, at the time, of several daughters and one son—quite a boy. John Brill and George Brill, senior, who will be spoken of hereafter, were his younger brothers.

ROBERT MCCORMICK was born in Ireland, and came to the Salesville settlement in the year 1820, as a school teacher, which profession he followed in winter for many years. He was a member and local preacher in the United Brethren church. His farm adjoined that of his father-in-law, John Brill. At this time Mr.

McCormick was probably forty years of age, and in the full bloom of great intellectual and physical powers. He had a fine education, and was versed in the ways of men. Standing high in the church, of strict integrity, having an unblemished character, popular with the people, his personal appearance and manners pleasing and attractive, united to an intellectual force unusual in such a community, and a will-power unyielding and vigilant, Robert McCormick was a personage well fitted for a leader, and, as such, became the champion apostle of the Dylks' imposture.

JOHN BRILL was also an early-settler at Salesville, and at the advent of Dylks was about fifty years of age. He was also born in Loudon county, Virginia. Although he does not occupy a leading position in the Dylks' delusion, yet such were his relations to certain prominent characters in it, that this narrative would be incomplete without giving him a special notice. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was a class-leader when Dylks made his appearance; which station he had held uninterruptedly for over twenty years. He was the owner of a large farm, possessed much other means, and was eminently popular and influential. McCormick and James Foreacre, who will perform an important part in the career of Dylks, where his sons-in-law — Foreacre living at the time on Mr. Brill's farm.

PROGRESS OF THE DELUSION.

We have said that Dylks had, up to this time, carefully guarded from the public, as far as he could, what he had been teaching in secret. But by some means unknown, it had been reported that he had said he should never die. This report reached the ears of George Brill, sr., at whose house Dylks had made frequent visits. So when he came again, Brill said to him: "I hear that you say you shall never die." Dylks very dexterously slipped out of the difficulty. He raised his hands, exclaiming: "This shell will fall off," —then looking at Mr. Brill, continued—"I can endure strong meat, but must be fed on milk for a time." The sagacious answer led Mr. Brill to infer that the report had started from a too liberal conclusion predicated on the language of Dylks.

It was now about three weeks since Dylks had made his *debut* at the camp-meeting, and during this time he had made many proselytes to his claims, including many devout and influential professors of Christianity. His plans were now fully ready for the public promulgation of his pretensions, and events favored him. It was now Rev. Briggs' time to go to the appointments south of the *Temple* and preach, but he was suddenly taken ill, and it became necessary to obtain some other person to fill his place. Mr. McCormick was at last prevailed upon to make the tour in the place of the sick brother. He consented with

the understanding that Dylks would go with him as his coadjutor. This Dylks agreed to do, and all things were made ready for them to start from the *Temple* on the next Wednesday morning.

The first three appointments south of the *Temple* were Seneca, which was near where Mt. Ephraim now stands, in Noble county, Ohio. The next was at the dwelling house of a brother named John Christhaven, some miles further south; and the third, at the dwelling house of another brother named Mason, who lived in the southwest corner of Monroe county. This brother, Mason, had a son named David, who was an invalid, and confined to the house by consumption. David was about twenty-five years old, and had been for a year or two a licensed local preacher in the United Brethren church.

Wednesday morning came, and McCormick and Dylks set forward from the *Temple* to administer to the congregations at the several appointments south of the *Temple.*

THE JOURNEY AND ADVENTURES OF DYLKS AND McCORMICK.

The following account of this clerical tour was placed in my hands by a gentleman whose father received the statements embodied in it from McCormick himself, which he reduced to writing at the time. The writer was one of Dylks' disciples, and placed implicit

faith in what was told him by Mr. McCormick. Coming as it does from a genuine believer, who stood high in the Dylks' brotherhood, through an honorable source, I do not hesitate to pronounce it official. I give it entire, only changing a few words and giving it a few grammatical corrections:

"We had scarcely crossed the Leatherwood, when I seemed lifted up into a heavenly atmosphere. I felt extremely pleasant, indeed, full of joy. The face of Dylks grew brighter and lovelier; and his voice was exceedingly melodious. When we arrived at the top of the hill overlooking the *Temple* from the south, Dylks turned his horse's head, stretched out his hands toward it, and exclaimed:

"'Oh! how ignorant is that people of my true nature. But time will reveal all things to them.' We then went on, occasionally stopping to pray and to give thanks to God, arriving at Seneca in due time. At this appointment, we discharged our religious duties to the apparent acceptance of the congregation. But we did not go to bed until late, consuming the time in prayer, singing praises to God, and reading his word. Started early the next morning; when we had gone but a short distance a bright light circled the head of Dylks, who continued wrapt in thought for some time. When we stopped to pray as we had done the day before, this light remained over the saddle until Dylks would remount. So we continued to travel until we were

about half way, when he heaved a deep sigh and said: 'This work must be done.'

"We dismounted and prayed. This we did several times before we reached Christhaven's, the next appointment. Dylks officiated there in a very satisfactory manner. That night we did not go to bed at all, but sat up praying and reading the Scriptures. From the moment we left this appointment, the face of Dylks got lovelier and his voice sweeter. About noon we dismounted to pray. His countenance then appeared as if he were in an agony of mind. Up to this time whenever I was in Dylks' company, my feelings were very agreeable, but now I was oppressed. The day had been very clear—not a cloud to be seen—and the sun shone bright and hot. But as soon as we remounted, a chilliness, that almost made my teeth chatter, seized my body, and continued until Dylks ordered a halt. Looking me steadfastly in the face for a minute or two, he said: 'Time is most precious now. We must stop praying. Now is the time for work. I now reveal unto you, that you are *Paul, the apostle.* You will shortly see most wonderful things. I will increase your faith so that you may see the sights of my power with understanding, and by them magnify my glory among men.' As soon as Dylks begun speaking the chilliness left me, and I felt more joyful than ever I felt before. Here Dylks cast his eyes skyward, and remained motionless a few minutes. The bright light of day suddenly be-

came as mere twilight, then it as rapidly grew light as ever again, when Dylks exclaimed: 'Did you not hear that sound—like the rushing storm. It was the Adversary of souls cleaving the air. I saw him sweep with hell-lit wings the top of yonder woods, and dart to earth to give me battle. Fear not, I will vanquish him.'

"We started on, and shortly descending into a ravine, thickly wooded, with steep hills on both sides of the road, when we saw the devil standing in our way. Dylks dismounted for the conflict, and exclaimed in a loud voice: 'Fear not, Paul; this done, my work is done.' With a firm and deliberate step, Dylks marched on to the combat. Satan did not flee, but prepared to meet him. He poised himself on his cloven feet in firmest attitude for mortal stroke; half lifted his flaming wings; bristled his scaly folds with sounds like muttering thunders; shot out his forked tongue, each prong streaming with liquid fires; rolled his glaring eyes which seethed in their sockets; while a hissing noise, terrible as the screams of the damned, bubbled in the throat of his majesty infernal.

"Dylks knelt and prayed, arose, shouted salvation, and blew his breath toward the enemy of mankind. The devil's wings dropped, his scaly folds recoiled, his tongue was motionless, and his eyes, appalled, stood still, and with leaps terrific, which shook the earth at each rebound, he fled the field. We followed with all the haste we could, keeping close upon him, until we

came in sight of brother Mason's house, when the devil jumped the fence and sprang to the door. The door did not open, but the devil disappeared from us.

"When we entered the house, which we did without hitching our horses, we found brother Mason in, and his son, Rev. David Mason, lying on a bed. He got up from the bed as soon as we entered, and embraced Dylks as his Savior, remarking that the devil had taken possession of him, and that he knew Dylks as soon as he came in as his deliverer. Dylks then said: 'Let us pray.' We knelt, and Dylks prayed. When we arose from prayer, the house was filled with a strange, bright light, and every face shone with a lustre beautiful to see. Dylks then walked around Bro. David Mason three times, rubbing his hand against his body all the time, and saying: 'I bind the devil for a thousand years, not to be loosed to meddle in the affairs of men.' Having done this, he embraced David seven times, hugging him with much feeling, and then exclaimed: 'The perfect work is done.' Dylks then sat down. After we had eaten and rested ourselves well, I proposed to have our horses unsaddled, but Dylks said: 'No, we must return to the *Temple*. Preaching now is vain, useless—useless. There is now no salvation only by me.' I had no power in me to resist anything required of me by Dylks from that time on, so we bade the Masons good-bye and started home, where we arrived; how, you all know. Dylks talked but little on

our journey home, but continued to mutter to himself: 'The perfect work is done.' Dylks never shouted salvation after his return, but simply snorted."

THE EFFECTS.

The unexpected return of Dylks and McCormick, their marvelous story, and the public enunciation, now for the first time made by Dylks, that he was the true Messiah, come to set up a kingdom on earth, struck the community with amazement. This was intensified into the profoundest astonishment, when it became known that such men as McCormick, and Michael and John Brill, with others equal in repute to them, and fully one-half of the old worshipers at the *Temple*, were believers in the doctrines of Dylks and firm adherents to his cause.

The delusion spread with a rapidity scarcely ever equaled in the history of religious fanaticism. Family was set against family, parent against child, husband against wife, neighbor against neighbor, and so the imposture progressed, dividing and conquering, until the whole church membership of the community were overwhelmed by it, except George Brill, Sr., and James Foreacre. They stood firm and unfaltering, the one a Methodist and the other a United Brethren, the only remaining pillars to sustain the old edifice of Christianity in that neighborhood. Around them the non-professors gathered to stem and beat back the wasting desolations of the Dylk's delusion. The Rev. Briggs was still sick,

and had to be an unwilling and helpless witness of the disruption of his church. His flock had wandered from the fold, and were gathered around a shepherd who promised to lead them at once into the New Jerusalem, and that, too, without encountering the King of Terrors.

THE TEMPLE SEIZED.

As nearly all the church members of every denomination had gone over to Dylks, they seized the *Temple* on the Sunday night following the return of Dylks and McCormick, and dedicated it to the use of the new dispensation. Dylks preached the dedication sermon. The brethren and sisters assembled in a body, and many others congregated, prompted by curiosity. At first, he was cautious in his language, but gradually grew bold, and at last gave utterance to the following blasphemous language: "I am God, and there is none else. I am God and the Christ united. In me, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are met. There is now no salvation for men except by faith in me. All who put their trust in me shall never taste death, but shall be translated into the New Jerusalem, which I am about to bring down from Heaven." The brothers yelled: "We shall never die." The sisters screamed, Dylks snorted, and the spectators muttered indignant exclamations. The dedication ceremonies were converted into an uproarious religious tumult. Men shouted and yelled, women screamed and uttered prayers to Dylks to have

mercy upon them, while he stormed and snorted. As Dylks descended from the pulpit, McCormick exclaimed: "Behold our God!" and the believers fell on their knees and worshiped him. When partial order was restored, McCormick announced that the next meeting would be held that night a week, and the congregation was dismissed.

The violent demonstrations of the Dylksites on Sunday night disgusted some who were wavering, and drove them back to the ancient landmarks, while they increased and confirmed the indignation and hatred of the non-professors. The lofty pretensions of the avowed God were soon put to the test. "We must have a miracle — some evidence of his stupendous powers must be produced—simple declamations will not do," were expressions every-where resounding in the ears of Dylks' disciples. He saw the necessity of some act to confirm his claims, and promised to make a seamless garment, if the cloth was furnished him.

A MIRACLE THAT WAS NOT PERFORMED.

Among the number carried away by the delusion was Mrs. Pulley, wife of him at whose house Dylks took his first supper in the neighborhood, as already mentioned. She was a very excellent and devout woman, and a prudent wife. She had just got home from the weaver's a piece of cloth intended for the winter's clothing of the family. This piece of goods,

as her husband was an unbeliever, she secretly conveyed to Michael Brill's, at whose house the miracle was to be wrought. The people assembled at the appointed time, eager and anxious to see the sight. Friends were certain of its performance, enemies equally sure of a failure. Dylks delayed his coming. Anxiety began to take possession of the believers, and mirth to fill the hearts of the "heathen doubters." Much they looked, and long they waited, but Dylks came not. Nor did the linsey cloth burst into seamless vestment under the magic touch of the miraculous artificer, but remained undisturbed in woof and roll. And so ended the effort at miracle.

Sunday night came, and a large congregation assembled at the *Temple*. The following account of that meeting was communicated to me by Rev. George Brill, then, and now, a resident of the Salesville community. He is a son of the George Brill, Sr., heretofore mentioned, and a nephew of Michael and John Brill. Mr. Brill was an eye-witness of the facts he narrates, and to him I am indebted for considerable other information about the Dylks' delusion:

REV. GEO. BRILL'S ACCOUNT OF PROCEEDINGS.

"The *Temple* was crowded. McCormick, who officiated on the occasion, stood, as was the custom of local preachers, in front of the pulpit. Dylks sat directly before him. During his remarks, McCormick

alluded to Dylks as the 'Lion of the tribe of Judah,' and called him God. Dylks then sprang to his feet, and leaped into the air three times, giving vent to his peculiar snorting. He then cried out with a loud voice: 'I am God, and besides me there is no Savior.' This he did several times during the evening. McCormick continued, 'The day of salvation is past, the wicked shall be cut off, and we, the righteous, shall reign with Dylks a thousand years, with nothing to mar our peace or our happiness.' During the evening I saw several women go and fall down on their knees before Dylks and worship him. At the conclusion of the meeting, McCormick announced a meeting for the next Thursday evening, saying: 'When the old man, as you call him (meaning Dylks), will speak to the people.'

"Dylks now staid most of his time (continued Mr. Brill) at my uncle's, Michael Brill, who, with his family, were all firm believers in his pretensions, and so was my brother Christopher, who lived with his uncle Michael. Christopher once came over to my father's, and, with tears in his eyes, tried to persuade father and mother to believe on Dylks. Father told him it was all a delusion, but he left weeping, saying: 'Your damnation will be sealed.'

"During the time to Thursday night, many opinions were expressed about Dylks, and the excitement was intense. Some said he was crazy, others that

he was after money, a few that McCormick put him up to it, but a large majority thought him to be what he said he was.

"Before we went to the *Temple* on Thursday night, McCormick came to our house. Father was considerably aggravated at the shape matters had taken, and was in no humor to hear any of the folly of McCormick. He had not been there long, before he began talking about the 'new faith,' and remarked to father: 'I shall never see corruption, as I shall never die;' and then said: 'Uncle George, you can not shoot me.' Father sprang for his rifle, which hung on pegs in another room, and would have shot McCormick in the legs, if he had not begged off, saying: 'I was only in fun, uncle.' There were a good many of Dylks' believers there, on the way to the *Temple*, and it was quite a damper on their ardor to see McCormick act that way.

"The crowd at the *Temple* that night was great. We could see them coming from every point of the compass. Before we got to the house, McCormick said: 'Dylks will not be out to-night, but I will fill his place;' as much as to say, I am God! Some person had started, for fun I suppose, a report that he would be mobbed that night if he came out. The *Temple* was crowded full, and nearly all eager to see the *Mighty God* enter the church, but he did not come.

"Rev. Briggs went early, and sat down in the

pulpit with his head bowed down, so as to hide himself from the congregation. Of the vast crowd, only one or two knew he was there. McCormick took his seat in front of the pulpit. All seemed to be anxious to see what would come next, and a perfect silence prevailed in the crowded house, when the Rev. Briggs arose to his feet, as if he had been a specter, looked for a full minute over the congregation, and said: 'This is all a *fal lal lal.*' A scene followed that beggars description. The disciples of Dylks sprang to their feet, and with one voice, as it were, cried out: 'He is my God;' and then left for Michael Brill's, where Dylks was, shouting as they went: 'He is my God.' But a mere remnant was left, as the followers of Dylks principally made up the crowd."

A REVEREND CONVERT.

The fame of Dylks had, by this time, spread throughout the Leatherwood circuit, and had reached the ears of the clergy in other fields of labor. Curiosity to see the pretender was excited in many of the preachers, and one of them yielded to the temptation. His name was Samuel Davis, a young man of fine talents, and who had just been put into the itinerancy of the United Brethren Church, in the north part of the State. So he set out to see for himself this man who had put himself in the place of God. At Wooster, Ohio, he fell in with a young fellow-preacher, named Jacob

Brill, son of George Brill, Sr., who was in charge of the Wooster circuit. Brill was about to come home on a visit when Rev. Davis arrived at Wooster. So they started for the Salesville neighborhood together. Late one afternoon they arrived at the house of one Heaps, a preaching station in the Leatherwood circuit, near Antrim, Guernsey county. Before they entered the house Brill heard that Dylks was there. He therefore cautioned Rev. Davis against him. Davis replied: "Bro. Brill, you need not give yourself any fears about that matter." They were introduced to Dylks. After supper Brill asked Davis: "What do you think of him by this time?" "Think of him? He's nothing but a crazy old man," was Davis' reply. "Beware, or he'll have you, sir." "Never," rejoined Davis.

During the conversations of the evening, Davis seemed to give but little heed to what Dylks said, and treated him with studied indifference. The next morning, however, when Brill proposed that they start on their journey, Davis said: "No, I shall not go now. I shall remain until Dylks goes." Brill, finding Davis had determined to stay, went on by himself. In a few days Dylks and Davis arrived in company at the Salesville neighborhood, stopping at Mr. McCormick's. In a short time thereafter, Davis announced himself a believer in the teachings of Dylks.

ARRESTED BY A MOB.

Dylks' star, which had rushed to the zenith so rapidly, now began to wane. Enemies commenced to organize an opposition, and friends, when they saw that his lofty pretensions when put to the test, were only empty boastings, began to doubt. Having their plans perfected for the arrest of Dylks, they lost no time in putting them into execution. Mr. Brill's communication contains quite a graphic narration of the doings of the mob which arrested Dylks and carried him before the magistrates; and I transcribe it in full. Mr. Brill says:

"William Gifford, who lived in the neighborhood, had a daughter named Mary, a pretty and smart girl, about seventeen years of age. She was a believer in Dylks, and would listen to nothing her father and friends could say to her. She spent most of her time going around with the disciples wherever Dylks was. Gifford was a kind father, very fond of his daughter, and much distressed at her conduct; he entreated her with all his power to leave the delusion. She finally told him: 'If you will get me a single strand of his hair, father, I will renounce my belief in him as God.' Dylks had made them believe that this could not be done. Gifford resolved to have that lock of hair.

"James Foreacre, son-in-law of John Brill and brother-in-law of McCormick, was deeply mortified at their course, as he was a member of John Brill's class,

and he determined to see if Dylks could not be frightened from the place, hoping by this to save Brill and McCormick.

"So, on a Thursday night, some weeks after the affair at the *Temple*, Dylks and some of the 'little flock' assembled at McCormick's. Dylks always called his disciples 'the little flock,' quoting that passage which reads: 'Fear not little flock, it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' James Foreacre heard of the meeting, and got his brother John to go with him to McCormick's to help arrest Dylks.

"The same evening William Gifford attended meeting at Miller's Chapel, and there organized a company of four or five to go with him on the same errand that Foreacre and his party were about to endeavor to perform. But neither knew of the other's intentions. The Foreacres arrived at McCormick's first, went in, and tried to get at Dylks, but were driven out by the 'little flock.' John Foreacre then cut a club and said: 'I 'll have Dylks or die in the attempt.' The Gifford party had now arrived, and as the Foreacres entered the house at the south door, they entered at the north. The 'little flock' was taken by surprise. My brother Christopher was of the 'little flock,' and he took a three-legged stool and got ready to throw it at them, when he thought: 'Why should I fight for God Almighty,' so he put the stool down and left, and gave up his would-be God.

"By this time, Dylks had slipped into the kitchen and hid himself in a corner by the chimney. Gifford sought him out, seized him by the hair of the head, and dragged him out of the house, and continued to drag him out through the yard. He tore out a considerable lock of Dylks' hair as a trophy to carry home to his daughter Mary. They had Dylks, but they did not know what to do with him. He made no resistance. Some one proposed to hang him, when Dylks trembled mightily. Another said, let's thresh him, and let him go. Finally, they concluded to take him before 'Squire James Frame, and see what the Civil Code provided for such fellows."

As Mr. Brill's account is silent as to what took place at 'Squire Frame's, I give it as I heard it from one who was an eye-witness.

BEFORE 'SQUIRE FRAME.

James Frame, the justice before whom Dylks was taken, was a son of Thomas Frame, one of the first settlers in that community, and a Methodist. The 'Squire was a man of good sense, and well versed in the statutes of the State. When the party reached the office with Dylks, they were soon informed by his honor that he had no law by which to try a "God." Thomas Frame, the father, was present in the room. After the justice had refused to take cognizance of the case, the old man stood a few minutes in silence, sur-

veying the strange-looking personage before him, and then inquired: "Do you pretend, sir, to be God Almighty?" "I am God, and there is none else," replied Dylks. The old man remained silent several seconds, then extending both hands toward Dylks very solemnly said: "May the Lord have mercy on your poor soul." Dylks smiled and remarked: "The old man will believe by and by." Had Dylks remained silent, he would have been spared further trouble; but his wicked answer made the mob more furious than ever. So they bore him away to confront 'Squire Omstot, of Washington, Guernsey county, Ohio. This dignitary's office was located about where the Ark storehouse now stands in that village.

IN COURT AGAIN.

Arriving here bright and early in the morning, they awoke the public functionary from his slumbers to sit in judgment on the conduct of a pretended God. The morning was frosty, and the party chilled; but the 'Squire soon had his office aglow with warming flames, and they were ready for business. The specifications, charges, and statements of the accusers were duly presented. And now there came looming up new questions, grave and solemn, such as had never before been broached in the jurisprudence of his little court. Something must be done, but what should that something be? The 'Squire, having in finished style rubbed

his "specks," and put them on his nose, took down the book containing the "be it enacted" of the General Assembly. With stunning look, he conned its pages, scanned the sections defining crimes; but, unsatisfied, turned his eyes beaming with fresh-born hope to the constitutional provision guaranteeing religious freedom; closed the book, and replaced it on the shelf; took off his "specks" and rubbed them again; threw a forlorn and despairing glance at the crowd, as if imploring pity for his miserable predicament, and subsided into a reverie, more perplexed and worse confounded than he had been before his reading. The suspense was terrible. How we are sometimes lifted unexpectedly to ourselves from the mire and clay of ignorance to the firm, broad highway of knowledge by the helping hand of some professional or literary friend. So it was with the 'Squire. A Cambridge lawyer happened to be in town, and after consultation with him, the 'Squire with eyes blazing with wisdom, and a mein bridled and reined with the starchy grace of judicial dignity, reseated himself. A 'Squire was of some consequence in those days. The crowd stood tiptoe, bending their bodies and shooting out their necks to catch the first sound of the magisterial thunder. The 'Squire spoke: "In this country every man has a right to worship what God he pleases, and that under his own vine and fig tree, none daring to molest or make him afraid. With religious fanaticism our laws have nothing to do, unless it be

pushed so far as to violate some of our public ordinances. This I find the prisoner has not done; he must therefore go acquitted."

While the 'Squire was hunting the law, consulting the lawyer, and pronouncing his decision, Dylks conducted himself with fortitude and humility. When the opinion of his Honor had been given, and before the crowd began to breathe easy after the mighty strain on their attention, the friends of Dylks, apprehensive of violence from the Foreacre party, gave him a wink. He sprang to the street and bounded up the pike, followed by his shouting accusers, who hurled at him a shower of the recently broken stone that strewed the road. Dylks escaped untouched, and was lost by his pursuers in a woods which skirted the pike at the east end of the village.

REIGN OF TERROR.

The Foreacre party, although foiled in the legal prosecution, had gained a victory by putting the pretended God to flight, and so returned in triumph to Leatherwood. Being now in the ascendant, if not by numbers, yet certainly by the war spirit, they brought the community under surveillance to their power. The neighborhood was regularly and vigilantly patrolled; the houses of the "believers" put under strict watch, and the entire region round about the *Temple*, sleeplessly scoured by the scouts. Many were the

insults offered by them to the "faithful." Menace and threat were indulged in so freely that the leaders of the Dylks party desisted from all public demonstrations, and quietly awaited the subsidence of the mob spirit. Miss Gifford, having been put in possession of the lock of hair, torn by her father from the head of Dylks, had lost faith in the truthfulness of his Godship. A few others deserted the faith, and it appeared evident to the opposition that they had exploded the delusion. Dylks not appearing, the believers remaining quiet, and the indignation of the chief promoters of the persecution having expended itself, the community settled to its previous placid condition.

WHAT THE DYLKSITES WERE DOING.

Although the "believers," during the reign of terror, had abandoned their public meetings and instructions, they were, nevertheless, sedulously spreading the faith in secret. But no sooner had persecution ceased, and active opposition ended, than they renewed their public worship under the lead of McCormick.

Their number had not been in the least depleted by the persecution, although a few had gone back to the "herd of the lost," yet new converts had been made sufficient to compensate for those who had gone astray. Besides, the persecution had the same effect upon the deluded that it always has had when directed against religious fanaticism; it only intensified their faith and

strengthened their feelings of brotherhood. Their public services were held sometimes at Michael Brill's, sometimes at John Brill's, and at other times at the *Temple.*

WHAT HAD BECOME OF DYLKS.

Dylks, who had disappeared on the run, had not yet made his appearance, and what had become of him was unknown to the "lost," as all were now denominated who rejected the teachings of the impostor. Many were the stories invented, both by his friends and his foes, about what had become of him. Some said he had been taken by angels up to heaven; others that he was wandering about the neighborhood of the *Temple.* Occasionally, strange lights were seen, and queer noises heard, by some night traveler, and these were said to be produced by the collision of Dylks' spiritual essence with some Plutonian emissary come to torment the faithful, but driven away by the timely interference of their Lord and master. Another story, much circulated at the time, represented that Dylks was seen in the western part of Pennsylvania, near Washington, with his face to the East, and walking very fast. The facts, however, are that after he escaped from his accusers at Washington, he made his way back to the Salesville neighborhood. That while the terrors and vigilance of the opposition lasted, he remained secreted in the woods or out-houses, or at the obscure residence of

some believer little noted, having his wants supplied by his disciples. On several occasions he narrowly escaped detection and consequent violence by the indiscretion of his friends, who, when conveying him food, so acted as to excite the suspicion of the opposition.

AN ESCAPE.

At one time during the fury of the Foreacre party, the retreat of Dylks was ferreted out by three of them who were hunting him. They all had a plain sight of him, but he escaped in a manner unknown and mysterious. From certain actions of his disciples, it was suspected that he was hid in a thicket on the lands of one William St. Clair, who lived about a mile west of the *Temple*. Mr. St. Clair was one of his proselytes, and had, on several occasions, aided Dylks in eluding the pursuit of his enemies. The thicket was about midway between Michael Brill's and St. Clair's, and as both of these gentlemen were his warm friends, of course their houses and farms came in for a large share of the attention of the infidel mobocrats. The thicket was surrounded entirely by deep stagnant waters, except a narrow bench of land that formed a place of exit, but which could be readily watched by a single person. The three who were on the hunt of him entered the thicket on this narrow strip of land, and near the center of the area inclosed by the waters found Dylks sitting on a log. Fearing he might escape them, and to be certain of their game, they

returned to the narrowest point of the passway through which they had entered the thicket, and posted two of their number as guards, while the third was despatched to inform their comrades. In a short time eight or ten others arrived at the point occupied by the guards. Leaving four of their number to watch the passage, the remainder marched into the circle formed by the guards and water, but after searching the grounds with all the care of men in earnest, leaving no place in which a human being could be secreted unexamined, they found no Dylks. He had vanished from their grasp.

DYLKS REAPPEARS.

Dylks was naturally a coward. For several weeks he had endured the horrors of great fear, and suffered an isolation as painful as an imprisonment. Nor did he permit himself to be seen by any but the faithful for a week or two after the opposition had disbanded their organization, and ceased to pay any attention to the disciples of the new faith. Fearing no longer for his personal safety, he made his appearance at a public meeting of the "believers" at Michael Brill's. He here exhibited great trepidation, watching every new comer with looks of suspicion, and keeping himself in constant trim for flight. He soon grew bold, however, and again began to visit through the neighborhood, extending them for several miles around the *Temple.*

FRESH DEVELOPMENTS AND AN ORGANIZATION.

For weeks following the reappearance of Dylks, divers meetings were held, and visitations from house to house carried on, the "brethren" strengthened, the wavering confirmed, and proselytes made and added to their numbers. Novelty, mystery, and miracle constitute the vital principles of every "new faith." And it is indispensable, also, that some of these be constantly active in the production of fresh developments to meet the emergencies of opposition, and to prevent the lukewarmness of the membership. Besides, members are nothing without an organization to bring them into order, to give adhesion to the individual parts, and to secure the permanency of the whole.

Dylks could not *do* the miraculous, but he could make promises stupendously novel, and could envelope his actions with an atmosphere of mystery. As an organizer he was a mere bungler.

But the time had now come when fresh developments must be made and an organization perfected. So, to accomplish these purposes, a meeting of the "faithful" was held on a Sunday night toward the close of October, 1828, at the house of Michael Brill. Rev. Davis, McCormick, John Brill, and many of the disciples were there assembled. Dylks announced to the brethren, that although the kingdom he was about to set up was to be on the earth, yet it was not of this

world—was to be one of peace, harmony, and brotherly love. That as they had been met by violence, denunciation, and persecution, thereby subjecting them to much suffering for the faith, and that if he persisted in his work at that point, it was probable other outrages would be practiced upon them, and that as he did not wish to use force to carry forward the good work and establish the great city, he had determined not to bring down the New Jerusalem in that neighborhood, but had fixed on the city of Philadelphia as the point for its foundation. He also informed them that the time had fully come for the beginning of that work, to do which he must have his assistants, whom he called his apostles. He then revealed to the membership the persons who were to be his apostles: Rev. Davis was to be the "Peter" of the Dylks dispensation, and Michael Brill the "Silas," and that it would be necessary for them and McCormick, who was the "Paul," to go with him to Philadelphia, to assist in the establishment of the great city, which was to be the city of all cities, and was to fill the earth with its magnificence and glory. That during their absence, the "little flock" was to be tended by John Brill, who was to see that they met together once in each week for prayers and instruction. That when they prayed, the believers should keep their faces to the East, and he would not fail to remember them. That having erected the New Jerusalem, and made all things ready, he and his apostles would return, gather

up the faithful, and transplant them in the midst of the great city.

Dylks, at the same meeting, presented his believers with a description of his New Jerusalem: "Its light would eclipse the splendor of the sun. The temples thereof, and the residences of the faithful, would be built of diamonds excelling the twinkling beauty of the stars. Its walls were to be of solid gold, and its gates silver. The streets were to be covered with green velvet, richer in luster and fabric than mortal eye ever beheld. The gardens thereof were to be filled with all manner of fruits, precious to the sight, and pleasant to the taste. That the faithful would ride in chariots of crimson, drawn by jet black horses that needed no drivers, and that their joys would go on increasing forever. That the air of the city would be redolent with the aroma of shrub and flower, while ten thousand different instruments, attuned to the symphony of heaven, would fill the courts, streets, temples, residences, and gardens with music ineffably sweet, swelling the souls of the saved with perpetual delight."

He informed his apostles that they must set out on their journey early the next morning. The question was then sprung as to money to bear the expenses of the trip, when Dylks remarked: "As for money, these," pulling three old rusty coppers from his pocket, "will be sufficient; for of them I can make millions of gold and silver."

THE JOURNEY TO PHILADELPHIA.

By times in the morning, those three devoted disciples of Dylks and apostles of his dispensation, Rev. Davis, McCormick, and Michael Brill, with their lord and master, started afoot from McCormick's for the city of Philadelphia.

They pursued their journey, sometimes by the highways, sometimes by the by-ways; at other times striking through fields and plunging across forests, scaling mountains without regard to roads, but always coming precisely to the ferries and bridges that afforded passage of the rivers and streams which lay in their way. How they managed to obtain food and lodging remains a secret to this moment. Dylks, however, so acted as to procure both. When they arrived to within about three miles of the city, the road they were pursuing forked. Dylks now said: "Faithful apostles, it is now necessary for us to separate for a time. Paul and Silas will take the south fork of this road, I and Peter will pursue the north. We meet again where the light from heaven shall shine brightest within the city, for there will the New Jerusalem begin to expand to fill the earth." They parted. McCormick and Brill went on, and in due time arrived at the city, but saw no light. They journeyed the city over, but still no light. Day after day they traveled the city, street by street, trembling between hope and fear, but still found no light. The light never came, nor did Dylks or Davis.

Having remained until the last vestige of hope vanished, with sorrowings and weepings, foot-sore and moneyless, they set their faces toward Baltimore, where they arrived in due time. Here, from the pledge of their tobacco crop, which was still in the hands of a commission merchant, they procured funds and went home by stage. They made a truthful report of the events of their journey, suppressing nothing. The effect of Dylks' trickery upon the brotherhood was scarcely perceptible. They had became too deeply imbued with the bewildering influence of the delusion to yield it up, no matter what the defeat to their expectations might be, or how dastardly soever Dylks should act. Illustrating that declaration of holy writ, that man may be so far led away by delusion that he will believe a lie to his own damnation.

DYLKS' SUCCESSIVE CLAIMS.

I have spent much time to gather together from the statements of both friends and foes of Dylks, his claims and pretensions, and the order in which he promulged them, with the arguments advanced to sustain them. In so doing, I have carefully compared the testimony, and have adduced from the evidence thus afforded me the following summary:

When Dylks first made his appearance in the neighborhood of the *Temple*, he claimed to be only an "humble teacher" of Christianity. Shortly, however,

he pretended to be the Christ of Calvary, returned to resurrect the saints, and to set up the millennium. While he was enforcing upon the believers this pretension, he would often exhibit what he said were the nail marks in his hands, the spear mark in his side, and the thorn marks on his brow. Having established this claim firmly in the minds of his disciples, he began to teach that although Jesus Christ was a real Messiah, had been crucified, and had arisen from the dead, yet that he was not *that* perfect Messiah and Christ, vouchsafed to man by the promise that: "The seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," in that "Shiloh" that was to "come," and in that Holy One that was not "to see corruption." He contended that that "seed," that "Shiloh," and that "Holy One," according to these promises, should never taste death. So death should have no dominion over him (Dylks). That if one died, so long as he was dead, so long death held dominion over him. He said that death, therefore, as a matter of fact, had had dominion over Jesus Christ—had had a real triumph over him. That the physical sciences demonstrated that a dead body at the time of year in which the crucifixion occurred, and in the latitude of Jerusalem, and dead, too, for thirty-six hours, would necessarily within that time commence to decompose, especially where the skin should be broken. That in the mere article of death there is corruption.

That *the* perfect Messiah and Savior should never taste death, but should be as immortal and immutable as the Father. And that he, Joseph C. Dylks, was that perfect Messiah and Savior, and hence should never die nor see corruption. After he had impressed these teachings upon the belief of his disciples, he assumed that this perfect Messiah and Savior must of necessity be God. And that he, Joseph C. Dylks, was the one only and true God—Creator and preserver of all things, and the finisher of man's salvation.

The time consumed in passing from one of these pretensions to another was short, as the zeal and infatuation of his followers made them ready to embrace and believe any thing he should affirm. Having taken the first step toward consummate blasphemy, they appeared anxious to reach it as soon as possible.

STABILITY OF THEIR BELIEF.

The firmness with which the followers of Dylks adhered to their faith is really surprising; for it is very doubtful, indeed, whether any one of them ever yielded up his belief in him as verily and truely God. Although death came and carried off one after another of the "believers," who, according to the faith, should never die, still those who remained were as unwavering in their belief as before. The church of the "old faith" was broken up, and could not be organized until new comers had accumulated in the neighborhood

in sufficient numbers to begin anew—the Dylksites remaining by themselves, isolated and alone. And at this moment, there is not one person living who gave his adhesion to the "new faith," who is not as firm now as he was then in the "faith." Those even who were little girls and boys then, but now men and women going down the declivity of life, are still looking for the reappearance of Dylks to establish the New Jerusalem, and gather them within its walls.

THE RATTLESNAKE MAN.

The following incident illustrates how the children were corrupted by the "faith." It was communicated to me by an eye-witness of the facts related:

In the summer of 1850, a large man, about thirty-five years old, stopped for dinner at the hotel of Mr. Robert Mills, in Barnesville, Ohio. He was dressed in an uncolored homespun suit, cut after the plain style of the old Methodists, and wore his hair and beard long and disheveled. He had a fine horse, saddle and briddle, and on the valise pad was strapped a small flat box. Having dismounted, he carefully unstrapped the box, and carried it under his arm into the sitting-room of the hotel. When invited to dinner, he took the box with him, and put it on the floor by the side of his chair. After dinner he brought the box into the bar-room, and instantly inquired if any one wished to see a rattlesnake; if so, he would show one for a

dime apiece. A purse was soon made up. The stranger opened the box, and a large rattlesnake, having eighteen rattles, emerged from it and coiled itself on the floor. It was lively, and rejoiced to see its master; it shook its rattles, threw open its mouth, and shot out its tongue. The snake was fangless. One of the spectators seeing this inquired the cause.

"When I caught it, I took it up and knocked out the teeth with my jack-knife."

"Were you not afraid to take hold of it?"

"No; for had it bit me, it would have done me no harm. I shall never die; I shall live three hundred and fifty years precisely from this year, and shall then be transferred into the New Jerusalem without seeing death."

He then proceeded for over an hour to expatiate upon the claims of Dylks, saying that he had often seen him in the spirit—had frequent conversations with him; and he had been informed by Dylks that before the end of the present century, he should descend to earth and establish a kingdom of universal righteousness; but the building of the New Jerusalem would be deferred for three hundred and fifty years. The stranger gave his name as Moses Hartley; he resided in the mountains of what is now West Virginia. He lived in the Salesville settlement at the time Dylks made his advent, had seen, and heard him preach. He had just been on a visit to the *Temple*, "the only place," he said, "where true religion had ever been revealed to man."

RETURN OF REV. DAVIS.

About seven years after the exit of Dylks near Philadelphia, the Rev. Davis returned to the neighborhood of the *Temple.* In the interval, the United Brethren congregation, recovering from the shock of the delusion, had put up their new church at the village of Salesville. Davis, who was well dressed, and looked as if he had lived sumptuously during his absence, boldly asked the use of the church in which to deliver a religious discourse. His request was granted, and at night he addressed the large congregation that came out to hear him for two or three hours. He there declared that he had seen Dylks ascend to heaven, and that he would shortly return to earth to set up his kingdom; that Dylks was God, and that there was no true religion but that which recognized him as such. He denounced Christianity, saying: "It is only a hotchpotch of Judaism and heathenism." And that "the religion taught in the house in which I am preaching is as abominable as the car of Juggernaut or a temple for idols."

Davis left the next morning, and has never been heard of since.

DEATH OF THE APOSTLES.

Michael Brill died about two years after his return from Philadelphia, continuing to be until death a sincere believer in the pretensions of Dylks.

Mr. McCormick lived for many years after the disappearance of Dylks. Throughout life he dressed much as Dylks did at his advent, wearing his hair so long that it hung below his shoulders. He died a few years ago an unflinching Dylksite.

Of the career of Dylks after his separation from McCormick and Brill near the city of Philadelphia, nothing is known. No reliance, of course, can be put in the stories of the Rev. Davis and Moses Hartley.

He came, performed his extraordinary part in the history of the Salesville church, set up his claim as the God of the universe, spread abroad his sacriligious teachings, gathered about him many followers, established a discord in the church at Leatherwood *Temple* which has not yet ceased, and then vanished. And this in all probability is all we shall ever know of him.

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April, 1871.

Ohio Valley Historical Series.

In our Prospectus, issued in April, 1868, we announced our intention of publishing, under this general title, a series of works relating to the early history of the Valley of the Ohio. It has not been our aim to give a consecutive history, but merely to collect and preserve by publication hitherto unpublished manuscripts of value relating to the subject, and to reprint some of the early works on Western history which are out of print and rare.

In carrying out this design we have issued the seven works here described. We have endeavored to make them valuable contributions to Western history—with what success we leave it for others to say—and to produce them in an attractive style. They have been liberally patronized where we least expected, and have met with little sale where we most looked for it—in the Valley of which they treat. We have not been sufficiently supported to warrant the continuance of the Series, and are reluctantly obliged to announce its close. They may yet work their way into public favor; if they do, we will perhaps renew the experiment, as there is no lack of material worthy of publication.

We take this opportunity of expressing our obligations to gentlemen of the press for their uniformly kind and appreciative notices of the Series, and to numerous friends for their generous assistance in procuring material, etc.

ROBERT CLARKE & CO.

CINCINNATI, *April*, 1871.

Prophetical.

"We often wonder, by the way, if 'the Ohio Valley' really sustains the Publishers of this excellent Series in the good work which they are doing so admirably for the History of the West; and we sometimes venture to fear that their enterprise is not sufficiently rewarded by those for whose especial benefit that enterprise has been employed. These volumes are so important to all who would know her History that the West should amply reward the spirited Western house which has issued them; and we earnestly beg that the fate which, in the East, has befallen so many who have endeavored to serve those who would look into the details of our country's history, may not befall the Publishers of the OHIO VALLEY HISTORICAL SERIES."—*Historical Magazine.*

Number One.

Bouquet's Expedition Against the Ohio Indians in 1764.

"AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT of the EXPEDITION against the OHIO INDIANS, in the year MDCCLXIV, under the command of *HENRY BOUQUET, Esq., Colonel of Foot, and now Brigadier General in America*, Including his TRANSACTIONS with the INDIANS, RELATIVE to the DELIVERY of their PRISONERS, and the PRELIMINARIES of PEACE, with an INTRODUCTORY ACCOUNT of the Preceding CAMPAIGN, and BATTLE of BUSHY-RUN.

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[From the Round Table.]

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[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

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[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

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Number Two.

Walker's History of Athens County, Ohio.

HISTORY OF ATHENS COUNTY, OHIO, and incidentally of the OHIO LAND COMPANY and the FIRST SETTLEMENT OF THE STATE at MARIETTA, with Personal and Biographical Sketches of the EARLY SETTLERS, NARRATIVES OF PIONEER ADVENTURES, etc. By CHARLES M. WALKER.

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[From the Historical Magazine.]

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[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

"It is a work so thorough, so complete, so carefully prepared, that it will remain for many years the history of the territory embraced within the early limits of the county. The typography is superb, and the portraits are executed in the best style of steel line engraving."

[From the New York Tribune.]

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sketches of the pioneers of that part of Ohio, and a map which possesses considerable historical interest. Quite apart from its intrinsic value, the work also deserves to be prized as a dainty specimen of handiwork, rarely surpassed by the best New York and Boston booksellers, to say nothing of those of the West. The type is sumptuous, the paper heavy, the binding neat and strong, and the general typographical arrangement extremely tasteful."

[From the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.]

"After years of patient and intelligent industry, Mr. Walker has succeeded in gathering together and presenting to us, in a very condensed form, the history of the county of Athens from its first feeble beginning, with sketches and statistics relating to the bloody Indian wars, the war of 1812, and the late civil war. It is also full of statistics relating to the several towns, such as the names of the officers, county and municipal; a history of its churches, schools, libraries, newspapers; with a description of its agricultural products, and of its mineral, manufacturing, and railway resources. All this must make a volume of surpassing interest and value to the inhabitants of the county and to the people of the State generally.

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"The volume is beautifully printed, and is in all respects one of the handsomest and most complete local histories we have ever seen."

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[From the Cleveland Leader.]

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Number Three.

Clark's Campaign in the Illinois in 1778–9.

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[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

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ments, refutial, and anctious, or the more accepted forms of the same words, as like a *bona fide* bad speller, he is quite as apt to do. * * * *

"The letter is now printed for the first time. We heartily commend it to all who love to taste history at its sources, or who enjoy character. It is a curious contrast to the polite narrative of Colonel Bouquet, but it is quite as interesting, and the deeds it records have turned out of vastly greater consequence than those which the brave Swiss performed."

[From the Historical Magazine.]

"The importance of the expedition of Colonel Clark is known to every well-informed person as that to which we are mainly indebted for our possession, to-day, of the immense range of country west of the Alleghanies; and this personal narrative of that expedition, from the pen of its commander, it will be seen, is necessarily a paper of great historic interest, both as a portion of the local history of the West and as an element in the history of our relations with Great Britain, France, and Spain. The typography of the volume is excellent."

[From the Nation.]

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[From the New Albany Ledger.]

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[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]

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Number Four.

McBride's Pioneer Biography.

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These sketches will be found to possess an interest beyond the mere details of the lives of the individuals. They were all of them men who took an active part in the settlement of the Miami country, were prominent in public affairs both civil and military, and participated in many of the early conflicts with the Indians in Ohio and Kentucky, and in the campaigns of Gens. Harmar, St. Clair, Scott, and Wayne; so that, interspersed in the narrative, will be found many details of interest concerning the early struggles, from the notes and recollections of eye witnesses, which have never before appeared in print.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

"The manuscript collections of the late James McBride, of Hamilton, Ohio, of which this series of biographical sketches form part, have had a local celebrity for many years, and many persons throughout

the country have been deeply interested in them. Mr. McBride was an educated gentleman, who gave much attention to personal recollections of early times in the valley of the Great Miami, and who wrote accounts of his old neighbors, friends, and acquaintances, that now form contributions of great value to pioneer history. We have not seen in many days a more elegant volume."

[From the Historical Magazine.]

"It is a series of sketches of the lives and services of some of the pioneers of the West, prepared from original and authentic material, for his own amusement, by one of their own number; and it preserves and circulates, also, carefully made copies of several important papers, journals, etc., which, but for Mr. McBride's thoughtful preservation of them, might have been lost forever.

"These homely biographies, and others of the same class, in which are recorded the virtues and hardships of those who led the hosts who have since migrated to the West, are, in fact, the only existing annals of the early West; and to them must those go who seek information concerning 'the day of small things' in that mighty empire, the history of which, sooner or later, must be written in all its fullness and with painstaking fidelity."

[From the Nation.]

"These biographies are by no means confined in their relations to Butler County, but add much to our knowledge of Revolutionary engagements, of the colonization of the Ohio Valley both north and south of the river, of the war of 1812, and even (following the descendants of the pioneers) of the late Rebellion. They may be read, therefore, with a great deal of pleasure and solid profit by the present generation, and will long be prized for their genealogies."

[From the Cincinnati Chronicle.]

"Although termed 'unpretending sketches' they are rich in valuable material for the future historian, and possess a present interest as faithful biographies of some of the early settlers of Ohio. * * * The elegant volume before us bears every evidence of the careful and yet not unskilled hand which has collected barren facts and isolated fragments, and combined them in such a manner as to present an admirable epitome of local history."

[From the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.]

"Mr. McBride, the author of these biographies, who died in 1859 at the age of 70 years, and who was at that date one of the oldest and best known pioneers of Southern Ohio, was well qualified for this work by his tastes, early associations, and opportunities for collecting such materials. * * * They certainly are not only well written, but are of thrilling interest, and of the greatest value as memorials of the early settlers of Southern Ohio, and of their protracted and bitter contests with the Indians—contests, in all respects, such as the fathers of New England had but a very slight taste of."

Number Five.

Smith's Captivity with the Indians.

A REPRINT OF "AN ACCOUNT of the REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES in the Life and Travels of Col. JAMES SMITH (now a citizen of Bourbon county, Ky.), during his Captivity with the Indians in the years 1755, '56, '57, '58, and '59. In which the Customs, Manners, Traditions, Theological Sentiments, Mode of Warfare, Military Tactics, Discipline, and Encampments, Treatment of Prisoners, etc., are better explained and more minutely related than has been heretofore done by any author on that subject. Together with a Description of the Soil, Timber, and Waters, where he traveled with the Indians during his captivity.

"To which is added a Brief Account of some very Uncommon Occurrences, which transpired after his return from captivity; as well as of the Different Campaigns carried on against the Indians to the Westward of Fort Pitt, since the year 1755 to the present date.

"Written by himself. Lexington; printed by John Bradford, on Main street, 1799."

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A few *large-paper* copies have been printed on heavy tinted paper. Cloth, gilt top, and uncut edges, or entirely uncut. Price, $5.00.

This work presents a vivid picture of the vagrant, precarious lives of the Indians, little more than a century ago, in the then unbroken wilderness which has given place to the prosperous State of Ohio; written without any pretense to style or learning, it bears every impress of truthfulness, and, as a faithful record of an eye-witness of their condition, habits, etc., deserves to be

perpetuated. It has been several times reprinted, with more or less accuracy; but all the editions may be now classed among the scarce books.

We have prefixed to this edition a somewhat fuller account of the author and his family than has heretofore been given, and added an Appendix of Illustrative Notes by Mr. William M. Darlington, of Pittsburgh, which will be found of considerable interest and value.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

"The narrative of Colonel Smith refers to the pioneer existence during a space of time when its perils, privations, and atrocities seemed an established condition of things. * * * It is the story of a man of clear, strong mind, with a vein of humor which has now and then a very witty expression—almost a modern expression; and though the style has few solicited graces, it is plain that this old Indian hunter had some good literary instincts. * * * Otherwise, the narrative of Colonel Smith is marked by few indulgences of sentiment, though always by good feeling, and a shrewd and sympathetic observation of nature as he saw it in the wilderness and the savages about him. * * * There has probably never been any study of Indian life and character more sincere and practical than his; and we know of none so interesting. On the whole, we believe the reader will think all the better of the savages for knowing them through him; though as for their unfitness to be guests at a small tea party, we suppose there never can be any doubt. We should like to repeat here some of the things Colonel Smith tells of them; but his context is precious, and we forbear, for the reader's own sake."

[From the Historical Magazine.]

"The narrative of such a man, concerning what he actually saw and endured, would be interesting under any circumstances, but in such a case as this, wherein his story extended over the history of what is now the third State of the Union, during a term of years, it necessarily possesses unusual interest to those who occupy that territory, and to all students of American history the world over. It is enriched with appropriate notes, sufficiently numerous and amply sustained by competent authorities, from the pen of our respected friend, Wm. M. Darlington, Esq., of Pittsburgh. A good index closes the volume."

[From the New England Historical and Genealogical Register.]

"James Smith, the author, was a native of Pennsylvania, but later in life settled in Kentucky. He was a captive among the Indians in his boyhood, 1755–9; a leader of the 'Blackboys' in 1763 and 1769;

an officer in Bouquet's expedition in 1764; made an exploring excursion into Southern Kentucky in 1766; received his title of colonel for services in the Revolutionary war; married and reared a family; was an active and influential member of the Presbyterian Church; wrote pamphlets against the Shakers in 1810; and, when too old to fight his ancient foe, wrote and published a treatise on Indian warfare, with a title page so long that if he could only have induced the Indians to stop fighting long enough to read it, there would have been, perhaps, some chance of a long peace.

"Colonel Smith was an eye-witness of all he narrates with evident truthfulness. As a picture of Indian life and habits, it deserves a place in every library pretending to be a collection of historical books relating to America. The former editions have long been among the scarce books. This edition is an accurate reprint, and is enriched by a very full account of the author and his family, and by illustrative notes from the pen of Mr. Wm. M. Darlington."

[From the Galaxy.]

"A remarkable, graphic picture of Indian life. Smith was adopted into a tribe and lived with the Indians for four years. His curious account is reproduced in all its piquant originality of expression, and makes one of the most faithful representations of savage existence of which we have any knowledge."

[From the Cincinnati Chronicle.]

"This simple personal narrative will possess to the lover of the curious in literature the value of historical romance. Reproduced in the original antique form, many singular phrases are preserved in all their purity and, we may add, oddity of expression. To a happy disposition the author seems to have united a keen observation and an evident determination, unfalteringly sustained throughout five years of captivity, to make the best of his surroundings. His is no doleful description of hardships and trials endured in captivity, no labored chronicle of hair-breadth escapes, but a simple narrative bearing the impress of truth on every page. The very quaintness of style interests and attracts; a style which leaves the reader impressed with no painful sense of griefs and labors, but rather with the captive's heroic endurance under trials, and cheerful submission to his fate; more versed in woodcraft than learned in books, he has given us a faithful record of Indian customs, discipline, mode of warfare, etc., and many of his suggestions as to plans of attack and defense may prove not unworthy the consideration of the present generation. * * * Plain and simple as is Colonel Smith's style, grotesque in vernacular, but modest as true heroism can make it, the fire of eloquence often lights his pages, and throws a warm glow upon his pictures. At times, too, we find a tender pathos, which is lost only to appear again in such cheerfulness and true spirit of heathful content,

that an effort is required, on the part of the reader, to recall the extraordinary circumstances under which this narrative was written."

[From the Nation.]

"The publication of this volume of the *Ohio Valley Historical Series* has been in a certain way timely. Frontier warfare between Indians and white settlers has been almost incessant from the day Colonel Smith first experienced it. * * * Colonel Smith undertook to teach his generation, both by theory and practice, how to oppose the Indians with their own tactics, remarking, with the good sense which characterizes all his writings, that the New Englanders had been trained by their Indian difficulties to resist in the most appropriate and successful way the discipline of the British troops. * * * In spite of its value as an account of Indian character, customs, and mode of warfare, this work is quite as much entitled to the numerous editions which it has enjoyed, by its unconscious portraiture of the author. He was a native of Southern Pennsylvania, in what is now the border; after his return from captivity he became a leading citizen of Franklin county; stood a trial for murder with great moral courage, dissuading an attempt to rescue him which would certainly have succeeded; was acquitted and afterward resided in Kentucky, of which he had been an early explorer. By descent he was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, who could speak 'Dutch' while still a youth, and he is a very creditable representative of the stock. The regions noted in his journal as being the resorts of the Indians, or traversed by his tribe, have been carefully identified by Mr. Darlington in an appendix, which, with a good index and the excellent typography, makes this unquestionably the best edition of Smith's account."

[From the New York Evening Post.]

"To one who is inquisitive to understand the habits, social and natural, of 'the noble red men,' this work will be very acceptable. Colonel Smith was a religious enthusiast, and a literary man in his way. In Kentucky, he was a leader of the Stonites. He finally returned to his relations in the Presbyterian Church, and was licensed and ordained to the ministry. He was an effective missionary."

[From the Frankfort Commonwealth.]

"As a work of interest it is hardly surpassed by any production connected with the early history of the West. The immediate object of the account, as given by Smith himself, was to acquaint the pioneers with the Indian mode of warfare, and thus secure them against savage depredations and cruelties. The narrative is full of interest from beginning to end, declaring the customs, manners, theological sentiments, warfare, discipline, etc., of the savages with a minute and vivid eye."

Number Six.

Dr. Drake's Pioneer Life in Kentucky.

PIONEER LIFE IN KENTUCKY: A Series of REMINISCENTIAL LETTERS addressed to his Children. By DR. DANIEL DRAKE. Edited with Notes and a Biographical Sketch by his son, HON. CHARLES D. DRAKE, of Missouri.

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Much has been said and written of the warlike and adventurous aspects of Pioneer Life in the West; but these Letters are believed to be the only attempt at a detailed description of its more peaceful phases, and as such may be considered a valuable as well as peculiar contribution to American literature.

Pioneer life still follows our Western border; but going with the railroad and the telegraph, it is a pastime to what such life was in the last century. As the old-time period recedes from view, its interest increases. If its events were such as might be expected, substantially, to repeat themselves, they are historical guide-posts to succeeding generations; if, however, they belong to conditions, which, in the nature of things, may not be looked for again, they, at least, stimulate inquiry into, and aid in the study of, the character of the people among whom they occurred. In this view, if no other, these letters may be considered to have an appreciable value.

They portray with equal vividness the character of pioneer life, the character of the pioneer boy and the character of the "old man"—as in them he calls himself—who, in describing that life and that boy, unconsciously photographed himself as he was when he wrote: all done with a frankness which invites confidence, a freshness which arrests and rewards attention,

and a truthfulness which claims belief. This triple portraiture, not often found in such sharpness of outline and fidelity of detail as in these letters, can not fail to interest the reader.

They were not designed as a literary performance; they were merely the off-hand, familiar talk of a father to his children, and as such, while they may not claim exemption from criticism, their freedom from literary pretension may, at least, somewhat turn its edge.

Those who knew Dr. Drake will recognize in the portrait accompanying this volume an animated and faithful likeness.

[From the Atlantic Monthly.]

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[From the Nation.]

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[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

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