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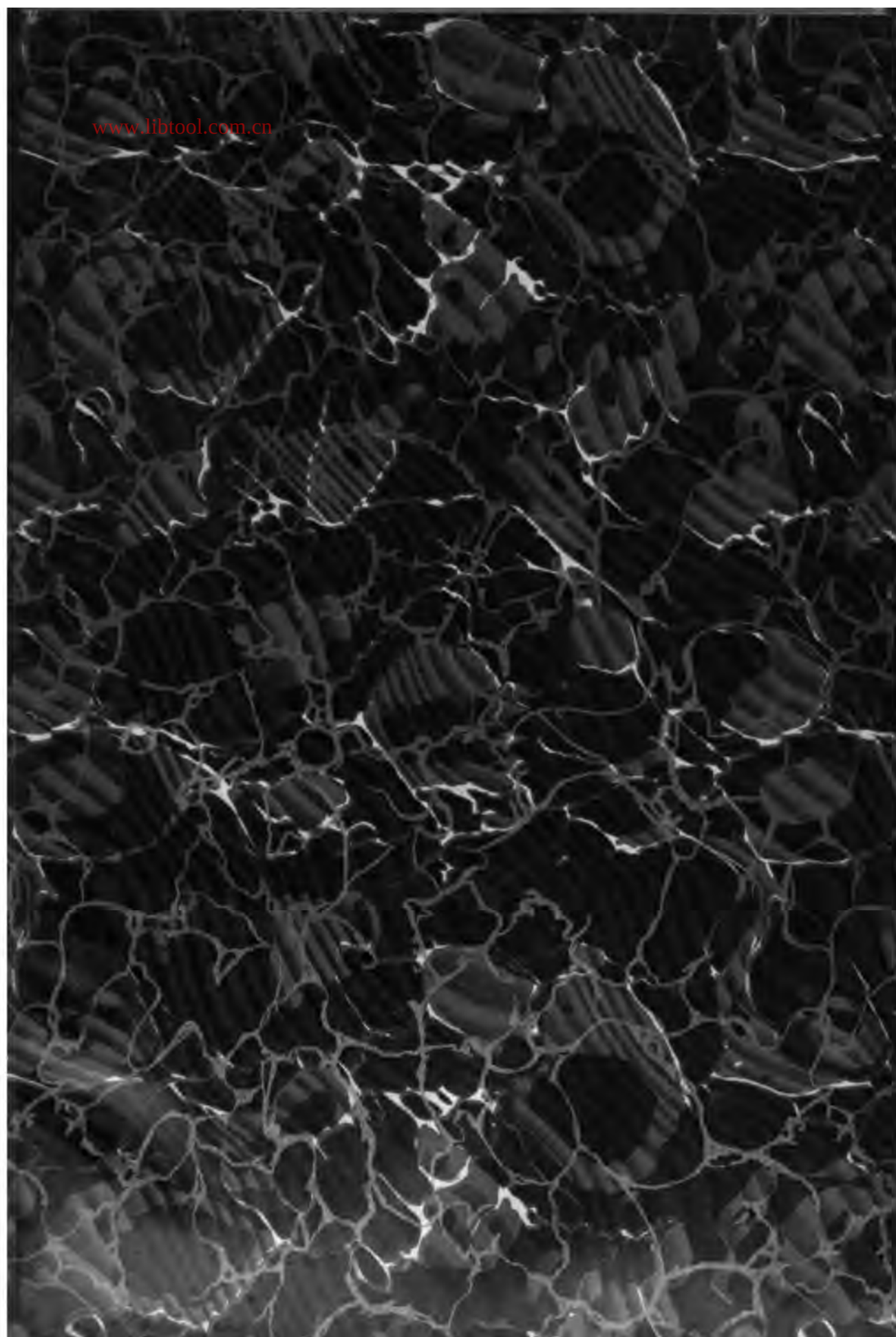
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CINCINNATI THE QUEEN CITY

1788-1912

By REV. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. O. KRAEMER

VOLUME I

THE S. J. CLARKE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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THE QUEEN CITY

An Interpretation

by

REV. CHARLES FREDERIC GOSS

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THE OATH OF THE ATHENIAN YOUTH.

"We will never bring disgrace to this, our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty; thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

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BOOK I

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION AND INTERPRETATION—THE MOTIF OF THIS BOOK ETHICAL—ADVANTAGES OF CERTAIN SPOTS FOR BUILDING CITIES—THE WONDERFULNESS OF A GREAT CITY—THE OHIO.

"A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of their ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered, themselves."—Macaulay.

Introduction.

In order to prevent my readers from false hopes as to what they may discover in the following pages, their author will explain at once his aim and purpose. It is not to gather recondite material; nor to assemble uncorrelated items of information about the Queen City, for almost all the facts of real value to the average man have been collected in a monumental work entitled "The Centennial History of Cincinnati," by Charles Theodore Greve. To accomplish the purpose which I cherish, (a sort of tentative interpretation of the life of our city) it would have been possible (if my literary conscience could have been satisfied in so easy a fashion) to shut myself up in a library with no other source of knowledge than this great compilation.

Interpretation.

But there remains, however, a task which the method of Mr. Greve did not permit him to accomplish. It is, of course, the task of selection, of combination and of interpretation. Nothing except a universe and a nation is harder to comprehend than a city. It would be possible, perhaps, to know all the facts of its evolution and still not comprehend its laws: to be familiar with its outward existence and yet remain ignorant of its inner life. No one could have understood this better or explained it more clearly than Mr. Greve had he tried. Neither he, however, nor any of his predecessors like Burnet, Drake, Maxwell, Cist, Ford and others have deliberately attempted to achieve this difficult undertaking.

It is the desire, therefore, to try his hand at the interpretation of the complex life of a city of almost 400,000 souls and covering in its existence a period of more than a hundred years, that animates the author of this essay, who believes that "the outer aspect in civilization is the material for history: while the inner aspects are the material for philosophy" and that the latter are those by which we are most deeply moved.

In order to do this, it will be seen at once that he must not permit himself to be engulfed by the mass of facts which, however interesting they may be, are unessential to the comprehension of the development of the growth of our civic life, which, planted at "Yeatman's Cove" in 1789 has become a vast and splendid metropolis.

Elimination of Surplusage.

One of the great French critics defined literary style as "the elimination of surplusage" and that very brilliant aphorism discloses the principle upon which the historical interpreter must proceed. With the skill and resolution of a surgeon, he must cut away all that is nonessential. However interesting an incident or a character may be in itself, it must be thrown out of consideration if it does not in some way explain the evolution of the soul of the city. If it seems like sacrilege or indifference thus to ignore many charming people and striking events, it must be remembered that history is not like a chain, each of whose links is of equal importance. In the life of a nation or a city, multitudes of individuals and experiences are of great, but not strategic importance. A few exceptional people become types, symbols, pivots. They incarnate diffused ideals and ambitions. In them the blind things of the masses crystallize, a hundred thousand people live in them, are represented by them.

Some of the many persons who have lived as worthily but not as creatively as these exceptional individuals will be described in the second portion of this work and to it the students of biography are referred. Many events and incidents also, quite worthy to be remembered will be recorded in that same portion of the history, in essays which treat of the various phases of our city life. The stream of history, flowing as it does in its several channels of business, politics, literature, etc., constitutes one broad river of events; but it is so difficult to describe them in their entirety, that it has been thought best to take them up, one by one, prefacing them with a general view which might seem to coordinate the innumerable details.

By reading this attempted interpretation first and the fuller and more detailed accounts afterwards the reader will, it is hoped, be able to gain an illuminating conception of that most fascinating of phenomena, a city's growth.

A City as the Most Fascinating of Phenomena.

That the growth of a city is one at least of the most fascinating phenomena in the world few thoughtful people would deny. Not but that cities differ immeasurably in interest. No one would pretend to say, for example, that either Thucydides or Macaulay could make the history of Cincinnati as fascinating as that of Athens or of Rome; of Paris or of London. Those venerable towns have existed for many centuries and their beginnings are lost in the vistas of antiquity. They have played important parts in cosmic movements. Many of their inhabitants have achieved immortal fame. Traditions and even myths surround them with an aureole.

A City's Uniqueness.

Cincinnati is, on the other hand, an infant yet. Its beginnings have no charm of mystery. It is only one of scores of other mushroom growths of the modern world, all of which are to the superficial observer practically indistinguishable one from another. There is a sense, indeed, in which the history of one single American city would answer for those of a hundred equally well. But, on the other hand, that principle in Nature which forbids that two leaves, two men or two oysters should be alike exactly, has radically differentiated each of these cities from the others. To the close observer there are dissimilarities between

Boston and New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, New Orleans and San Francisco, as significant if not as easily distinguishable as between Babylon and Bagdad; Calcutta and Yokohama. Even between the cities of the "Buckeye" state this difference exists. Cleveland, Toledo, Columbus, Dayton and Cincinnati are no more alike than Tom Johnson, Golden Rule Jones, Washington Gladden, John H. Patterson and George B. Cox, some of their most famous citizens.

Our Personal Interests.

It is this perpetual variation from type that creates an eternal charm in every field of observation, and it is to be felt in a high degree in the contemplation of Cincinnati as compared with other sister cities.

But, there is a deeper reason for interest in the record of her existence and the study of her character. Cincinnati is our Home Town! our Own City! This is the town we live in. Here we were born; or at least are to be buried. In Cincinnati we have a certain mysterious sense of proprietorship, and every true citizen is more interested in his own than in any other city, as he is more interested in the cottage where he was born or the house where he resides than in the birth place or palaces of emperors and kings.

If any Cincinnati therefore approaches the study of his home town with languid interest, it may be well not only to remind him of these facts; but of another also: that the city is so complex in its nature and so slow in its growth that it can only be apprehended through a supreme effort of a cultivated imagination. One cannot regard a single portion of its territory or a single section of its history and be profoundly moved. He must have grasped it as a *whole*! The long series of events must unroll before his inner eye like a panorama. Its buildings, streets and parks must spread out before him in a bird's eye view. To see it thus is certainly to feel the fascination of a great mystery.

A City Built in a Day.

Let a man, for example, having mastered the principal events in the growth of Cincinnati from its first humble beginnings, stand upon Mt. Adams and look down upon it in the day time when overhung by its dark pall of smoke; or at night when lit up with electric lamps, it glows like an inverted firmament, and represent before his inner eye the scenes of which its history is composed. Let the vast and complicated procession of events, silently, move past. Let him imagine that what has required a century for its accomplishment is transpiring in a single day, and see if his bosom will not heave with a profound emotion.

Spread out before his enchanted eyes lies a region of exquisite beauty, undisturbed as yet, by the advent of civilization. Through it rolls a river whose majesty is indescribable, and from whose shores primeval forests ascend the slow sloping hills to their summits. The silence and peace of Paradise are reigning there.

Suddenly the solitude is invaded and the stillness broken by an irruption of the material elements of a city of a half million souls, assembled from every region of the habitable globe. As a flock of birds comes swooping down from heaven to earth; as a cloud of dust is whirled along a country road, the timbers, bricks and iron girders are assembled with a cataclysmic force and rapidity. Out of that vortex into which these ingredients are flung pell-mell, a city begins to

appear, as if created by a magic wand. Roads are cut through forests, stupendous structures are raised; steam boats assemble on the river; railroads are projected into distant regions; parks are laid out; hundreds of thousands of infants are born and developed into men and women; commerce, education, business, literature, society, religion, all unfold; life pours in torrents down every avenue and up every thoroughfare, and all, in a single day!

A scene like this would possess an indescribable grandeur and almost unendurable sublimity. And yet, it would be no more wonder-full for having transpired in twenty-four hours than in a century and a quarter.

The Wonder-fullness of a Great City.

It is this wonder-fullness, this mystery (lost by the average beholder through the slowness and immensity of their vast operations), that the author desires to recover, believing that the emotions which it generates are necessary to the best citizenship. For unless we feel a sense of awe in the presence of the great mysteries of life, we are not stirred to that reverence in which the sense of obligation comes to birth. And, without that sense of obligation, we cannot produce those great men who are a city's true glory.

“What makes a city GREAT and STRONG?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories extended length,
But MEN who SEE the CIVIC WRONG,
And give their LIVES to make it RIGHT,
And turn its DARKNESS into LIGHT.”

In the judgment of Henry Drummond, the building of great cities is one of the supreme reasons for man's existence upon earth.

“To make cities, that is what we are here for! He who makes the city, makes the world. After all, though men make cities, it is the cities which make men. Whether our national life is great or mean; whether our social virtues are mature or stunted; whether our sons are moral or vicious; whether religion is possible or impossible depends upon the city.”

The Motif of This Book is Ethical.

It will be suspected from the above confession that the motive of this interpretation is ethical, and this suspicion is correct. It is, in fact, a “purpose” history. Its purpose is to increase the public sense of obligation by pointing out the grandeur and beauty of any city, and to awaken and clarify the *self-consciousness* of this particular city.

Some fundamental conception must dominate the mind of every one who writes a poem, essay, novel or history. The fundamental purpose of one historian may simply be to state the facts; of another to produce a work of art; of another to awaken scientific interest; of another to arouse an ethical sentiment.

A City's Soul.

The fundamental conception which will be found to pervade this entire essay will be that of a City's having a Soul!

Many centuries ago, Socrates, a Greek philosopher, declared that "a city's soul is nothing else than its political principle which has as great an influence as the intellect does in a man's body."

This conception of a city as an organism animated by a spirit may seem fanciful to some. One has, however, only to reflect for a moment upon the *personality* of such cities as Thebes, Memphis, Athens, Jerusalem and Rome, to be given a pause in his levity and skepticism. There is, in every city, an essence, an ego, a creative germ which gives it individuality. The differences are not only physical but intellectual, emotional, ethical and spiritual. Similar as have been the origin and history of the great Ohio river towns, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville, no observant traveller could fail to be conscious that the animating genius of each was separate and distinct.

Now it is the discovery of the animating genius that produces municipal self-consciousness and without self-consciousness a city is as characterless as an individual. It takes the individual a long time to come to self-consciousness and it takes a city longer. But it is a question whether any city ever attains a great place in the annals of the world, until it has arrived at a more or less clear conception of the reason for its existence and the mission it has to work out. It is, for example, the self-consciousness of Boston and Chicago that are their greatest assets.

The self-consciousness of our own city has developed very slowly. If there is any clear recognition at all of our municipal mission it is only by an inconsiderable fraction of our citizens. The Queen City seems rather to be drifting than being steered; to be the victim of uncomprehended influences rather than the moulder of its own destiny. What are we here for? What especial part are we to play in the great sisterhood of cities? What is our *raison d'être* are great questions, and sooner or later must be answered. That they will be best answered by those who are the most familiar with their past seems probable. To know something of the conditions which preceded our birth; something of that birth itself; something of the influences which have shaped us since; and something of that which we have actually achieved is among the supreme necessities for those who wish to shape our future.

Let us therefore begin this study by a brief glance at the background upon which the picture of our city must be painted.

Background.

Like a great river, the stream of events which compose the history of a city may be explored by starting either at the end of its course, or its beginning. It is the latter method which we chose and inaugurate our inquiries with an investigation of those far off conditions which preceded Cincinnati's existence, lost, many of them, in the obscurities of the unknown and inaccessible past.

The first curiosity demanding satisfaction is about a city's site. Why was it located here rather than there, in this spot and not in any other? It is a problem of the deepest interest.

All Cities Built Upon Rivers.

So great is the antiquity, and so wide the diffusion of the races, that in every country the available sites for villages and towns have all been discovered and

occupied again and again. At first, a few rude huts sheltered the wandering tribes who paused for a while to hunt, to fish, to graze their flocks or entrench themselves against the forays of their enemies in a situation favorable for a brief encampment. Afterwards came the permanent buildings of more civilized races. These in turn were destroyed by stronger peoples, who upon the ruins which they had created, erected cities of their own. Layer upon layer of the memorials of each successive metropolis have been discovered along the lakes and rivers in every part of the old world, and lend a melancholy fascination to the exploration of its various countries. And this is true of modern Europe, even. The first reliable mention of the City of Paris, for example, was in 52 B. C., but, for centuries before that, a little fishing village had stood, where stands today the most brilliant city of the world. London was an obscure hamlet erected upon ground with difficulty rescued from the marshes of the Thames long before it became a Roman metropolis.

Nor is it different in this newer, Western world. The City of Mexico stands where once stood the gorgeous capital of the Aztecs, and although the aborigines of the Northern half of this continent were not so civilized and therefore incapable of leaving such splendid memorials, faint traces of their residence have been discovered on practically the site of every one of our most important towns. In fact, upon some of them, the Indian tribes were living when the white man came. Upon others were unearthed their graves and the rude foundations of their primitive abodes and public structures.

So vital is the emotion excited by this sense of antiquity, and of the recurrence of the same phenomena in city building that we cannot refrain from printing a poem by Mahommed Kazuma, an Arabian writer of the Seventh Century, in which it finds expression.

"I wandered by a goodly town
Beset with many a garden fair,
And asked of one who gathered down
Large fruit—how long the town was there.
He spoke, nor chose his hand to stay
'The town was here for many a day
And will be here, for ever and aye.'

"A *Thousand Years* passed by and then
I visited the place again;
No vestige of that town I traced.
But *one poor swain* his horn employed;
His sheep unconscious browsed and grazed.
I asked: 'When was the town destroyed?'
He spoke (nor would his horn lay by)
'One thing may grow and another may die:
But I know nothing of towns! Not I!'

"A thousand years went by and then
I wandered past that spot again.
There, in the deep of waters cast
His nets, a lonely fisherman;

And, as he drew them up at last
 I asked him how the lake began.
 He looked at me and laughed to say
 'The waters spring forever and aye
 And fish are plenty, every day.'

"A *thousand years* went by, and then
 I saw the self same place again.
 And lo! a country wild and rude;
 And, axe in hand beside a tree,
 The hermit of that solitude
 I asked how old the wood might be.
 He said 'I count not time at all—
 A tree may rise; a tree may fall;
 The forest overlives us all.'

"A *thousand years* went by, and then
 I went the same old round again.
 And there a glorious city stood.
 And, midst tumultuous market cry,
 I asked whence rose the town where *wood*,
Pasture and *lake* forgotten lie?
 They heard me not and little blame.
 For them the world is as it came,
 And all things must be still the same.

"A thousand years shall pass and then
 I mean to try that road again."

Aboriginal Evidences.

This was the case with Cincinnati. The pioneers discovered, on their preliminary explorations, the evidences that others besides themselves, in the ages that were gone, had recognized the availability of this situation for human habitation. As in so many other localities in the middle west, they stumbled upon well preserved samples of the three types of edifices known to the vanished aborigines. The superstructures had disappeared, but the foundation remained. First—circular bases, upon which was piled the earth mounds, for burial of the dead;

Second—rectangular bases, upon which their residences were built;

Third—colossal barricades, constructed in the form of serpents, presumably, for defense.

All these were here upon the spot where now our city stands and, had our ancestors fully appreciated their value, those relics and reminders of that buried past would have been sacredly preserved to awaken in the minds of each new generation that solemn sense of reverence, which such memorials, alone, possess the power to kindle. But they were ruthlessly swept away and not a visible trace remains to stimulate our imaginations and chasten our pride.

It is for this reason, among so many others, that the reading of our written history becomes imperative. To those only, who take the pains to discover these *facts upon the printed page*, can come those deeper reflections upon the significance of a city's *site*, which is a large element in the appreciation of its history.

Advantages of Certain Spots for Building Cities.

It is this advantage of certain places for the building of towns and cities, that here challenges our attention. In one spot a lofty hill top affords a safe retreat from dangerous enemies; in another a shallow spot in a river's bed or a valley in a mountain range, affords a convenient passageway for travellers; in still another an oasis in a desert guarantees that the pilgrim's thirst may be slaked; in still another, a fall in a stream that the mill's wheel may be turned; in still another a deep bay in an ocean shore that a storm tossed navy may secure a safe and quiet harbor.

Into such situations human beings flow as naturally as streams into lake. With an instinct as unerring as that of the coney who finds his predestined refuge in the clefts of the rocks, men and women discover these strategic spots for the building of their habitations and transaction of their business. Whether such situations have been designed by an intelligent Creator or effected by the blind strivings of nature, their preparation has required so great a length of time and the conspiracy of so many Titanic forces as to clothe them with a sort of sacred mystery. The preparation of the site of Cincinnati began millions of years ago. In fact, its landscaping was commenced almost as soon as the morning stars sang together.

Formative Influences, Glaciers, etc.

The present topography of this region, it must be understood, is vastly different from that of prehistoric times. Long ages ago, an immense body of water covered an enormous area of land in this great central portion of America constituting a lake which must have been almost an ocean. Its waters swarmed with living creatures, whose skeletons, deposited upon the bottom of this inland sea, formed those limestone beds of rock which, alternating with deposits of clayey shale brought down from neighboring hills, compose the upper portions of the crust of the earth in this locality.

As these deposits thickened, they sank from their own weight deeper and deeper down, until at the time they had attained a depth of possibly one thousand feet, there occurred a convulsive contraction of the earth's crust, which with Titanic energy threw up a narrow but extensive island, running north and south in this very region whose geological characteristics we are studying. Upon this elevation, Nature began to operate with a slow but irresistible power. The rain, the frost and running water were her instruments and with them in thousands and, perhaps in millions of years, she patiently dug canals for drainage and deposited the elements of the soil.

In those far off days, Geologists assure us, a river (fancifully named "Old Limestone") heading somewhere in the vicinity of Maysville, Ky., and Manchester, Ohio, flowed through the present channel of the Little Miami; thence in a westerly direction toward that suburb of our city known as St. Bernard, where it was met by the Licking. Thus augmented, it rolled onward up the Mill

Creek Valley to Hamilton. From this point its course is not so plainly traced; but, probably it turned in a southwesterly direction and fell into the Whitewater near Harrison. From thence it debouched into the Great Miami and so on downward through the present bed of the Ohio into the Gulf.

Old Limestone.

Innumerable as were the years required to perform these stupendous feats of landscape architecture and laborious as were the processes, Nature was not satisfied with the results and, patiently, began again. This time the instrument selected for her alterations was an immeasurable sheet of ice which flowed slowly but irresistibly out of the frozen North and spread itself over this whole region, planing down hills and filling up valleys, like a householder grading his door yard.

Other ages rolled away and other conditions arose. The vast sheet of ice began to melt and form great dams with its floes and rubbish, through which at irregular intervals, the pent up waters burst and carried devastation over hundreds and hundreds of miles. Under the alterative powers of such prodigious energies, the ancient drainage system vanished or at least, left few and all but unrecognizable traces of itself behind. The new system, however, was finally perfected, the central canal of which is the great Ohio.

The grand "Old Limestone" had disappeared and her waters now flowed in this newer bed. The Great Miami; the Little Miami; the Licking and smaller streams like Mill Creek, Duck Creek, Lick Run and Bloody Run (now running or soon to run through covered sewers), gradually excavated those beds through which they have been coursing for ages, and in which they were seen with admiration by the first white settlers. Their precipitous banks had been carefully graded, and one of the most fertile soils in the world had been generously deposited on them. Out of this rose luxurious and beautiful forests which the pioneers admired and destroyed; but which we, their descendants, can only imagine and regret.

The Rivers as Assets.

Among the influences which designated and fitted the spot on which Cincinnati now stands for the site of a great city, the streams, of course, were the most conspicuous and important. The Big and Little Miamis; the Licking and the Mill Creek had two values only. Their valleys furnished natural thoroughfares for travel and a rich alluvial soil for agriculture. But, in addition, the Ohio (which the pioneers christened with that poetic name, The Beautiful River), was a navigable stream! In this age of railroads, it is hard for us to realize the significance of that fact. It was a dull fellow who observed "How strange it is that there should so often be a navigable river running past a great city," and he would be a very stupid fellow who had not studied with intense interest the significance of those navigable rivers by side of which they, so accidentally (!) flow. Who could over-estimate the importance of the Nile to Alexandria; the Euphrates to Babylon; the Yangste Kiang to Shanghai; the Uruguay to Buenos Ayres; the Hudson to New York; the Mississippi to New Orleans; the Alleghany and the Monongahela to Pittsburgh? An ignoramus only can minimize the future importance of these navigable rivers, even in a rapid transit age

like this. Such streams are liable to leap into unexpected uses, even. In 1910 the Seine threatened to become the destroyer of Paris, by a freshet in which she overflowed her banks and invaded the city with irresistible power. A few months later, however, in the great railroad strike, she became the city's savior, because where other means of transportation had been closed, the little vessels plying up and down her quiet waters carried the provisions which prevented famine.

What service beside furnishing water, drainage and transportation great rivers are to play in the future we may only conjecture; but the part which the Ohio did *actually* play in the location and evolution of the great Metropolis of the Middle West demands more than a passing notice.

The Ohio.

The Ohio river is the greatest of the affluents of the Mississippi with respect to its discharge of water, averaging 158,000 cubic feet per second, while that of the Missouri is only 120,000. It has its origin at the point where the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers unite, and there cradles its first great Child City—Pittsburgh. A straight line drawn from Pittsburgh to the point where it debouches into the Mississippi measures 615 miles; but in its meanderings the waters of the great stream traverse 975 miles, and at its mouth stands the city of Cairo, as Pittsburgh does at its source. Between these two cities and lining its shores, innumerable other towns of greater or less importance may be seen—Steubenville, Wheeling, Marietta, Parkersburg, Pomeroy, Point Pleasant, Gallipolis, Huntington, Cartersburgh, Ironton, Portsmouth, Maysville, New Richmond, Covington, Cincinnati, Lawrenceburgh, Madison, Louisville, Evansville and Paducah. These are only the larger and better known; but others, full of life and business might be named. Past these busy and prosperous centers of human activity the mighty river flows at the rate of about three miles an hour, and rising at irregular intervals under the swelling pressure of some great flood to the height of 60 or 70 feet above low water mark.

According to one authority it drains 202,400 square miles, and to another 214,000, while with its tributaries it has at least 5,000 miles of navigable waters. These facts and figures feebly indicate the immensity of the region whose past and future, even more than its present, are indissolubly linked with the Ohio river. They serve to illustrate and prove its value as a factor in the selection of the site of Cincinnati. For, somewhere in a region so vast, a great metropolis was certain to arise and could not arise except upon its shores. For, it was the natural highway for the army of pioneers who were so soon to invade this wilderness. A road cut through the forests over the Alleghany mountains admitted a large contingent, it is true. So also did another, winding through the southern edge of the great Northwestern Territory. But those who travelled these wild and dangerous pathways were but a handful to those who floated easily down the swift current of the great river.

If then it was valuable for travel, it was not less so for commerce. The difficulty of carrying heavy burdens up stream was immense; but in order to populate the region it was only of importance that they should be carried down. Than this nothing could be easier, and having once been loaded on the primitive craft constructed for the purpose, not a penny of expense was afterwards incurred for transportation.

CHAPTER II.

A TERRA INCOGNITA—MARQUETTE AND JOLIET AND THEIR DISCOVERIES—ENGLISH DISPUTE POSSESSION WITH THE FRENCH AND THE ABORIGINES TAKE A HAND—GENERAL BRADDOCK'S DEFEAT—WAR WITH THE INDIANS—GEORGE ROGERS CLARK WINS THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY—DIVISION OF THE TERRITORY INTO STATES.

The Previous History.

Such, then were the natural advantages of this site for a city and the methods of its preparation by Nature. But, if it is necessary to know about these in order to comprehend the city in which we dwell, it is not less so to be familiar with the essential facts concerning the early history of the great region, of which it was destined to be the metropolis.

A Vast Wilderness—1673-1763.

We must, therefore, now begin to trace a long and complicated series of events which began to take place as far back as 1673, by means of which the Middle West was fitted for the white man's residence and for a central community from which the influences of the new civilization should radiate. To do this intelligently, we must keep in mind the vast extent of this territory, and be prepared to co-ordinate events occurring anywhere and everywhere between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; the Cumberland river and the great lakes.

1673.

Up to the year 1673, or thereabouts, the Middle West was a *terra incognita* to the whites; but, at that time restless and adventurous spirits began to wander about and to investigate the secrets of this mysterious region. This period belongs almost exclusively to French history and covered nearly a century of time. It is fabulously rich in romance and of the greatest importance to general history, even in minute details; but brief notices of a few, only, of its brilliant achievements must suffice to disclose its significance, as related to the foundation and development of Cincinnati.

1676.

On the 17th day of May in the year of our Lord 1676, Marquette and Joliet began that memorable journey which resulted in the discovery of the Mississippi. Down it they floated until they reached the Arkansas river, and on the 17th of June began their return by the way of the Illinois, thus passing through the western edge of that region which is the object of our investigation, but learning little if anything about it.

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1682.

Not long afterward Robert LaSalle began that famous voyage on which he completed the work of Joliet by passing down the Mississippi river to the Gulf of Mexico, where on the 9th of April, 1682, he planted fleur-de-lis and claimed the region to the east of his line of travel for his native land by the right of discovery.

1687—1700.

This title was regarded by Frenchmen as quite sufficient to warrant them in taking possession, and the vanguard of their adventurers pressed on in ever-increasing numbers. Joliet founded a colony at St. Louis in 1687. The Wabash valley was occupied in 1700; Detroit, Vincennes, Kaskaskia and many other trading posts were established in the same period. The Indians, who numbered twenty or thirty thousand, were treated kindly and became the staunch friends of the Frenchmen whose influence was soon extended over the entire region. No attempt was made to colonize and settle, for barter with the native hunters was their only thought and purpose except to make the Indians serve as a sort of buffer between themselves and the English. In carrying out their plans they showed a wonderful sagacity. They acquired an intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of the aboriginal inhabitants; they thoroughly mastered the topography of the country; they located their trading points with a knowledge that resembled instinct.

1748.

In 1748 the first regular settlement by English-speaking men on Western waters was made in Draper's Meadow, on the New River, a branch of the Kanawha in Virginia, and in the same year Thomas Walker with a company of Virginia hunters forced his way into Kentucky and Tennessee. Trivial as those two events may seem in the great movements of history, they were epochal in fact, because the first slight tricklings of that stream of immigration westward which was so soon to be a flood. But that illustrious year was not to close without another event of even greater significance for, it was during its progress, that "The Ohio Company," an organization consisting of thirteen Marylanders with one London merchant was formed to speculate in Western lands, and secured a grant of 500,000 acres in the Ohio valley, to be located mainly between the Kanawha and the Monongahela.

1749.

The peaceful possession by France of this wilderness empire continued long; but began to be perceptibly disturbed after the close of King George's war in 1749. In that critical contest, the English had struggled with the French for supremacy along the Atlantic coast, and the result was so favorable to them as to release their energies for new and bolder enterprises upon the unexplored wilderness to the west, than any they had undertaken, hitherto. Before that time, it is true, that the Pennsylvanians and Virginians had worked their way to the foot hills of the Alleghanies and already the Men from Connecticut had begun to break through into New York and to take possession of the Susquehanna. But the truly momentous hour now struck and one of the most impressive movements in history began; the movement of an irresponsible, unorganized mass of adven-

turers extending over hundreds of miles along the sparsely populated western fringes of the colonies, into an unexplored wilderness.

1750.

In 1750 Christopher Gist was sent by these farsighted and ambitious men, to examine and report upon their holdings, and the account of his expedition is the first one concerning the region, by men of the English speaking race. In the year following Gist went down the southern side of the tract and found the whole region occupied by Indians and a few roving and reckless Scotch-Irish traders.

These startling evidences of a determination on the part of the English to dispute the possession of this *terra incognita* with the French were rapidly multiplied, and before long efforts began to be made to negotiate treaties with the Indians by which important holdings could be peacefully secured. These efforts, as a matter of course, produced violent dissensions and antagonisms of all sorts between the three peoples contending for the prize. The French could see as far into a mill stone as anybody and, realizing how much they had at stake, began to put every possible obstacle in the pathways of the obtrusive and aggressive English. Glasconiere, the sagacious governor of Canada, sent Celeron de Bienville across Lake Erie; from thence over the Portage to Lake Chautauqua; then down the Ohio as far as the Miami, by whose waters he began his return home via the Maumee river and Lake Erie to Montreal. It was a journey of exploration, of pacification and of preparation, its object being to devise ways and means to stem the tide of English advancement.

1753.

In 1753, also, the Marquis Duquesne, who succeeded Glasconiere, dispatched a strong military force to seize the head waters of the Ohio—a master stroke in the great game, then being played. These hardy and determined soldiers constructed Fort Venango at the confluence of French Creek and the Alleghany, thus fastening a secure rivet in the barriers with which they were determined to surround their precious possession. This was an act of aggression too bold to be overlooked by the English, and Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia sent a company of soldiers (piloted by Christopher Gist), to remonstrate threateningly against it. The bearer of his message was a young Virginian by the name of George Washington, and he presented it so convincingly that Le Boef, the commander of the French, felt called upon to ask for time to communicate with the Government at Montreal.

This dilatory treatment of his remonstrance was little to the taste of the irate Governor and he sent Washington back, to construct a fort at the forks of the two great rivers whose junction forms the Ohio. It was found impossible to do this, under the circumstances, but the frontier men of the region, dissatisfied at the failure, undertook to accomplish the deed themselves. The difficulties were greater than they imagined and they also, were compelled to desist by the French, who finished the structure begun by their enemies and made out of it the most strategic stronghold in the entire country.

From a place so important it was imperative that the French should be dislodged, even at the expense of war, and Governor Dinwiddie acted promptly.

He sent Washington to accomplish its conquest or destruction but furnished him with so insufficient a force that the brave young soldier succeeded in escaping from the horrors of the battle of "Great Meadows" only with the "honors of war." His discomfiture and retirement left the French in absolute control, and at that dark moment not an English flag was waving in the whole Northwest.

This situation was intolerable and the English Government planned a counter stroke. An army of very considerable size and power was raised and put under the command of General Braddock, a soldier of renown. He took Washington upon his staff; but ignored the advice of the young man whose experience with the Indian mode of warfare entitled him to be heard. As a result of this fatuous indifference to counsel, he was surprised by his wily enemies; his army was cut to pieces and himself slain,—a catastrophe which sent a shudder along the whole Atlantic coast and through the mother country, also.

"We shall know better how to deal with the Indians another time," said the dying Braddock, but did not live to demonstrate that he had learned the great lesson; and those who came after him repeated the blunder which he had made, not only, but were guilty of a hundred others.

1758.

It was so necessary to avenge this insult to English valor and, as well, to conquer this obstinate Fort that still another expedition was organized in 1758 and it set out determined to succeed, whatever the cost might be. This time the commander was General Faber and his triumph was rendered easy and certain by the temporary absence of the Indians from the encampment. This weakening of the garrison was fatal to the French. The stronghold was captured; its name was changed from Fort Dusquesne to Fort Pitt and it became the defense and hope of the whole frontier.

The Treaty of Paris.

The conquest of this little frontier post, may be considered the first act in the great political drama which we are watching. Distant as its staging was from that spot on the Ohio where our city was to have its birth, it was of critical importance and so were other events, more distant still. The "Seven Years" war between Austria, England and France was terminated by the treaty of Paris in 1763. In that far away city, a few pen strokes transferred the sovereignty of the French empire in America to the absolute control of the English. A victory that seemed possible to be achieved alone by fighting over every foot of ground in that immeasurable area was secured by the signatures of a few individuals in a quiet chamber across a stormy ocean!

"America is to be English—not French! What a result (of the Seven Years' War) is that, if there were no other!" exclaims Carlyle. "France beaten, stript, humiliated; sinful, unrepentant (governed by mere sinners and at best mere fools) collapses like a creature whose limbs fail it; sinks into bankrupt quiescence; into nameless fermentation generally; into dry rot."

For us the significance of this far off collapse of French power lies in the fact, of course, that it opened the door to the appropriation of one of the most fertile regions in the world, to the agriculture, commerce, government, religion and city building of the Anglo Saxon race. Upon their ability to conquer the wilderness and that of others to propitiate or eliminate its Indian population,

rested the possibility of holding and controlling this immense acquisition of territory and of wealth.

The Strength of the English with the Indians.

The next historical problem which confronts us therefore is that of the policy of the English toward this newly acquired territory and the events by which it was prepared through complicated statecraft and bloody battles for a peaceful occupation.

1763.

On the 7th day of October, 1763, George III, the English King, issued a proclamation concerning the government of all the other territories ceded to England by the treaty of Paris, *excepting* this particular region in North America. His reason for excepting it from the provisions in that proclamation was—the desire to rescue it all for *crown lands, in order to exclude the inhabitants of the colonies from settling upon it!* The selfish motive for this exclusion is one of the monstrosities of history, and is concealed and confessed in the words “*Let the savages enjoy the desert in quiet, for were they driven from their forests the peltry trade would decrease!*”

For the profit of the home government through the revenue derived from a fur trade with the Indians, this whole magnificent region was to be closed to the innumerable home seekers who were waiting to clear it, plow it, inhabit it and turn it into a paradise!

Pontiac War—Pontiac—1763.

This cold and selfish policy was instantly resented and assisted powerfully to provoke that hatred of England which produced the wave of the American Revolution. At the first the sanguine colonists believed that, now, because the French were conquered they could safely enter upon the occupation of this splendid domain, for it did not seem even to occur to them that the Indians could offer any serious resistance without the co-operation of the French. In this belief they were most lamentably in error, for the Indians from the Alleghanies to the Mississippi and from the Great Lakes to the Ohio, grieving over the disaster to their French friends, and irritated by the sudden and daring encroachments of their white neighbors broke out into open remonstrances and threats. The French had been conciliatory and politic in their treatment of the Indians; the English were harsh and unfair. One act of injustice followed another until at last the outraged Red Men rose in a movement of unprecedented magnitude. This movement, dangerous in itself, was rendered more so because inspired and directed by a man of extraordinary genius, Pontiac the Chief of the Ottawas. By the exercise of his unrivaled powers this great warrior rallied the tribes of the whole region to his standard and planned a campaign of resistance, with the most consummate military skill. Various divisions of his army were to attack the several forts which the English had seized and manned, and began to do so in the months of May and June in 1763. One after another these fortresses succumbed. Forts St. Joseph (on the St. Joseph river, Michigan), fort Ontario, (now Lafayette, Indiana), fort Michillimacinac (now Mackinac, Michigan), fort Pesque Isle (now Erie, Pa.), fort Le Boeuf (in Erie Co., Pa.), fort Venango (Venango Co., Pa.), and the forts at Carlisle and Bedford, Pa.

Bouquet.

The only unsuccessful efforts of this sudden and brilliant campaign were, curiously enough, the one undertaken by the Chief himself (through the treachery of an Indian girl) and another less dramatic but not less fatal, at the eastern end of the confederacy. In that zone of the fighting, the Indians encountered a master in the art of war, Col. Henry Bouquet. At Burley Run, about 25 miles east of Fort Pitt, this sagacious and indomitable old veteran stumbled upon a large body of Indians and, by pretending to retreat with his 500 regulars, drew them into an ambush. Crushing them was the work of a few bloody moments when in the jaws of the trap he had so cunningly set.

Two such dire disasters were fatal to the confederacy, and as Bouquet in swift marches swept on his errand of recovery from frontier post to frontier post, in one of the most brilliant campaigns of American history, it hopelessly collapsed restoring peace and re-establishing the English power.

Treaties of German Flats and Fort Stanwix—1765-1768.

The territory had been conquered in a fair fight but something else remained, for on account of its vastness it was as necessary to peace that it be *defined* as that it should be *subjugated*. This was not an easy task. Three years were consumed in earnest and sometimes heated discussions between the representatives of the two powers. At last, however, (and it is another illustration of the numerous and distant influences required to pave the way for the foundation of our city) a satisfactory treaty was arranged and signed in 1768 at German Flats and Fort Stanwix in far away New York.

Lord Dunmore's War.

This was an event of the greatest importance; but it was not the last obstacle to be removed, by any means, nor the final complication which we have to understand. A struggle of the most violent and bitter character now sprang up between the various interests bent upon the occupation of the territory thus secured. Upon the instant of signature, almost, immigration began. It was at first of a sporadic character and consisted, with the exception of the Moravian Colony on the Muskingum, of individual attempts to trade or settle. The immigrants, as was inevitable, were of the most heterogeneous character and came from all the adjacent colonies, a fact which soon gave rise to misunderstandings and altercations between the legislatures of these ambitious political bodies. Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and North Carolina were principally involved. They dreaded, each one to see the other getting the lion's share of that vast wilderness empire which stretched away into the dim distance. The differences between Virginia and Pennsylvania were the most serious for they concerned not only the amount of territory each might grasp; but the policy by which they governed their relations to the Indian tribes. Pennsylvania desired, principally, a peaceful trade with them in furs; the Virginians avidly coveted their soil. Had it not been for the Indian outbreak which this greed for land provoked and which served to unite the warring factions by the spread of a common danger, the disagreement might have resulted in war between the whites, themselves.

1773.

It did, in fact, provoke a most perilous uprising of the Indians which for a time united the white men against the red men and developed into a struggle for supremacy which has been dignified by the title of Lord Dunmore's war. By the fall of 1773 the Indians had become thoroughly aroused and began making attacks upon the widely scattered settlements which had been commenced within their borders. The Shawnees were the leaders of this uprising; but were joined by bands of Mingoes and Cherokees; Wyandots and Delawares, as well as the Miamis and the Wabash. In the spring of the following year open hostilities were inaugurated in consequence of an open letter issued by an agent of Lord Dunmore's, which was generally regarded as a formal declaration of war. At the first sound of arms the whites developed a rude organization of their forces into two divisions, one under Michael Cresap and the other under General Andrew Lewis. The former, goaded by a natural antipathy for his red-skinned enemies, plunged recklessly into the struggle and fell (some say intentionally and some with vindictive purpose) upon a community of friendly Indians whom he ruthlessly put to the sword. This horrible atrocity provoked a conflict of such savage ferocity as had scarcely been known before even in that border land of blood.

1774.

It was, however, a brief struggle and was brought to an illustrious termination by a memorable victory won by the division under Lewis at Point Pleasant, on the Ohio river. On the 10th of October, this astute soldier encountered, at that spot, a body of Indians superior to his own in numbers but inferior in military prowess, and won from them one of the most remarkable victories recorded in the annals of Indian warfare. The results of this victory were momentous, for in the first place it was so complete as to keep the Indians quiet during the first two years of the Revolution (then just approaching) and in the second place to permit the whites to secure a foothold in Kentucky.

1778-1779—*Kaskaskia and Vincennes.*

The advances of the whites thus far recorded took place from the north and east; but inroads were being made from the south and west, as well. Those southerly encroachments were of the utmost consequence and must be here described. As has been already told, the French had established (a century or so before) important trading points at Kaskaskia and Vincennes and when the transfer was made in 1763, these frontier fortifications passed under the government of the King of England. It was inevitable that in the struggle between the colonies and the mother country, originating in 1776, these settlements should have a strategic value as suitable places for the British to fit out hostile bands of Indians to operate against the Americans and it, therefore, became a matter of the greatest importance to the revolutionaries that they should be captured or destroyed. The possibility of accomplishing either idea seemed remote to every one else; but there was a military genius living at the Falls of the Ohio (Louisville, Ky.), to whom nothing either necessary or important ever appeared impossible. The name of this remarkable man was George Rogers Clark. For some time he had pondered the problem of snatching these frontier posts from

the hands of the British and, after overcoming all obstacles to the assemblage of a force adequate for his purpose, he conducted his raw recruits to an island in the Ohio river and drilled them for his difficult and dangerous enterprise. On the 24th of June, 1778, during an eclipse of the moon, he set sail; passed safely over the rapids; landed at an abandoned fortification (Fort Massie); traveled six days across the country (part of the time without food); fell upon Kaskaskia (situated on a river by that name on the west side of Illinois, near the Mississippi) and captured both it and the neighboring French settlements, without the firing of a gun.

1779.

The surrender of Vincennes across the state (on the Wabash river) followed soon afterward and the whole region thus fell swiftly and easily into the hands of the Americans; a loss so serious to the British that Governor Hamilton, the Commander in Detroit, began immediately to organize an expedition for their recovery. In this he was partially successful for Vincennes surrendered, with but feeble resistance, and the news of its fall was carried promptly to Kaskaskia where Clark then was. The comment of the hardy soldier was characteristic. "I must take Hamilton or he will take me," he said and almost upon the instant, in the very dead of winter, marched. His path was through a frozen wilderness at first and afterwards over a region flooded with melting snows. Pushing resolutely forward, the army waded shoulder deep in the slush, and falling upon the fortifications on the 24th of February, 1779, carried them by assault. There were obstacles of the most serious character still opposed to their retaining possession of their conquest; but the heroic little battalion planted itself so firmly there as to establish an insuperable line of defense against the Indians, all along the banks of the lower part of the Ohio river.

Conquest of Tennessee.

To these lines of defense and points of attack thus being established on the north, east and west of the disputed territory of the Northwest another was now added on the south, thus helping to encompass it with those powers by which its conquest, ultimately, was achieved.

By the treaty of Fort Stanwix the Indian tribes had ceded to the English all the land lying between the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, a cession which afforded the frontiersmen, ever on the watch for an opportunity, to rush in and seize the soil of the "Virginia wilderness," all the excuse they needed for a long delayed attempt. With eager eyes and swelling hearts the bolder mountaineers on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies had coveted that vast, fertile, well-watered and hill strewn country bounded on one side by the Cumberland and on the other by the great Smoky Mountains. In it rise the Clinch, the Holston, Wautega, Nolichucky and French Broad rivers, whose volumes combined with less important streams fill the broad bed of the Tennessee with abundant water. The upper end of the valley lay well within Virginia and so made access to the coveted paradise easy to its adventurous inhabitants. Through this rich and beautiful region ran the war trail of the savage tribes of Indians bitterly opposed to any entrance of the whites. At once, they sprang to its defense and put their bodies and their arms across the way; but all in vain. The lust of land; the love of ad-

venture and the instinct for civilization were too powerful for resistance. Steadily the numbers of white men were increased and their hold tightened until at last by force and fraud they drove the red men out. It was a long and bloody struggle characterized by heroic deeds and the development of remarkable men. Two of these, John Sevier and James Robertson; uneducated but gifted with great natural powers, became both indomitable soldiers and incomparable statesmen helping not only to conquer a wilderness but to establish civilization by originating its institutions.

The settlement of Tennessee is but half of that southern movement which assisted to open the Northwest to the whites. To the north of it lay a region still more beautiful and fertile, which had early tempted adventurers to penetrate its solitudes. Curiously enough, it was not inhabited by Indians who considered it their permanent abode. Lying as it did in the midst of tribes forever at war, it became a sort of Armageddon in which they ceaselessly struggled for supremacy and was known among them as "a dark and bloody battle ground." As it was unoccupied by the Indians it was neglected by the French, and so open, in a way, for the entrance for any comers who had the courage to confront the dangers of the ever fluctuating waves of Indian forays. In 1766 a little party of five adventurers entered Kentucky from Tennessee, and in 1769 Daniel Boone with five companions from North Carolina followed them. In 1774 John Harrod established a small colony which was called by his associates Harrodsburg, in honor of its founder, and in 1775 several other similar parties settled permanently in the region. For a time, these scattered settlements undertook to govern themselves by a code of laws of their own ordainment; but soon afterwards the claims of Virginia to the region were recognized and she took them under her wing. During the years which followed, until the close of the Revolutionary War, the struggles of the settlers with the Indians were almost incessant; but slowly and steadily they gained a foothold from which nothing could dislodge them. Over "The Wilderness Way" and down the Ohio river a stream of immigrants poured in such ever increasing volumes that the territory of the Northwest was utterly secure from attack upon its southern side.

1781-1786.

A moment's consideration will disclose the fact that the region of the great Northwest for which these armed forces British, Indian and American were so bitterly disputing was now so effectively surrounded by the latter as to be doomed to their ultimate possession. In fact, it fell into their hands. When the Treaty of Paris was signed in 1783, the whole vast region became the property of the new government and the question of its ownership so far as other civilized people may concern was forever solved. The problem of the right and title of its original inhabitants, the Indians, still remained to be settled by the arbitrament of the sword; but more of that, anon.

Division of the Territory of the Northwest Among States.

The military conquest of this vast region was only a phase of the problem of its final occupation. It had not only to be conquered but *divided*! What parts of the prize should fall to the various states which had contributed to its conquest was a matter of the greatest perplexity—as well as of the greatest importance. There were many minor difficulties; but these were eclipsed by the mo-

mentous fact that some portion of the region belonged to individual states and not to that new nation which had come so recently to birth. Three of these, Virginia, Connecticut and New York, still more earnestly devoted to themselves, as states, than to that newer and greater political unit, the Federation, clung so tenaciously to their rights as to threaten the very existence of the national government itself. After long and acrimonious struggles, however, New York magnanimously surrendered her claims; Virginia followed and finally Connecticut, with but a single reservation—a great and fertile body of land in the northern part of Ohio which she was grudgingly permitted by the others to retain—and known as the Western Reserve.

General Effect of Possession of Northwest Territory.

So few words as these in which these memorable events have been hastily recorded can serve but feebly to convey their vastness and importance. Aside from the actual separation of the Colonies from the mother country, no other event (except the civil war) has had more influence upon our national development than the conquest thus imperfectly described. The whole, immense domain belonged at last to the national government to be disposed of at its will, just at the very moment when more land was almost as necessary to its existence as fresh air and water. The soldiers of the Revolutionary War, so recently and so gloriously terminated, had returned to their homes broken in health and fortune. The government, grateful as it was for the heroism and self-sacrifice by which it had been begotten, was as poor as they, themselves, and utterly incapable of furnishing them with an adequate or, indeed, with any financial reward at all. But, at the crucial moment, by this great conquest of this enormous region it found itself inestimably rich in *land*! A virgin wilderness lay open, offering the most tempting field for adventure and industry. What could have been more fortunate and what could be more important than to so fit this empire by a code of laws and a political organization to become the reward and the home of these heroic and impoverished soldiers? This preparation was a problem beset with difficulties too immense and intricate for us to study here. For years, the legislature of the new government conceived ideas which proved, upon discussion, to be impracticable and sometimes absurd; but finally a plan was proposed which met the approbation of all, or nearly so, and harmonized contending factions.

The Ordinance of 1787.

This plan was embodied in an immortal document called "Ordinance for Governing the Northwestern Territory" and was passed in 1787. With that wisdom (almost a prescience) which characterized the political activities of the founders of our government, the men who gave the ordinance its final form provided, strange as it may seem, for every important emergency that actually arose in the complicated struggle to subdue, populate and govern a vast wilderness over which still roamed bands of savage Indians from whom it finally had to be seized by force of arms. Wise, interesting and important as were all the provisions of this great document, there was a single one so remarkable there and so significant afterward that, although they are passed by in silence, it must never be permitted to go without a word of praise. The others were political. It was ethical. By it, human slavery, in this region sacred to the highest uses of humanity, was forbidden then and evermore.

CHAPTER III. THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

THE ACTUAL SETTLEMENT OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY—THE OHIO COMPANY—
JUDGE SYMMES AND HIS LAND GRANTS—BENJAMIN STITES AND HIS BAND SET-
TLE AND CALL THE PLACE COLUMBIA—MATTHIAS DENMAN AND HIS FOLLOWERS
LOCATE ON THE SPOT NOW KNOWN AS CINCINNATI AND CALL IT LOSANTIVILLE—
JUDGE SYMMES LOCATES AT NORTH BEND.

This preliminary survey of the military and political preparation of the North-west Territory to become the abode of men and the site of great cities must now be abandoned for the study of those events which paved the way, immediately, for the foundation of the city whose history we have set ourselves to trace and comprehend.

This survey has taken no inconsiderable amount of valuable time and required no trifling mental effort; but it has been necessary for our purpose. What we set out to do, it will be remembered, was to afford a sort of bird's eye view of those prodigious movements and influences which have preceded and paved the way for the phenomenon which we are contemplating, the building of a great city. Until they are understood, the contemplation of the mystery and majesty of any great metropolis is impossible. No one can, indeed, acquire a full conception of the beauty of even the tiniest flower that blows, without realizing that a universe has been required to grow it! Earth, air and ocean; sun, moon and stars have all been called upon to furnish the ingredients of its life. So also have the resources of the universe been called upon to build a city! As it takes all rivers to make an ocean, it has taken all the tributary streams of history to create the town we live in.

1783—1786.

No sooner had the struggle with the mother country ceased and the conviction become established that a nation had been born, than the eyes of multitudes, but particularly of the veterans of the Revolution, began to turn eagerly toward this new El Dorado in the west. Even before the problem of its government had been settled, many of the most adventurous of them had crossed the mountains and pushed their way, fearlessly, into the unknown recesses of the primeval forests. But now, that the way was wide open, the movement began to take a more orderly form through schemes for colonization on a large scale. As early as 1783, an attempt had been made by a company to secure a grant of lands between the Ohio river and Lake Erie; but the strife in Congress over the ownership delayed the survey so long that the soldiers almost gave up their hopes. In March, 1786, however, the more zealous of the promoters met in Boston and formed a new "Ohio company for the purchase and settlement of western lands." General Rufus Putnam, General Samuel H. Parsons and Rev. Manasseh Cutler were the three leading spirits and when, after the most determined and even

desperate efforts the charter was secured, they selected as the site of their enterprise the region about the mouth of the Muskingum river.

It was on the 27th of October that the grant was signed and the day is an epoch marker in the life of the infant nation, as well as in that of the Northwest Territory. It deserves to be forever remembered by all true patriots, while the foresight and devotion of its three great promoters ought to be celebrated as long as our government shall stand.

Marietta.

Success in securing the charter did not relax the energies of the men who had consecrated themselves to the achievement of their great undertaking. They went immediately to work to give their plans material form, and in the month of February following, the various groups of the enthusiastic colony began to assemble at the mouth of the Youghiogheny river. There they eagerly constructed flat boats, hopefully embarked and successfully reached their destination on the 7th of April, 1788. Under the protection of the guns of Fort Harmar (a considerable military post) they laid the foundations of a settlement which they named, at first, Adelpia, but afterwards Marietta, in honor of the French Queen Marie Antoinette. By the 4th of July their plans had been so rapidly carried out that a pretentious celebration of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was observed, while, on the 17th of the same month the government of the new territory was formally installed by General Arthur St. Clair, who had been selected for the great honor. In 1790 the village had increased to the number of eighty houses, and other settlements sprang up in the region round about.

By this first step, feeble apparently as that of a little child, the movement which resulted in the population of the middle west, was thus auspiciously begun, and the second step will lead us to the foundation of our own beautiful, important and ever growing city.

The Ohio Company—"The Two Miamis."

The Ohio company had carefully considered the attractions of the region between the two Miamis in selecting their location; but for "good and sufficient reasons" rejected it for that at the mouth of the Muskingum. Traditions of its fertility had been widely circulated; but it was considered as being so dangerously open to the attacks of hostile Indians that settlers were afraid to make their homes upon it. The ferocity of its aboriginal inhabitants and the ruthless onslaughts they had made upon the few courageous adventurers who had dared to try an entrance, had secured for it that terrible designation "The Miami Slaughter House." As early as 1780 a fleet of sixty-three boats with a thousand fighting men aboard had observed the lovely shores of the land between those famous rivers, as they floated down the Ohio, seeking for a place to land and build their homes. Attractive as the country was, the numerous bands of hostile Indians who were seen skulking along through the forests deterred them from its selection, although five hundred of the company recklessly went ashore at the mouth of Mill creek and chased the savages many miles into the wilderness.

Two months later on the region was once more penetrated by white men, for Captain Bird, commanding six hundred Indians and Canadians, accompanied by artillery men with their cannon, broke their way through the woods along the



GEN. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON



GEN. HARMAR



JOHN CLEVES SYMMES



MAJ-GEN. ARTHUR ST. CLAIR



ANTHONY WAYNE

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Mill creek on one of those wild forays which were still being made and ascended the Licking river on the opposite side of the Ohio.

Benjamin Stites.

These flying bands who first beheld the beautiful and fertile region were attracted and impressed; but lacked either the courage or the resources to seize it for themselves. It could not, however, long remain thus unappropriated, and in the nick of time that man appeared by whose foresight and resolution it was to be rescued for civilization. The name of this man was Benjamin Stites, a trader from New Jersey. Happening to be in the little town of Limestone (Maysville), on the Kentucky side of the Ohio when a party of backwoodsmen passed through it in pursuit of a troop of Indians who had stolen their horses, he joined them in a spirit of adventure. They followed the south bank of the Ohio river down to the mouth of the Little Miami, which (after having reached it by means of hastily constructed rafts) they stealthily ascended. More interested in the country than in the fugitive culprits, Stites observed it with a trained and unerring judgment. So deeply was he moved by what he saw of its beauty and fertility that upon the termination of the adventure he hastened east and confided his discovery to a person whose name must be forever associated with that marvelous development of civilization which has taken place in the Ohio valley.

John Cleves Symmes.

This person was John Cleves Symmes, a gentleman who had already attained a not inconsiderable fame and fortune as delegate from Delaware to the Continental Congress in 1785-86; judge of the superior court of New Jersey; and afterwards chief justice of the same state. The story of Stites awakened his ambition and aroused his powers. He threw himself into the scheme to get possession of this paradise with an enthusiasm which knew no bounds. His large acquaintance with men of affairs made it possible and easy for him to secure the interest and co-operation of others. Selecting a score or more of the best of them he (and Stites and they) proceeded to organize an association on the same lines as those laid down by the Ohio company.

Symmes, enthusiastic though he was, had also an element of great caution in his make up and before committing himself finally to what seemed destined to grow into a gigantic undertaking, he determined to go and see with his own eyes whether Stites had been deceived or not. He went, and what he saw upon that eventful journey not only reassured him but made it more than evident that the half had not been told. The report which he brought back was of so glowing a nature that it fired his associates to renewed efforts, and they pushed forward their enterprise with indomitable energy and unquenchable zeal. On the 29th of August, 1787, they presented a petition to Congress for a grant on the same terms as the Ohio company and, impatient at the slow movements of that body, Symmes (with a childish confidence, taking it for granted that Congress would do exactly what he asked) gave Stites a covenant for ten thousand acres of the best land in the valley at the price of five shillings per acre, payable in certificates of the public debt, that medium which the government had agreed to receive in payment for the Muskingum purchase!

Three days afterwards, he issued a glowing prospectus in which he offered a choice of any township, section or quarter section in this paradise of two million acres for two thirds of a dollar per acre, up to the first of May following, when the value would suddenly rise to a *whole* dollar. Evidently the world looked golden to him then. He felt like a king bestowing empires. Square miles of land were smaller than back door gardens. The only reservation for himself was that of an entire township at the confluence of the Big Miami and the Ohio (together with the fractional townships at the sides) on which he proposed to lay the foundations of the metropolis of the region. Upon this town site he offered every alternate lot, free of charge, to any who should improve it by the erection of a house or cabin and occupy it for at least three consecutive years.

It sounded like the proclamation of an emperor and filled the western world with "cloud capped towns, and gorgeous palaces and solemn temples." That such a vision could dissolve and like an unsubstantial pageant fade away and leave a pitiful little wreck behind, seemed quite unthinkable. Applications were made in such numbers as to be recorded with difficulty, and pressed with a rivalry so fierce as to result in bitter quarrels. The wheels of the vast commercial scheme revolved at first, with fairy like rapidity and smoothness, for the bearings of all were oiled by hope. It was not long, however, before they each began to creak. Terribly discordant sounds arose and troubles of every kind sprang up.

When, after many and aggravating delays, the treasury board at last took up the request of the judge and his partners, it was speedily discovered that they had acted too soon! That enormous water front upon the Ohio was a gift which would have staggered a Roman emperor or a French king, say nothing about the scrupulous legislators of a new democracy! The careful and economical committees drew new lines about the purchase, and to his distress and confusion the too optimistic judge discovered that they excluded many valuable tracts for which he had already taken (and, no doubt) expended the money. This, of course, produced expensive litigations and bitter animosities of so serious a nature as to darken the whole subsequent life of the honest and conscientious, but unbusiness-like, judge. They followed him down to his grave, in fact, and so imbittered his soul as to make him leave, in his will, an imprecation upon what he regarded as the ingratitude of his countrymen; but what his countrymen believe was, only, an error of his individual judgment.

It was an inauspicious beginning for so promising an undertaking and set it back awhile. But the opportunity was too attractive and too genuine to permit it to be permanently closed up. Compromises were agreed upon and such arrangements made as to permit the enterprise to go forward. In May, 1792, Congress made a final disposition of the matter by granting Symmes the whole Ohio river front (lying between the two Miamis) limited on the east and west by their channels and a straight line drawn from one to the other in such a way as to encompass 248,540 acres of land exclusive of a few reservations for religious, educational and military establishments. It was a terrible shrinkage and a bitter disappointment to the over sanguine promoter. As the actual immigration, set in motion by the judge's personal assurance had actually begun in 1789 and the final adjustment was not reached until 1792, those three years had fur-

nished sufficient time for engendering difficulties which decades were required to settle.

As every other movement in nature and in politics by which the site of Cincinnati was prepared for occupation was slow, the retardation of this last one need not cause us any new surprise. But, slowly as it moves, Providence finally attains its every goal, and the preliminary steps which we have been so swiftly tracing have at length been taken. In the first place we studied the processes of natural forces; in the second place the protracted struggles for pre-eminence and possession between the French, the English, the Americans and the Indians; and finally the legal complications in the government plan for the sale of the territory, after its possession had been gained.

It is a complicated and wonderful web of happenings! As was, at the outset prophesied, we have been compelled to "keep in mind a vast extent of territory and co-ordinate events occurring anywhere and everywhere between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi; the Cumberland river and the Great Lakes."

The Actual Settlement.

The time has come at last, however, when our vision narrows down and we are now to undertake the survey of the actual settlement of our town. But it must be remembered that no single event can be detached from all others. The stream of history bears them easily along in a single channel, blending them harmoniously together. But the mind of man cannot thus grasp them all nor can his art present them as a whole. The limitations of his powers of thought compel him to seize and to describe each one consecutively and bind them together then as best he can.

The Three Bands.

We find ourselves obliged to trace, therefore, at this period of our undertaking events which had begun to transpire even before the political organization of the territory was completed. As the zeal of Symmes had led him to sell the land before he had gotten his title, the zeal of the home-seekers led them to enter the promised land while he was in the initial stages of his negotiations. Out of the many columns of this advancing army of immigrants we are concerned with a single one which, however, sub-divides itself into these three distinct, and yet most closely correlated stories of settlements, one at the mouth of the Little Miami; another at that of the Big Miami, and a third close by the mouth of the Mill creek and opposite the Licking. The starting points for expeditions into the wilderness were, naturally enough, such places as Marietta on the northern shores of the Ohio and Limestone, Maysville on the south. This latter community in the state of Kentucky had already become a trading point of no inconsiderable importance. It was the place at which the travellers by water left their boats, when headed for the famous "Blue Grass" region and for Lexington, its infant metropolis. Here were fitted out those little companies which, in ever growing numbers, pushed out in every direction into the *terra incognita*. This was the point for adventurers of every kind to gather in; discuss their prospects and their plans; get the news; meet their friends; purchase provisions and build their boats.

Symmes, Stites, Denman—1788.

In the summer of 1788 three men might have frequently been seen in earnest conversation along the wharf and in the little town. Evidently they had business one with another of no mean concern. John Cleves Symmes, the purchaser of the vast tract between the Miami was one; Benjamin Stites, who had secured from him the region around the north of the Little Miami, another; while the third was a certain Matthias Denman, who was negotiating for the land on the shore of the Ohio opposite the Licking river. It is the story of their rival efforts to locate the metropolis of the Ohio valley which the progress of our narrative now summons us to tell,—not in minute details, but only in broad and bold outline. In answer to the question, "Are you travelling slowly and observing critically," a young Iowan on a railroad train in Switzerland, replied: "I am only touching the high points and never sleep more than one night in a single country." Let us, also, touch only the high points! We, too, must sleep no more than a single night and spend no more than a single day in any place through which we pass.

Settlement at Columbia.

It is with the adventures of Benjamin Stites that we begin, who, having completed his preparations before his competitors, set forth on the 16th of November, accompanied by a little group of hardy, enthusiastic and capable companions. On the morning of the 18th, from the decks of their rude barges, they surveyed the location which they believed to be the actual heart of this wilderness world, at the mouth of the Little Miami. With caution they approached the shore and, after having reconnoitered for fear of Indians, disembarked. About three-quarters of a mile below the spot at which the Little Miami discharged its waters into the Ohio they climbed the bank; cleared away the underbrush, and kneeling down upon the virgin soil, commended themselves and the town (which they named Columbia) to the blessing of Almighty God. In this little group of serious and religious persons were several more than ordinary men. Stites himself was one; John S. Gano was another, and not less so Edmund Buxton and Greenbright Bailey. Their principles were firm; their purposes noble and their judgments sound. They were mistaken only in that which no sagacity was able, independently, to determine—the strategic spot for a great city. The element which upset their plans was the great river, whose behavior could not possibly have been foreseen. What the circumstances demanded they did promptly, intelligently and successfully, the first thing being the erection of a block house, which they built from trees felled on the spot. Into this safe enclosure they led the women and children and then plunged resolutely into the work of erecting houses. The walls were made of logs and the doors and floors of planks from their flat boats which were dismantled for the purpose. They had, of course, to endure the usual hardships and dangers incident to such life; but there was abundant game in the forest and river, while the woods were full of edible roots which the women gathered, dried, pulverized and turned into a tolerable substitute for bread.

In the spring they began to plow up "Turkey Bottom," a rich alluvial tract which the Indians had already cultivated and from which in the fall they reaped a bountiful crop, securing themselves, in this way, against that greatest of perils, hunger.



FIRST LOG CABIN IN CINCINNATI BUILT IN 1789
BY BENJAMIN STITES AT COLUMBIA



FIRST LOG CABIN BUILT IN CINCINNATI IN 1788



FORT WASHINGTON AS IT APPEARED ABOUT 1810

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The first moment which Stites was able to spare from these arduous labors he gave to the task of defining and surveying the site of the great city which, with a vivid imagination, he saw springing up on the beautiful spot. He dedicated a mile of the river front to the purpose and ran his lines back far enough into the woods to furnish room for the growth of a considerable town. At first his dreams bade fair to be materialized, for precedence in time over his rivals was a valuable asset, and the eager homeseekers, seeing the little settlement as they floated down the stream, turned eagerly in to taste its hospitality and estimate its prospects. By the close of 1790 fifty houses (more or less) had been erected; a considerable number of important additions had been made to the population and school teachers and preachers had begun to arrive. In 1791 a Baptist church had been organized with nine members, and John Smith began his earnest labors as its pastor. Soon afterward an attempt to erect a place of worship was made and the building was occupied in 1793, remaining, by the way, a venerable landmark till 1835.

The people who were so solicitous about religious privilege could not be less so about educational. As early as the 29th of June in 1790 a schoolhouse was opened and John Riley appointed teacher. All these achievements and many others confirmed the high hopes of the founders of the village; but, suddenly, that terrible element of *contingency* dashed the cup of realization from their lips. The river rose in its majesty, and almost engulfed the little town! The location was instantly seen to have been a blunder; but its occupants were now so thoroughly anchored that they had to stay. The new arrivals shook their heads and went their way. A few merciless statistics tell the mournful tale of great expectations blasted. In 1819 Columbia contained but fifty houses. In 1870 its population was 1165. In 1873 it was annexed as a suburb to that rival community which was not established until several months after it had begun its promising career.

It is with a feeling of sadness that we turn away from the scene of so many hopes and efforts and achievements, for the original settlers were people whose characters and careers were such as to tempt the historian to pause and ponder on them; but the relative values of the various items that compose a history are settled by subsequent events, and these sink into insignificance on account of an advance into the wilderness by a second and third band of adventurers, whose fortunes we must also follow.

In point of time, the settlement of Cincinnati actually precedes the one which we shall study first; but as it also sank into insignificance, it must be disposed of here in order that our entire attention may be fixed upon the establishment of that little village which finally became the actual realization of all their dreams.

Settlement at North Bend.

It was on the 18th of November, 1788, that Stites and his company landed at Columbia. On the 29th of December of that same year Denman and his followers landed at Cincinnati (Losantiville) and not until the 2d of February did Symmes and the people who had pinned their faith to his leadership go ashore at North Bend. On the 29th of the month preceding, after much labor and many hardships, Symmes succeeded in assembling his companions, finishing his preparations with an adequate supply of provisions. A flood in the

river had delayed them; but when it subsided a little, the Symmes party of civilians accompanied by a small military escort, went aboard and floated swiftly down the swelling tide. They made two stops on this journey, one at Columbia, another at Losantiville, but both were brief, and on the 2d of February they beached their barges on the shore of the Ohio not far from the mouth of the Great Miami.

The original purpose of the leader of the expedition had been to land exactly at the junction where a rude fort had been constructed years before; but several valid reasons made him change his mind. The principal one, however, was the hope that he might find a spot on the narrow neck of land between the two streams so elevated as to be out of the reach of the floods and yet lying along both water fronts. This precaution was no doubt the result of the glimpse he had caught of Columbia, half under water as he passed.

It was in the middle of the afternoon that the disembarkation took place, and with the aid of the soldiers a camp was quickly made. Two forked saplings were stuck in the ground; a pole was stretched across and, against this, on one side, planks were placed to break the force of the biting blasts. In this poor shelter Judge Symmes and his family lived for the next six months, supported and encouraged by those unquenchable hopes which animate the souls of pioneers surrounded by the immeasurable opportunities and prospects of a virgin soil, an uninhabited wilderness and boundless natural resources.

The choice of this particular spot, auspicious as it seemed, began to be unfortunate, almost from the first moment of disembarkation. The trouble began in the dissatisfaction of the petty officer in command of the military escort, who suddenly found himself confronted by the disagreeable necessity of building a fort. He had taken it for granted that the old one in the neighborhood would be made to do, and so filled the air with remonstrances and complaints. The judge stood firm in his purpose to remain, however, where he was, and one day in March the contemptible officer, followed by his ignoble contingent, deserted their unprotected charge and sneaked off down to Louisville where they found more comfortable quarters. Upon their departure, Judge Symmes, undaunted by danger, began a protracted and careful investigation of the entire region to see if any situation offered greater advantages for his purpose. A better could not be found and therefore he hurriedly surveyed and plotted the land so that the eager settlers could at once begin to build. Thereupon they set to work with a will, and by the middle of May forty cabins had been completed, and still more were in process of erection. The breasts of all the people were filled with hope and each believed that the embryonic village which was christened North Bend (because it stood on the most northerly bend of the Ohio between the Murking river and the Mississippi) was destined to be the metropolis of the great northwest. So rapidly, indeed, did settlers pour into the community that the ever optimistic judge laid off another town site seven miles up the Ohio (which was called South Bend), and a third sprang up of its own accord, to which the name of Sugar Camp attached itself.

As in the case of Columbia, however, the endeavors of man were found to be impotent when pitted against untoward circumstances and the laws of nature. Against both of these the hero of our story had to struggle. In an incident the validity of which has been often enough disputed, circumstances were certainly

against the judge, for in order to achieve supremacy among three rival settlements, North Bend must have a fort. Well, one of the men who could have built it had already deserted and gone off to Louisville; and the second, a certain Ensign Luce, a short time afterward, also disappeared. He had fallen in love, it seems, with the pretty wife of one of the settlers who, in order to preserve her from the wiles of the daring and designing soldier, sent her away to some friends in Losantiville, a few miles up the river. The infatuated ensign followed her, of course, and to the disgust of the judge discovered that the situation of this little village where she passed her exile possessed advantages for fortification-building, infinitely superior to the one from which she had been banished!

In recording the incident Judge Burnet indulges himself in the following romantic reflections:

"Thus we see what unexpected results are sometimes produced by circumstances apparently trivial. The incomparable beauty of a Spartan dame produced a ten years' war which terminated in the destruction of Troy; and the irresistible charms of another female transferred the commercial emporium of Ohio from the place where it had been commenced, to the place where it now is. If the captivating American Helen had continued at North Bend the garrison would have been erected there and there would have been the Queen City of the West."

It is true that the beauty of woman has altered the course of history a thousand times. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little larger," Pascal says, "the history of the whole world would have been different!"

It is not impossible, of course, that it was a pair of bright eyes that actually located the metropolis of the northwest territory; but we stick resolutely to our theory that it was in reality the topography of the country shaped by the hand of nature, under the supervision of an omniscient mind. "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera;" but the rivers in their courses fought against Symmes. The Queen City was predestined to be where it is, we think, in spite of all the bright eyes in the world. At all events, but a few short years were required to prove beyond a doubt that North Bend was to sink in obscurity compared with its more fortunate rival, and Judge Symmes confessed that in 1795 the village was only half as large as in 1793.

From that time it never regained its pre-eminence, and has been of no particular consequence except for its historical charm as having been the residence of the famous judge and his still more distinguished son-in-law, William Henry Harrison,—a charm that has never been as deeply felt by Cincinnatians as it ought. The life in those two old log cabins was full enough of romance, of culture and of political significance to have converted them into shrines for a municipality more sensitive than our own to the value of such associations. It is not to our credit, as a city, that our thoughts and our footsteps do not turn more often to a locality consecrated by the memories of two such remarkable men and by their so neglected graves.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE EMBRYO CITY.

CINCINNATI THE VILLAGE, 1788-1802—MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A SURVEYOR
—NAMES OF THOSE WHO FIRST LANDED IN CINCINNATI AT YEATMAN'S COVE—
RIVALRIES, JEALOUSIES, PLOTS, COUNTER PLOTS, TRAGEDIES—CAMPAIGNS AGAINST
THE INDIANS—ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT—GENERAL "MAD ANTHONY WAYNE" AND
THE BATTLE OF FALLEN TIMBERS—TREATIES—PROBLEMS.

And now, with feelings of sympathy for the so often and so bitterly disappointed judge, we turn away from the scenes of his futile hopes to trace the growth of a great city on a spot which he passed by with indifference if not with scorn.

Moving in accordance with preordained necessities the tide of population had begun to set towards the predestined center of the great west's new life, a few weeks before Judge Symmes made his fatal error, and the history of this movement now challenges our attention.

Matthias Denman.

Some time in January, 1778, one of the minute men in the Revolutionary War, Matthias Denman by name, a resident of New Jersey, became interested in the prospects of the northwestern territory and determined to invest some money in the lands which were then being thrown upon the market in such immense and inexpensive tracts. It was the purchase of John Cleves Symmes which attracted him most, and acting upon the impulses excited by its widely heralded advantages, he purchased the entire section, No. 18, and the fractional section, No. 17. In making this purchase his motive was a double one, first to lay out a village and second to run a ferry across the Ohio to the mouth of the Licking river. He had been told that the Indian warpath from Detroit into the south-land crossed the Ohio at this point, as did also the trail of the Miami and the Wabash tribes, on their way into the hunting grounds in Kentucky. It is proof enough of the man's sagacity that from these facts and the appearance of the country on a rude map, he selected that strategic position which many a pioneer had overlooked, even when seeing the country with his eyes.

In order to reassure himself before incurring any other risks, Denman decided to go and view his purchase. This he did in the summer following and was so astonished and delighted by what he found that he determined to carry out his plans without delay. On his way back from his tour of investigation he stopped at Limestone (Maysville), the then center of all such enterprises. At that place he met a certain Robert Patterson, a prominent citizen of Lexington, Kentucky, whom he forthwith interested in his project. Patterson sug-

gested the need of a third factor in the combination and named John Filson, a schoolteacher and surveyor whom he knew, at home. The missions of the men were well defined. Denman was to finance the scheme; Patterson to secure settlers and Filson to lay out the site.

It would gratify our civic pride no doubt to be told that these three founders of our city were men of the noblest mould. As a matter of fact, they were only rather more than commonplace. Denman was a true patriot; a brave soldier; a fine horseman and a successful speculator. His interest in the region where he made this investment was purely financial, and he watched it closely, riding on horseback from New Jersey to Ohio in 1798-1801-1811-1824. But he never became a resident of his town site; nor in any marked manner, its benefactor. During the last ten years of his life he was blind and died at the advanced age of ninety.

Col. Robert Patterson.

Col. Robert Patterson, a resident of Pennsylvania, had migrated to Kentucky in 1774 and settled in Georgetown, from which he subsequently removed to Lexington. In 1776 he was one of seven men who set out for Fort Pitt to procure ammunition, traveling on foot or by canoe. All of the party were killed or wounded by Indians; Patterson, himself, receiving a blow which confined him to his bed for a year. Later on, he joined George Rogers Clark on that great expedition of 1778, and after that attended Col. John Bowman in his raid on old Chillicothe in 1779. He was captain in Col. Clark's expedition against the Shawnees in 1780 and second in command to Daniel Boone at the battle of Blue Lower Licks. On the retreat he was overcome with fatigue and would have perished had not Aaron Reynolds, whom he had once rebuked for profanity, placed him on his horse, saying as he did so, "You saved my soul and I will save your life." In 1782 he was a colonel in another of Clark's expeditions, and also in that of General Benjamin Logan against the Shawnees in 1786. After his part in the work of founding Cincinnati had been accomplished, the indomitable old pioneer moved to Dayton, which he helped to found in 1804, residing on a farm in the vicinity until his death.

John Filson.

John Filson was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1774, and died near Cincinnati, at some unknown spot and in an unknown manner, in 1788. An adventurous turn of mind led him from civilization into the wilderness, and he wandered over much of the territory west of the Alleghany mountains. For several years he resided in Kentucky where he surveyed land, taught schools and wrote books. Some of these possessed considerable historical value, and the list is proof of industry and earnestness if not of literary genius. Among them are "The Discovery, Settlement and Present State of Kentucky," "A Map of Kentucky," "A Topographical Description of the Western Territory of North America," (in association with George Imlay). He also left a manuscript diary of "A Journey from Philadelphia to Vincennes, Indiana, in 1785," "A Journal of Two Voyages by Water from Vincennes to Louisville," and an account of an attempted voyage in 1786.



MATHIAS DENMAN

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It seemed a fortunate thing, indeed, to be able to associate a man like this with the new enterprise; but the part he was destined to play proved very slight, for, as we shall see, his life was mysteriously terminated before he had even accomplished the purpose for which he had been chosen. He came so near to being the most fascinating character in the whole history of our city that one is tempted to meditate upon the narrow margin by which he failed. He needed, in the first place, a little more of the divine afflatus and, in the second place, to have died in some valiant personal encounter before the eyes of reliable witnesses to have rendered him our patron saint. But he disappeared as completely as if swallowed up by an earthquake, and in the name which he bestowed upon our city, revealed the superficiality of his accomplishments. It is through some very little slip indeed that men sometimes fail of immortality. As the cat in the fable might forever have been considered a princess had not a mouse crept into the throne room and suddenly excited her feline nature to a spring, Filson might, almost, have been regarded as a scholar, but for that preposterous hybrid word, Losantiville, by which he disclosed his ignorance.

Contract of 1788.

Such were the heroes of the first act in our drama. The part they played is brief, but of the utmost importance. Upon the 5th day of August, 1788, they signed an agreement as to their rights and duties in the contemplated enterprise. On the 6th of September they advertised their proposed townsite in the *Kentucky Gazette* of Lexington. From Lexington, whither they had gone for this purpose and others, they returned to Maysville, where they expected to meet Judge Symmes, from whom, of course, they had secured their land. His coming had been, however, unconscionably hindered, as arrivals often were in those days when flat boats could not run on schedule time.

Impatient of this delay, Denman and Patterson, with a group of enthusiastic followers, hastened down the river to that charmed spot to which their thoughts were turning with such eager hopes and such fond desires. There was work which they could do before the judge arrived, and at it they went with all their might. Filson was the man of the hour, and he at once began to plot the site and to it gave the name Losantiville (Le-os-anti-ville), literally the mouth opposite the town; but according to his naive construction of this *melange* of Latin, French and Greek, "the town opposite the mouth" (of the Licking river).

It was almost the last of his earthly achievements, for a few days afterwards while wandering about in the woods and studying the situation, he mysteriously disappeared, supposedly a victim to the treachery and ferocity of the Indians.

Fortunately for the infant enterprise a substitute for the lost surveyor was at hand, a man of solid parts, whose influence upon the life of the young community was destined to be profound. His name was Israel Ludlow, and he had been engaged by Judge Symmes to conduct the surveys of his immense possessions. Immediately upon the death of Filson he was invited to accept the third place in the tripartite agreement vacated by the schoolmaster's sudden taking off.

Eager as all these promoters were to begin the actual settlement, they found it impossible to do so until a certain spot called "the twenty mile point" (agreed upon between Symmes and Congress) had been accurately located so that from it all the locations could finally be traced. This was no quick and easy task; but Ludlow and his competent helpers went resolutely to work. In spite of

their best endeavors many months elapsed and the company which had arrived upon the 22nd of September was gradually scattered, some never to return.

It was not until the middle of winter that the good news went up the river to Limestone that the survey was at last completed and, so impatient was the little colony waiting there to plant itself and be all ready for the opening of the spring, that they determined to embark at once. Their names have been preserved and, as recorded in the directory of 1819, stand as follows: James Carpenter, William McMillan, John Vance, Robert Caldwell, Sylvester White, Sam Mooney, Henry Lindr y, Joseph Thorton, Noah Badggley, Thaddeus Bruen, Daniel Shoemaker, Ephraim Kirby, Thomas Gizzel, William Connel, Joel Williams, Samuel Blackburn, John Porter, Fran. Hardesty, Matthew Fowler, Evan Shelby. There probably were others, as the list varies in different authorities, and Ludlow and Patterson were certainly among them.

The Landing December 28, 1788.

On the 24th of December this little company embarked, and after a hard trip down the river through sixty-nine miles of floating ice, they reached their destination and went ashore on the 28th in a little bay which afterwards went by the name of Yeatman's cove.

There have been disembarkations of a nobler kind, of course. The motives of our Puritan forefathers, stepping ashore upon Plymouth Rock, rendered theirs a world event, while this one remains a local incident. The Pilgrims left their homes and crossed the ocean for the purpose of establishing a government upon the broad foundation, civil and religious liberty.

The pioneers who went ashore at Yeatman's cove were probably animated only by the desire to advance their private interests. And yet the significance of the event cannot be disparaged by this fact. In the first place, that desire is not deficient in sublimity and has accounted for most of the great movements of history. In the second place, they set in operation forces which have produced immeasurable effects. They were the originators, however unintentionally or uncomprehendingly, of events which have helped to change the face of nature and alter the destinies of millions of men and women.

Who, then, can contemplate them as they go ashore (rude and uncultured men of whom only two or three were strong enough to have left enduring traces of their individual selves; dressed in the coarsest garments; carrying their rifles in their hands; suspicious and jealous of each other; greedy of land and gold) without that sense of awe which steals upon us when observing the inception of all great events? To every thoughtful person the scene possesses a perpetual fascination, and although what the actors said and did passed unrecorded, imagination easily reconstructs the scene. They gathered branches of dead wood; struck a spark with steel and flint; lighted a fire and gathered around it to warm their half frozen bodies. They gazed about with mingled motives of hope and despair over a situation so absolutely undeveloped, but so full of possibilities; erected rude shelters; and made themselves as comfortable as they could. In the charming words of Dr. Daniel Drake, "They set their watchmen around; lay down with their feet to the blazing fire and fell asleep under the music of the north wind whistling among the branches of the frozen sycamores and water maples which overhung them."

They Build their Cabins.

Upon the morrow the hardy pioneers burnt their bridges behind them by breaking up the boats in which they came, to help construct their houses. With the bodies of trees for the walls and the boat planks for floors, they built a few rude habitations, the first of which was placed a little east of Main, on Front, as the streets came afterward to be called. Rude and ugly as were these structures, they must possess a sort of sacredness in all our eyes, for they made our civilization possible and became a sort of cradle in which were rocked the institutions upon which it was founded. They have vanished, utterly, displaced by buildings of a higher type; but around them lingers and always will remain a halo of romance.

They Choose Location.

Having thus secured a temporary shelter, they undertook the serious business of dividing the land between them. It will be remembered that John Filson had begun the survey of the townsite; that it was uncompleted at his death, and that Israel Ludlow was appointed to take his place.

A Rival Plot.

The actual work of survey by a person so competent required but little time, and the plot was made ready by the 7th of January, 1789. Hardly had it been presented, however, when a rival one appeared. Among the most aggressive spirits in that little company of adventurers was a certain Joel Williams, who had long foreseen the advantages to be derived from the rights to ferry people across the Ohio river, and who determined to secure them at all hazard. Having discovered that in the Ludlow plot the waterfront had been dedicated as a *public landing*, he had another survey made whose principal difference from the original lay in the names of the streets and the reservation of riverfront for *himself*!

It was the first outbreak of human greed in the infant community and was provoked, as usual, by the value of a "natural opportunity." "As long as an acre of land, a bottle of wine or a beautiful woman stands between two men, there will be danger of war," observed an acute Frenchman. He might have added to the list "a natural opportunity," for a waterfall, a bed of ore or coal, a diamond mine, a spring of water or a convenient place for a ferry are not less certain to awaken the evil passions of men.

Joel Williams' deed of aggression was bitterly resented by the Ludlow faction and originated a quarrel which continued until a decree of the supreme court in 1807 settled it forever, by compelling Williams to dedicate it all back to the public, except enough for a small building lot and space to land his little boat.

The present struggle between the railroad and the citizens over this same invaluable tract is only, it will be observed, a far off echo of that first angry contest, there being now as then an instinctive recognition of its importance both to the public welfare and to private interests.

The dispute divided the community for years; but did not long delay the actual drawing of lots. The subdivision of the original purchase for townsite purposes contemplated tracts of two sizes, one called "in lots" and the other

“out lots,” the former being for residences in the village and the other garden spots in the environs. All of them were covered with trees, of course, and it required the active imagination of townsite boomers to confer upon them any value at all in that lonely and snow covered landscape. Even this creative faculty, so highly developed in the minds of all adventurers, could not make that value very great, it seems, for the lots on the lower of the two branches on which the plot was surveyed were bought and sold for about two dollars, and those on the upper for four. A hidden reason was the cause, perhaps, of that small price. The fact of the matter was, as subsequent events made plain, that most of the original settlers did not intend to stay and were merely gambling in future values. Out of the first draw, only two participants, Isaac Freeman and Scott Traverse, rescued and took out deeds, while twenty per cent did so in that other one which followed, not long afterwards.

Problems.

The real difficulties of what had seemed almost a holiday adventure to these hardy pioneers now began to open up. All such enterprises consist of a series of problems each of which demands a separate solution. Sometimes they follow close upon each other's heels, but at others are separated by wide intervals of time. These are simple, those profound, and all are different. The hardest and most complex are kept, of course, for the later stages of development, as the more difficult mathematical calculations are held back from the pupil until he has grown old enough to solve them. But even the easy problems are hard enough for beginners, and we shall see our strong-limbed, brave-hearted and hard-headed pioneers put to it, many times, before they mastered the mysteries of the art of town building.

It is as an attempt to solve a series of problems that we shall now consider the history of these brave pioneers and their descendants, and the very first with which they had to deal was of a nature serious enough to have appalled less hardy spirits than their own. It was, of course, the problem of their relation to the Indians.

Problem I.

All around their little clearing rose a wilderness wall through the apertures of which they always fancied they could see, and actually often did, the peering eyes of their savage foes, and they knew that between them was an unquenchable antagonism. Few, if any, of either race dreamed even for a moment of the possibility of any community of interests. Both felt that the extermination of one or the other was written on the scroll of fate. The white men accepted the situation with their jaws set, and most of them, it is likely, regarded the clearing out of the Indians with as little sentiment as the clearing off of their timber.

The history of the first few years of our municipal life is largely then a series of narratives of desperate personal or neighborhood struggles with the Indians. It would be easy to consume page after page with thrilling stories of them; but it would be profitless. A few will be enough if they are typical, because our purpose is not to recite details, but to comprehend principles and to follow movements. It is not easy, of course, to make a selection, for during the first four years of the life of the little village, tragic conflicts constantly occurred. The only hope of expansion was to push out into the wilderness and open farms;

but every move in this direction meant such perils as few were willing to encounter. The tendency of the settlers was, therefore, to cling to the shelter of the community and the protection of the military, a remarkable contrast to that of the settlers of Kentucky, who pushed into the wilderness, trusting alone to their strong arms and their deadly rifles.

A difference so remarkable is not to be explained by attributing a greater courage in the immigrants on the southern side of the Ohio than on the northern; but by the simple fact that when Kentucky was settled no state aid was possible, and the pioneers were obliged to protect themselves or be destroyed. On the other hand, the immigration on the northern side of the river took place after the organization of the national government, and an army, such as it was, had been equipped to defend the pioneers in their dangerous undertakings. It is human nature to expect and to avail itself of police protection, when it exists, and the Ohio immigrants obeyed a natural impulse. There were soldiers whose sole business it was to defend them from the Indians, and, in the main, they waited for them to perform their duty. But there were notable exceptions, and the more adventurous began to push up along the two Miamis, Mill creek, Deer creek, and Lick run, in little colonies, in order to be the first to secure the fertile lands of those wonderful valleys.

Of course they ran great risks, and their little outposts, defended by block-houses and brave hearts, were objects of repeated onslaughts by the ever watchful avengers of this intrusion into their domains.

The following story of one such attack upon one of these stations will serve as well as many to reveal the nature of the difficulties and dangers of life in that early period of occupation.

Dunlap's Station.

In the spring of 1790, John Dunlap and a company of intrepid companions laid out a town site on the Big Miami, seventeen miles from Cincinnati. They speedily erected a few log cabins which they surrounded by a strong, high picket fence. At the corners were small block houses. There were residing within the enclosure thirty people, men, women and children, of whom not more than ten were able to bear arms. Scarcely had the preliminary work been finished before the premonitory symptoms of an Indian attack were discovered and word was sent to Cincinnati for aid. Fort Washington had already been established there, and Lieutenant Kingsbury was sent to help the exposed settlers, with a company of eighteen men. The threatened attack was unaccountably postponed; but on the 10th of January, 1791, began. Its first shock fell upon Col. John S. Wallace and his assistants in a surveying expedition which had taken them out of the enclosure. They had spent a night in camp, and, as they began operations in the morning, were fired upon from ambush by the redskins. One man was killed and several more, severely wounded, ran in every direction seeking safety where they could.

The first intimation of the disaster was given to the people in the fort by the barking of a dog, and Lieutenant Kingsbury, versed in the lore of frontier fighting, clapped his hands and shouted at the top of his voice that the Indians had come. At first, the settlers who were outside the walls imagined he had done this to stimulate their vigilance; but almost upon the instant beheld five hundred Indians dash from their forest and run to the fort with frightful yells. With

terrified haste they rushed for the gates and entered just in time. Enraged at the escape of the quarry, Simon Girty, their leader, seized a man by the name of Abner Hunt, captured the day before; bound him hands and feet; placed him on a log and compelled him to beg the besieged garrison to surrender. This he did with piteous eagerness; but Kingsbury attempted to intimidate the savages by telling them that aid was expected every moment and that surrender was impossible. In response to this answer and to a volley fired by the soldiers, the Indians piled a heap of dry brush over the body of Hunt, to which they set fire and danced around him while he burned. At the termination of this horrible atrocity they shot burning arrows at the buildings, which would have been fired but for a frozen sleet. So desperate was the situation that in reply to the pleadings of the women for some word of hope, the lieutenant answered grimly that he "saw no hope at all and that all must die together. I have asked for volunteers to go to Cincinnati for aid," he continued; "but no one dares to take the risk."

At that critical moment a soldier by the name of Wiseman sprang forward and declared his determination to undertake the dangerous mission. After a journey full of perils this hardy volunteer (the most youthful soldier in the army) arrived in Cincinnati, where an "exorbitant dram of brandy and unstinted praises for his courage and a good night's sleep put him in shape to lead back reinforcements in the morning." News of their coming had no doubt been carried to the Indians, for just as they arrived at the settlement the entire band was seen, in full retreat. On their way into the fortification, where they were hailed as deliverers, the rescuing party passed the grave of the unfortunate Hunt, which the garrison had hastened out to dig as soon as their foes departed.

O. M. Spencer—1791.

To match this narrative of the typical experience of a community, the tale of the adventures of a single individual should be told. On the 7th of July, 1791, a thirteen-year-old son of Colonel Spencer, one of the most important of the early pioneers, entered a canoe which pushed off from the shore of the Ohio just below Fort Washington. Besides himself there were in the boat four other people—Jacob Light, a Mr. Clayton, Mrs. Coleman and a drunken soldier. By the time they had reached Deer creek, on their way up stream, the soldier tumbled into the water and, awakened by the shock, succeeded in swimming to land. The boy was frightened and, being himself unable to swim, begged to be put ashore, and in company with the staggering soldier continued the journey on foot. "Good bait for Indians," said Clayton to his fellow-sailors, and hardly had the words escaped his lips when a shot rang out of the woods. The bullet struck his comrade first and tumbled him into the river, then hit himself, a glancing blow. He succeeded, however, in getting to shore and escaped; but Clayton was scalped and young Spencer captured. Mrs. Coleman jumped into the water, floated nearly a mile and succeeded at last in reaching Fort Washington, where she was hospitably cared for, and lived for fifty years to tell the tale. What happened to the drunken soldier is one of the secrets of history; but with the usual luck of the man in his cups he probably got off with a whole skin and an uncut head of hair.

Young Spencer's story, however, has been preserved and furnishes an example of the thrilling adventures of those far-off days. It was a Shawnee Indian who captured him and by whom he was soon turned over to "White Loon," a Mohawk chief. By this savage proprietor he was taken to the confluence of the Auglaize and the Miami, where the chief placed him in care of his old mother, a priestess of the Iroquois tribe, and known by the euphonious name of Cooh-coo-cha.

On account of the influence of Colonel Spencer, every possible redemptive agency was set in operation; but it was not until the last day of February, 1793, that, through the influence of the President of the United States with the governor of Canada, he was set at liberty. At the latter's request, Colonel Elliot, the Indian agent, secured his release and sent him down the Maumee river to Detroit in a piroque paddled by a couple of Indian women. From Detroit he was taken to Erie, Pa., and from thence to Fort Chippewa and Niagara, across the wilderness of New York to Albany, down the Hudson to New York city and thence through Pennsylvania to Cincinnati.

To multiply these tales would be easy, but profitless, for the imagination can easily reproduce such harrowing scenes in any number, and thus enable us to continue the study of the establishment of a military center from which radiated those influences by means of which they finally became impossible.

Fort Washington.

It was the horror inspired by them and the clamors of their victims for assistance that finally aroused the central government to decisive and, at last, sufficient action. These remonstrances and demands were voiced in the main, or at least with the most effect by John Cleves Symmes, whose personal influence was the greatest political asset of the whole region.

The ever increasing cry of the pioneers for the utter crushing out of Indian domination made itself felt at last in Philadelphia. At this time the national government was hardly constituted and its power was very slight. The echoes of the Revolution were still reverberating. The various colonies (but recently organized into states) were struggling for prominence; the debts contracted in the war were clamoring to be paid; localities and organizations in need of support were shrieking for assistance. Never was a new government born with more burdens on its infant shoulders. The convention which assured its existence was held in Philadelphia on the 14th of May, 1787. On the 2d of July, 1788, Congress was notified that enough of the states had consented to the plan for union to make it a certainty. Washington, the first president, was inaugurated on the 30th of April of that same year. The ears of the father of his country immediately resounded with the din of voices calling for governmental aid, but none were louder and more insistent than those of the towns along the Ohio, and Judge Symmes was the mouthpiece of them all.

It was fortunate for the imperiled communities that the great first president was capable of understanding their pressing needs. He realized that much depended upon the safety of this region as a place for his old soldiers to rebuild their shattered fortunes in, as well as for opening new territory for the expansion of the growing colonies. For these and many other reasons he was forward in promoting a movement for obtaining a cessation of Indian hostilities.

The first step to be taken was the establishment of a great military center somewhere on the Ohio river, and the insistent appeals of the settlers in the Miami purchase, pointed to that locality as the proper place. Judge Symmes, who so eloquently voiced these cries for help, desired and expected that when a sufficient military force was ordered to the scene of danger it would be located at North Bend, as a matter of course. To meet his wishes was no doubt the desire and intention of the military authorities in those plans which were slowly maturing for the defense of the whole region, by the construction of an imposing and sufficient fortification. All previous defenses had proved inadequate. A considerable fortress had been erected at Columbia (one link in a chain of such defenses scattered all the way from Pittsburgh to Louisville, at such points as Marietta, Maysville, etc.), and one had been built at the mouth of the Big Miami in 1785-1786. But all were too small and too remote to meet the needs of the population centering about the region "opposite the mouth of the Licking."

Let it be remembered now that the advance guard of the army which was slowly being assembled came down the river with Symmes on the 29th of January, 1789, under command of Captain Kearsey; that he had gone off down the river to Louisville; that Ensign Luce had deserted North Bend for Cincinnati and had actually begun to construct some sort of works for the defense of that rapidly growing town. About his actual achievements little is now known except that they were so inadequate as to cause their abandonment in favor of the final plans for a first-class fortification.

Lieutenant Drury.

It was to carry out these plans that during July and August of 1789 several competent officers of the United States army (Lieutenant Drury, Captain Strang, Lieutenant Kingsbury, Ensign Hartshorn, Captain Ferguson and Lieutenant Pratt) left Fort Harmar and went down the river to Losantiville. The man who had been selected to lead and to manage the enterprise was Major Doughty, the designer and constructor of Fort Harmar, under whose guns the city of Marietta had been so safely founded. At this time he was next in command to General Harmar himself and was regarded as a most patriotic and capable officer. The preliminary investigations for a proper site had eliminated North Bend and also Columbia, the latter because of a flood in the river, which the soldiers saw. All signs pointed to the predestined spot, "opposite the Licking" and here, at last the constructive agents assembled and the actual work began.

By the 20th of August, 1789, they had located the site on a point of land high enough to be above the floods of the river, whose extraordinary rises had already begun to be significant features in the life of the people who lined its banks. This site lay upon a spot immediately east of the land platted for the town, and on the second or upper of the two levels which nature had apparently graded for the purposes to which they now were being set apart. It was about four hundred and fifty feet back of the river and eighty or ninety feet above it (between Broadway and Ludlow), and contained about fifteen acres of ground, the locality being marked at present by a worthy monument.

It was the purpose of the government that this fortification should not only be impregnable against Indian attacks, but ample enough to contain a number of soldiers adequate to the protection of the whole region and dignified enough also



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON.
NORTH BEND



CINCINNATI IN 1800



FORT WASHINGTON

Sketched while William Henry Harrison was drilling a
company of soldiers

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to be the headquarters of General Harmar, commander-in-chief of all the scattered forces.

The day when the first tree was cut to clear a space for the new fort was one of great rejoicing for the struggling and timid community. The delighted pioneers did not need to be told that their protection was soon to become complete, for the work was evidently being laid out on a large and, for that time, magnificent scale. In fact, it rapidly grew into an affair of no inconsiderable magnitude, and, one might almost say, of beauty, for it was constructed upon truly artistic lines. It would be a waste of time to describe it minutely, as the accompanying picture will give a far more accurate impression to the average reader than the most detailed and eloquent verbal account could possibly do. Let it suffice to say that it consisted of two principal parts, the fortification itself, constructed of hewn logs and capable of accommodating fifteen hundred soldiers, and adjoining this, the artificer's yard, where the mechanical operations of the garrison were performed.

The front and sides were whitewashed, and just outside, at the eastern end, the officers located and cultivated beautiful gardens, so that the whole affair was according to general testimony both "handsome and imposing," and General Harmar, when he arrived, expressed himself as delighted with the situation and the prospects.

It was not, however, for "ornamental" purposes that this fortress was constructed. Its mission was warlike, and its garrisons were expected to protect the people who were pouring down the Ohio river and settling its shores, even though it cost the extermination of the Indian race.

Before resorting to this drastic and revolting extreme, the government, in accordance with the merciful purpose of Washington, determined to exhaust every possible means to settle the antagonisms of the two races without war; and so sent Major Hamtrank, the commandant at Vincennes, an able and efficient officer, to see if the Indians on the Wabash and Miami were willing to come to some peaceful agreement. A single careless phrase in the invitation to hold a council for this purpose is generally supposed to have defeated the project. Without foreseeing the effect of the words upon the minds of the sensitive savages, the blunt soldier told the Indians to "accept the offers or reject them, as they pleased," an expression which roused their high spirits to resentment, and they drove the messengers out of their villages in a rage. After this failure another effort was made through Antoine Gamelin, a French trader whom they loved; but the Indians informed him that the Americans had not kept their faith and had done nothing but "send them speeches (proposals and promises), no two of which were alike," so that they were determined never to repose their confidence in them any more. Scarcely had this discouraging report come back before the rumors of a general uprising began to echo along the whole frontier. War parties were formed and moved stealthily toward the Ohio; the erection of Fort Washington in Cincinnati having stirred them to a frenzy of antagonism.

The news of these movements roused Governor St. Clair to the greatest activity. Dropping all other affairs he hastened from St. Louis to arrange for the first serious campaign against these savage opponents of the occupation of the Ohio valley.

Harmar's Campaign.

At Cincinnati he met General Harmar, just promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and they immediately organized two separate forces one under the command of Major Hamtrank and the other under that of General Harmar himself. The first moved up the Wabash, but was unable to carry out the plan for the conquest of the region through which it flowed, for lack of sufficient soldiers and equipments. The second began immediately to assemble at Fort Washington, and was expected to contain fifteen hundred militia from Pennsylvania and Kentucky (at that time a part of Virginia). General St. Clair himself, aroused by the exigencies of the situation, hurried east on a flying trip to make all the necessary arrangements with the central government, while Harmar remained at Fort Washington to organize and discipline the troops.

By the 26th of September, 1790, preparations were far enough advanced to warrant the beginning of the enterprise, and with drums beating and colors flying, the little army of one thousand, four hundred and fifty-three soldiers disappeared (a part on the 26th and a part on the 29th) into the vast and somber wilderness that surrounded the village on its northern side. Their route lay along an Indian trail, which was afterwards known as "Harmar's Trace." It ran up Main street and through Mount Auburn along its central avenue; and then down Reading road through Avondale. Swiftly and safely the soldiers made their way to the neighborhood of Chillicothe, and reports began to come in at this point that the Indians were flying before them. On this account General Harmar detached Colonel Hardin with six hundred light troops, with orders to hasten toward the Indian villages on the Miami, the goal of his movements. It was a difficult and dangerous march through a hostile country and over trails, that were rough and ill-defined; but the courageous soldiers pushed grimly forward through the solemn forests, determined to conquer or to die.

The Indian villages lay at the junction of the St. Joseph and St. Mary, one hundred and seventy-two miles from Cincinnati and (to the disappointment of the more youthful of the invaders) were found to have been deserted.

In their vexation they burned the villages to the ground and destroyed the crops, thus seriously crippling the power of their enemies by cutting off their base of supplies. The principal design of the enterprise had been accomplished, but so bloodless a campaign did not satisfy the more daring spirits, who insisted upon some sort of fighting. To this childish clamor Colonel Hardin foolishly yielded, and a conflict was precipitated in which the vain glorious militia were so panic-stricken that the Indians repelled the attack with what proved to be a crushing blow.

They were not, however, in any condition to follow up their victory, and it was good luck rather than good soldiery that prevented the disaster from becoming fatal.

The humiliated and badly shattered columns reassembled themselves when the fighting was over and hastened back to Cincinnati, apologizing as best they could for their disgrace, and making as much as they were able of the fact that, at any rate, they had burned the villages and destroyed the revenues of the Indians.

In this brief campaign many incidents transpired which are full of romantic interest and reveal a personal valor of the highest type. In what chapter of

ancient history, where the greatest records of human bravery and achievement are supposed to be contained, can anything be found to surpass the deed of an unnamed soldier who, being surrounded by a circle of savage foes, drove his bayonet through the bodies of six, knocked down the seventh with his musket, and then fell dead upon the bodies of his enemies.

Or what story can outshine that of the Indian father whose two sons were wounded as they were wading a stream in the face of a deadly fire, and who, picking them up in his arms, carried them to shore; set one on either side of him and then with calm and majestic mien awaited the attack before which he fell, an invincible hero.

The return of the army, both victorious and defeated, was not hailed with undivided approval. Severe strictures were passed upon General Harmar for not going to the aid of Colonel Hadin; but later investigations revealed the fact that it was impossible for him to control the actions of the militia, and he has been exonerated from all blame.

Nevertheless, the campaign as a military movement was not successful. It crippled, but did not destroy, the Indian power. The pioneers were still in bondage to their fears, and it was necessary to make a second and even more determined effort to win a decisive victory.

In order to accomplish this end, two minor campaigns were organized for the purpose of keeping the Indians occupied while extended preparations were being made for the final coup.

The first was under the command of General Charles Scott, who marched to the mouth of the Kentucky river and from thence made forays among the villages on the upper Wabash. The second, led by Brigadier General James Wilkinson, left Fort Washington, August 1, 1791, and headed for Detroit. It was gone twenty-one days and did considerable damage on its march of four hundred and fifty miles.

St. Clair.

Trivial as these two forays were in themselves, they served their purpose and gave time for the equipment of the new army, which Congress had enlarged by the addition of another regiment of regulars, and the enlistment of fifteen hundred militia. Of this really important and effective force, St. Clair (to whose disgust at the hybrid word "Losantiville" we owe the nobler name of Cincinnati), took command as major general, having General Richard Butler as second in command; William Duer as commissary and contractor, and Samuel Hodgson as quartermaster.

From the beginning everything went wrong. These two men, Duer and Hodgson, were so incompetent and dishonest that General Butler could not provision and equip his recruits with sufficient rapidity. They were not ready until the 7th of September, 1791, although they were expected to be upon the march by the 10th of July. Impatient over the delay, the authorities at Washington egged on the commander-in-chief to a premature start on the 17th, and as he departed General Harmar warned him that he was on his way to all but certain disaster. Nevertheless, he had to go and did so bravely, although everything looked dark. He was sick, himself; the time of service for the six months' men was almost

ready to expire and famine stared the army in the face. One of the remaining months of comfortable weather was consumed in the construction of two forts; the first at Hamilton and the second at Jefferson, six miles south of Greenville. The marching was bad; the spirits of the army low and discipline the poorest. Desertion became almost an epidemic and three hundred militiamen vanished mysteriously from view. Never was an invading army so illy prepared for so serious a task as this miserable aggregation, when upon the 3d day of November it was suddenly forced to fight. On that ill-starred day General St. Clair ordered the straggling horde to encamp upon a stream whose name he did not know. It proved to be the Wabash and he had accidentally chosen a situation as favorable to his vile foes as if he had selected it for the purpose of giving them all the advantage. Through the shadows of the night a thousand warriors under the leadership of Little Turtle, one of their most invincible chiefs, crept stealthily through the pathless woods and formed a circle round the camp. At the break of day they rushed upon an outpost of militia and scattered the terrified soldiery like chaff. Pursuing them as they fled, the savages stormed the main camp and turned it into a slaughter house. For four hours the battle raged, the white men fighting desperately but hopelessly, and at their close those who could escape fled wildly, leaving eight hundred and ninety-four of their companions dead, upon a battlefield which consisted of no more than ten acres of ground.

The accounts of the frightful tragedy read more like those of a massacre than a battle. It seems a wonder that anyone got away alive. The commander-in-chief did so, but by the skin of his teeth. Ill and exhausted, he mounted one of the few surviving horses, and joined the miserable throngs who were crowding pell-mell over the narrow forest road. For miles and miles they poured along like a river in a freshet, and found their first relief from despair when they encountered Major Hamtrank, who was leader of a delayed detachment of the fort, to their relief.

Perceiving the utter impossibility of trying to rally this disorganized army, he turned back in the almost forlorn hope of securing Fort Jefferson (thirty miles from the field of battle) as a refuge for the shattered and scattered columns. In that he was successful; but the terrified soldiers stayed within its hospitable walls just long enough to breathe and started homeward "like a flock of frightened sheep." With a swiftness animated by terror they made their way straight to Fort Washington and arrived there, the ghost of an army.

Language can scarcely exaggerate the despair that settled down upon Cincinnati at sight of their shattered legions and the accounts of their terrible defeat. Indeed, a stouter heart than theirs is said to have quailed,—the heart of Washington himself.

The news of the disaster was carried to the commander-in-chief at the national capital by Lieutenant Drury of the regular army. He knocked at the door of the president's home in Philadelphia, then the seat of government, and urgently requested an immediate interview. Being informed that the president was at dinner, he insisted that his errand was too important for delay, and the president came out, at last, in response to his impetuous demands. To the terrible story he listened with that self-command by which he was enabled to endure so many and such oft-repeated shocks; went back to his company and passed the evening

in apparent tranquility and happiness. But when the guests had departed and he was alone with his wife and secretary, he gave vent to his pent-up emotion:

"It's all over. St. Clair's defeated, routed! The officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete—too shocking to think of and a surprise in the bargain. Yes! Here on this very spot I took leave of him; I wished his success and honor. 'You have your instructions,' I said, 'from the secretary of war. I had a strict eye to them and will add but one word—beware of surprise.' I repeated it, '*beware of surprise*—you know how the Indians fight us.' He went off with that as my last solemn warning thrown into his ears. And yet!! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked by a surprise—the very thing I warned him against! O God! O God! It's worse than a murderer! How can he answer for it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

The giant frame of the great Virginian quivered with emotion, and as he threw himself upon the couch, the two spectators regarded him with pity and astonishment.

The storm passed, at length, and in an altered voice the president said: "This must not go beyond this room." (a long pause and then) "General St. Clair shall have justice; I looked hastily through the despatches, saw the whole disaster; but not all the particulars; I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice." A promise honorably and perfectly fulfilled.

The first unfavorable reports were followed by others which modified them not a little, and Washington concluded (as have all impartial students) that General St. Clair was the victim of an impossible situation rather than the author of an inexcusable disaster. But disaster it was, and upon a colossal scale, considering the possible consequences.

That backwoods struggle seems a trifling affair to those of us who look back upon the vast number of soldiers engaged in the "Civil," "Franco-Prussian" and "Russo-Japanese" wars. The conflict between a thousand white men and as many Indians in an almost forgotten corner of an almost inaccessible wilderness appears more like a neighborhood scrimmage in a back alley than an engagement upon which the destinies of two races appeared to the people of that day to hang. But to millions of people, in that young nation, it seemed as if the powers of hell were about to be let loose. The thoughts of an Indian invasion with all its horrors became a sort of nightmare through regions hundreds of miles away from the spot where the defeat was suffered.

What then must have been the emotions of the pioneers themselves, the people on the firing line? They felt themselves to be upon the very brink of despair, and for a time they could do little else but recount the stories of individual heroism and suffering which made up the narrative of the great disaster, and prognosticate the evils which were sure to follow. They discussed the responsibility of the tragedy with bitterness, and took sides with or against the unfortunate general and the cowardly soldiers. They followed, in imagination, the march of the little army that was dispatched in January, 1792, to the battle ground to give an honorable burial to the dead.

This force was under the leadership of General Wilkinson and consisted of one hundred and fifty men who volunteered for the purpose. It was an under-

taking full of dangers, and prompted by love and heroism. The winter was severe and the Indians defiant; but the small contingent made its way bravely to the scene of carnage, and overpowered by emotions of horror and sympathy, committed the bodies of the dead soldiers to the earth, with all the rites of Christian burial.

Wayne's Campaign, 1792.

As a matter of course this victory over General St. Clair's army excited among the Indians the highest hopes of being able, at last, to drive the white men out of the great central portions of the continent. The enthusiasm kindled by this hope diffused itself in ever widening circles and constantly included new tribes. Depredations multiplied. The attacking parties became larger and larger. Their resources, crippled by previous struggles, were reinforced by the British traders who secretly but persistently endeavored to maintain the hostile feelings of the Indian, in order to keep their trade and perhaps eventually regain the region for the crown.

These serious facts were not permitted by the settlers to remain unknown or unconsidered in the national capital. Judge Symmes and all the other promoters and speculators protested and petitioned, until at last steps were taken which resulted in the final elimination of the danger of Indian depredations.

It may seem strange, but there were not a few nor unimportant American citizens (mostly at points farthest removed from the danger zone) who did not believe it worth while to spend the scant wealth of the infant nation upon an effort to retain its hold upon the great northwest. "Let the Indian have it," they said, "or at least secure it by peaceful means. It is not worth its cost in human life."

In order to conciliate these remonstrants (and to fulfill their manifest duty to exhaust all other measures before continuing the war) several important embassies were sent out by Congress in the summer of 1792 to counsel with the Indians.

Everywhere they encountered the settled determination on the part of the savages to repudiate any proffers of peace that did not recognize the Ohio river as the boundary over which the white men should not pass.

They did agree, however, to hold a conference to discuss the general situation, and this conference, after long delays, took place in Detroit. Benjamin Lincoln, Beverly Randolph and Timothy Pickering represented the government, and many days were spent in discussion of the great questions involved; but the Indians were immovable in their determination and inexorable in their demands.

On the 16th of July they gave ultimatum which was signed by sixteen nations, the substance of which was summed up in these words: "Brothers, we shall believe you mean to do us justice if you agree that the Ohio river shall remain the boundary between us."

The commissioners retired at once, of course, and hastily forwarded notice of their failure to General Washington. The issue did not surprise that astute president nor catch him napping. He had foreseen the result, as had all the best informed observers, and been busily engaged in making preparations for a final struggle. In fact, Congress had, in the midst of these pacific movements, au-

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thorized the appointment of "Mad Anthony Wayne" as major-general of the army, and that gallant officer had accepted, upon condition that he should be given ample time and means for the hazardous enterprise of utterly subduing the stubborn Indians. He would have no six months' men, he said, for it would require (he believed) two years for drilling his army.

While the negotiations were in progress he had gone resolutely to work in the formation of his now famous organization, which was known as "The Legion," and which when fully completed consisted of five thousand infantry artillery and cavalry. None were enlisted but Americans and they were drilled with the utmost care in the use of all arms; but particularly the bayonet, and taught to convert themselves into lines and hollow squares and to meet the wily foes by every method known to frontier fighting.

The recruiting and drilling were begun in and near Pittsburgh, and the work went forward so rapidly that by April, 1793, the thoroughly compacted little army descended the Ohio to Cincinnati, and while the four companies of cavalry (the sorrels, grays, chestnuts and bays) were sent over to Kentucky for their quarters in "Bellerophon" the infantry and artillery went into camp on the outskirts of Cincinnati which "because it was located in the only available place" was christened "Hobson's Choice."

The gay humor displayed in the choice of names was not indicative of lively but of grim determination. General Wayne felt his responsibility profoundly. He knew what issues hung upon success or failure, and left no stone unturned to insure a final triumph. This sense of the gravity of their business, he succeeded in infusing into his soldiers, who caught their leader's spirit to such a degree and responded so enthusiastically to his appeals for perfect discipline that when they set forth upon their great enterprise they composed an army as fit for its business as ever went to war.

These features in the military preparations and plans of General Wayne have excited the admiration of all who understand the art of war. In the first place he completed the academical training begun in camp by actual evolutions in the wilderness (not far from Fort Jefferson). In the second place he organized a group of scouts and spies composed of the most famous Indian fighters to be found, whose exploits became the pride of the army as they have been the wonder and delight of subsequent generations. In the third place he bewildered his foes by construction of roads in so many directions that they found it utterly impossible to decide over which of them all the wily general meant to move. So great was the admiration and so profound the respect which the great strategist excited in the minds of his enemies that before the battle the Indians dubbed him "Black Snake" and afterward "Big Wind" on account of the craft of his tactics and fury of his assault.

Engaged in these maneuvers and in road building, the winter was profitably passed by the little army, and in December, about Christmas day, a detachment was sent forward to the battle field which had witnessed the slaughter of St. Clair's army, for the purpose of erecting a fortification to which the name Fort Recovery was given because the ill-fated spot had come once more into the possession of the government. In June, 1794, believing themselves capable of overpowering the diminutive garrison, Little Turtle, an Indian chief, attacked their stronghold with a large force of his own people accompanied, as was believed,

by a number of British officers. For two days the savages threw themselves with a desperate valor against those wooden walls, only to be met by so murderous a fire by the brave defenders as to be finally driven off and compelled to mourn their failure as the worst misfortune of the whole campaign.

Battle of Fallen Timbers.

By the 28th of July General Wayne was ready to strike the blow for which he had forged his military thunderbolts. His purpose was to march out from Fort Recovery, and then turn suddenly down the Auglaize river, surprise and spring upon his foes. In this attempt he was, however, foiled by the treachery of one of his own men who deserted to the enemy and betrayed his plans. He changed them, therefore, and went as far as Girtystown on the St. Marys and then, in a single day, threw up a strong blockade; and sent a flag of truce to the Indians to give them another chance to surrender. But, in order to prevent their attributing this move to timidity, he flung his columns across the Maumee and pushed forward. On his way, he met the returning embassy who reported their failure, and at the Rapids, on the 20th day of August, he encountered the enemy. Its lines extended along the river for two miles scattered through and sheltered by a forest recently prostrated by a tornado, a circumstance which gave to the fierce conflict which presently took place, the well known name, "The Battle of Fallen Timbers."

About a mile in the rear of the Indian lines stood a British fort, the garrison of which was undoubtedly in sympathy with the savages and ready to aid them, if the circumstances made it safe.

Realizing that the moment of destiny had come, Wayne quietly made his first move upon the checkerboard of fortune by pushing his first rank of militia forward. They were met with a scathing fire from their hidden enemies and staggered backward, a contingency for which the great commander was prepared. His supports were ready and the charge was sounded. It was the signal for a terrible and resistless movement. With swords drawn and bayonets fixed, the legions broke into a run, scaled the logs, crept through the defiles along the river, swept their enemies before them like wild animals before a forest fire and in a single hour of fighting drove the astonished and terrified fugitives more than two miles ahead of them. In this dire extremity the Indians sought the shelter of the British fort; but its gates were mercilessly closed against them by treacherous friends, who saw that the end of their hopes for securing the country for their government had been forever dashed by this wild and irresistible onset. The discomfited Indians, denied the refuge, fled to the woods and were scattered, never to be reunited again in any other important effort to resist the advances of the whites.

"So, in an hour, the pride and power of the Indian confederacy and the scheme of reclaiming the Northwest Territory to the British domains was broken."

There remained but one more deed to put the finishing touch upon a bloody business thus speedily and valiantly accomplished. It was the securing of an authoritative treaty of peace, and to accomplish this difficult undertaking General Wayne began most serious preparations.



THE YEATMAN PUNCH BOWL

The Yeatman punch bowl was the first of its kind to be brought across the mountains to Cincinnati. It was the possession of Griffin Yeatman, who came to Cincinnati in 1793 and kept the tavern bearing his name which was the most celebrated hostelry of its time. It is a splendid bowl, an English ware, with dark blue background, gay Chinese figures, and capacious enough to hold eight or ten gallons. Being the only great bowl in the little town it was frequently borrowed and graced many festive occasions. Tradition says that Aaron Burr, Andrew Jackson, Lafayette, George Rogers Clark, and many other celebrated personages have brewed punch in it.

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Having erected a fort at the head of the Maumee, to make sure of holding the prize he had won, he summoned the various tribes of warriors to a great council at Greenville.

Treaty of Greenville.

He knew that several of the most persistent leaders were still in arms and trying to form another confederation; but realized that their power was broken. He was not disappointed, therefore, in his expectation that his invitation would be accepted, and on the 10th of June, a great crowd of warriors assembled to discuss the situation with their conquerors. Clothed with the power of a commissioner plenipotentiary, General Wayne was ready to meet their threats with courage and their demands with wisdom and authority. The chiefs protested against his propositions for a while; but one after another acknowledged the hopelessness of a further struggle against the inevitable. Little Turtle was the last to succumb; but he yielded finally and on the 3rd day of August, 1795, the treaty of Greenville was signed by General Wayne and ninety chiefs and delegates of the tribes.

There are many events in history whose magnitude reveals their importance; but there are others whose significance is veiled from unobservant eyes by their very minuteness. Concerning these (and this battle won and treaty made through the genius of General Wayne is one) it is only necessary to remember that their influence consists in the fact that they occurred so near to the actual fountain springs of history.

It is this fact which renders the little fracas between a few British soldiers and a handful of farmers at Lexington and Concord, a matter of such magnitude. And, measured by the tremendous consequences which followed the opening of the Northwest Territory to peaceful settlement, this battle of Fallen Timbers and the treaty of Greenville must be placed high upon the list of events that have made epochs in our history.

The Sudden Influx of Population.

Decisive as was the victory and final as was the treaty, it took almost a year to persuade the settlers along the Ohio and the multitudes of those who stood on tiptoe in the east, waiting to migrate, that the danger was really past; but, when at last they were actually convinced, a movement westward set in that was like nothing so much as a tidal wave.

With that general immigration which thus entered every possible opening into the great northwest, we may not concern ourselves because our particular task is limited to the life and fortunes of those who floated down the Ohio and landed at the hospitable wharfs of the little village whose growth into a great city it is, alone, our duty to describe.

The battle and the treaty meant as much or more to it than to any other place, perhaps. That embargo which fear of Indians had laid upon all its enterprises being lifted, the ambitions and energy of the people suddenly found channels in which to expend themselves. Farmers pushed out into the wilderness and made clearings. Merchants took advantage of the military roads to extend commerce. Manufactures were begun; buildings were hastily erected; a new stir of life was felt; great expectations were aroused and hope set every heart on fire.

Problem II—1778-1779.

We have announced that it was as a series of serious problems to be solved that we should consider the history of Cincinnati. The first of these (that of securing exemption from Indian invasions) was disposed of by the military prowess of General Anthony Wayne and his invincible "Legion;" but those which we turn to now had to be solved by the ingenuity and determination of the citizens themselves. For the removal of these new obstacles to their growth and their happiness they had no right to call upon the central government. They must, like the young nation itself, "Live or die; sink or swim; survive or perish" by their own genius and effort.

Those problems were, of course, the way to secure the actual necessities of life—food, clothing and shelter; the way to establish law and order; the way to open lines of travel and to build up commerce; the way to secure educational and religious institutions; the way to create a social life and a thousand others not so pressing; but not less important.

Those of us who were born into an environment where the solution of all the problems has been rendered easy by experience, wealth and custom cannot but find it difficult to appreciate the immensity of their task. If, however, it has fallen to our lot to have helped build some western town upon the very stumps of the trees of a primeval wilderness (as it has to mine) the comprehension will be far more sympathetic and complete. To have found a spot in a wilderness fit for a great city; to have slept under the stars for lack of a roof; to have lived upon oatmeal with irregular bites of crackers and cheese; to have helped survey roads and carve them out with an axe; to have raised money in distant places to build schoolhouses and churches; to have struggled with lawless and desperate men; to have waited years for means of transportation; to have raised crops and failed to find a market—are experiences which ought to fit an author (whether they really do or not) to interpret the struggles of these brave and determined pioneers who now began in deadly earnest their great effort to build a city in the wilderness.

These problems, it will be seen at a glance, were the primitive and elemental ones. They belong, therefore, to the earliest period, and we shall confine our attention to the years between the landing at Yeatman's Cove in 1788 and the establishment of the "town" in 1802. This was the era of the "Village" (it will be remembered) a part of whose *internal* history was traced and then abandoned, in order that we might study the three great military campaigns which, however vital to the life of the community, were in a sense *external*. Those campaigns were terminated in 1795 and, having described them, we now go back upon our tracks and take up the story of the evolution of the village from *within*.

All we have told, thus far, are the bare facts that attempts were made to locate the city at Columbia and North Bend; that they failed; that all circumstances conspired to make Losantiville (or Cincinnati now) the center of the new life; but that this new life was hampered in its growth by fear of the Indians.

We are now to observe those restrained efforts which they put forth only under the compulsion of sheer necessity (up to the Indian conquest in 1795) and their liberation and enlargement, after those fears were finally relieved.

Problem of Shelter.

The first "internal" problem, then, was that of finding shelter, which was, of course, comparatively a simple one. The earliest houses were constructed from the trees which stood upon the town site, and rude affairs they were, log cabins chinked with mud; dirt floors; chimneys made of sticks or stones; generally without windows except when the light came in through paper smeared with lard. However, they afforded protection from the storms of winter, and around the enormous fireplaces, fed with the fuel of inexhaustible forests, family life began. The furniture was as rude as the home, of course. Tables and chairs were constructed of puncheons, with split sticks at the corners for legs. Beds were made of poles, and mattresses of leaves or straw. Cooking was done over an open fire, with a few rude utensils—a skillet, a tea-kettle, a few old pots and a crane. If there was a loft in the house, it was reached by a rude ladder or pegs driven in the wall, and up there under the roof the children slept on pallets of skins. Some time during the first year, it is thought, Robert Benham erected the first frame house and not long afterwards one or two others were built of bricks.

Food.

The problem of food was not so easily managed. Months elapsed before crops could be reaped and at times provisions became so scarce that the inhabitants of the village, and even the soldiers of the fort, were ready to decamp. They were saved from this in one of the greatest crises by a loan of corn from a farmer by the name of Luke Foster who happened to have a supply and who, in consequence of his generosity, was reduced by springtime almost to starvation.

Luke Foster! Let us star his name as the very first of our public benefactors; the first man to put the community under obligation for an unselfish gift. It would have been a great and bounteous gift, however he had come to have it to bestow; but it had an added virtue because he had raised the grain himself from thirteen pints of seed which he had planted with an almost miserly care—three grains to a hill!

Apart from what they received through this generous donation, the settlers purchased all their first year's supplies from crops raised on Turkey Bottom by the farmers of Columbia; but in the second year they raised their own grain. Their meats were more easily obtained, for game abounded in the forest and fish in the river. The stories of this abundance excite astonishment and incredulity today. Buffaloes roamed the region in enormous herds. Deer, squirrel, rabbits, wild turkeys and pigeons existed in numbers beyond all calculation, and cat-fish were taken from the river, which must have resembled small whales, according to common report, a fact which lends acute interest to the following letter just received from the bureau of fisheries:

"SIR: This bureau has been advised by the department of agriculture that you desire information regarding the cause of the decrease of food-fishes in the Ohio river, and whether there is any way in which the fishes of that river may be increased so as to furnish an important addition to the food supply.

"The causes of the decrease of food-fishes in the Ohio are many and complex. Among the more important may be mentioned the following: over-fishing, that is, the taking out of the river of more fish annually than natural reproduction is

able to make good; stream pollution, which in the Ohio river is, and has been, for many years very serious indeed; and inadequate laws and regulations governing the fisheries.

"This bureau has done a great deal in years past and it is continuing its efforts toward keeping the Ohio river stocked with useful food-fishes. These efforts have been directed chiefly to such species as the black bass, pike, perch, catfish, etc.

"The fact that the Ohio river borders on a number of states requires that there should be uniform action taken by all of the states concerned in order to properly protect its fisheries. Concurrent action on the part of Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Kentucky is hardly to be expected as possible.

"The only way in which the fisheries of interstate streams can be properly conserved is by means of federal control. With federal control the question of pollution could be handled, closed seasons could be established to protect the fisheries at the times when they most needed protection, and regulations prohibiting over-fishing could be provided.

Respectfully,

J. L. M. SMITH,

Acting Commissioner."

Clothing.

There was but little danger of actual starvation, it will have been seen, and the problem of securing clothing was not even so difficult as that of procuring food. The skins of the wild animals they shot supplied the latter; or it was spun, woven and made into warm if not elegant suits of wool or hemp by the women, one of whom, in lack of other material, cut the nettles round her cabin and out of them made two hundred yards of cloth.

Having found the means of securing food and clothing, the inhabitants of the little village undertook to increase their comforts and to lay the foundations of their wealth by some form or other of business enterprise.

Business.

Nothing can be simpler than the first beginnings of commerce. Always and everywhere it is barter—the exchange of an article produced by one person for that produced by another. In these early days the whites exchanged the few manufactured articles which they could spare out of the small store imported from the east, for the skins brought in by the Indians. By and by, as the genius of the settlers began to express itself in the productions of the implements which they could make with their own hands, these exchanges became more numerous and more complicated. Skins, as usual, were the first media of exchange. What little money they had brought with them mysteriously disappeared—as it always does through that irresistible gravitation which carries it like water to the natural reservoirs, our great cities.

Practically, therefore, they were without a medium of exchange for a long time, but when the soldiers came, they brought Spanish coins and these were cut up into little pieces to take the place of small change. Their original value suffered much, of course, from every sort of shrinkage; but even so imperfect a medium possessed an immense advantage over none at all.

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As business grew (and it did, even in the first few years of terror from the Indians) these primitive transactions began both to multiply and to ramify. They were principally carried on upon the river in flatboats and piroques, although now and then a trader ventured over the dangerous trails in the wilderness to the north and south, but was lucky to return with his scalp in its proper place. As the volume of trade increased it demanded the widening of the trails and road building of a very primitive type began. Slight bridges were thrown over the smaller streams; a ferry was established across the Ohio; Colonel John Bartle opened a store and Griffin Yeatman a tavern. Property was bought and sold. The first feeble palpitation of that great heart of commerce which now throbs with such steady, insistent beatings in Fountain Square were faintly heard.

Education.

Shelter, food, and the means of livelihood! These are the three primitive necessities having secured them, all civilized communities begin to attempt the satisfaction of a different order of needs.

In Cincinnati the first arrivals were grown up men and women; but before long little children's faces were seen upon the streets, and the problem of education arose. No American community has ever been compelled to await for any great length of time the coming of a schoolmaster and as early as 1792, an Irish pedagogue by the name of Lloyd established an educational institution of a very primitive character down on the public landing, and soon the murmurings of the small scholars conning their lessons resounded in the still air, varied now and then by the screams of disobedient youngsters as they felt the bite of the switch in the hands of the stern master who whipped them, so they testified, until he made them "jump clean from the floor." In 1794 another school was opened by a Mr. Stuart to meet the exigencies of the ever-increasing number of children and from thence, onward, these institutions multiplied.

Religion.

In America, the craving of the human soul for religious truth makes itself felt in every new community, almost from the first day of its existence. Among these sturdy forefathers of ours, so many of whom, it must be confessed, were profane, intemperate and reckless, there were men and women of the finest natures, alert and eager for instruction in the divine life. One auspicious day in 1791 a few of them, armed with rifles, went over into Kentucky to offer safe convoy to a clergyman by the name of James Kemper, whom they desired to have settle among them for the preaching of the gospel. He had already made a visit or two in the region, and so won their respect as to render them eager for his presence and his influence. He came with his family, and on October 2, 1792, was formally installed as pastor of the Presbyterian churches here and in Columbia. It so happened in the divine Providence that this devout clergyman arrived at that tragic moment when the shattered army of St. Clair came streaming into town with their wretched story of defeat and their wild prognostications of danger. Never was a man of faith in God more needed, and Mr. Kemper threw himself into the breach with energy and zeal. He gave succor to the needy; helped to heal the sick; offered consolation to the sorrowful and calmed the fears

of the terror-stricken. He was a man of God, and during his pastorate exerted a powerful influence for good.

The Presbyterian church which he founded, being the first upon the ground, became, of course, prominent; but it was not long before others were established and most of the leading denominations were early represented in the field.

Law.

For a few weeks or months in the life of frontier communities, the problems of law and order excite but little attention. Such settlements are a natural refuge for criminals fleeing from justice and possess a magnetic attraction for the loose and reckless elements of the social system. Every individual in them (good, as well as bad) finds it for his interests, temporarily at least, to encounter no restraints of any kind in the full pursuit of his own purposes and plans. But it does not take long to discover that liberty produces license and that anarchy is the most intolerable of tyrannies. This was speedily found to be true in the little settlement by Yeatman's Cove, for in a short time interests began to conflict; and the public peace was rudely broken, not only by the Indian forays, but by quarrels, robberies, drinking bouts and fightings amongst the whites themselves. It did not take long for this state of affairs to become intolerable and because there were neither courts of justice, executors of laws, or even laws of any kind, the better element determined to establish order upon their own responsibility and in their own way.

The citizens, therefore, assembled in public conclave and made a simple set of rules to govern conduct, and after having sworn to render obedience themselves and to see that others did the same, they elected William McMillan judge and John Ludlow (a brother of Israel) sheriff. The first case which came before this simple court, where trial was to be by jury, was that of a charge against Patrick Grimes for stealing cucumbers from the truck garden of one of his neighbors. The frightened culprit was arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and punished—twenty-nine strokes of the lash being laid on his bare back.

It appeared, no doubt, to the villagers that they had settled the problem of law and order easily and perhaps permanently; but they were not long in discovering that such an achievement was far more difficult than they had thought. A little before this incident occurred, Fort Washington had been completed and its officers had taken it for granted that the whole region was under military authority. The punishment of a criminal by this voluntary court seemed an infringement of their prerogative. When, therefore, the second crime was committed and the criminal fled for refuge to the fort to escape the swift vindication of law at the hands of this resolute, quick-acting, civil tribunal, an abusive letter was sent from that seat of power to Mr. McMillan, commanding him to refrain from any further exercise of his functions. A spirited reply (the purport of which was that the petty officer who issued it should mind his own business) brought a sergeant and a file of three men to Mr. McMillan's door with an order for his arrest. A short parley ensued in which McMillan asserted his determination to discharge his duty even at the cost of his life, and thereupon the soldiers burst into the room. The young judge was an athlete and with a blow of his fist all but broke the sergeant's head, at which the soldiers fell upon him

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and dragged him to the floor. With a herculean effort he threw them off, and rising, drove them from the room. It was a great triumph of courage and strength, but it cost him dear: One of the blows which were showered upon him in the *melee* was the cause of a disorder which pursued him through life and terminated in a premature and much lamented death. So great, however, was the respect which this courage and devotion to duty inspired, that when the court of quarter sessions organized in January, 1790 (immediately after the county had been defined and named in honor of Alexander Hamilton) he, together with William Goforth and William Wells, was appointed one of its judges.

Society.

Those who merely watch the surface play of events in phenomena like that of a city's growth, imagine, if they think at all, that the various phases unfold in accordance with some inherent necessity—coming and going like the changes in the sky when the forms and colors of the clouds alter, without the intervention of human brains or hands. This is but a shallow view and a deeper insight discloses the influence of individual minds and hearts and wills. The great forces which play upon the social system originate in the sentiments, the opinions, the passions of those who are the natural leaders. It happens generally, no doubt, that a few remarkable individuals, or an institution, or an organization give complexion to the social life in the early stages of the community's existence. In Cincinnati it was, undoubtedly, the garrison of the fort which performed this most important function.

Had there been a considerable population of refined and moral people whose habits had been formed, and whose customs had already crystallized, the influence of the reckless soldiery might have been resisted. But the very opposite was the fact. During the brief period preceding the Indian conquest there were at most only a few hundred residents, and these, in the main, were very ordinary people. Not only were they without that preliminary culture which is necessary to successful resistance of a strong influence for evil; but all the circumstances of life had tended to harden and coarsen their natures. While their conditions had made them brave, they certainly had not made them considerate and gentle. Every day and almost hour they were either taking part in, or beholding, or hearing about violent and bloody deeds. In the wilderness around them, people were being constantly massacred by the Indians, while in their streets the reckless and quick-tempered frontiersmen were frequently engaged in bloody altercations.

A few stories, taken at random almost, from those early annals of this chaotic period will reveal the influences which shaped the social life of the little village.

One day, John Bartle, a leading citizen, was betrayed into the walls of the fort by Lieutenant Symmes, with whom he had had a controversy, and there, surrounded by a circle of hostile witnesses, set upon and beaten! A drama of swiftly moving scenes followed. Bartle haled the lieutenant into court, where a certain attorney by the name of Blanchard riddled him with such a skilful argument as to excite his uncontrollable enmity. Retiring to the fort from the court, the officer gathered up a crowd of thirty soldiers and hastened back to thrash the attorney, as he had the merchant. Thereupon John Riddle and Mr. McMillan, together with eighteen angry citizens, seized their guns and put the soldiers to an ignominious flight.

At another time a detachment of Kentucky volunteers on their way to join General Wayne's army, stopped to encamp near the city. With them were about one hundred friendly Indians who had possession of the person of a white woman. Believing that they knew who she was and desiring to restore her to her friends, some of the citizens ransomed her with a barrel of Monongahela whiskey. Of course, the Indians drank the whiskey and, having nothing to show therefor as a visible evidence that they had been paid, concluded they had been robbed and tried to get the woman back.

But the white men were Pennsylvania Irishmen, who hated all Indians from instinct, and they resorted to the common method of settling such differences—a free fight for possession. Down at the lower end of Broadway they encountered the Indians, and a pitched battle of so violent a nature took place that a company of soldiers from the fort had to come down and stop the fighting.

Such incidents might be multiplied indefinitely; but a few will show as well as many that physical rather than moral heroism was the ideal of both the individual and community life and that, therefore, the citizens would be peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the military garrison.

To the soldiers they looked for protection and, in consequence, drew from them their inspirations. In all ages and places, sternest measures are required to keep the passions of the young men who compose the army under any real restraint. In a frontier post like this but little could be done to bring about that end. They were dissolute and reckless to the highest degree. They mixed freely among the citizens and spread their vices. The effects were disastrous and are recorded in tragically eloquent language by Judge Jacob Burnet:

"Idleness, drinking and gambling prevailed in the army to a greater extent than it has at any other period. This may be attributed to the fact that they (the soldiers) had been several years in the wilderness cut off from all society but their own, with few comforts and conveniences at hand, and no amusements but such as their own ingenuity could invent. Libraries were not to be found; men of liberal minds or polished manners were rarely to be met with; and they had long been deprived of the advantage of modest and accomplished female society, which always produces a salutary influence on the feelings and moral habits of men.

"Thus situated, the officers were urged by an irresistible impulse to tax their wits to fill up the chasms of leisure which were left on their hands after a full discharge of their military duties; and as is too frequently the case in such circumstances, the bottle, the dice box and the card table were among the expedients resorted to because they were the nearest at hand and the most easily procured. It is a disastrous fact that a very large proportion of the officers under General Wayne and subsequently under General Wilkinson were hard drinkers. Harrison, Shonberg, Clark, Ford and Strong were the only exceptions. Such were the habits of the army when they began to associate with the city of Cincinnati and of the western settlements generally and to give tone to public sentiment. As a natural consequence the citizens fell into the same habits and formed the same practices."

In order to demonstrate the truth of his assertion Judge Burnet relates the fact that when he began to practice law in Cincinnati there were nine other



MARTIN BAUM



MAJOR DAVID ZEIGLER



JOHN FILSON



DANIEL GANO



MRS. SARAH PETER



NICHOLAS LONGWORTH



EDWARD MANSFIELD



PETER GIBSON



GEORGE P. TORRENCE

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attorneys and that all of them but his own brother became confirmed drunkards and descended to premature graves.

The testimony of Mr. Cist is to the same effect and appears in detailed citations of the miserable lives and deaths of the early residents. In substantiation of these charges General Wm. Eaton has left a startling list of the names of companions who "were damned and dead through brandy," and in 1811, himself died a drunkard.

Judge Goforth of Columbia testifies to the same lamentable state of affairs in the post and out of it, and a record of court proceedings renders it indubitable.

In a meeting of the court to inquire into the matter of the sale of liquors (William Goforth, William Wells, William McMillan and John S. Gano being present), there appeared as witnesses, Captain Ferguson, Captain Pratt, Captain Strong, and several other officers (at General Harmar's command), and gave public testimony that "in consequence of the troops being debauched by spiritous liquors, punishment had become frequent in the army and that the men were sickening fast, and that the sickness, in the opinion of the officers, was in a great degree brought on by excessive hard drinking, and the officers complained of three houses, to wit: Thomas Cochran, Matthew Winton and John Scott."

These men were, in consequence, forbidden to sell any more liquor and were bound over, each with security, to appear at the next term of the court for further advice.

It does not take a long array of facts of some kinds to give correct conceptions of a state of human society, and from such as these the intelligent student of history can complete the picture. After all due allowances have been made for the errors and exaggerations common to the judgment of men about their contemporaries it is sufficiently certain that the morality of the infant community was not of the highest.

While there were exceptional individuals who held out for sobriety and virtue, it is indubitable that the early inhabitants of Cincinnati were dissolute and of a degraded type. Upon this fact the philosopher and moralist are bound to reflect. They know that nothing could be more unfortunate for a city than such an inauspicious beginning. Neither can they doubt that this inauspicious beginning affected the entire life of a city, for it is as true of a city as of an individual that, "the way a twig is bent the tree inclines." There was never an institution (any more than there has been a person) without ineradicable birthmarks—physical, mental and moral. Cincinnati received some of her most indelible ones from that garrison. She has suffered from them and always will. To the habits of violence fixed at that formative period, we owe, no doubt, the disposition (so manifest for decades) to settle disagreeable problems by the torch and the pistol. There is a riotous strain in our nature. Not democracy nor aristocracy, but mobocracy has been the ideal of government, in the minds of the lower strata of our population. Be on the watch for this, as the panorama slowly enrolls and presents strategic incidents to view, for nothing can be more important than to become familiar with the *moral nature* of a city. The history of any nation or any community, so far as it is worth writing at all, is a history of the public conscience.

The Leading Men.

Consideration of the dominant influence of an institution (the fort) leads naturally to the consideration of that other great factor in town building, the "leading men." Much depends, in the origin of every community, upon the mental and moral characteristics of the few individuals who possess the talents for moulding public opinion.

The city is in reality, its citizens. You may convey a fairly correct idea of a colony of beavers by describing their dam; but not of a community of men by describing their habitations or their public buildings. The men and women themselves are everything, and, particularly, "the leading men!" Such individuals inevitably "go to the front" and become the moulders of opinion and of character. The masses are more easily moved to noble living by noble lives than by logical arguments, because the imagination has more power than the philosophic reason in shaping character. Not that the virtues of a few leaders can suffice for an entire community! A few great geniuses can do the thinking for a whole race; but they cannot practice their virtues for them. Each individual must be virtuous for himself, for nobody else can be virtuous for him. Nevertheless, a group of noble individuals is a tremendous asset for any community and we venture the assertion that very few have ever had, in their infancy, a nobler group than a few of those who helped to lay the foundations of the Queen City.

In trying to do them justice and to put them in their proper place in our hall of fame, a certain distinction will be carefully observed. There is a class of people who merely confer a luster on the city of their residence by books they have written, deeds they have done, or lives they have lived, without the conscious purpose, or at least an overmastering determination to do it for the city where they dwell. In this way, for example, Shakespeare shed his glory on Stratford-on-the-Avon. But there is another type of citizen—the individual who loves the town he lives in with a sort of passion and devotes himself to its welfare with a conscious purpose and an unselfish love. Savonarola of Florence stands out against the dark background of the evils he tried to reform, as one of the greatest examples of this highest type of citizenship.

In the story of our city's development we are constantly compelled to notice this distinction. Both types are important; both are worthy of our honor and both have added richness to our life. "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, write something worth reading; or do something worth writing," was the ringing advice of Benjamin Franklin to his contemporaries. Our heroes have done much in one line or the other, and the group of men who first appear upon the stage may challenge comparisons for talents or achievements with the founders of any city in America—bar none.

In a *resume* so brief as this it will not be possible always to so present them as to see them actually playing their parts. "Do not tell me that your characters are acting! Let me *see* them act!" said one of the great French critics. Obedience to this divine law of literature is the greatest achievement of art and beyond our power, we fear. There still remains, however, a method less noble; less effective but not without its value. It is to outline their achievements and characterize their personalities in a few brief words. This is not easy, nor is it easy even to *select* the really great, outstanding men; but we shall do our best.

If we omit some who deserve mention we shall at least hope not to introduce any who deserve to be omitted. According to the best judgment, the leading spirits of the earliest period of our city's life, the men who helped to solve the problems of shelter, clothing, food, business, law and order, religion and society were: Hon. John Cleves Symmes, General Arthur St. Clair, Gen. William Henry Harrison, Hon. Jacob Burnet, Hon. Israel Ludlow, Hon. William McMillan, General Jared Mansfield, James Kemper, Martin Baum, Peyton Short, Hon. William Goforth, Hon. John S. Gano, Col. Winthrop Sargent, David E. Wade, David Ziegler, William Ruffin, and Dr. Goforth.

John Cleves Symmes.

John Cleves Symmes was born July 21, 1742, at River Head on Long Island, the eldest son of Rev. Timothy and Mary (Cleves) Symmes. He began his active life as a surveyor and teacher. Removing from Long Island to New Jersey, he was swept along by the great revolutionary movement and entered the army as Colonel of the Third Battalion of Militia. He served through a large part of the war and was at the battle of Saratoga. He was elected delegate to the New Jersey state convention and helped draft the constitution. Subsequently he became lieutenant governor, and was a member of the Continental congress from 1785-1786. He served twelve years as judge of the Supreme court. He had married the daughter of Governor Livingstone of New York, and was connected politically and socially with all the leading men of his time. It was to him that Benjamin Stites appealed for assistance in his scheme to purchase a body of land between the Miamis, and his success in the gigantic undertaking must forever stand as the measure of his talents. It is an only too palpable fact that he had his limitations, and among his defects was a lack of a certain quality of heroism. He did not push forward upon his project to establish a city, depending upon his own resources; but hung back until protected by a military guard. He was disposed, also, to demand the aid of others in all his projects. There is a note of complaint pervading his correspondence. He fell a little short, we cannot help but think, in all his undertakings. His arrow often dropped before it reached the target. And yet, there was in him a sort of determination which, although it did not achieve the highest success, would not suffer him to make a complete failure. He certainly accomplished much, overcoming, slowly and patiently, apparently immovable obstacles. All through his struggles he lived earnestly and, in many senses, nobly. It was a sad life; a life of bitter disappointment. He saw great opportunities slip through his fingers, but he maintained a noble dignity through a semi-tragic career. Inhabitant of a cabin in a back woods, he lived like a gentleman and a scholar. Around his bountiful table men of talent gathered, drawn to the home and its owner as by powerful magnets. His wife was a true helpmeet, and his two daughters possessed charms which enabled them to make famous marriages; one to Peyton Short and the other to William Henry Harrison. It is true that this distinguished and remarkable man was not an actual resident of Cincinnati; but as it waxed and North Bend waned, his interests were more and more drawn into its larger life. Much of his time was spent here. His association with the citizens was intimate. Upon the character of the city his talents and his virtues laid a moulding hand.

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CHAPTER V.

ILLUSTRIOUS PIONEERS.

GENERAL ARTHUR ST. CLAIR BECOMES GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY—GENERAL WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, MILITARY HERO AND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—JUDGE JACOB BURNET, ISRAEL LUDLOW, WILLIAM MCMILLAN AND OTHERS WHO FIGURE LARGELY IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF CINCINNATI.

General St. Clair.

Amongst the notable figures to be seen upon the streets of the little village during its earliest period, was that of General Arthur St. Clair, who was born in Cathness, Scotland, in 1734, and died in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in 1818. He was grandson of the Earl of Roslyn and was educated at the University of Edenborough. Inheriting a fortune from his mother, he purchased a commission in the army and came to America with Edward Boscaren's fleet. He served at the capture of Lewisburg and of Quebec. Resigning from the British army in 1762, he cast his lot in with the builders of America; settled in Ligonier, Pennsylvania, where he purchased land and erected mills. In 1775, when the rumblings of the Revolution began to be heard, he was made Colonel of a militia regiment. Through the whole war he fought valiantly and earnestly, suffering only one great defeat, which damaged but did not destroy his reputation. Rising steadily from one position to another, he at last became a major-general, was with Washington at Brandywine and enjoyed his fullest confidence. He was a member of the court martial that tried Major Andre; a commander at West Point and present at the great surrender at Yorktown. At the formation of the Northwest Territory in 1789, General St. Clair was appointed governor, and in that capacity came to Cincinnati; gave the town its name; took part in its youthful activities, and exerted a powerful influence over it, even after his defeat and up to the time of his removal from the governorship by Thomas Jefferson in 1802.

That a man so refined, so highly educated and so famous should have been so many years in such a squalid little town; be embroiled in so many petty little quarrels; suffer so terrible a defeat; suffer so tragic an old age, and die such a pathetic death, excites a pity which almost passes into tears. Few scenes in the life of any great man are more full of pathos than those of his last years, when, cast down from his elevated position, and poor even to poverty, he retired to a little hut amidst the scenes of his success and power in Pennsylvania; raised a little garden truck; subsisted on a beggarly pension awarded him by the government; maintained an unbroken dignity and died in obscurity by the side of the road, where, an infirm old man, he had fallen from a wagon.

Such a character lends a melancholy glory to the life of any community, but especially to a little frontier town; and those of us who read this always touch-

ing story of a truly noble, but most unfortunate man, must always remember that however little other part he took in our municipal affairs, it was he who changed our city's name from Losantiville to Cincinnati. "What in hell does that word mean?" he asked indignantly, and conferred upon it one that is beautiful and full of dignity, however much we may dispute as to its grammatical correctness.

William Henry Harrison.

Another character which sheds unfading luster upon the little hamlet, was the ninth President of the United States. William Henry Harrison was born in Berkeley, Va., February 9, 1773; was educated at Hampden Sydney college and studied medicine as a preparation for a professional career. In the midst of these studies there came news of Indian outbreaks on the frontier, and the young student rushed to arms. He received an ensign's commission and reported at Fort Washington. When General Wayne became commander of the army organized to undo the fatal consequences of St. Clair's defeat, Harrison became his aide-de-camp, and after the brief but bloody campaign was terminated, received the commendation of the commanding general for heroic and efficient service, and in May, 1797, was made captain and given command of Fort Washington. It was during this period that he linked his fortunes permanently with the village and the region, by falling in love with, and afterwards marrying, Anna, the daughter of John Cleves Symmes. The partial old judge opposed the union, but it was consummated during an absence of his from home, and he had the good sense in a short time to appreciate and be reconciled to his illustrious son-in-law.

After the treaty of peace at Greenville, Captain Harrison resigned his military commission and was immediately appointed to a high civil position as secretary of the Northwest Territory under Governor St. Clair. In this capacity he served about a year and was then made one of the territorial delegates to congress. During the session he accomplished so much in so many directions, that when the Northwest Territory was sub-divided, he was appointed governor of that portion which then contained the great states of Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin. So satisfactory were his services in this responsible position that he was reappointed by President Madison. His administration of this important trust drew him into a great national current. In his desire to gain the greatest good for the greatest number, he became the friend of the Indians, but Tecumseh, their most distinguished chief, and his brother "The Prophet" did everything they could to snatch their brethren from his influence. Their efforts resulted in a war in which the governor crushed their forces at the battle of Tippecanoe, an achievement which won him such prestige that in the War of 1812 he was made (after other promotions) a major-general. In that war he achieved so great a victory over the British, at the battle of the Thames, as to win possession of "the chain of lakes above Erie and put an end to the war in Upper Canada." Honor after honor followed—election to the senate of Ohio; presidential elector, 1824; election to United States senate; and United States minister to United States of Columbia. From this position he resigned and retired to North Bend, Ohio, where he lived quietly, filling the offices of clerk of the County court and president of the Agricultural society. In 1835 he came near to being nominated for the presidency of the United States, and four years

later he was actually elected. He had won the honor fairly, through his great achievements, the nobility of his character and the republican simplicity of his life, the latter virtue being celebrated in the "log cabin and hard cider" features of the campaign. He was inaugurated on the 4th of March, 1841, but died on the 4th of April following, and his body now reposes in a tomb erected not far from the rural home which he loved, and Cincinnati, the city for which he did so much and which did so much for him.

Judge Burnet.

One of the most prominent persons in the history of Cincinnati was Judge Jacob Burnet. For many years he is to be met with at every turning point in our history and his ideas certainly helped to shape the character of the ever expanding community. Born on the 22nd of February, 1770, he graduated from Princeton College and was admitted to the practice of law in 1796, the year of his arrival in Cincinnati. As a member of the legislative council, he drew most of the important laws of the territory. He was afterwards a member of the supreme court of the State of Ohio, but soon resigned to take the seat in the Senate formerly occupied by William Henry Harrison. It was he who chiefly organized the campaign in which Harrison was elected president, and he was always his faithful friend. During all the years of his professional life he was the acknowledged leader at the bar of the state, and was principal attorney in most of the greatest cases. For example, he was Blennerhasset's leading counsel. He accumulated a considerable fortune and his residence standing in the ground now occupied by Third, Fourth, Race and Vine streets, was one of the finest ever erected in the city. Within its hospitable walls were entertained more distinguished guests than were ever gathered in any other. His "History of the Northwestern Territory" is an almost sacred treasure, and is acknowledged to be one of the greatest authorities. He lived until 1853, revered and admired by his fellow townsmen and regarded in the nation at large as one of the leading men. You have but to look at his stern and sharply chiseled features to appreciate how like a rock he stood for justice and duty through all his long career, and to conclude that any city which had a man like him to help rock its cradle was fortunate indeed.

Israel Ludlow.

Israel Ludlow was the only one of the three original proprietors of Cincinnati (Denman, Patterson and Ludlow) who actually took part in shaping the life of the town they founded. Patterson threw in his lot with Lexington, Ky., and Denman returned to the east. Ludlow, who had taken the place in the partnership made vacant by the death of Filson, stuck to the spot which had lured him to the investment. He was born at Little Head near Morristown, N. J., in 1765, and at the age of twenty came to the Ohio valley to practice his chosen calling, and was appointed by the U. S. geographer to survey the "Miami" and "Ohio company" purchases. These tasks he had accomplished by 1792, and his work had been accepted as faithfully performed and authoritative. In 1790 he had located a fertile piece of land several miles to the north of the village in Cummingsville, and being a man of courage and resources, determined to occupy it in spite of danger from the savages. To protect himself

and his family he erected a formidable block house, which at once became, and for a long time remained, a haven of refuge and a place of safety to the scattered farmers. Ludlow himself did not occupy it until after the treaty of Greenville. During this intervening period he lived at the northwest corner of First and Main in the first frame built house in Cincinnati. In 1796, however, after things had quieted down, he built a house known to several generations as the Ludlow mansion, and remembered as the abode of a hospitality and refinement of which any community might be proud. "It was a large two-story dwelling with wings—the best looking and largest in Cincinnati . . . the lawn sloped down toward Mill creek and it had a large apple orchard; and a kitchen and flower garden." Mrs. Ludlow was a woman of remarkable personal charm, and all the important people who resided in the region, or who came to it as visitors, were entertained by these two unusually interesting people. John Cleves Symmes, Arthur St. Clair, Anthony Wayne, William H. Harrison, Governor Worthington, Salmon P. Chase, Jacob Burnet, Nicholas Longworth, Oliver M. Spencer, Judge Goforth, Governor Meigs, Governor Brown, Lewis Cass, General John S. Gano, Judge D. K. Este, General William Lytle, General J. H. Pratt, the Indian chiefs, "Little Turtle" and "Bok-on-jaha-his" were all, at one time or another (many at a much later period than the one now under discussion, of course) guests beneath the hospitable roof.

Israel Ludlow died in 1807; but the influence which he had acquired lived after him in his wife, who subsequently married the Rev. David Risk, and of their granddaughters one became the wife of Salmon P. Chase; another of Randall Hunt; and a third of John McLean, a judge of the supreme court of the United States.

William McMillan.

William McMillan was a member of the party which landed at Yeatman's cove on the 24th of December, 1798, and became one of the most powerful factors in the development of the community, dying at the early age of forty-four, beloved, admired and lamented. His physical, mental and moral powers were tested early. During the first year of the life of the settlement, before any court of justice had been organized, the lawless elements began to get the upper hand. It was evident enough to the better people that some sort of order must be brought out of the chaos, and therefore they assembled beneath one of the majestic trees, so many of which were still standing, and entered into an agreement to establish, obey and execute a simple code of laws. A rude court was organized; trial by jury established; William McMillan appointed judge and John Ludlow sheriff. What followed, has already been told; how the first criminal was whipped; how the soldiers who tried to arrest the Judge for infringing upon military prerogatives were thrashed; and how a blow was struck by one of them which shortened that noble life. It was long enough, however, to have exerted a profound influence and left an unfading impression of its beauty and strength.

Many years afterward his old friend William Corry said of him: "Some of our distinguished lawyers of that day were admirable public speakers; he was not. Some of them were able in the comprehension of their cases and skillful to a proverb in their management; of these he ranked among the first. His opinions had all the respectability of learning, precision and strength. They



THE OLD WATER POWER MILL, ON THE LITTLE MIAMI RIVER EAST OF THE CITY



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commanded acquiescence; they challenged opposition when to obtain assent was difficult and to provoke hostility dangerous."

The added words of Mr. Cist will serve to complete the impression of a character, which if fully portrayed would stand a comparison with that of many men whose fame has encircled the globe.

"There can be no doubt that Mr. McMillan was the master spirit of the place, and a man who would have been a distinguished member of society anywhere. It is impossible to contemplate his career and character without being deeply impressed with his quiet superiority over everyone around him, even of the influential men of the day, and there were men of as high character and ability in Cincinnati in those days as at present," said Mr. Cist.

Jared Mansfield.

Jared Mansfield was, in a way, but a bird of passage in our midst; but left his mark forever on the place. Born in New Haven, Conn., 1759, he died there on February 3, 1830. He was graduated at Yale in 1777, and made a reputation as a teacher by his unusual talents for the higher mathematics. He entered the regular army as Captain of Engineers in 1802, was promoted Major in 1805, and lieutenant-colonel in 1808. When it became necessary to find someone to survey the new Territory of the Northwest, he was regarded as the only person in the country adequate to this great and important task, and gave his whole strength to its perfect accomplishment from 1803-1812. It is with these few years of a full and beautiful career that we have to do, for they told powerfully upon the life of our city. He brought his family along with him when he came to Cincinnati, and rented the house which Israel Ludlow had built about five miles north of Fountain Square. It was a grand place in those days, and during Mr. Mansfield's occupancy the scene of a most attractive social life. In that log house he set up his astronomical instruments and so founded the first observatory in America. After remaining in this residence for several years, he went back to his old home for a visit, and upon his return occupied the Bates house, two miles nearer the city. It had been built by Colonel Isaac Bates, a teamster in the army of Wayne, and was a comfortable two-story brick structure with a fine lawn and garden. The charm of the Ludlow life was reproduced here and the social circle was enlarged by the addition of many charming people. Three years longer Mr. Mansfield stayed, diffusing the influence of a most highly cultivated mind and heart and giving to the place, a little later, as an invaluable legacy, his son Edward, whose early memories of those romantic days drew him back into the region long years after his father had returned east for good.

Rev. James Kemper.

Rev. James Kemper was born in Cedar Grove, Va., November 23, 1753. On July 16, 1772, he married Judith Hathaway, daughter of a distinguished jurist and soldier of the Revolution. At first he was a farmer and then a school-teacher. He was baptized into the Episcopal church but one rainy day read the West Confession and became a Presbyterian. Finding farming and schoolteaching unprofitable, he became a surveyor and was sent to Tennessee in 1783. In 1785 he decided to become a minister, and with his wife and six children on horseback and attended by a military escort, he emigrated to Kentucky near

Danville. The people were poor and he was compelled to combine farming, schoolteaching and surveying with preaching in order to live. In 1789 he was granted a restricted license and made a journey to Cincinnati to supply the churches of the Miami, at discretion. Determining to settle there he brought his family on October 25 or 26, 1791, about nine days before St. Clair's defeat. As the broken army began to arrive, he threw himself into the work of relief for wounded soldiers, and encouragement of a frightened populace. On April 2, 1792, the presbytery ordered Kemper to supply North Bend, Columbia and Cincinnati.

"When he came to Cincinnati he measured five feet nine inches, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds and was full of health, strength and endurance. He wore knee breeches, silver knee and shoe buckles, a queue, a voluminous neck cloth and was a careful dresser. He was unsurpassed as a horseman. He was winning in his manners and slow to speak. His eye was dark, commanding and attractive. His countenance was open, serious, preoccupied and expectant. His personal appearance attracted attention. He was not pretentious, brilliant nor profound; but plain, simple, unassuming, ready and reliable and endowed with an exquisite common sense. He shrank from personal controversy, yet never chose the line of least resistance for its own sake. In his family he was gentle, quiet, revered and obeyed. In his habits he was regular, abstemious, temperate and a total abstainer from spirits and tobacco. He was hopeful and cheerful, never cast down."

Winthrop Sargent.

One of the most charming figures of this period was Winthrop Sargent, for a short time secretary of the Northwest Territory. He was a man of the highest cultivation and deeply interested in scientific and historical study. He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences and of the American Historical society, to the journals of which he contributed numerous articles. He secured an entire block of land just north of the fort and east of Broadway, where the best house in town was erected for him and the grounds laid out in charming fashion. The Sargent family has occupied a great place in the life of our country, John S. being regarded as one of the greatest of our portrait painters; Epes, as one of our most prolific and effective writers, and Charles Sprague, one of the greatest arboriculturists. Winthrop was certainly highly endowed and must have acted powerfully on the life of the community. He and St. Clair did not pull together smoothly, however; the former being conservative, the latter progressive and ready to seize upon any practicable plan to promote the interests of the young life springing up about him. Unfortunately for the place, his stay was short, for he was transferred to Mississippi as the governor of that new territory, and his place filled by W. H. Harrison.

Griffin Yeatman.

Griffin Yeatman, a name that occurs oftener almost than any other in the earliest annals of Cincinnati, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on March 8, 1769; came to Cincinnati in June, 1793, and immediately became the proprietor of the famous old hostelry bearing his name, on the northeast corner of Front and Sycamore, the favorite inn of the time and the gathering place for all town meetings and s. In 1795 young Mr. Yeatman wedded

Jane, daughter of Matthew Winton, for whom Winton Place is named, and by this alliance became connected with the Sedam, Rowan, and Anderson families. Nineteen years later, his spouse having died, Griffin married Mrs. Margaret Rowan, the first wife's sister. He was recorder for twenty-two years, was a notary, and held positions of importance in the city and county till his death, 4th of March, 1849. For all his name occurs so often, very little has been said definitely of Griffin Yeatman—he was evidently of the sort that is taken for granted because they are so dependable—and he is to be praised more for his deeds than words. He was the kindly, quiet, genial "mine host," the capable public man, the one who kept the wheels of life well oiled for all those about him.

Dr. William Goforth.

In the first year of the century, 1800, a genuine physician and a notable character, Dr. William Goforth by name, appeared upon the stage. He was born in 1776 in New York and came West with his brother-in-law, General John S. Gano, in 1788, settling at Washington, Ky., and practising for eleven years. Afterwards he settled in Columbia, where his father, Judge Goforth, resided, and in 1800 came to Cincinnati, locating in Dr. Allison's "Peach Grove" house. The accounts of his personal characteristics and achievements are charming. "He never left his house in the morning till his hair was powdered by an itinerant barber, John Arthurs, and his gold-headed cane was grasped in his gloved hand. His kindness of heart was as much a part of his nature as hair powder was of his costume. . . . In conversation he was precise yet fluent, and abounded in anecdotes which he told in a way that others could not imitate. He took a warm interest in the politics of the Northwest Territory. He introduced vaccination. He was interested in antiquities and dug up a most remarkable collection of fossils at Blue Lick, Ky. These he permitted an adventurer to take for exhibition to Europe, and there the scoundrel sold them and pocketed the money. But the doctor took it in good part and began seeking for gold in the neighborhood, spending no little time peering through a wonderful piece of glass owned by a villager named Hall, by means of which he was personally able to see thousands of feet into the earth. At the same time he was planning to ship ginseng to China, and believed himself to have discovered the East Indian Columbo root in the surrounding woods. On one of his expeditions of discovery he nearly froze to death.

Among his other fads was a passion for French manners and society, and when President Jefferson purchased Louisiana from the French, he hurried down to New Orleans to enjoy them to as great a degree as this country could afford. It did not take him long to be disillusioned, and he wrote back that if ever there was a Hell on earth it was New Orleans; and after returning to Cincinnati later on he declared that he would rather be in jail anywhere in Ohio than a guest of honor in New Orleans.

Here was a man to be loved and the reader of his experiences cannot but wish that he might have lived forever instead of perishing almost immediately upon his return.

The greatest benefit which he conferred upon the village which he loved and served unselfishly was the introduction of the youthful Daniel Drake to the mysteries of medical practice, for it was in his office and drug store that at 15 years

of age this remarkable boy began to study and continued so to do for four long years.

An ordinary visit by a Doctor, even such as Goforth, would not be an expensive luxury in our day at the schedule price of 25 to 50 cents. Every physician kept his own drug store, ordering his medicines directly from the East once or twice a year. They pulled teeth for a quarter and plugged them when decayed with tin foil instead of gold. * * *

Are you tired? Nothing is so tedious as a mere mathematical enumeration of even the most beautiful scenes, exciting incidents and wonderful people. I must not weary you, although it goes against the grain to pass by a score of other men, as interesting if not as great as these. As they rise before the mind's eye, rugged, purposeful, masterful men, all; setting the stamp of their personality ineffaceably upon the sensitive material of the city's character, one is tempted to adopt the words of the sacred author and, in despair, sum up by crying out "What shall I more say, for the time would fail me to tell of" Martin Baum, Peyton Short, John S. Gano, David E. Wade, David Ziegler, William Ruffin, Judge William Goforth and a host of others whom (if the world was not unworthy) it may be truly said they must be named among the worthies of the world.

I tell you these were men: "all wool and a yard wide!" "They stood four square to every wind that blew." We shall not see their like again, for the conditions that produced them have passed away forever.

They stand out clear and strong against the commonplace background of their daily lives. Than the crude stage on which they played their parts none could furnish fewer accessories of a great drama. They are like the actors of the Shakesperian tragedies and comedies in the rude theaters of that primitive age. They must either be great in themselves or be made contemptible by their surroundings.

No individual character and no community can be properly conceived without a more or less clear conception of its immediate environment. Whether we are the products of environment to so *complete* a degree as the scientist would have us believe, we are to a *great* degree, at least. The air produces the bird; the sea the fish; the forest the lion; the desert the cactus and the swamp the fern; a Virginia plantation a Washington; a Kentucky wilderness a Lincoln.

Concerning the development of individual genius we may not dogmatise; but of this we feel assured, that the effect of the institutions, the people, the buildings, the stage of culture prodigiously modify, if they do not wholly create the soul; the personality of a community.

Attempt then to form a mental concept of those surroundings—a half completed clearing in a wilderness, with logs lying scattered about like jack straws; charred tree trunks rising like stakes at which giant martyrs had been burned; stumps standing in the streets like snags in a river; the roads hub-deep with mud; the side walks mere trails along which foot passengers could make their way in wet weather only by jumping from board to board; or rock to rock, and even crawling along a rail fence; a rivulet running here; a frog pond lying there; the rude log cabins scattered irregularly in every direction; drunken Indians reeling through the streets; rough and tumble fights breaking out in the saloons; half maudlin soldiers picking quarrels with the citizens; horses, cattle and hogs wandering at will; the people clad in skins and homespun; a mail from the East

arriving but once a week or two; a book, a newspaper, a magazine as rare as hen's teeth; no luxuries; no arts; nor conveniences. Can any good come out of such another Nazareth? Let us see!

Its inhabitants had abandoned civilization; but only to reproduce it. They had but little of the machinery necessary to do so; but were fertile in crude expedients and substitutes. Lacking palaces and temples; mahogany furniture and gold plate; silks and satins; they did their best with log houses, pewter dishes and homespun. A grotesque appearance they made (to cynical observers) clad in blue jeans, wallowing through muddy streets; sitting in meeting houses with rifles on their knees; carrying water in buckets suspended from their shoulder yokes; counting the scalps of Indians; dancing upon floors which creaked beneath their heavy tread to music that was probably barbaric. But such are the crude beginnings from which all culture springs.

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CHAPTER VI.

INCIDENTS.

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH ERECTED IN 1792—THE FIRST SCHOOL ESTABLISHED—A NEWSPAPER, THE CENTINEL, IS STARTED—JAIL BUILT OF LOGS—COURTS INAUGURATED—ENSIGN WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON LICKS DANIEL RYAN AND KNOCKS DOWN A DEPUTY SHERIFF WHEN ATTEMPTING TO ARREST HIM—CRIMES—THE POST OFFICE.

How difficult it is in the first place to conceive and in the second place to portray a situation so remote; people so different and incidents so unfamiliar! After spending many months or years in poring over the original documents which have preserved forever the records of such distant days, the vanished life begins to reappear; and the scenes to reconstruct themselves before the student's mind. He no longer beholds the metropolis of the present day, for it has somehow vanished and in its place he sees a scattered hamlet of log houses. The people who walk its streets have been dead for many, many years; but, are alive again. It is with those ghostly beings and not the breathing people of today that he consorts. So long have I contemplated the buildings and the citizens of that little Losantiville that I can see them and it as plainly as Covington or Dayton; Avondale or Clifton!

But you are to bestow only a passing glance on that which I have stared at until its image remains upon the mind like that of the sun upon the eye. To so present these pictures that you, also, shall behold it—this is the problem of art! A Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay may accomplish the miracle: but how impossible is it to the tyro!

I have daubed in a background consisting of geologic preparations extending over aeons; and of catastrophic movements of tribes and nations covering decades; and now the characters and incidents rush pell mell upon and over them, and I do not know how in the world to arrange the min order and fix them in their places! I have marched the heroes across the stage in a stiff and informal procession and now shall introduce some disconnected scenes and independent facts i which they acted, in the desperate hope that by some good fortune (in the place of a perfect art) a true conception of the life of those vanished days may form itself within your minds.

Incidents, etc.

In 1791 about half of the able bodied men were compelled to join the army and several had been killed, while a few of those remaining at home had been frightened by the Indian troubles and slipped away. The only commercial development of importance was the erection of a primitive horse mill for grinding corn.

In 1792 there was a very considerable development and a traveler by the name of Heckwelder estimated that the population outside the garrison had risen to 900. The town was over run with merchants and overstocked with goods, he affirmed. It teemed with idlers and the place "resembled Sodom!" But this element of desperate characters were likely to be pushed across the river into Kentucky, he thought, and would probably "drift down to New Orleans!"

Heckwelder took several trips into the surrounding country and was entertained by Judge Symmes, and also in Fort Washington, where he witnessed the hanging of a murderer. On the next Sunday Winthrop Sargent gave him a dinner, and on the 28th General Wilkinson did the same in the Fort.

Heckwelder was interested, astonished and horrified all together; but hopeful and confident that he knew how to improve the situation! "I believe it will be in my power to advise them (the colonists) on the methods they are to take to have justice done them!"

Events crowded upon each other in 1792. It was in it that the First Presbyterian Church was erected; a little, rude building constructed from the logs cut upon the spot.

Several log cabins and three or four frame houses were put up. The first school was established and attended by about thirty scholars.

The "Centinel" newspaper was started.

The first of the great floods swept down the channel of the river, causing destruction and exciting terror.

The first fire took place, resulting in the burning of a hundred acres of fallen timber and brush, and frightening the citizens into clearing up their lands.

In 1793 the first jail was erected, a rude log cabin one story and a half high.

In 1793 Wm. McCash made the first water *cart* (?) consisting of two long poles fastened together for support of barrel, rear ends dragging and front ends serving as shafts for horse. Soon afterwards his brother made a *real* cart with broad wheels fastened to axle which rolled in staples.

Kenneth Morton, a school teacher (in a blacksmith shop near the landing) "whipped grown young men and women with a hickory gad until they jumped from the floor."

Francis Menessier, at the foot of Main Street, in a coffee house, taught French.

James White, in a building next to Thomas Williams (skin dealer) taught nightschool four evenings each week for three months at \$2.00 "per" and each pupil was to find fire-wood and candles!

R. Haughton taught minuet, cotillions, country dances and Scotch reels.

In 1801 Levi McClean taught a singing school.

Amusements were early attempted. The soldiers had a band and gave concerts. Theatrical entertainments and horse races were held as early as 1801.

Dr. Richard Allison, the surgeon at the garrison answered calls for citizens and after the fort was abandoned, settled down and practiced in the village.

Dr. Adams, Dr. John Carmichael, Dr. Joseph Philips, Dr. John Elliot, Dr. Joseph Strong, Dr. John Selman, Dr. William Burnet, Jr., Dr. Calvin Morrill, Dr. John Holt, Dr. Robert McClure and Dr. John Crammer are only names to us; but they did their work and passed on.



CHARLES McMICKEN



**NINTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH,
1837**



**HAMILTON COUNTY'S
FIRST COURTHOUSE
Built about 1819 at
Court and Main Streets**



**CHRIST CHURCH, 1835,
ON FOURTH STREET**



**THE McMICKEN HOMESTEAD
Where Charles McMicken died**



**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, FIFTH
AND VINE STREETS AND OLD FIFTH
STREET MARKET, 1865
Now the site of the Carew Building, Foun-
tain Square.**



The Courts.

As we have already seen, it became imperative to establish a rude system of protection from crime, by means of laws which were in substance merely voluntary agreements before the machinery of government could be gotten into working order. This method of self-defence proved inadequate, of course, and as early as January 5th, 1790, the Governor ordered that the Justices of the Peace, then recently appointed, begin to set the machinery of law and order going.

The Court sat first, for a brief session, in Cincinnati, on February 2nd, and in May for a larger and more important term, and then at intervals, continuously. There met Judges and Clerks and Constables and Juries, with all the formalities and dignities possible in that crude environment where their solemn work was done. At first, the sessions were held in the barrooms of the various taverns, of which there were, from the first, a plenty. In front of one of them (that of George Avery), stood the instruments of justice,—a pillory, stocks, whipping post and, at times, a gallows. In 1795, however, affairs had gone forward so rapidly that a structure 30x40, made of logs, two stories high, was erected to shrine the legal divinities, at the corner of 5th and Main. It was replaced, however, by one of bricks in 1802, where until 1814 the legal business of the County was done; and at that time it was burned through the carelessness of some soldiers who were using it for barracks.

The Temple of Justice may have been rude, but it does not follow that the lawyers were ignorant. It was in palaces of justice no more dignified and splendid than Lincoln first displayed his gifts; and among the legal lights of that early period, there were in Cincinnati luminaries of the first magnitude. In courts where a Burnet and a McMillan practised there was no belittling of the majesty of law and justice. It is true that the element of *grotesqueness*, introduced itself more often then than now—not so much because the difficulties in which the pioneers became involved were less serious and dignified than those of today; but because they are far enough off to disclose *in the necessary perspective* the essential triviality of most of those disagreements that so agitate the surface of our daily lives. To think of Jacob Burnet and William McMillan and John Cleves Symmes and Arthur St. Clair and other worthies scarcely less great being wrought up to a pitch of frenzied eloquence over the rights and wrongs of drunken Indians; militant soldiers; grasping merchants and loose tongued housewives, seems absurd. Charges were made against Scott Traverne that a pair of overalls and a woolen vest belonging to the federal service were found in his possession!

Abel Cook pleaded guilty to punching the head of Haines Soward!

Samuel Ralston was fined \$93.00 for forgery!

John Cleves Symmes (!) was fined for "selling liquor contrary to statute."

Ensign William Henry Harrison (!) had a warrant sworn out against him for licking Daniel Ryan; but the Commandant of the Fort forbade its being served! Judge Goforth instructed the officers of the Court to arrest him wherever found—which a young Deputy Sheriff attempted to do and was promptly knocked down by the hardy young soldier, who (coming to his senses) subsequently delivered himself up, was soundly scolded and locked up in McHenry's tavern for twenty-four hours—which he spent "in jollification with some boon companions."

John Ludlow sued Archibald Johnson and William Woodward for a debt of \$3.50, which they refused to pay—(our dear and honored Woodward!).

Samuel Dick was sued by James McKean "for being assaulted with staves, swords, guns, pistols and fists, which greatly endangered his life!"

A discharged soldier, Peter Kengan, married Mary Murphy without publishing the banns, whereupon the editor of the "Spy," feeling defrauded of a fee, caused him to be arrested; to be whipped; to stand in the public pillory and to go to jail for three months.

Rev. Joab Monten announced himself, upon the street, to be the Savior and, being incarcerated, delivered an address from the jail window (every day) offering to prove his Divinity by performing miracles—for which offence he received fifty lashes, although he was undoubtedly insane.

There were far more serious crimes, of course. James Mays and Matthew Sullivan quarreled, in their cups, and fell to fighting. Sullivan was getting the better of Mays, a much larger man, and was finally pulled off by his associates. Mays, chagrined at being whipped by an inferior in size, threatened to kill his antagonist at sight. Not long afterward both were at a party given by Hardin Smith in a log cabin at the corner of 6th and Main. Sullivan offered his hand to Mays; but the latter plunged a knife into his heart. For this he was tried, committed and hung—an occasion which was turned into a holiday; people coming as far as fifty miles to see the execution.

Two soldiers were shot by their companions in arms "for crimes committed against the State" on the ground where Peebles' Store now stands. Six soldiers fired first, killing one; and the other was shot by the second squad.

Such were the troubles which the lawyers had to settle for the pioneers. Their practice was crude; their fees small; their labors arduous.

For some time the General Court consisted of three Judges appointed by the President, and Sessions were held in Marietta, Detroit, Cincinnati, Vincennes and Kaskaskia; and trips over those immense distances through interminable forests, upon roads which at best were only trails, and across rivers which they had to ford or swim, were difficult and dangerous. The accounts of these passages from the pen of Jacob Burnet read like another Odyssey. The lonely travelers were often threatened by Indians; compelled to sleep on the ground; drenched with rains; thrown from horseback into rivers swollen with freshets, and subjected to every hardship incident to frontier existence. It was a difficult and dangerous life; but it had its compensations. When they reached their destinations the tired travelers enjoyed the society of their companions with a zest unknown to modern practitioners. They lived on the fat of the land, and at their banquets broke the feet from their glasses so that every drinker would have to quaff his glass to the dregs.

Crudeness, inconvenience, ugliness, difficulty, danger—these were the characteristics of life on the site of our present abode of grace, comfort, beauty, safety. The incidents already narrated prove it; but a brief description of the efforts of this little, isolated colony to secure for themselves some of those conveniences which civilized people covet most, (when the first pressing necessities of life are met), will still more perfectly set forth their hardships and their limitations.

The Post-Office.

Some sort of contact with the outside world is necessary to the happiness of all civilized beings, and is so easy today that its difficulties a hundred years ago are all but inconceivable. Communication then was uncertain and irregular. Letters, papers and parcels were entrusted to travelers. It was, therefore, a great day in Cincinnati when on the 28th of June, 1794, after five years of such meager means of sending and receiving intelligence, it was announced that regular postal communication to and from Pittsburgh had been established by the Government. A couple of weeks afterwards Abner M. Dunn opened the Post Office in his private residence at the corner of Butler and Second streets. But it was still inevitable that mail transmitted by men on horseback, traveling through primeval forests and crossing rivers without bridges, should be very irregular, and as it was often unconscionably delayed, in such cases the "Centinel" used to fill up the columns devoted to news with the laws of the territory.

The first postmaster died in 1795 and was succeeded by Mr. Maxwell, the printer, during whose administration M. T. Green of Marietta contracted to carry the mail by river instead of horseback. Arrangements were made for the postman to arrive on Monday at noon and to wait until the next morning before returning, in order to give people time to answer their letters!

Maxwell was succeeded by Daniel Mayo, and he by William Ruffin, who was appointed in 1796 and served through the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and a part of Madison's.

The Newspapers.

If some sort of communication with the outside world is necessary to civilized communities, so is a medium of the exchange of items of local interest, and the newspaper became in America, early in its history, of supreme importance. But a newspaper dated in 1793 and printed in a backwoods town is to a modern daily what a log cabin is to a sky scraper.

It was on November 9th, 1793, that the very first newspaper ever printed in Cincinnati, "*The Sentinel of the Northwest Territory*," appeared. It was published by William Maxwell at the corner of Front and Sycamore, and its motto was "*Open to all parties—but influenced by none!*" It consisted of four pages 8½ inches by 10½ inches, but by July, 1794, it had grown to 8¼ inches by 14 inches, and in September, 1795, to 9½ inches by 15 inches. Its subscription price was \$2.50 per annum. It underwent, of course, the usual vicissitudes of such ventures, and changed its editors, publishers and title with frequency.

In 1796 it appeared as "*Freeman's Journal*" and ran until November, 1800. There was some foreign and domestic news and a little that was local; but the advertisements were the chief features and reflect the life of the community as no other mirror can.

They consisted of rewards for the return of lost or stolen property; or for deserters from the army.

Notification of the irresponsibility of husbands for the debts of wives who had proved unfaithful.

Passages to be had on River Boats.

Lands to be sold to settlers.

Volunteers to serve in the Army.

Goods just received from the East.
Four or five buffalo calves of each sex to be sold.
Opportunities for tradesmen or mechanics.
Reward for the scalps of Indians.
The return of runaway negroes.
Proclamations of public auctions and Fourth of July celebrations.

In these primitive organs there were no manifestations at all of that higher life and of those nobler aspirations which crowd the columns of our modern journals. If there were no other way of discovering the existence of the aspirations of the individual soul for a divine life, and of the community for a finer development than that afforded by these first issues of the press, we should think existence around Yeatman's Cove, during its history as a village, barren and wretched indeed.

Evidently such vapid productions found it hard to exist in early Cincinnati.

The "Freeman's Journal" was moved from Cincinnati to Chillicothe in 1800 and called "Chillicothe Gazette."

In 1799 another paper called "*The Western Spy and Gazette*" was launched under editorial conduct of Joseph Carpenter of Massachusetts, a strong man. He became a prominent citizen; took part in the War of 1812 under General Harrison, and dying from exposure in that patriotic service, was buried with military and civil honors in the city of his adoption. It was the last of the papers published in Cincinnati during its existence *as a village*.

And this is also the last of our own struggles to portray the life of Cincinnati in that embryonic period, as impotent, perhaps, as those of the editors themselves.

It is fortunate, however, that this portrayal has been achieved in an all but perfect manner by some one who was an eye witness of the places, the people and the events whose co-operations compose the web of this history. Not only did he see the play; but he acted a noble part upon the stage. Coming to Cincinnati in the first year of the last century as a country lad of fifteen or sixteen years, Dr. Daniel Drake continued to take part in all its great affairs for more than fifty years, and the description which follows, extracted from a noble address delivered before the Cincinnati Medical Society in the Hall of the Mechanical Institute, January 9th, 1852, will forever remain our most valuable municipal classic.

*Dr. Drake's Description.**

"In the first year of this century, the cleared lands at this place (Cincinnati) did not equal the surface which is now completely built over. North of the Canal and west of the Western Row there was forest, with here and there a cabin and small clearing, connected with the village by a narrow, winding road. Curved lines, you know, symbolize the country, straight lines, the city. South of where the Commercial Hospital now administers relief annually to three times as many people as then composed the population of the town, there were half cleared fields, with broad margins of blackberry vines; and I, with other young persons, frequently gathered that delicious fruit at the risk of being snake bitten where the Roman Catholic Cathedral now sends its spire into the lower clouds. Further

*Drake's Discourses, p. 31.

south, the ancient mound near Fifth Street on which General Wayne planted his sentinels seven years before, was overshadowed with trees which, together with itself, should have been preserved; but its dust, like that of those who there delighted to play upon its slopes, has mingled with the remains of the unknown race by whom it was erected. The very spot on which we are now assembled (6th and Vine) but a few years before the time of which I speak, was part of a wheat field of sixteen acres owned by Mr. James Ferguson and fenced in without reference to the paved streets which now cut through it.

"The stubble of that field is still decaying in the soil around the foundations of the noble edifice in which we are now assembled. Seventh Street, then called Northern Row, was almost the northern limit of population. Sixth Street had a few scattering houses; Fifth, not many more. Between that and Fourth there was a public square, now built over. In one corner, the northeast, stood the Court House, with a small market place in front, which nobody attended. In the northwest corner was the jail, in the southwest, the village schoolhouse; in the southeast, where a glittering spire tells the stranger that he is approaching our city, stood the humble church of the pioneers, whose bones lie mouldering in the center of the Square, then the village cemetery. Walnut, called Cider Street, which bounds that Square on the west, presented a few cabins or small frames; but Vine street was not yet opened to the river. Fourth Street, after passing Vine, branched into roads and paths. Third Street, running near the brow of the upper plain, was on as high a level as Fifth Street is now. The gravelly slope of that plain stretched from east to west almost to Pearl Street. On this slope, between Main and Walnut, a French political exile whom I shall name hereafter, planted, in the latter part of the last century, a small vineyard. This was the beginning of that cultivation for which the environs of our city have at last become distinguished. I suppose this was the first cultivation of the foreign grape in the Valley of the Ohio. Where Congress, Market and Pearl Streets since opened, send up the smoke of their great iron foundries, or display in magnificent warehouses the products of different and distant lands, there was a belt of low, wet ground which, up to the settlement of the town twelve years before, had been a series of beaver ponds, filled by the annual overflow of the river and the rains from the upper plains. Second, then known as Columbia Street, presented some scattered cabins, dirty within and rude without; but Front Street presented an aspect of considerable pretension. It was nearly built with log and frame houses, from Walnut Street to Eastern Row now called Broadway. The people of wealth and the men of business, with the Hotel de Ville, kept by Griffin Yeatman, were chiefly on this street, which even had a few patches of sidewalk pavement. In front of the mouth of Sycamore Street, near the hotel, there was a small market house built over a cove into which piroques and other craft, when the river was high, were poled or paddled to be tied to the rude columns.

"The Commons then stretched out to where the land and water now meet, when the river is at its mean height. It terminated in a high, steep, crumbling bank beneath which lay the flat boats of the immigrants or traders in flour, whiskey and apples from Wheeling, Fort Pitt, or Red Stone Old Fort. Their winter fires burning in iron kettles, sent up lazy columns of smoke, where steamers now darken the air with hurried clouds of steam and soot. One of these vessels has cost more than the village would have then brought at auction! From this Common

the future Covington in Kentucky appeared as a corn field, cultivated by the Kennedy family, which also kept the ferry. . Newport, chiefly owned by two Virginia gentlemen, James Taylor and Richard Southgate, but embracing the Majors, Fowlers, Berrys, Stubbs and several other respectable families, was a drowsy village set in the side of a deep wood, and the mouth of the Licking River was over-arched with trees, giving it the appearance of a great tunnel.

"After Front Street, Sycamore and Main were the most important streets of the town. A number of homes were built upon the former up to Fourth, beyond which it was opened three or four squares. The buildings and business of Main Street were on the northwest corner where there was a brick house owned by Elmore Williams, the only one in town. Beyond Seventh, Main Street was a mere road, nearly impassable in muddy weather, which at the foot of the hills divided into two, called the Hamilton Road and the Mad River Road. The former, now a crooked and closely built street, took the course of the Brighton House; the latter made a steep ascent over Mount Auburn, where there was not a single habitation. Broadway, or Eastern Row, was but thirty-three feet wide. The few buildings which it had were on the west side where it joins Front street; on the site of the Cincinnati Hotel there was a low frame house with whiskey and a billiard table. It was said that the owner paid \$700.00 for the house and lot in "nine pences;" that is, small pieces of "cut money" received from Indians. North of this, toward Second Street, there were several small houses inhabited by disorderly persons who had been in the army. The sidewalk in front was called Battle Row. Between Second and Third Streets near where we now have the eastern end of the market place, there was a single frame tenement in which I lived with my preceptor, Dr. Epworth, in 1805. In a pond directly in front, the frogs gave us regular serenades. Much of the square to which this house belonged was fenced in and served as a pasture ground for a pony which I kept for country practice. * * *

"Between Third and Fourth Streets, on the west side of Broadway, there was in 1800 a cornfield, with a rude cornfield fence, since replaced by mansions of such magnificence that a Russian traveler, several years ago, took away drawings of one as a model for the people of St. Petersburg. Above Fourth Street, Broadway had but two or three houses and terminated at the edge of a thick wood before reaching the foot of Mount Auburn.

"East of Broadway and north of Fourth Street, the entire square had been enclosed, and a respectable frame house erected by the Hon. Winthrop Sargent, Secretary of the Northwest. He had removed to Mississippi territory, of which he was afterwards Governor; and his house and grounds the best improved in the village, were occupied by Charles Williams Bird, his successor in office. Governor Sargent merits a notice among the physicians of the town as he was the first who made scientific observations on our climate.

"Immediately south of his residence from Fourth Street to the river east of Broadway, there was a military reserve. That portion of it which laid on the upper plain was covered by Fort Washington with its bastions, port holes, stockades, tall flag staff, evening tattoo and morning reveille. Here were the quarters of the military members of our profession and for a time, one of its civil members also, for after its evacuation in 1803 my preceptor moved into the rooms which had been occupied by the Commander of the post. In front of the fort, where

Congress Street now runs, there was a pond in which ducks and snipe were shot; and from this pond to the river, the tract through which Second and East Front Streets now run was overspread with long low sheds of the Commissaries, quartermasters and artificers of the army.

"The Post Office was then and long after kept on the east side of the military common, where Lawrence Street leads down to the Newport Ferry. Our quiet and gentlemanly post master, William Ruffin, performed all the duties of the office with his own hands.

"East of the Fort, on the upper plain, the trunks of large trees were still lying on the ground. A single house had been built by Dr. Allison where the Lytle house now stands and a field of several acres stretched off to the east and north. On my arrival, this was the residence of my preceptor. The dry corn stalks of early winter were still standing near the door. But Dr. Allison had planted peach trees and it was known throughout the village as Peach Grove. The field extended to the bank of Deer Creek, thence all was deep wood. Where the munificent expenditures of Nicholas Longworth, Esq., have collected the beautiful exotics of all climates—on the very spot where the people now go to watch the unfolding of the night-blooming cereus—grew the red bud, crab apple and gigantic tulip tree, or the yellow poplar, with wild birds above and nature flowers below. Where the Catawba and Hebermont now swing down their heavy and luscious clusters, the climbing winter vine hung its small snow branches from the limbs of high trees. The adjoining valley of Deer Creek, down which, by a series of locks, the Canal from Lake Erie mingles its water with the Ohio, was then a receptacle for driftwood from the back water of that river, when high. The boys ascended the little estuary in canoes during the June floods and pulled flowers from the lower limbs of the trees or threw clubs at the turtles, as they sunned themselves on floating logs. In the whole valley there was but a single house and that was a distillery. The narrow road which led to it from the garrison—and I am sorry to say from the village also—was well trodden.

"Mount Adams was then clothed in the grandeur and beauty which belongs to our own primitive forests. The spot occupied by the reservoir which supplies our city with water, and all the rocky precipices which stretch from it up the river, were buried up in sugar trees. On the western slope we collected the *Sanguinaria canadensis*, *geranium maculatum*, *gillenia trifoliata* and other native medicines, when supplies failed to reach us from abroad. The summit on which the Observatory now stands was crowned with lofty poplars, oaks and birch; and the sun in summer could scarcely be seen from the spot where we look into the valleys of the moon or see distant nebulae resolved into their starry elements.

"Over the mouth of Deer Creek there was a crazy wooden bridge, and where the depot of the railroad which connects us with the sea has been erected, there was but a small log cabin. From this cabin, a narrow rocky and stumpy road made its way, as best it could, up the river, where the railway now stretches. At the distance of two miles there was another cabin—that from which we expelled the witch. Beyond this, all was wilderness for miles further, when we reached the residence of John Smith, who was afterwards mixed up in Burr's conspiracy and died in exile in Pensacola. The new village of Pendleton now covers that spot. Thence came the early but now extinct village of Columbia of which our first physicians were the only medical attendants."

CHAPTER VII.

CINCINNATI AS A TOWN.

THREE STAGES IN THE HISTORY OF THE CITY—GENERAL ST. CLAIR CHANGES THE NAME OF THE FUTURE CITY FROM LOSANTIVILLE TO CINCINNATI—THE TOWN IS INCORPORATED—MAYORS OF THE TOWN AND ITS RAPID GROWTH—EARLY BUSINESS AND SOCIAL LIFE, ETC.

1802-1819.

There have been three stages in the history of our city. The first as a village (1788-1802) the second as a town (1802-1819) the third as a city (1819-).

It is the second of these to which we turn attention now, and it is important to understand in what the nature of the change from village to town, consisted.

Of course, a change of this character is purely formal and is nothing more nor less than a matter of legal statutes, for a village may become a town or a town a city without so much as altering a single feature of its real self. In order, then, to understand the legal aspects by which the alteration was accomplished, we must go back again to 1790.

The County.

It will be remembered that the first political unit in the territory (acquired by the struggles recorded in the early portions of the narrative) was the county.

This unit was established by a proclamation of Governor St. Clair, (prepared on the 2nd, but not) promulgated until the 4th of January, 1790.

The Naming of Cincinnati.

To John Cleves Symmes the honor of naming it was cheerfully conceded and he called it Hamilton after the great Secretary of State. At the same time St. Clair changed the name of the squalid collection of houses which became the county seat, from Losantiville to Cincinnati. No better explanation of the reasons which dictated this choice has been given than that given in a recent article in the "Enquirer," the substance of an interview with Hon. Wade Cushing. As these reasons are of great interest they will justify a considerable digression from our train of thought, to which we shall return again in a moment or two.

"The Society of the Cincinnati was organized on May 13, 1783. The Revolutionary War was ending, and many, in fact, most, of the officers in that war had exhausted their private estates and were heavily in debt for money they had expended and obligated themselves for to support and maintain their commands in the field. They appealed to the General Government to assume these personal obligations, but it was found that the government had not the power to levy and collect sufficient taxes to defray its own expenses, let alone repay the officers

of the continental army who had bankrupted themselves to make possible the Government that we are now enjoying.

"The colonies also refused to pay the debts that had been contracted for their general good, and as each colony then had laws providing for the imprisonment of persons for debt, the officers of the victorious army realized that they had not only given up some of the best years of their lives, but had devoted their private wealth to the cause, and were now in debt and were returning home only to be imprisoned because they had bankrupted themselves and were unable to pay their debts.

"The laws then permitted the imprisonment of a debtor, but neither the creditor nor the colonies provided anything more than the place of confinement, no provision being made in the law for heat or clothing for the winter nor for food at any time. Therefore if the family or friends of the unfortunate debtor cast into prison did not furnish the necessities of life or pay his debts and secure his release, starvation and exposure were his lot.

"It was at this critical time that General Lee issued an address to the army, proposing that it take military possession of the Government until such time as the obligations were paid. Fortunately, Washington, La Fayette and other officers foresaw the disaster that was sure to follow such military possession of the Government, and that such control would defeat the establishment of the form of government—a republican representative government—for which they had fought so hard and risked so much. So this coterie of officers, headed by General Washington, formed the Society of the Cincinnati, the object of which was to assist any one imprisoned for debts contracted on account of the war, and also to free the people from military control, so that they might be at liberty to select a form of government that measured up to their standard.

"Branches of the Society of the Cincinnati were established in nearly all of the 13 colonies, and the Government which was first espoused by the founders of the society proved to be the representative form of government, divided into the three branches that we have today—legislative, executive and judicial.

"General George Washington was the first President of the Society of the Cincinnati. The society's membership was limited to the Continental officers who had served three years or who had received honorable discharges, and to the eldest male descendants of such officers. Governor St. Clair, Rufus Putnam, Nathaniel Cushing and two other members of the Massachusetts chapter of the society came to Ohio and were among the first settlers at Marietta.

"On January 2nd, 1790, Governor St. Clair, the first territorial Governor of Ohio, came to Losantiville and remained for three days. Hamilton County was then organized and named, and Losantiville was made its "county town," as it was then called, but Governor St. Clair renamed the town Cincinnati, in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati."

The original boundaries of the county of which Cincinnati was the seat, were as follows: "Beginning with the mouth of the Little Miami; thence down the river to the mouth of the Big Miami, and up said stream to the standing stone forks; thence in a straight line due east to the Little Miami, then down that stream to the place of beginning."

This vast domain comprised about one-eighth of the present State of Ohio, but was speedily reduced in size by the creation from it of Clermont County in

1800; Montgomery in 1803; Warren in 1803; Greene in 1803; Butler in 1804; Champaign in 1805; Miami in 1807; Preble in 1808; Drake in 1809 and Clinton in 1810.

As now constituted Hamilton is bounded on the east by Clermont County, on the south by the Ohio River, (the line being the low water mark on the north side) on the west by Dearborn County, Indiana, and on the north by Butler and Warren Counties.

The present area is about $355\frac{1}{2}$ square miles or 227,516 acres.

The county having been established by proclamation, the next step was the appointment of court officers in order that the machinery of local government might be set in motion. The men upon whom the first political honors were conferred were William Goforth, William Wells and William McMillan, who were named as judges of the court of common pleas and justices of the court of quarter sessions of the peace; Israel Ludlow who was made clerk of the several courts; Jacob Topping, Benjamin Stites and John Stites Gano, who became justices of the peace; and John Brown, sheriff. Cincinnati was decreed to be the county seat when these other steps were taken.

It was under the laws of the Northwest Territory and those of the county that the government of the little village was, therefore, administered until the great changes which transpired when that territory was divided into states.

Because of its prosperity and its strategic location, all eyes turned towards Cincinnati as the probable capital of the state which everybody knew would be constituted as soon as the population reached the required number. Already, in 1798, the first territorial legislature had met there, and the citizens felt entitled to hope and plan for the permanent location in their rapidly growing community of the seat of law and government. But, as a matter of fact, there had never been any decision to this effect by a properly constituted authority and the Cincinnatians were doomed to a bitter disappointment.

In the years 1796-8 a mighty wave of population had flowed into the Northwest Territory in consequence of the subjugation of the Indians. Towns sprang up like mushrooms—such places as Dayton and Chillicothe, for example, attaining an almost instantaneous importance. In 1798 a rude census was taken and it was manifest that there was a population of at least 5,000 free white male inhabitants of full age, the number necessary for the establishment of that political organization, called, in our scheme of government, a state. In consequence, an election of representatives by counties was advised by the governor, in the proportion of one for every five hundred population. A meeting of these representatives was held in Cincinnati on February 4, 1799, and ten persons were nominated as fit to form a legislative council. Of these the President of the United States chose and appointed five for the office, *viz.*, Jacob Burnet and James Findlay of Hamilton county; Robert Oliver of Washington; David Vance of Jefferson and Henry Bandenbaugh of Knox. The assembly, consisting of the governor and the two bodies, then chosen, was convened at the arbitrary will of the governor at Cincinnati on September 3, 1799.

The individuals who composed this assembly were men of the highest character and ability and their meeting was formal and serious. They grappled with many hard problems, most of which arose out of the jealousies engendered by the struggles of localities for prominence, and the session terminated on Decem-

ber the 19th, after William Henry Harrison had been chosen as the delegate to Congress.

The problems which began to be discussed in this first meeting of the men who were called upon to lay the foundations of law and order multiplied and grew in complexity, with alarming rapidity, when they reassembled (at the order of Congress) in Chillicothe on November 26, 1801. At the bottom of them all lay the fundamental one of the lines which were to run through the territory when its division *into states* was brought about. Opinion as to whether there should be *two* or *three* new states carved out at once, grew hot and hotter. General St. Clair, unfortunately for himself, chose the latter alternative, animated, it is generally believed, by party prejudices and animosities, while William Henry Harrison chose the former and successfully advocated his idea in Congress. The act by which the lines were established embodied also an authoritative selection of Chillicothe as the capital of the state of Ohio.

This was a hard blow to Cincinnati and a wild protest resulted, based upon the prerogatives of the legislature recently elected. The resentment was natural; but the contention unsound, for "the power that could divide the territory could certainly select the seat of government." The wails and protestations died away at length, but only after the little village began to discover that *commercial* was after all a greater object to be striven for than *political* prominence. What the people really needed most was a reorganization of their own local government. A phenomenal development had set in and it was clearly seen that they had outgrown the simple laws and regulations of their rude and primitive village life. What they now demanded was incorporation as a town, and their demand was granted on the 1st day of January, 1802, by an act of legislature in which David Ziegler was designated as the president and Jacob Burnet the recorder. The act provided:

Incorporation—A Town.

First. That such parts of the township of Cincinnati, in the county of Hamilton, as are contained in the following limits and boundaries, that is to say, beginning on the Ohio river at the southeast corner of the fractional section; thence west with the township line to Mill creek; thence down Mill creek with the meanders thereof to its north; thence up the Ohio river with the meanders thereof to the place of beginning; shall be and the same are hereby created into a town corporate, which shall henceforth be known and distinguished by the name of the town of Cincinnati.

Second. That the officers are to be a president, vice-president, recorder, seven trustees, an assessor, a collector and a town marshal who shall be duly appointed and sworn * * * which president, vice-president, recorder and trustees shall be one body corporate and politic with perpetual succession to be known and distinguished by the name of "the president, recorder and trustees of the town of Cincinnati."

Third. Provides for the powers of said officers and for a seal.

Fourth. That all the inhabitants of the town who are freeholders or householders paying an annual rent of thirty-six dollars, shall and may assemble at such place within said town as the president, recorder and any four of the trustees shall appoint, on the first Monday of April yearly and then and there by a plural-

ity of suffrages to elect a president, recorder and seven trustees, an assessor, a collector and town marshal to hold their respective offices during one year and from thence until their successors shall be elected and serve, etc.

Fifth. That the president, recorder and trustees shall be called "The Select Council of the Town of Cincinnati" and gives the said Council power to adopt regulations for securing the town against injuries by fire, to keep the streets, lanes and alleys open and in repair, to regulate markets and protect animals from running at large, etc.

Sixth. That the freeholders and householders shall at their annual meeting vote such sums of money as they think proper to be raised for the town for the ensuing year which shall be assessed by the assessor on objects of taxation in the town as shall be yearly subject to taxation for county purposes and on such other objects as the said meeting shall direct, provided that no poll tax be imposed by the said corporation on persons not entitled to vote.

Seventh. Gives the council power to fill vacancies, appoint subordinate officers, impose fines for refusal to accept office, and the like. The council is given the exclusive right to license taverns, ale houses and public houses of entertainment.

Eighth. Provides that persons feeling aggrieved by an officer or individual of the council may appeal to the court of the general quarter sessions of the peace.

Ninth. Gives the use of the county jail to the corporation provided "that no person shall be imprisoned under the authority of the said corporation unless for the non-payment of taxes, fines or penalties assessed or imposed and all persons so imprisoned shall be under the charge of the sheriff of the county.

Tenth. Appoints David Ziegler, president; Jacob Burnet, recorder; William Ramsey, David E. Wade, Charles E. Avery, John Riley, William Stanley, Samuel Dick, William Ruffin, trustees; Abraham Casey, collector; James Smith, town marshal.

This act was signed by Edward Tiffin, speaker of the house of representatives, Robert Oliver, president of legislative council, and General Arthur St. Clair, governor.

It was a significant and even momentous change, although not revolutionary in the least. The rivulet of village life did not become the river of a town existence by plunging over a precipice, but by simply rounding a bend. It flowed serenely on; but expanded and deepened rapidly, after the turn. To form a mental picture of the town is as necessary as of the village, and not less difficult. We begin with the facts connected with the activities of the new council, duly impressed, it seems, with its dignity and power.

From 1802 to 1815 its meetings were held in private residences or in one of the many taverns—Columbia Inn, Yeatman's, McHenry's, Wingate's and The Green Tree. There was plenty of business to be attended to by the men upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of bringing order out of the confusion of the loose-ended life of the little village, and they and their successors wrestled bravely with their problems. There is a primitive charm in reading the accounts of their meetings, proceedings and enactments, and the little world of that distant day rises before us in vivid and life-like reality as we hear the vigorous discussions of those serious-minded men over questions whose solutions resulted

in ordinances (of not so small importance as they seem to us in our large world)

“to prevent swine from running at large upon the streets”

“to compel citizens to remove logs and other obstacles from the roads.”

“to provide themselves ‘black-Jack’ leather fire buckets and be ready to render personal assistance in case of conflagration.”

“to permit lot owners to pave the sidewalks in front of their houses with brick or flat stones not to exceed nine feet.”

“to forbid them to extend their cellar doors into the sidewalk.”

“to authorize them to plant Lombardy poplars or black locusts in front of lots.”

“to organize a *night watch* consisting of all citizens over twenty-one to be divided into classes of twelve, who should patrol the streets at night.”

“to prevent disturbances and riots fomented generally by the free passage and repassage of slaves across the Ohio.”

“to try to get the grounds of Fort Washington set aside for educational purposes.”

“to establish a market and see that the goods were sold at full weight.”

“to prevent spread of small pox through segregation and vaccination.”

“to provide that chimneys should be built of brick or stone.”

“to elevate, grade and pave from sidewalks.”

“to tax any theatrical or puppet show.”

“to prevent chickens from trespassing.”

“to stop gambling.”

“to compel property owners to fill up places where stagnant water stood in pools.”

“to lay a tax for a fire engine.”

“to compel doctors to fill out death certificates.”

“to secure a quiet Sabbath.”

“to regulate public celebrations which had become noisy and offensive.”

Charter of 1815.

As time progressed, imperfections in the original charter were discovered, and in 1815 a new one was substituted, with changes which seemed far more important then than now, no doubt. The president became the mayor; the town was districted into wards; the tenure of office was extended to two years, etc., provisions which met the needs of the expanding community until it became a city in 1819, and there remains in order to complete the general survey of the political situation only the enumeration of the men who held the honorable position of the head of government through this first and most critical period.

These men were David Ziegler, 1802-03; Joseph Prince, 1803-04; James Findlay, 1805-06; John S. Gano, 1807; Martin Baum, 1807; Daniel Symmes, 1808-09; James Findlay, 1810-11; Martin Baum, 1812; William Stanley, 1813; Samuel W. Davis, 1814, and William Corry (under new charter) 1815-19.

The most authoritative sources of information concerning the city in the political sphere of its activities are, of course, the records of the proceedings in its archives. They give, however, but a partial picture of its existence, and fortunately there are other sources of information by means of which it may be graphically reproduced.

To be familiar with those sources is not the least obligation of the citizen as well as the historian, and we give them here for ready reference.

a Letters.—b Reminiscences of Old Men.—c Descriptive Essays, E. G. Drake, Mansfield.—d Paintings.

I. There are the letters of travelers, many of whom stopped long enough (and became interested deeply enough in the town) to record their impressions. They are often conflicting, as a matter of course, but the resultant of these individual observations possesses remarkable value as evidence. Josiah Espy-1805; S. P. Hildreth-1805; Thomas Ashe, an Englishman-1806; a German tourist by the name of Schultz-1807; F. Carmanning of Philadelphia-1807; John Melish, an Englishman-1811; Timothy Flint-1816; David Thomas-1816; Morris Burbeck-1817; John Palmer-1817; have all contributed something of importance to our knowledge of the period of our city's existence as a "town." They commented on the rudeness of the architecture; the primitive conditions socially and commercially; the boundless hopes of the people; the rapid growth; the unrivaled situation of the town and the respectable quality of the citizens.

II. There are, in the second place, pictorial representations, among which there was an original sketch by a painter of some note. The lack of knowledge of perspective on the part of the artist detracts some from the accuracy of the picture and "there are not enough houses to hold the 900 inhabitants," but the general effect is evidently realistic in a high degree. An effort was made to correct the inaccuracies by Rudolph Tschudi (for the history written by Mr. Greve) and the picture painted by this artist is now the property of William Bullock.

There is also another picture called "Cincinnati in 1809" painted by Lieutenant James Cutler, stationed for a time on the Newport barracks, and the view known as "Cincinnati in 1810" is probably developed from a section of this picture.

III. A third source of information are the reminiscences which have from time to time been given in conversations, or addresses by pioneers who lingered long upon the stage.

S. S. L'Hommedieu, for example, president of the Pioneer association, in his inaugural address April 7, 1874, graphically describes the city as it appeared at the time of his arrival in 1810, and Dr. Daniel Drake, in his "Notices Concerning Cincinnati" furnishes us with information so vivid and detailed as to possess the most unquestionable value and authority.

From these original sources of information each historian will naturally select those items which possess the deepest significance from his *personal point of view*.

No two people ever yet beheld even the simplest incident of daily life, or contemplated any particular object, who did not see it from different angles or derive different impressions. The scientist, the philosopher, the artist, the moralist and the financier will each extract from the mass of recorded facts in the life of the city or country which he describes the elements which appeal most convincingly to his individual experience and interest in life—as the birds, the insects, the butterflies, the toads and the worms take out of the same garden those substances which minister most effectively to their tastes and needs.

To me, *growth, development, evolution* are the most significant of phenomena, for they are the indubitable indications of life, and I begin my effort to convey to the minds of my readers a true conception of the town of Cincinnati with the *census*, because, in this way, best of all, it may be seen that there was a steady increase of population.

In 1800 there were, roughly, 750 people.

In 1805 there were, roughly, 960 people.

In 1807 there were, roughly, 1,500 people.

In 1810 there were, roughly, 2,320 people.

In 1813 there were, roughly, 4,000 people.

In 1815 there were, roughly, 6,000 people.

In 1819 there were, roughly, 10,283 people.

Among the arrivals, in that progressive period, were many men whose lives greatly enriched the community.

In 1802 came Ethan Stone, Samuel Perry and William Pierson. 1803—~~Christopher and Robert Carey, grandfather and father of the Carey sisters~~; Thomas and Thankful Carter, grandparents of A. G. W. Carter. In 1804, Colonel Stephen McFarland, General Findlay, Jadeciah Ernst and his sons, H. M., Jacob and Andrew Ernst; Peyton S. Symmes, Benjamin Smith; P. A. Springman, George P. Torrence, Jonathan Pancoast, Robert Richardson, James Perry, Peter M. Nicoll, Adam Moore, William Moody, Benjamin Mason, Casper Hopple, Andrew Johnston, Ephraim Carter, James Crawford, William Crippen, Henry Craven, General Mansfield and his little son E. D., and Joseph Coppin.

After this time beginning with 1806, (the year when the little town began to boom) the arrivals were too numerous to mention *en masse* and a process of sifting must begin.

In 1806 Rev. Adam Hurdus, founder of the Swedenborgian church, arrived.

In 1807, Evans Price; 1816, General W. H. Lytle and the L'Hommedieu, Fosdick and Roger families came.

In 1813, James W. Gazley and Thomas Price.

In 1814, David K. Este.

In 1817, Bellamy Storer, Joseph Jonas, the first Jew, and William Robean, a ship carpenter who had worked on Fulton's steamboat the "Clermont"—afterwards the head of the copper and brass works of the city. It was not all gain, however, for the community was impoverished by the deaths of William McMillan, 1804; Major Ziegler, 1811; Rev. John W. Brown, 1813; John Cleves Symmes, 1814; and by the permanent removal of General St. Clair and the temporary absence of General Mansfield and his family.

If the *personelle* of the community was thus radically altered during this period we may be sure that its physical condition was subject to changes quite as great.

In 1802 the little hamlet consisted of an old fort falling into decay, many houses of logs, and a few clapboarded or of brick or stone, irregular and rambling, isolated from the world, a mere sentry box on the frontier, inhabited by nine hundred independent, carelessly-dressed, loose-moraled and, too often, ill-mannered people.

As the years pass, closer connections with the east, constantly increasing numbers, better houses, expanding business, slow refinement of social life, un-



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folding spiritual experience, artistic advancement and growing self-consciousness, all told for the betterment of the place.

The changes of seventeen years are not easy to keep track of even when we observe them with our own eyes, but when they are covered with the dust of an entire century, it is a difficult task indeed to form a true conception of them. It is not, however, an impossible task, and he who accomplishes it will find reward in the richness of his reflections on that most fascinating of phenomena, a city's life and growth. He will observe, for example, three facts of the greatest possible interest among a thousand others.

In the first place, that the inhabitants will certainly reproduce the *elemental, human traits*. No change of environment and no wealth of opportunity can alter the original instincts and tendencies of our common human nature. People will work and play; sow and reap; marry and be given in marriage; love and hate; do good and evil; be happy and miserable; and die and be buried in pretty much the same ways, in one place as another.

In the second place that they will be most likely to reproduce the idiosyncrasies of the localities from which they came, rather than originate new ones of their own. The manner of life which they lived in Germany, France or England came to have for them a certain authority which they cannot altogether shake off. The ways in which their parents and neighbors conducted their individual and public affairs in Boston, New York or Philadelphia continue to appear the solely proper ones upon the shores of Lake Erie or Lake Michigan; upon the banks of the Ohio or the Mississippi.

In the third place, they will strike out to a *limited degree* an original scheme of existence and a distinct type of character. The exigencies of the new situation; the combination of the dissimilar and contradictory elements; the freedom for personal initiative, all combine to produce a personal and community life of a distinct novel and unique character.

We may take the reproduction of the elemental characteristics for granted; but must pause to investigate and comprehend the ones which grew out of the new conditions into which the circumstances of life had forced the citizens of the frontier town.

Social.

In the period which begins with 1802 the influence of military life waned and the town began to develop its own inner life rather than take the color of extraneous influences. People became, in the main, temperate and industrious. Wealth was pretty evenly divided and there was not much luxury or extravagance in any strata of the social world. All classes were, to a reasonable degree, orderly, decent, sociable, liberal and unassuming. The town was small enough for every individual to be known and to shine. There were no conventions strong enough to restrain the animal spirits of the healthy and robust inhabitants, and even the leading citizens did not hesitate to indulge in the sports of youth.

There were no sleighs, for example, and so we read of a "straw ride" where ten horses were hitched to an old river boat placed on runners—ten outriders—flags flying—two fiddlers and two flutes—a bottle of "Black Betty" circulating freely and a ball at the end with the dancers dressed in linsey woolsey and buckskin suits.

But wealth had already begun to increase and fashion to assert its authority in a mild and tentative manner, so that the travelers of this period make occasional comments upon the elegant attire of the citizens both in their houses and on the streets.

Deacon Wade *e. g.* wore a wool hat during week, but a fur one on Sunday, and boasted a magnificent ingrain carpet for his parlor which the whole town made pilgrimages to behold, with amazement and delight.

One writer describes a dinner at Judge Burnet's where he met the leading lights of the town, among them Bishop Chase, and found them delightful companions. He also refers to a banquet at Mr. Kilgour's and declared that he never saw finer food or more elegant manners, even in the east.

Almost from the beginning (perhaps because of the genius of Yeatman for entertaining the public) hotel life became a favorite method of existence. In the different inns there were manifold comforts and even luxuries. As there was a never ending procession of immigrants and travelers into and through the town, the interchange of ideas between such great varieties of people as gathered about the tables of these public houses induced many of the citizens to board in them, or often, at least, to take their meals at those public tables. That such social contact should be delightful it is impossible to doubt; or that it helped to stimulate the entire social life of the community into an unusual activity.

It certainly was so stimulated. For a community so new, so isolated and so devoid of the machinery of culture, it is little less than remarkable that there should have been a musical society like that one called St. Cecilia, or a literary club like that one called the Social Reading Party, or that such an interest could be awakened in theatrical exhibitions. As early as 1814 performances were given in "The Shelback Theater," a circus enclosure on Main below Fourth. In 1815 a small building was erected for such performances exclusively.

As the love of the spectacular was catered to, so also was that of the mysterious. At one time a royal tiger, an African ape and a long-tailed mamozet were exhibited in a warehouse at the ferry; at another, "The Grand Cassowary of India (a bird of prodigious size, weighing 115 pounds, which will take an apple out of a person's hand seven feet high and will swallow it whole"), was shown at the Columbian Inn.

At still another, a Mr. Gaston gave a gorgeous exhibition of fireworks on Martin Baum's lot at the corner of Broadway and Fourth, at which time, also, there was an ascension of a balloon 80 feet in circumference!

Fourth of July celebrations were frequent and elaborate. There were big dinners at Major Ruffin's; or Major Perry's; parades of military organizations; speeches by distinguished orators; military salutes of seventeen guns; celebrations in churches (when the 4th fell on Sunday) with long and patriotic services, and many other manifestations of that irrepressible instinct in human nature which seeks diversion and amusement.

These people thrown together by winds blowing from the four quarters of the globe, hundreds of miles away from the great social centers, illy supplied with knowledge of what the great world from which they seemed to be separated by almost infinite spaces was doing, succeeded in reproducing the customs of that former life from which they had been permanently detached, in spite of the odds against them. Memory of joyous festivities of bygone days assisted the

creative instinct of the soul and, before the little community was two decades of age, the foundations of an elegant and cultivated social life were laid.

It is, indeed, the universal reproduction of these phenomena of human life with the variations incident to different circumstances which fascinates the student of history. Cast a handful of Africans, Indians, Mongolians or Caucasians upon a desert island or into a lost valley anywhere, and they will reproduce the cabins, huts or tepees; the rude instruments for spinning or weaving; the marriage and burial services; the feasts and the amusements with which they were familiar in their native lands; but with variations growing out of contact with new soils and general conditions.

Here in America, for example, from the Atlantic to the Pacific there has never been a single exception to this law. In every community, planted by a waterfall; a mine; a harbor; a ford or the crossing of two roads, the court of justice, the little red schoolhouse, the church, the newspaper and the home have sprung into being as if touched by a fairy's wand. And the study of life in any of them is the study of these ever recurrent phenomena—just as the study of architecture is the study of the varied uses made of foundations, walls and roofs. Always and everywhere we find the town builders wrestling with the same old problems. If they differ in different places; or at different times in the same places, it is only because they recur in the new conditions in more intricate and subtle forms on account of the deepening complexity of the increasing numbers of inhabitants.

The problems of this period of village life are, as a matter of course, the same as those of the town; but so much more difficult and intricate as to seem like new ones.

Let us take them up and behold this new significance as the life deepens and expands. We begin at random with the post office.

Post Office.

A mail route was established between Cincinnati and Chillicothe in 1799, up to which time there was no post office west of Miami river; but in 1808-1809 Peter Williams had contracted for carrying mails between Louisville and Cincinnati; Cincinnati and Lexington; Cincinnati and Greenville, Ohio. These contracts lasted until 1821, and were fulfilled by means of pack horses. At that date stages were substituted.

The first incumbent of the honorable office of postmaster was William Ruffin, a man of social gifts and popular with the people. He was succeeded in 1814 by Rev. William Burke, a Methodist minister of pronounced characteristics; a strong democrat; always chewing tobacco; soft spoken; profoundly religious. Burke had a sort of reading room and in it citizens and strangers assembled to discuss topics of the day, deriving all their news from nine mails per week and from the seventy different newspapers and periodicals which were taken by various subscribers! Would you not like to have spent an hour in gossip with those ancient worthies?

There is one kind of charm in the science, the art, the method, the exactness, the convenience of a modern post office like the one on Fountain Square; but quite another (and not less enchanting) about a little dingy shop like that in

which Mr. Ruffin or Elder Burke carried your letters in their hat, and swapped stories, gossip and news with you and your neighbors.

The postal service was not always satisfactory, you may be sure, as the mails were carried on horseback over the forest trails and the post boys were frequently compelled to encounter storms which not only made traveling dangerous in the wide, unpeopled stretches of the forest; but filled the river beds with roaring floods through which they swam their horses at the peril of their lives. And when the news arrived at last, it was, of course, no longer news. To us of these later days, in which an event that has happened in the most remote corner of the world is the talk of the breakfast table next morning, it has become a psychological mystery what pleasures our forefathers could derive from discussing political problems which had been settled weeks before in Washington, London or Paris. Nevertheless, they grew red in the face and roared fiercely at each other over questions which were dead issues and could never be revived, even at the moment when they were debating.

And yet who would not rather go down to the old post office in the ancient village and hear the soft voice of Major Ruffin as he apologized for the non-arrival of the mail; or the guttural tones of Elder Burke, ceaselessly interrupted by the necessity of expectorating the juice of the tobacco which he was always chewing, than to see the marble-faced letter-carrier of to-day march into the office, and fling the mail in speechless silence on the desk?

Water Supply.

If, however, there is such romance about an old time post office as to make us willing to barter modern conveniences for the poetry of vanished days, we cannot feel the same about the water supply. On the 17th of May, 1799, Griffin Yeatman advertised in the newspaper "Observe this notice! I have experienced the many expenses attending my pump and any FAMILY wishing to receive the benefits thereof in the future, may get the same by sending me 25 cents each Monday morning."

It is a far cry from the old pump of Griffin Yeatman to the present water works system, and we are glad enough to have escaped all the terrible intermediate stages of development. William Gibson carted water around in a cask (so late as 1809) and eleven years afterward, Jesse Reeder built a tank on the bank of the river near Ludlow street, where by means of horse power he lifted up water through elevators and sold it for distribution. By an ordinance of March 31, 1817, the exclusive privilege of carrying water by tubes, or otherwise, from the river to houses and stores was vested in the Cincinnati Manufacturing Company for a term of 99 years. Work was begun immediately but was not successfully pushed, so that its benefits were not enjoyed until after the community had ceased to be a town and grown to be a city.

Fire.

It was through similar struggles that the little village fought its way to fire and police protection. In July, 1802, a mass meeting made provision for six ladders and as many fire-hooks. There is an unverifiable account of two hand engines being in use in 1807. A union fire company was organized in 1808, but fizzled out, and a few months later "the Cincinnati fire bucket company"

was launched. Its apparatus consisted of a large willow basket on a truck in which buckets were carted to conflagrations! An enormous drum (now a relic of the fire department) five feet high and sixteen feet in circumference, was used to summon the citizens. The drum was put upon a roof and access to it was had by means of a ladder. Afterwards, in 1824, the big bell of the First Presbyterian church sounded the alarms.

In 1816 an engine was purchased by General John S. Gano, and put in care of Relief Fire company, No. 2. By the termination, therefore of the "town" period, a real step forward had been taken in fire protection.

Police.

As to police protection, there was nothing worthy of the name until the occurrence of a destructive fire in 1803, in consequence of which an ordinance establishing a night watch was passed, by the provisions of which the citizens above twenty-one years of age were arranged into classes of twelve each, which should serve as watchmen in rotation. Each class was divided into two sets, and took turns patrolling the streets. They carried watchmen's rattles and were supposed to be always awake and always on the go; but as, in those primitive days, the citizens were likely to be abed and asleep by nine o'clock, their work was probably much less arduous than it seemed. By 1817 the system had improved, and the guard consisted of six men and a captain appointed and paid by the council. Their duty was to keep the street lamps (not gas or electric, you may rest assured) well trimmed and burning and to arrest and "run in" any disorderly person.

Schools.

During this village period the problem of education began to receive a serious consideration. The crude system of those first few years in which any wandering pedagogue could open a school in a cellar, a loft, or a kitchen, and find patronage had passed. As early as the year 1807 the council took a forward stride and authorized a committee of men to raise \$6,000.00 to found a university *by means of a lottery*, if you please! But for some unknown reason, the lottery was never held, and a more creditable effort was made a few years later on.

Lancaster Seminary.

In 1814, it was, that two of the great men of the town (and great they were by even the most critical standards of measurement), Dr. Daniel Drake and the Rev. Joshua Lacey Wilson, became interested in what was known as the Lancasterian system of education,—the fundamental principle of which was the use of the older pupils as monitors for the younger. In that year a professor of the system, Edmond Harrison of Tennessee, had come to Cincinnati for the purpose of founding a school upon that principle. He found his first patrons among the Methodists, who began a movement along the lines which he marked out; but which proceeded so inauspiciously that it was absorbed in another inaugurated by men more capable of carrying it forward. Through an act of the legislature on February 4, 1815, "Lancaster Seminary" was legally incorporated, with Jacob Burnet, Nicholas Longworth, Davis Emgrey, William Corry, Charles Marsh and Daniel Drake as trustees. For the purpose of erecting a building

to house this enterprise, the Presbyterian church executed a ninety-nine year lease of a piece of land on the corner of Fourth and Walnut streets, and the erection of the structures, according to plans prepared by Isaac Stagge, was begun in 1814. By April 17, 1815, the lower story was opened and within a fortnight 420 students had matriculated! When, at last, the building was completed it had accommodations for about 1,400 children and was reasonably well equipped with conveniences, considering all the circumstances. It was, in fact, a most creditable institution for a town so young, so undeveloped and so far from the great centers of culture.

Eclipsing all other educational enterprises, the seminary did not extinguish them. Several private schools struggled along under its shadows, and in them survived many of those barbaric customs which are the misfortune of primitive institutions of learning. Tradition preserves the daring deeds of pupils who locked their teachers out until they yielded the holidays or other privileges demanded, and the customs of hard-headed and hard-fisted boys who thrashed the new arrivals in the school yards for no other crime than that of being strangers in a strange land.

Nor were these conventional schools the only means of intellectual culture. As early as 1813 there was an institution ambitiously denominated "School of Literature and Art." During the first year of its existence more than twenty meetings were held, at which essays and poems were read and addresses delivered, all of them aiming at the enlargement of the minds of the eager young people who composed the membership. The subjects discussed were "Education," "Earthquakes," "Light," "Carbon," "Air," "The Mind," "Agriculture," etc., etc. In an interesting description of this first adventure in culture, Judge Charles D. Drake observes "the fact that there should have been a school of literature and arts organized in Cincinnati when its population could not probably have exceeded 4,000 and it was still in the 'far west,' will be regarded as a fact of interest."

Our First Philanthropist.

It was in connection with the development of these early institutions of learning that we come upon the first genuine benefactor of the village. One of the incorporators of the Lancaster Seminary was Captain John Kidd who, dying in 1813, willed that the rents from a lot on the corner of Front and Main streets "should be devoted to the education of poor children and youth." These rents amounted to about one thousand dollars, and for five years were paid to the Cincinnati College (the successor of the Lancaster Seminary). In 1825, however, the will was broken by avaricious heirs, and the benevolent intentions of the good man thwarted.

He shall not, however, lack that reward which the appreciation and gratitude of posterity can bestow, and we hallow his memory by writing his name, John Kidd, at the very top of that illustrious list of benefactors whose generosity has helped to make our city great and beautiful.

Churches.

In any community where aspiration for intellectual culture is so insistent as in this, it may be safely reckoned that the religious instinct will not be languid, or the longing for spiritual culture less profound.

We have learned that the village had scarcely gotten on its feet before a clergyman appeared and a church was born. As this church, the First Presbyterian, had the prestige of priority it naturally became the most potent factor in the establishment of Christian worship, and its history is little short of illustrious.

It will be remembered that in 1791 the Rev. James Kemper became the pastor of this church and occupied its pulpit until October 7, 1796. The first rude structure which housed this aggressive congregation stood until 1814, when it was sold and removed to the lot on Vine street where the Arcade now stands.

The Rev. Peter Wilson succeeded Dr. Kemper, preaching until July, 1799, when he was followed by Rev. Matthew G. Wallace who continued his ministry until April, 1804. At this time dissensions arose in the membership over theological questions raised by the "New Light" doctrines, and a period of inactivity followed. Interest, however, revived in 1806, and in 1807 the society was legally incorporated and the Rev. Joshua Lacey Wilson was called, and undertook his work on the 28th of May, 1808. His arrival was the dawn of a new era in the spiritual development of the community, for he was a man of most unusual power. The church began at once to grow in numbers and to exert a widespread influence.

In 1812 the building proved too small and was replaced by a larger one which was completed in 1814. It was called "the two horned church" because of its two, ugly towers. But although not beautiful it was commodious, and its ample spaces were crowded every Sunday with the enthusiastic followers of this evangelical and perfervid preacher. Its membership roll contained the names of many of the most distinguished Cincinnatians of the day. It soon outgrew itself, and in 1814 there arose a demand for another church in another part of the city—a demand which excited opposition, but which was so earnest that a movement to secure it began in 1816. By 1818 the society was large enough to perfect an organization, and in 1818 a building was erected for its use on the east side of Walnut street a little above Fifth and the historic "Second Church" successfully launched.

Among the people who were prominent in the new organization were Judge Burnet, Martin Baum, John H. Grosbeck, Nathaniel Wright and Henry Starr.

Methodists.

The conditions in this epoch were evidently favorable to the development of Presbyterianism; but it could not hold the field alone. In the ability to enter and possess new territories the Methodists are seldom in the rear of the ecclesiastical army; and in the present instance were only in the second rank. The first preacher of this persuasion to start an interest in its work and worship was Rev. William Burke; but no definite steps were taken to organize a church until the Rev. John Collins, who had taken up his residence on the east fork of the Little Miami, came into town on business one eventful day and there encountered a store-keeper by the name of Carter, whom to his great joy he found to be a Methodist. A meeting was arranged for that very evening in an upper room in Mr. Carter's house, where twelve people assembled to hear a sermon by this more than welcome minister. Soon afterward the Rev. John Sale arrived in town, and hearers to the number of thirty-five were gathered to listen to his message, and steps almost immediately began to be taken to organize a church. There were only eight persons who were ready to assume the responsibility, but they

took it resolutely upon their broad shoulders and arranged for regular services every two weeks by circuit riders. The meetings were held in a little log school-house not far from the old fort. The customs of the Methodists, at that time, invited ridicule from the irreverent, and their services were often disturbed by the rowdies of the neighborhood; but they persisted in their worship and their work, to such good effect that by 1806 a building called the "old stone church" was erected on the site of the present Wesley chapel and became the center of a vital, religious life. Here William Burke, John Collins, Learner Blackman and other earnest preachers blew the gospel trumpet with no uncertain sound.

The citizenship of that period was too cosmopolitan to have its needs all met by two denominations, and one after another all the leading Christian sects arrived and assembled their followers in organized churches. The Rev. Adam Hurdus founded the New Jerusalem church in 1806. In 1813 the Friends established themselves in a residence built by Peyton Short, and the Baptists began to worship God in a log cabin. The First German Church was founded in 1814 by the Rev. Joseph Zerline, and the first Episcopalian church in 1817. This latter movement was promoted by such distinguished persons as General Harrison, Griffin Yeatman, Jacob Baymiller, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., and Dr. Daniel Drake, in whose residence, principally, its services were held. Outgrowing the limits of that hospitable home, the congregation assembled in an old cotton mill; then in a Presbyterian church and finally in a Baptist church on West Sixth street, which they subsequently bought—during the rectorship of the Rev. Samuel Johnson.

It is clear enough that long before the town had become a city (in 1819) the religious forces were actively and aggressively at work. If, in these later years they have not kept pace with the secular ones, it is not because they did not get an early and a favorable start.

Newspapers.

Curious as it may seem, the progress in journalism was far less marked than that in the other phases of life in the growing town. The first paper *The Centinel of the Northwest Territory*, started by William Maxwell in 1793, was transformed into the *Freeman's Journal* in 1796, and in 1800 was removed to Chillicothe. But the *Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette* had been founded in 1799, so that the continuity of news publication had been unbroken. In 1809 this paper became *The Whig*, fifty-eight numbers of which, only, appeared when it was subsequently turned into *The Advertiser*, which survived until 1811.

Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Mercury was first issued on December 9, 1804, by Rev. John Bowne. On July 15, 1815, Thomas Palmer published the first number of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, which after four months was united with *Liberty Hall*.

In the meantime Captain Carpenter had re-established *The Western Spy* which, in 1815, had secured the respectable number of 1,200 subscribers; but was compelled in 1819 to undergo the (apparently) inevitable transmutation and became *The Western Spy and Cincinnati General Advertiser*.

It certainly communicates a shock to the mind of the student of life in the last century to discover that the newspapers are of no other than *antiquarian* interest. Their editors did not understand the modern art of arresting and com-

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elling attention. They had not learned the value of what we call "the human element." Neither had they begun to aspire to be the authors and moulders of public opinion. For this reason, they are but poor assistants in the effort to interpret the life of the times. They did not originate it; they did not comprehend it, and they did not truly reflect it.

That life in our own city, at least, found its highest expression in other ways—in the establishment of schools and churches; in the St. Cecilia Society, where the knowledge of music was seriously cultivated; in the Social Reading Party, where the love of literature was satisfied; and in the amateur theatricals, where that ineradicable hunger of the human spirit for the representation of man's actual life in fanciful scenes, was catered to. As early as 1805 a series of plays were given in Vattier's stable, the most spacious room in town, by ambitious local performers, and it was about this time that the "Thespian Corps" was organized. Its members were desperately in earnest, and in 1808 such well known people as Dr. Drake, Ethan A. Brown, General Findlay and the attorneys Rawlins, Wade and Nicholas Longworth took part as actors. In 1814 the Shellback theater, a circus enclosure on Main street below Fourth, afforded increased facilities, and there the plays were put upon the stage with accompaniments by the orchestras and brass bands which had already begun to multiply. On December 13, 1814, *Liberty Hall* contained an invitation to all persons favorable to the establishment of a more permanent shelter for these performances to meet and try to bring about that much to be desired end. As a result of the meeting, a small frame building was erected on the south side of Columbia street, between Main and Sycamore, and the proceeds of the performances were devoted to charity. A movement of such a worldly character did not pass unnoticed by the religious element of the town, and their opposition found expression in a violent attack upon the artists and their plays by the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson. The crusade was earnest, but futile, and only succeeded in generating antagonisms which long survived the dying out of the public debate.

In so rapidly a growing community, local talent could not be expected very long to satisfy the taste of the people for scenic art. Many of them had come from the cultivated centers of the east and knew what acting really was. They first desired and then demanded the highest art of the professional world, and, far away as the little river town was from the great centers of such artistic activities, it had begun to offer attractions to those eager scouts who were ever on the lookout for new fields for their activities.

As early as 1815, therefore, the Pittsburgh Company, more daring than their rivals, made a western tour, and on their way to Lexington, Ky., stopped to give an exhibition in Cincinnati. The greatest enthusiasm was generated by their arrival, and a sort of theatrical orgy followed. Their repertoire was large and they continued for many consecutive days and nights to excite and delight audiences which found it possible, if not agreeable, to raise a dollar to get in. It was not all smooth sailing for the practitioners of the art, for the attacks of the religious people not only kept up; but the hoodlum element sometimes broke loose inside the theater itself and created disturbances which were hard to quell.

But, as a whole, the dramatic art slowly and steadily made a place for itself in the social organism, and as slowly and steadily underwent improvement. Along with it, as a matter of course, came those evils which are its invariable

Bank of Cincinnati was organized, Ethan Stone being president and cashier. These were ambitious and, in a sense, dangerous undertakings, of course; but there was also a not inconsiderable element of risk, little risk was assumed. Their promoters were fired by hopes of gain to the public, in the work they did. The community was in need of such service, and they staked their individual fortunes upon it.

During the period of the War of 1812, and the whole social, civil and commercial life of the little town was subjected to the strain of those conditions which invariably evokes. One of its invariable phenomena, as everybody knows, is the invitation of the precious metals into the great centers of business and the distant communities devoid of any medium of exchange. An irresistible outflow began to be observed in Cincinnati almost from the outbreak of hostilities, and the bankers helplessly watched it.

No human power could arrest it. The gold and silver coins, like the current of a river, made their way slowly but with resistless force into the coffers of the bankers in Philadelphia, Boston and New York. In December the presidents of their banks (Spencer, Irwin and others) met and their hands and announced that it had become necessary for them to suspend their payments in specie for an indefinite period of time. The effect upon the community was terrible. As usual in such situations, a panic reigned. A mass meeting of excited and indignant citizens was called at the Columbia Inn to inquire into the reasons for this suspension. It was, perhaps, one of the most important and impressive events in the life of the town, and revealed the rapidly developing sense of responsibility of action by the whole community, in great part composed of various elements were crystallizing. Public opinion was being formed. The town was thinking *for itself*! It felt capable of *united action* and the sense of *oneness—unity*.

Those who took a prominent part in this meeting were true leaders. They were men of high worth, and the list of their names was formidable. Major General Cass was elected president and Dr. Daniel Drake secretary. The matter was thoroughly discussed and it was the sense of the meeting that so far as a bank's suspension (one of the most critical in finance) was concerned, without the approval of the community! Therefore, a committee was appointed, consisting of citizens representing almost every element of the community. Joshua L. Wilson was a member and so were General Cass, W. Ruffin and W. C. Anderson, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., and others. Messrs. W. S. Keys, Davis Embrey, Solomon Greene, Jeremiah Reeder, Levi James and Daniel Drake. The committee reported that in its opinion the action of the bank was justifiable!

At this unexpected report the first outbreak of that perverse feeling came: so much to curse our city—*suspicion of the motives of good*

by all of you in the ring, somehow!" sneered the public; but the situation was promptly met by the indisputable proof that

concomitant and which attend it as shadows seem invariably to accompany substances. And folly as well as evil came. As the passion for such amusements grew, absurdities of every sort were invented to satiate the vulgar taste for the spectacular. African apes and cassowaries (whatever they may be) turned up in droves, while mountebanks and fakirs enlivened and deceived the people.

The better aspects of this irrepressible desire for amusement and entertainment manifested themselves in the celebrations of the day. The return of the 4th of July, or the appearance of any celebrity from the great outside world, was certain to result in dinners, parades or barbecues where brass bands, fire works and orations aroused the emotions of the people to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

Business.

From the struggles of our ancestors to attain culture, we turn to their efforts to solve the sterner problems of bread and butter getting and the building up of business.

People who cannot make money can never build a city. If there are not men in the town who can create wealth, the spirit of art, literature, culture and even religion will shake its dust from their feet.

What did our forefathers do, then, to build up a great wealth producing community? In the first place, they tilled the soil which, when cleared, was found to be fertile beyond their dreams. Intelligent farmers opened clearings in the wilderness and gathered crops, bountiful to the bursting, almost, of their barns. The climate proved to be genial and adapted to the cultivation of all the grains and fruits of the temperate zone. A few seasons served to open inexhaustible fountains of food supplies, and by the time that Cincinnati had become a town there were farms enough, in running order, to gorge her every mouth and market.

But agriculture, alone, has never built a great metropolis. There must be the manufacture of raw material into finished products and the exchange of commodities with distant places, or no hamlet can ever become a town; or, at any rate, no town a city.

That there were men among our early citizens endowed with financial genius (and to a very high degree) admits of the easiest proof. With quick perception of the merits of the situation and firm comprehension of its boundless possibilities, they began at once to open up the natural channels for its trade. They helped survey, cut out and improve the highways into the country. They assisted in the construction of bridges across streams. They sought and they secured the trade of the country merchants. There was a natural gravitation of business to them; but they stimulated and encouraged the flow by clearing away all obstacles in the channel.

Always and everywhere the fundamental problem of business is that of transportation. Over the country roads it was by horseback and by wagon only, slow and often painful. But the great river flowing past their doors afforded to the citizens unrivalled facilities for conveying goods to and from places at enormous distances. Of the advantages of that great artery the men of business eagerly and intelligently availed themselves. Their flatboats (floated downward by the current and pushed upward by long poles), and the swifter but less commodious

piroques, loaded to the gunwales with produce, were to be seen upon every mile of the river, and for a few years seemed adequate to every need.

But on the 27th of October, 1811, an event happened which altered the whole situation. It was on that memorable day that a boat propelled by steam appeared around a bend of the river and produced a revolution. She was the "New Orleans," built in Pittsburgh, and captained by Nicholas J. Roosevelt. The whole town assembled on the bank and was divided into two parties: one, regarding it as a freak invention, and the other, realizing that a revolution in commerce had actually begun.

As so often happens, this extraordinary event was accompanied by prodigies of nature. A comet was visible at this time, and ignorant people who heard the hissing of the engines thought that it had fallen into the river, while others believed that the earthquake shocks then taking place were caused by the unusual disturbance of the water in the bed of the stream.

After the New Orleans came the Comet, built in 1813; then the Vesuvius and a host of others, until the river was black with the clumsy but effective navy. These new and swift craft stimulated the business life of the city enormously, through their influence upon transportation alone. But when Cincinnati began to manufacture them herself, this new industry quickened the pulses of commerce into almost violent beatings. In the two seasons, 1817-1819, nearly a fourth of the vessels built on western waters were launched at our wharves.

If one could choose a single period of the past in which to make a visit to the city, none could more effectively invite his interest than these eventful years in which steamboat navigation awakened the pioneers to the first real consciousness of what the possibilities of their situation were. Every soul was fired with ambition, and every form of human activity had its serious devotees. New industries sprang up. The public wharves were extended. Larger buildings were erected. There was a literal outburst of energy. Each individual life became more significant, and a consciousness of the great future that awaited the city, began to be aroused. There was not a single line of industry among all those thus quickened into new life, the phenomena of whose growth would not reward a careful study; but as we cannot, possibly, investigate them all, we shall select the banking business as being the most representative, and give a little space to it.

The year 1803 saw the birth of the first of those institutions which are, in a peculiar sense, the cornerstones of business.

It was called "The Miami Exporting Company" and was organized, in the first place, "to try to develop facilities for shipping goods" and in case this project should not succeed "to do a conventional banking business." At that time (before the steamboats) facilities for transporting farm products and merchandise were of the poorest. There were no roads worthy of the name, and the river, great as its uses were in some seasons, became practically unnavigable at others. And although it was of immense benefit in shipping down stream, it was all but impossible to bring or send merchandise up, on account of the current, of course. The difficulty of poling boats from Cincinnati to Pittsburgh or from New Orleans to Cincinnati was prodigious. Generally the barges were broken up at New Orleans and the navigators returned on foot.

No true conception of what our forefathers had to encounter in laying the foundations of our municipal life can be formed by any one who cannot reproduce in imagination those long and painful journeys through the wilderness. To do so is not easy for those of us who enter a Pullman palace car in Cincinnati to find ourselves in New York or New Orleans in a single day. To travel for weeks or months on foot, or horseback, or at best in wagons, in order to get home after selling a barge load of salt or wheat in New Orleans, was earning one's bread by the sweat of his brow, in the truest sense of the word; but it was in that way that the heroes of those strenuous days not only laid the foundations of their individual fortunes, but of the commercial supremacy of our city, as well.

While such adverse conditions as these prevailed, the prospects of rapid development were slow indeed. In time, no doubt, a great city might have been built upon this river traffic, for it has been done in the orient again and again; but the years would have run into ages and the hearts of the settlers would have been eaten out by despair. The farmers could raise enormous crops; but could not sell them, for the merchants could not get them to market, and so, the wheels of commerce seemed to be hopelessly blocked.

Upon the problems involved in this situation the men of business pondered day and night; and finally Jesse Hunt suggested as a solution the formation of this double-barrelled organization—to find some better way of exchanging commodities, if possible and if not, the employment of their capital in a banking business.

On the 4th of March, 1803, a meeting was called to consider this proposal, and on the 16th of June a company was formed with Martin Baum, Daniel Symmes, Samuel C. Vance, Christian Waldsmith, William C. Schenk, Matthew Hueston, Jesse Hunt, Daniel Mayo, William Lytle, John Bigger and Israel Ludlow elected directors.

Soon afterward they purchased an unfinished boat which had been built in 1801, when a few progressive spirits had prematurely undertaken to construct a boat to be propelled by steam. This craft they fitted out as a "broadhorn" and sent down to New Orleans on a tentative expedition. Every plan which these men could devise to make her serve the purpose of safe and expeditious transportation back and forth was put into execution, but without securing the dependability necessary to their schemes.

By 1807 it had become clear to the directors that the shipping business could not be made to pay on the old basis and they abandoned it to devote themselves exclusively to banking. The capital stock was raised to \$500,000, and by 1815 \$450,000 had been actually paid in by one hundred and ninety persons. Martin Baum was made president and Oliver Spencer cashier. They issued promises to pay and set them afloat in the firm belief that in this way the credit of the town could be successfully enlarged and made perfectly stable.

Their office was located on the wharf about one hundred feet west of Sycamore, and became a sort of financial center. In 1812 another bank was started and called The Farmers and Mechanics, because one-third of the directors were required to be successful farmers and another one-third practical mechanics. William Irwin was president and Samuel W. Davies cashier.

In 1814 the Bank of Cincinnati was organized, Ethan Stone being president and Lot Pugh cashier. These were ambitious and, in a sense, dangerous undertakings, for no little risk was assumed. Their promoters were fired by hopes of personal gains, of course; but there was also a not inconsiderable element of unselfish devotion to the public, in the work they did. The community was in desperate need of such service, and they staked their individual fortunes upon an effort to supply it.

This was the period of the War of 1812, and the whole social, civil and commercial fabric of the little town was subjected to the strain of those conditions which war invariably evokes. One of its invariable phenomena, as everybody knows, is the gravitation of the precious metals into the great centers of business and the leaving of small and distant communities devoid of any medium of exchange. This irresistible outflow began to be observed in Cincinnati almost immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities, and the bankers helplessly watched the ebbing tide. No human power could arrest it. The gold and silver coins, like drops in the current of a river, made their way slowly but with resistless gravitation to the coffers of the bankers in Philadelphia, Boston and New York.

By the 26th of December the presidents of their banks (Spencer, Irwin and Stone) threw up their hands and announced that it had become necessary for them to suspend meeting their payments in specie for an indefinite period of time. The shock to the community was terrible. As usual in such situations, suspicion and anger predominated. A mass meeting of excited and indignant citizens was held at the Columbia Inn to inquire into the reasons for this sensational determination. It was, perhaps, one of the most important and impressive occasions in the life of the town, and revealed the rapidly developing sense of self-hood; of the responsibility of action by the whole community, in great emergencies. The various elements were crystallizing. Public opinion was becoming a reality. The town was thinking *for itself*! It felt capable of *united* action. It experienced the sense of *oneness—unity*.

The men who took a prominent part in this meeting were true leaders. They were men of strength, and the list of their names was formidable. Major General John S. Gano was elected president and Dr. Daniel Drake secretary. The situation was thoroughly discussed and it was the sense of the meeting that so important a step as a bank's suspension (one of the most critical in finance) should not be taken without the approval of the community! Therefore, a committee of investigation was appointed, consisting of citizens representing almost every interest. Rev. Joshua L. Wilson was a member and so were General William Lytle, Majors W. Ruffin and W. C. Anderson, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., and William Corry, Esquires, and Messrs. W. S. Keys, Davis Embrey, Solomon Langdon, William Greene, Jeremiah Reeder, Levi James and Daniel Drake. After solemn deliberation the committee reported that in its opinion the action of the bankers was justifiable!

There followed this unexpected report the first outbreak of that perverse spirit which has done so much to curse our city—*suspicion of the motives of good men*!

"You are probably all of you in the ring, somehow!" sneered the public; but the contemptible insinuation was promptly met by the indisputable proof that

not a single member of the committee held a position of profit in any one of the unfortunate institutions!

If ever such suspicions could be condoned, they might have, then, for the situation was desperate and the peril greater than we can realize. But the crisis was safely tided over in spite of the public despair, and before long the hard-hit people pulled themselves together and went to work to repair their losses with a will. The war ended, and with the passing of that danger the equilibrium of trade was reestablished. The money which had rushed to the great organic centers of government (as the blood rushes to the heart and brain at danger signals) began once more to flow outward into the extremities of the vast organism. Its own (and more than its own) came back to Cincinnati. Business revived. The old banks were strengthened and two others were founded, one by John H. Piatt, and the other the Cincinnati branch of the United States.

It was a difficult and dangerous period for such enterprises, and they probably were managed with as much wisdom as the human mind could command, but another crisis was approaching which human sagacity could not possibly have foreseen. Changes on a colossal scale were taking place all over the country. The war had stimulated speculation. The population was increasing enormously. Every conceivable scheme for making money was being worked. People became extravagant even to recklessness, and seemed deliberately to renounce those habits and customs which alone in all ages, countries and circumstances have rendered business safe.

No other phase of human existence affords a better occasion for the cynic to sneer, or the philosopher to remonstrate, or the moralist to denounce, than the one through which the people of our little frontier town were passing just before they arrogated to themselves the dignity of a city. That they were the victims of one of those strange manias which seizes our weak humanity and makes it an object of contempt, there is but little doubt. Each generation of men beholds the antics of another in the throes of one of those furors of speculation and extravagance, with astonishment and disgust; but, itself, becomes a helpless victim in its turn. When it comes time to consider the panic of the twenties (as it will soon) we shall, no doubt, look down with a proud superiority upon our ancestors behaving like spendthrifts in their era of prosperity, forgetful of the fact that we ourselves have been guilty of the same folly every decade of our lives.

But now we are to abandon the consideration of the community at large, and turn our attention to the study of the characters of some of the most interesting individual members.

Only, before we do this, let us pause to notice a few evidences of the existence of that impulse to improve and beautify the town, the development of which it is the object of this history to forward. It was in 1803 that the first ordinance for paving a street was passed. In 1804 the council asked the United States government for the land on which Fort Washington stood to use as a site for an academy, but was refused. In 1813 a movement to fill up the frog ponds was inaugurated, and about the same time the town authorities began to assume responsibility for the care of paupers. The old courthouse was burned in 1814 by some careless soldiers, and the civic pride of the people manifested itself in such offers as that of Judge Burnet of a considerable bonus if the council would rebuild it at the corner of Seventh and Elm, and of James Ferguson, who agreed

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to add a thousand dollars and bear the expense of rearing the foundation if the judge's plan was carried out. It is rather astonishing to be told that Samuel Caldwell and Edward White tried, at the same time, to have the new building located somewhere beyond the present village of Carthage. The present site was chosen, however, and the building completed in 1819, to the great satisfaction of the citizens.

There is a story about a certain Ethan Stone, a lawyer of great intelligence, which fits in admirably here, and, in fact, would fit in admirably anywhere. He made a contract with the county commissioners to build a bridge across Mill Creek, which after it had been finished, but before it was accepted, a flood in the river carried away. Instead of trying to escape the loss, he bore it like a man, and although he passed the next twenty years in obscurity and poverty in order to make his contract good, by rebuilding, he did it, and what is more, died a rich man in an elegant mansion at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets, where he passed the later years of his life enjoying the respect and affection of his fellows.

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CHAPTER VIII.

NOTED MEN OF 1802-1819.

FIRST AND FOREMOST UNDER THIS HEADING STANDS DR. DANIEL DRAKE—FOUNDSTHE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF OHIO—NICHOLAS LONGWORTH AND MANY OTHERS—THE PART THEY PLAYED IN THE MAKING OF A GREAT CITY.

The Great Men of the Period.

That this period from 1802-1819 was rich in men like Ethan Stone who, working independently and collectively, developed the enterprises and evolved the community life which have been slowly taking place before our mind's eye, you have already discerned. To know their names; to understand their characteristics; to have some understanding of the part they played; is so necessary to the comprehension of the great drama we are watching that the lack of capacity to present them in action; to show them actually moving across the stage; to make them live again in their proper environment, is torture. But if they cannot be exhibited in one way, they must in another. We can hang their portraits on the wall, at least!

The first and foremost among them is that remarkable person, Dr. Daniel Drake, whose career no historian has ever yet been able to study without becoming an enthusiastic admirer. Every single one of them has protested against that unpardonable civic indifference which prevented his memory from being enshrined in some worthy memorial. The least that we could do would be to name the new canal boulevard after him, and there ought to be a monument somewhere on its banks in which his noble figure could be seen in bronze.

"The Daniel Drake Boulevard!" Is it not a beautiful name and would not its bestowal do much to redeem us from the guilt of civic inappreciation?

It is in the gloom of a little clearing in the backwoods of Kentucky not very far from Maysville, that we first catch sight of our hero. Born in Plainfield, New Jersey, October 20, 1785 (three years before the landing of the pioneers at Yeatman's Cove), he was brought by his parents into the western wilderness when he was two and a half years of age. The house in which the first years of this new life was passed was nothing but a pen for sheep. His education was obtained from a few books in a corner of this hovel; from a log school-house; from the conversation of devout and serious-minded, although extremely illiterate parents; and from nature. In those rude surroundings he was compelled while yet a child to perform the labors of a man. Fortunately for this bright and beautiful boy, his parents were ambitious. His father, denied the privileges of an education and a career himself, solemnly made up his mind that his son should not suffer the same deprivation.

When, therefore, Daniel had reached the age of fifteen years, he sent him from Mayslick, Kentucky, to Cincinnati and consigned him to the care of Dr. Goforth, an eccentric but gifted physician, who ran a small apothecary shop in connection with his profession. In this shop young Drake was set to work com-

pounding pills; doing all sorts of chores and studying medicine. In 1804, having made great progress in his studies and become an invaluable assistant, he was taken (at eighteen years of age) into full partnership.

Bright as were the prospects of business success which this relationship opened, young Drake abandoned them to acquire an education. The desire for this had become a passion and he started for the medical college in Philadelphia armed only with a small fund of money and a sort of diploma furnished him by Dr. Goforth, as an evidence of his proficiency.

After weeks of hard and discouraging work amidst the limitations of friendlessness and poverty, he returned to the west and began to practice medicine in the neighborhood of his old home. This was in 1806, and in the following year he went back to Cincinnati because the departure of his old teacher for Louisiana left an auspicious opening for him to establish himself in a remunerative business. Arranging to have his parents join them later on, he took his younger brother Benjamin along, and full of the "mighty hopes that make us men" the two boys (for they were nothing more) fared forth into the big world to achieve their destiny. Daniel's previous residence in Cincinnati and his large acquaintance, including such men as Symmes, Harrison, Findlay, Gano, Burnet, Arthur St. Clair, Ethan Stone, Allison, Longworth, Kemper, Ziegler, Baum, and probably every important personage in the little town, enabled him not only to begin his own career under the most favorable auspices, but also to launch his brother on the tide that leads to fortune.

It was not long before the young practitioner's business increased to such an extent as to warrant him in setting up a home of his own and he contracted an ideal marriage. In the old Ludlow mansion, a few miles out of town, lived Jared Mansfield in whose household there was a charming girl, the general's niece, by the name of Harriet Sisson, with whom he fell in love. Amidst the enchanting scenes of that still virgin wilderness, he wooed and won a heart which gave him a deathless love and furnished him an unfailing inspiration.

Of her character and charms he wrote:

"Her modest eye of hazel hue
Disclosed, e'en to the passing view
Truth, firmness, feeling, innocence,
Bright thoughts and deep intelligence.
Her soul was pure as winter's snow
And warm as summer's sunset glow.

"When moving through the mingled crowd
Her lofty bearing spoke her proud;
But when her kindling spirit breathed
On those she loved; or those who grieved
Joy felt the quickening pulses leap
And sorrow e'en forgot to weep."

Young, talented, happily married, with everything to struggle after and hope for, respected, admired and trusted, Dr. Drake plunged headlong into the activities of the little world in which he lived.

In the fall of 1807, the young couple set up a modest establishment in a two-story frame house on the east side of Sycamore between Third and Fourth streets. Their tastes were congenial, they had hosts of cultivated friends and their home was an earthly paradise. Aside from his practice, at this particular period, Dr. Drake was carrying on a business of considerable magnitude and preparing to publish his personal observations of the little world in which he lived. This purpose he accomplished and anxiously sent forth upon its mission a small pamphlet entitled "Notices of Cincinnati, its Topography and Diseases," which bore the earmarks of a genius for observation and expression, both. Its recognition was so generous as to inspire another literary effort, and after five hard years of work he issued a volume entitled "Natural and Statistical View or Picture of Cincinnati and the Miami County, illustrated by maps, with an appendix containing observations on the late earthquakes, the aurora borealis and southeast wind." Had it been a weak book its title might have damned it; but because it was a marvel of original research and of literary facility, it made a place for itself in the great world. Although his neighbors, and even friends, did not appreciate its merits, it found readers in the cultivated towns of the east and was acknowledged across the ocean to be the product of a first class mind.

The year preceding the appearance of this second volume had been a hard one for the author and his wife. It was in 1810 that the book was launched and in 1809 they had lost a little daughter. The child was only a year old but the grief of its devoted parents was profound, and while still in the very stress of it the doctor suffered an attack of pneumonia which all but cost his life.

In a nature so highly emotional as his these shocks produced some powerful reactions; but did not arrest the development of his mind nor thwart the accomplishment of his plans. In pursuit of his determination to have a hand in shaping the destinies of the city of his adoption, he took part in every phase of its existence. There is a great and a decided advantage for a mind like his in living in a small community because it is possible to be identified with all its profound movements and to be on familiar terms with its leading men. Everybody knew him and he knew everybody, so that no movement of any important character was undertaken without soliciting his powerful and ever growing influence. He was heart and hand in the organization of a library society, for example. He helped to start a debating society and a school of art and literature. He was active in the efforts to cultivate dramatic talents. He took part in politics. He pushed forward business projects in which he had no interests. To so great a degree did he surpass his fellow citizens in these public sacrifices that many of them, too small to understand him, regarded him with suspicion and suspected him of sinister motives.

Undoubtedly he was dominated by a towering personal ambition. He loved recognition; and he courted power. He felt in a high degree that burning desire for fame which is "the last infirmity of noble minds." But, on the other hand, he was animated by another passion, rarer in those days than now, a love for the town he lived in. In a word, he was a *philopolist*, the first apostle of "the higher life" in the little backwoods town. A desire to see it progress in every realm of greatness; to have it become beautiful, prosperous, powerful and permanent became a passion. He dreamed of a city on the banks of the Ohio

which should rival the greatest the world had ever known. No prophet ever prayed for the peace or longed for the glory of Jerusalem more fervently than he for the future grandeur of the squalid village on the muddy river's bank.

It was in order to increase his personal value to his home town as much as to enhance his personal reputation, therefore, that this first citizen of the metropolis of the region was led to abandon his practice for a time and go to Philadelphia to enlarge his comprehension of medical science and to win a diploma for its practice. He did this in 1815, and after several months of Herculean labors, he secured his coveted prize, and returned to his home and his work. Upon his arrival he discovered that business had taken a disastrous turn and that his own affairs were so involved that he was compelled to move to the edge of the town where he and his wife inhabited a little cabin on the very threshold of the forest. In grim good humor he christened it "Mount Poverty," and sensibly "made the best of his opportunity to be as far away as possible from the irritations of his daily life in town."

With Dr. Drake, it turned out according to the old proverb that "it was darkest just before the dawn," for his skill as a physician, his ability as an investigator and his talent as a writer had attracted the attention of the promoters of an ambitious effort to found a college of medicine in Lexington, Kentucky. It was Benjamin W. Dudley, one of the great figures of that region and of those times, who was the means of securing an invitation for the doctor to become an instructor in that new and promising school. It fell in with his needs and his ambitions to accept, and forthwith he turned his face southward.

At that time Lexington was only second to Cincinnati in size among those early settlements and had acquired the proud title of the "Athens of the West." The institution with which our distinguished citizen cast his interests was called the Transylvania School, and possesses a remarkable history, having ranked at one time among the six leading medical colleges in America. It was then, however, in an inchoate condition, and obstacles to its growth and to Drake's success sprang up in multitudes. Among them were the narrow jealousies of the members of the faculty which resulted often in quarrels, and once in a duel, of which Drake was falsely and maliciously accused of being the principal. He stuck it out for a year, however, in spite of everything; but at the end of that time, with his high hopes rudely dashed, returned to Cincinnati.

The experience had been bitter, but, of course, invaluable. It had been the means of disclosing a talent of which he had only a dim suspicion,—the talent for imparting knowledge as a teacher.

A great and consuming ambition, the passion of a lifetime, seized him:—the passion to found and preside over an institution for training physicians and surgeons.

Together with two of his fellow townsmen, Dr. Coleman Rogers and the (Rev.) Professor Elijah Slack, president of the Lancaster Seminary, he prepared and launched his project. On November 10, 1818, he delivered his first lecture to a few students whose ambitions had been excited by this new and wonderful opportunity; but the project was evidently ill-advised or poorly carried out, for on April 18, 1819, Drake announced that the partnership had been dissolved and the enterprise abandoned.

The progress of our narrative has now brought us to the end of that period of the life of Cincinnati which we have set as a temporary limit—its existence as a *town*, but it is impossible to arrest the story of Drake's career at this point, as our purpose is to set him forth as the principal figure in the history of our city. Let us therefore journey on.

Immediately upon the dissolution of the partnership of Rogers, Slack and Drake, the latter announced his intention to found an institution to be known as the Medical College of Ohio. He appealed to the legislature for an act of incorporation, which was passed on January 18, 1819. At first the prospects were brilliant; but some of the men whom he had leaned upon for assistance, backed out and forced upon him the necessity of securing other helpers. While these precious weeks were passing Dr. Drake was not idle; but put in his time promoting the founding of the "Cincinnati Hospital and Lunatic Asylum of the State of Ohio," an adjunct of supreme value in his college scheme on account of the clinical facilities which it would afford. By working with the energy of a giant he carried both these schemes forward to a point at which in 1820, the new school was opened, and Drake believed himself upon the verge of giving to the northwest a medical college that would rank among the greatest in the world. Once more, however, he was destined to disappointment (as he was in all his subsequent endeavors). The fates appeared to be against him. Insurmountable obstacles confronted him at every turn. And yet, he would not yield! The idea had become an obsession and would not leave him day or night. It was a will-o'-the-wisp which he forever followed and which forever eluded his grasp. His biographers all agree that the one supreme purpose of his life was never realized and that in this respect, it must be called a failure and yet (and this is the amazing thing) his hopes were not shattered; his will was not weakened nor his power in the community diminished.

But let us listen to the tragic story of The Medical College of Ohio. Its first session opened on November 1, 1820, with a class of twenty students who assembled in an upper story of No. 91 Main street, where Isaac Drake & Co. did business. On Wednesday, April 4, 1821, a class of seven graduated and Dr. Drake delivered the valedictory address. Scarcely, however, had he finished his peroration when an internecine war broke out in the faculty. It was the world-old story of rivalry and jealousy. The men whom Drake had trusted and furnished a golden opportunity, turned against and determined to destroy him. The means to this inglorious end was furnished by an awkward arrangement in which the government of the school was placed in the hands of the *teaching staff* instead of a *board of trustees*. Two days after the second commencement (March 4, 1822) Godman and Bohrer resigned; Jesse Smith moved that Dr. Drake be dismissed; Slack seconded it, and the victim of the plot being the presiding officer was obliged, by the irony of the situation, to put it. The motion carried, of course, and the dethroned monarch left the room, an exile. "I could not do more than tender them a note of thanks, nor less than withdraw, and performing both, the doctor politely let me down stairs," he wrote, with a grim sense of humor.

The community was shocked. A storm of protests was raised. A reorganization followed. Drake was reinstated; but he was too high-spirited to go on, under the circumstances, and detached himself from the movement absolutely.

This disgraceful episode came as near as anything could to crushing the man whom nothing could really destroy. The first resentment might have turned into a chronic bitterness had it not been that at this critical moment he was once more invited to become a member of the faculty of Transylvania. It was an open door of escape from his troubles and he entered it gladly, removing to Lexington with his family in the fall of 1823. The school was then at the height of its glory, and for three seasons he lectured and shone like a star of the first magnitude, even in the brilliant galaxy of professors who composed its most unusual faculty. Besides performing his onerous duties as a lecturer he built up a remunerative practice and became a powerful factor in social life. His satisfaction in these triumphs was dulled, however, by another terrible blow that was struck him. In October, 1825, his Harriet who had been to him "sweet-heart, wife, mother, companion, in fact everything," died and left him with all but a broken heart.

In 1826 for many and varied reasons—his family interests, his love for Cincinnati, the fascination of his wife's grave (she was buried here), he returned to his old home, and there he remained for three of the most quiet years of his turbulent life, practising his profession and taking that part in public affairs which his talents for such business ever afforded him.

Those who best knew the indomitable will of this unconquerable fighter were morally certain that he would never permanently abandon his purpose to dominate the school he had founded and which still continued to struggle forward. As a matter of fact, he had never ceased for a moment to hunt for some method by which he could regain his seat in the saddle, and his quick perceptions saw that it had come to him through an invitation to join the medical faculty of Jefferson College in Philadelphia. He had only to go there, he knew, and gain the *eclat* which he felt himself certain to secure, in order to return home and be lifted by a wave of popular admiration back into his old place.

It was a brilliant scheme and worked itself out like a mathematical problem. He leaped at once into fame as a lecturer even in that brilliant center of learning; but turned his back upon all the flattering prospects which opened before him to carry out his plan.

So confident was he of its success that he suddenly reappeared in his old haunts bringing with him John Eberle, James M. Stoughton, Thomas D. Mitchell and John F. Henry, a group of brilliant scholars to whom he held out the most dazzling hopes of fame and fortune. He succeeded; but he also failed—a fate to which he seemed predestined. The school fell into his hands like a ripe plum. He reorganized it to suit himself; but the old troubles broke out anew, and at the end of the session of 1831-32 he gave it up again.

It was in this period of retirement from pedagogical work that he revealed his extraordinary talent for social life. He lived with two young daughters just growing into womanhood at the corner of Vine and Baker streets, and gradually gathered about him in a loosely organized association the most refined people in the city.

Professor Stowe of Lane Seminary and Harriet Beecher (Stowe); General and Mrs. Edward King; Albert Pickett and many others who had or afterwards did achieve distinction, formed a brilliant circle of which their host was always the glowing and attractive center. It was out of a wooden bowl made from the



RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR JOHN F. B. FISKE AND MAIN STREET
AT CINCINNATI ABOUT 1870



LITTLE MIAMI STREET CAR LINE AND
EAST ON FOURTH STREET FROM VINE
SHOWING FIRST STREET CAR LINE IN CINCINNATI
ABOUT 1890 TO 1900



SHOWING FIRST STREET CAR LINE IN CINCINNATI
ABOUT 1890 TO 1900
AT THE POINT WHERE THE CAR LINE
CROSSED THE RIVER AT THE CITY



CINCINNATI WESLEYAN FEMALE
COLLEGE

Located on Vine Street, between Sixth and
Seventh, 1850. The present site is occupied
by the Cincinnati Enquirer Building.



ST. XAVIER COLLEGE IN 1900

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"Buckeye" and tastefully decorated with the leaves and blossoms of that beautiful tree that he dispensed non-alcoholic beverages and helped to give that tree its fame. About those gatherings there was an indefinable charm which has perpetuated their memory and will forever keep it green.

It was during this period also that he helped to found the College of Teachers, the influence of which was wide-reaching and profound. Such men as Albert Pickett, Alexander Kinmont, James H. Perkins, Alexander McGuffey and Bishop Purcell co-operated with him, and few things which he did accomplished more for the public weal.

In the midst of activities like these and others, in the spheres of politics, art and science, it would have seemed that even his boundless energies might have been absorbed. Nothing, however, could cool the ardor of his antagonism to the enemies who had succeeded at every turn in thwarting his plans for that "School of Medicine." He was a good hater and never lost a chance to strike a blow at the men who robbed him of the child of his hopes, and as he firmly and even *terribly* believed prostituted to base purposes—a conviction which must serve to modify our condemnation of what must otherwise seem bitterness and revenge.

In 1835 the affairs of the Medical College of Ohio were in a very bad way and to Drake the despairing promoters turned for aid. Upon one condition and no other he offered to render it, viz., the immediate and final dismissal of the entire faculty. In that faculty, however, there was a man as determined as Drake himself, an Irishman by the name of John Morehead. Unable to manage the institution successfully himself, he utterly refused to give way to his hated rival, and Drake, believing that the last hope of ever being reinstated had now sunk below the horizon, determined to try another plan. One path to take was left. He could, he would and he did establish a rival school. The opportunity to do this successfully seemed open in connection with the educational institution known as the Cincinnati College. It was founded in 1814 as a "Lancastrian School;" but, the ideas proving less practicable than was hoped, it was rechartered in 1819 as a literary college or university. It was under this charter that in 1835 Drake, with the assistance of enthusiastic friends, opened the "Medical Department of the Cincinnati College," with Joseph N. McDowell; Samuel S. Gross; Horatio B. Jameson; Landon C. Rives; James B. Harrison and Daniel Drake as its corps of teachers.

The rivalry between the two schools degenerated almost into open war. The Medical College had precedence in time; prestige and equipment; but the "Medical Department" had *Drake*! And besides Drake it had a faculty of men whose characters and attainments were so extraordinary that for four years, in spite of opposition, debts and obstacles of a hundred kinds, they maintained a medical institution which was the glory of the west. But in 1839 it went the way of all the earth and justified the keen and bitter epigram of John S. Billings, who said of Drake that he was "the great organizer and the great disorganizer; the great founder and the great founderer" of medical institutions.

If this pitiable catastrophe justified one part of the epigram, the next step in Drake's career justified the other. The "Medical College" had survived the downfall of the "Medical Department;" but while it still lived it did not truly have a being. The forces of dissolution were at work and its friends could

plainly see that it needed to be regvanized. One man and one alone could do it and to him they turned. Upon conditions which seemed to promise well an offer was made to Drake which he accepted; but insincerity and perhaps deception characterized the deal. The situation from the first was painful, and at the end of the year intolerable, and he quietly resigned. It was like the explosion of a bomb shell and the commotion which broke out in town together with the swift dramatic happenings in the college itself, read like a drama for the stage.

Our present business is, however, not to follow them but to pursue the thorny pathway over which our hero walked. His steps seemed ordered by a mysterious power which no sooner closed one door to usefulness than it opened another. Worn out and disgusted with his year's work, he was contemplating what seemed an almost hopeless future when he received a call to the Louisville Medical Institute and, accepting in 1840, spent the next ten years of his life in that city.

It was there that, while winning new renown as lecturer, teacher and practitioner, he completed his monumental work "Diseases of the Interior Valley of North America." Upon its merits and the international fame it brought him, his biographers love to linger; but in a narrative so brief and so strictly concerned with the relation of the man to the city whose history we are writing, it will be necessary that our story should move swiftly forward to the time of his return to Cincinnati.

In 1849 the Medical College was passing through another of its periodical cataclysms and was again in need of help. Once more it turned to Drake and begged him to come back to save it from destruction. It was a plea to which his whole heart responded, and at the opening of the thirteenth session on November 5, 1849, he reappeared, grayer and older, but as erect and commanding as ever. A tumult of applause burst forth when he entered the classroom. It was such a welcome as few men ever get, and evoked such a response as few men have ever been able to utter.

"My heart," he said, in a tumult of emotion, "still turned to my first love, your alma mater. Her image, glowing in the warm and radiant tints of earlier life, was ever in my view. Transylvania had been reorganized in 1819, and included in its faculty Professor Dudley, whose surgical fame had already spread throughout the west, and that paragon of labor and perseverance, Professor Caldwell, now a veteran octogenarian. In the year after my separation I was recalled to that; but neither the eloquence of colleagues, nor the greeting of the largest classes which the university ever enjoyed, could drive that beautiful image from my mind. After four sessions I resigned and was subsequently called to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia; but the image mingled with my shadow; and when we reached the summit of the mountain it bade me stop and gaze upon the silvery cloud which hung over the place where you now assemble. Afterward in the medical department of Cincinnati College I lectured with men of power to young men thirsting for knowledge, but the image still hovered round me. I was then invited to Louisville, became a member of one of the ablest faculties ever embodied in the west and saw the halls of the university rapidly filled. But when I looked on the faces of four hundred students, behold! the image was in their midst. While there I prosecuted an extensive course of personal inquiry into the causes and cure of diseases of the interior valley of the

continent; and in journeyings by day and journeyings by night on water and on land, while struggling through the matted rushes where the Mississippi mingles with the gulf, or camping with the Indians and Canadian boatmen, under the pines and birches of Lake Superior, the image was still my faithful companion and whispered sweet words of encouragement and hope. I bided my time; and, after twice doubling the time through which Jacob waited for Rachel, the united voices of the tutors and the professors has called me to the chair which I held in the beginning."

The bright dream which these enthusiastic words revealed soon faded and the dreamer awoke to the miserable reality of new and irrepressible dissensions in the faculty. The disillusionment was unendurable and, resigning at the end of the year, he went back to Louisville to be received with open arms. But this was not the last oscillation of the pendulum of his troubled life. Once more he was invited to return to the same old task and did so; but contracted a cold at the great meeting in honor of Daniel Webster and died on the 6th day of November, 1852.

"He had made his peace with God," wrote his distinguished son-in-law, Alexander H. McDuffy, "and was resigned to meet his Maker. A few hours before his death, when loudly called by a familiar voice, he would partially open his eyes; and during the forenoon he made faint efforts to swallow the fluids which were placed in his mouth. But the lethargy steadily gained ground and his breathing became more and more labored until about five o'clock, when his pulse became imperceptible and his breathing less heavy. His breathing became gentler and shorter till at last it ceased so gradually that we could not say when his lungs ceased their functions. But just at his solemn moment, when all eyes were fixed on the face of the departed, he closed his mouth most naturally, drew up and placed upon the breast his right hand which had for hours lain motionless by his side, the eyes opened and beamed with an unearthly radiance, as if at the same time clasping and reflecting the glories of heaven and—the spirit was with God who gave it."

His funeral was a public demonstration of such grief as cities seldom feel over the loss of even the greatest men. He was laid to rest in Spring Grove cemetery by the side of the grave of the wife of his youth, and a monument was erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Daniel Drake, a learned and distinguished physician, an eminent teacher of the medical art, a citizen of exemplary virtue and public spirit, a man rarely equalled in all the qualities which adorn social and domestic life. His fame is indelibly written in the records of his country. His good deeds impressed on public beneficent institutions, endure forever. He lived in the fear of God and died in the hope of salvation."

"He who rests here was an early inhabitant and untiring friend of the city of Cincinnati, with whose prosperity his fame is inseparably connected."

It is this final tribute which most concerns us now. "He was," indeed, "an untiring friend of the city of Cincinnati," and for this virtue we especially revere his name and dwell upon his life and labors. If this tribute to his memory seems disproportionately long, it is because one of the supreme purposes of this history is to hold him up as a type and symbol of *philopolism*, and in order to do this effectively we must dwell still longer and more fully on his life.

It would be unfair to the memory of so great a man not to note and emphasize those remarkable achievements which were only the incidents of his professional life. It has to be said and reiterated that there was not a movement for civic betterment to which he did not lend his influence. In fields so widely disconnected from his scientific career, as commerce, for example, he was unsurpassed as a promoter of progress. He sketched the routes of the canals by which the business of the city was enlarged. He developed the lines along which the railroads of the future were to be opened. He helped to establish the banking system by which the great problems of finance were solved.

In the field of ethics he strove to promote honesty and sobriety and was one of the earliest and most uncompromising foes of slavery.

In the field of religion he helped to found our churches and to inspire the feelings of reverence for the Supreme Being and those hopes of the immortality which alone can keep the hearts of men enthralled with the love of righteousness.

He was an orator and stirred the masses who heard him speak on the great problems of individual life and civic progress to noble ideals and heroic endeavors. He possessed a talent for literature which lacked only the influences of classic education to place him in the front rank of our authors. How little does this idyl of love lack of belonging to the highest order of poetry!

“Ye clouds that veil the setting sun
Dye not your robes of red;
Thou chaste and beauteous rising morn
Thy wildest radiance shed.

Ye stars that gem the vault of heaven
Shine mellow as you pass;
Ye falling dews of early even,
Rest calmly on the grass.

Ye fitful zephyrs as ye rise,
And run your way along,
Breathe softly out your deepest sighs
And wail your gloomiest song.

Thou lonely widowed bird of night
As on this sacred stone
Thou mayest in wandering chance to light
Pour forth thy saddest moan.

Ye giddy throng who laugh and stray
Where notes of sorrow sound
And mock the funeral vesper-lay
Tread not this holy ground.

For here my sainted Harriet lies,
I saw her hallowed form
Laid deep below, no more to rise
Before the judgment morn.”

It does lack something! It is too sophisticated to have been written by Burns, for he had just enough culture to destroy the utter simplicity of the Bard of Ayr. It is too naive to have been written by Barry Cornwall, for he still carried about with him the traces of his rude, untutored life in the forests of the new world. And what was true of his poetry was not less so of his prose, in which there are wonderful flights of imagination. But however near he came to the higher forms of art, even in his soaring passages about the beauties of nature, he always fell a little short. And yet you cannot possibly doubt his genius.

The earliest of his biographers felt it deeply. E. D. Mansfield was a man of profound insight, and his life of Drake is full of an admiration whose genuineness breathes from every page.

His old co-laborer, Dr. Gross, the second of the historians of his life, felt it and could not repress his enthusiasm. "Drake was a handsome man with fine blue eyes and manly features. He had a commanding presence, being nearly six feet tall, having a fine intellectual forehead. His step was light and elastic, his manners simple and dignified. He was always well dressed and around his neck he had a long gold watch chain which rested loosely upon his vest. He was a great lecturer. His voice was clear and strong, and he had the power of expression which amounted to genuine eloquence. When under full sway every nerve quivered and his voice could be heard at a great distance. At such times his whole soul would seem on fire. He would froth at the mouth, swing to and fro like a tree in a storm, and raise his voice to the highest pitch. With first course students he was never popular, not because there was anything disagreeable in his manner, but because few of them had been sufficiently cultivated to seize the import of his utterance."

These are the testimonies of his contemporaries. You will be mistaken if you think that the keen observers of another age are less inspired. Within a few short years Dr. Otto Juettner was caught by the enchantment of this singularly gifted man and has produced a tribute to his life and character which is indisputable proof of his own ability to comprehend genius and to enshrine it in a worthy memorial.

On the seventy-first page of "Daniel Drake and His Followers" you may read this sober, just and discriminating analysis.

"In following Drake through his long, eventful life we are struck with the versatility of his talents. He was indeed a singularly gifted man. In addition to this he was distinctly a man of affairs, full of ambition, energy and determination. He had a quick, intuitive judgment and grasped a situation with remarkable facility. Like Bacon, he identified an underlying principle almost coincidentally with recognizing the fact which embodied it. In his reasoning from facts to ideas he was rapid, intense and incisive. He would have made a good professor of philosophy, and yet he was emotional to a degree and could mix flights of fancy and logical evolution, easily and skilfully. He was therefore a natural orator who could harmonize a political gathering or a religious meeting with equal success. He would have made a capital actor. He was always ready to talk. Artful silence was foreign to him. He would have been a Machiavelli, a Talleyrand or a Moltke, if he had been able to use his tongue for the purpose of hiding rather than divulging his thoughts. He would have made an ideal preacher because his mind, his heart and his tongue were perfectly attuned. He had no

fitness to be a politician in the pulpit, on the rostrum or in the lecture chair. If he had been less scrupulously honest he would have made a good lawyer. Constituted as he was, he would have made a better incumbent of the bench than member of the bar. He was a protester by nature, an iconoclast by cultivation, a reformer by force of habit. Taking him all in all, he was best fitted for the medical profession, using the latter term in its pure and ideal sense. To him, truth was everything. When he founded the Medical College of Ohio he was moved by an ideal which he wished to embody in the interests of science and *pro bono publico*. When he founded the Commerce Hospital he was animated by the love of humanity and of scientific progress. The petty schemes of the latter-day medical politician who seeks his own gain were foreign to him. Colleges, hospitals and medical societies are frequently used by the small medical politician as stepping-stones or pedestals. Large men like Drake do not need either. A man like Drake lifts the college, the hospital and the society to his level. The small medical politician debauches them by pulling them down to his own level. This is the difference between men of the Daniel Drake type and his small imitators of later days."

To have walked the same streets which Daniel Drake trod and to help in even the feeblest way to carry on his work and to realize his fine ideals is a privilege, indeed.

And how many other such noble and beautiful lives there were in those early days! It would be a joy to give to each his due; but it would take too much time and space to glorify all the separate stars of the shining constellation. Many must be omitted and a few words be made to do for others.

ETHAN ALLEN BROWN, jurist and statesman, was born in Darien, Conn., July 4, 1776, and died in Indianapolis, Ind., February 24, 1852. He was educated by an Irish scholar and acquired a critical knowledge of languages. He read law in the office of Alexander Hamilton, was admitted to the bar in 1802, and returned to the west with his cousin, Captain John Brown, in 1804. He settled in Cincinnati and soon acquired an extensive practice. He was a judge of the supreme court of Ohio from 1810-1818 and governor of the state from 1818-1822.

Resigning the governorship to accept a seat in the United States senate, he was a member of that body until 1825. From 1825 to 1830 he was canal commissioner for the state of Ohio. President Jackson appointed him minister to Brazil in 1830 and he served until 1834. He was commissioner of the land office from 1835 to 1836, when he removed to Rising Sun, Indiana. In 1824 he was a member of the Indiana state assembly.

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH was born in Newark, New Jersey, 1782, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1863. His father was a tory in the revolution, and for this offence had his large property confiscated, so that his son passed his youth in poverty. He was a clerk in a brother's store in South Carolina in his youth, but removed to Cincinnati in 1803, where he became a lawyer and accumulated a large fortune which he invested, mainly, in real estate. After twenty-five years of practice he retired to devote himself to the cultivation of the grape with a view to the manufacture of wine, but using the foreign varieties exclusively, he was unsuccessful until 1828, when he introduced native vines on their seedlings and produced from the Catawba and Isabella grapes wine of a market-



THE LONGWORTH HOMESTEAD, GRANDIN ROAD



GRIFFIN TAYLOR HOME

On the northwest corner of Third and Vine Streets. He was first president of the Chamber of Commerce. To the left is Shires' Garden

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able value. He had two hundred acres of vineyards and a large wine house in the vicinity of the city, where he also experimented in the culture of the strawberry. The culture of the grape finally proved unsuccessful and the business was abandoned—a failure which might have been avoided (so a letter from the government just received affirms) had he and his co-laborers known how to fight the insects which destroyed the vines.

Mr. Longworth was a man of marked personality; kindly but eccentric and by his peculiarities lent a charm to life. His benevolences were all in behalf of those unfortunates whom he called the "Devil's Poor." His sense of humor was keen. "Longworth," says Mr. Cist, "is a problem and a riddle; a problem worthy of the study of those who delight in exploring that labyrinth of all that is hidden and mysterious, the human heart. He is a wit and a humorist of a high order; of keen sagacity and shrewdness in many other respects than money matters; one who can be exact to a dollar and liberal, when he chooses, with thousands; of marked peculiarity and tenacity in his own opinions and yet of abundant tolerance to the opinions however extravagant of others. A man of great public spirit and sound general judgment."

"If the fact," he continues, "that a community has been made the better or the worse for an individual having existed in it, be, as a standard writer considers it, an unerring test of the character of that individual, there is no hazard in saying that Cincinnati is better off for Nicholas Longworth's having been an influential citizen of its community, and that putting him to this test, he has fulfilled his mission upon earth, not, indeed, as fully as he might have done, but as fully, perhaps, as one might have done who stood in his shoes."

"Is she a deserving object?" he asked, where his assistance for a widow was sought, and being told that her character was of the highest, he replied, "Very well, then, I shan't give a cent. Such persons will always find plenty to relieve them. I shall assist none but the idle, drunken, worthless vagabonds that nobody else will help. If you meet with such cases call upon me."

Mr. Longworth left a fortune of five or ten millions, and his son and grandson have occupied important places in the city, the state and the national government; the present Nicholas (who achieved great notoriety by winning as a bride the daughter of Theodore Roosevelt), being an honored representative of his native state in the national legislature.

WILLIAM CORRY was born in Virginia of Irish parentage, 1799. His father was killed at "King's Mountain." He was educated in common schools; worked a farm until he was twenty; and in 1788, invited by William McMillan, a relative, he came to Cincinnati. He studied law in McMillan's office and was admitted in 1803. After residing in Hamilton for brief periods, he returned to Cincinnati in 1811 to administer McMillan's estate. He settled with Ethan Stone in an old white frame double house on Main, between Fifth and Sixth. This house was the home of the Cincinnati Library (of which he was custodian) and the office of the trustees of the Medical College. When Corry was elected mayor it became a political center, and he, with the assistance of his marshal, James Chambers, ruled with an iron hand the lawless little town. Those were days when bowie knives were carried as commonly as tooth-picks; of street brawls and incipient riots. Corry judged the lawless element sternly and turned

its leaders over to Marshal Chambers, who passed them into the hands of Cunningham, the jailer.

After abandoning public life he practiced law and indulged the tastes of a scholar until his death at fifty-five in 1833.

DANIEL SYMMES, a nephew of John Cleves Symmes, was a ripe scholar, a profound thinker, a true patriot, an honest man and officer. Graduate of Princeton, state senator, judge of supreme court, register of land office and interested in everything until his death in 1817.

GENERAL JAMES FINDLAY was a Pennsylvanian who settled in Cincinnati during the Indian wars. In 1801 he was appointed United States marshal for the district of Ohio, being first to hold that office. After Congress had established a land office in Cincinnati, he was appointed receiver of public money, which position he held for many years until he voluntarily resigned. He commanded a regiment at Detroit in the Indian war and returned to Cincinnati after Hull's surrender. He was elected to Congress in 1825.

JOHN H. PIATT was born in Boone county, Kentucky, August 15, 1781, and died in Washington, D. C., February 11, 1822. He went to Cincinnati when young and accumulated a large fortune, having been the first banker west of the Alleghenies. When the war of 1812 broke out he contracted with the government to furnish the northwestern army with provisions. Congress having failed to make the necessary appropriations to carry out the contract, and the price of provisions having increased on account of the war, he went to Washington for the purpose of vacating his agreement. But upon receiving verbal assurances from the secretary of war that the difference in rate would be made up to him, he continued to embark his own means in the venture. The army under General Harrison was well supplied through his efforts; but after the war the government repudiated the verbal contract, and falling into dire straits for even enough money to meet his daily wants, he was thrown into prison for debt and died there.

Sixty years later the Supreme Court ordered the payment of his claims to his heirs, minus the interest.

DAVID K. ESTE was born in New Jersey in 1785 and educated in Princeton College. Arriving in Cincinnati in 1809 he interrupted his residence here by a brief sojourn in Hamilton; but returned in 1814 and remained until his death.

He was a lawyer and did business in partnership with Bellamy Storer from 1817 to 1821, and with Ezekiel Hines from 1830 to 1835. Subsequently he became the first judge of the superior court and presided with distinguished honor. He was a loyal Cincinnati, believing devoutly in her real estate and the greatness of her future. His residence at the corner of Ninth and Main was for many years a center of social life. His first wife was the daughter of General Harrison. He lived until well into his ninety-first year and died in possession of the respect and affection of his fellow-citizens.

REV. JOSHUA LACEY WILSON was born in Bedford county, Virginia, September 22, 1774, and at seven was taken by his parents to Kentucky. After receiv-

ing the best training which those primitive conditions allowed, the ambitious youth consecrated himself to the gospel ministry and was ordained by the Transylvania presbytery. At thirty he entered upon his work in Bardstown, Kentucky, where he remained until 1808, when he accepted the charge of the First Presbyterian church of Cincinnati, and remained in this position until his death in 1846. From the first to the last day of his career he was a leader of men and one of the most powerful forces in the life of the ever-growing town. "He had the ruggedness and severity of doctrinal conviction that impress while they dismay us in Hawthorne's pictures of Puritan New England. He prosecuted the trial of Lyman Beecher, his brother pastor, and pressed it to a conclusion, animated by the same spirit that was in Prym and Prynne in Mather and Eliot. The voice of Nicæa was not more binding upon Athanasius and Leo than was the truth as he had been taught it upon Dr. Wilson and no man ever spoke with less uncertain sound upon the principles of faith."—Rhodes.

"He was a man of ardent temperament with great energy and decision of character. The principles he once adopted he held with indomitable courage and unyielding tenacity. He was not only a Presbyterian, but one of the strictest sect. It was not strange therefore that he contended with earnestness for what he thought "the faith once delivered to the saints," and that in this he sometimes appeared as much the soldier as the saint. In consequence of these characteristics many persons supposed him a harsh or bigoted man. But this was a mistake, unless to be in earnest is harshness and to maintain one's principles is bigotry. On the contrary, Dr. Wilson was kind, charitable and in those things he thought right, liberal. Among these was the great cause of popular education. Of this he was a most zealous advocate and demanded that education should be founded on religion and the Bible should be a primary element in all public education."—Mansfield.

One cannot help reflecting upon the prodigality of nature as he gazes at the faces and contemplates the sterling characters of these extraordinary old men. To spend so much time in making them only to throw them away seems reckless, even to wickedness in our finite judgment. It is like gathering money, or carving statues, or painting pictures, only to throw them in the sea, we often think. The waste of all the wealth of experience, of wisdom, of charity, of affections garnered up in those brave old hearts, seems terrible indeed. We should have saved them, ourselves. To be able to go and take council of old Martin Baum about "the nine-foot stage" of the river; with old Nicholas Longworth about the Kessler Park plans; with Dr. Drake about the public school system; with Dr. Wilson about the religious condition of the city—would not that be a privilege? Alas, our prodigal mother, consumed by an eternal passion for reproduction, has touched the eyes of these ancient worthies with her sleep bestowing finger and laid them away in their narrow resting places for purposes we know not of, while forever and forever more she gives birth to new and not less wonderful souls. Other children of hers will appear upon the stage, excite our admiration and disappear like them, as the different phases of our city's life unfold to view.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE CITY—1819.

TIDE OF IMMIGRATION BECOMES A FLOOD—THE BURG OF CINCINNATI RECEIVES A CITY CHARTER—TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES INCREASE—THE OHIO AND MIAMI CANALS—RAILROADS—THE PANIC OF 1820-1822—CHOLERA EPIDEMIC—PUBLIC SERVICE—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS—CHURCHES—NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

1819-1839.

The stream of history down whose currents we have been gliding now begins to broaden and deepen. Already we are growing conscious of a new complexity in the affairs of this little frontier community. Up to this point it has been very simple; but the transition now beginning is like passing from a room where the women of a household sit spinning and weaving, to a great mill where power looms are thundering.

The tide of immigration from the east had now become a flood. Glorious visions of adventure, of achievement and of wealth were tempting people from across the seas, even, to the Utopia on the banks of the Ohio, and the valley of that great river was filling like a reservoir.

A census in 1818 had disclosed the fact that the population of Cincinnati had swelled to such a number as to entitle it to pass from the rank of a town into that of a city, as it had passed from that of a village into a town. In the first directory (the third of our actually historic volumes) published by Oliver Farnsworth in 1819, the total number of inhabitants was placed at 10,283, and the number of buildings at 1,890. The new courthouse (known, however, in history as the old courthouse) had just been completed and so had the jail, the one standing on the site of the present temple of justice and the other on Sycamore street above where it is crossed by the canal. Other buildings of a not unpretentious character, some for private residences and some for public purposes, had sprung up. There were new churches, for example, and the big new woolen factory and the glass manufactory and the sawmill run by ox power (which sawed eight hundred thousand feet of boards annually) and the sugar refinery with a capacity of one hundred and eighty thousand pounds a year, and the Lancaster Seminary and innumerable minor institutions and organizations housed as best they could be in the crowded little metropolis. Metropolis it was, the mart of trade and the center of life for the whole, boundless west, throbbing with life and burning with vast ambitions.

It was time, therefore, that it should become a city in name as well as in fact, and a great day it was when the wonderful change took place; when the youth attained majority. We smile at the little burg inflated by this natural pride, today, and try in vain to imagine how it appeared pretentiously spreading itself over a little area whose outermost bounds were still far from the feet of the surrounding hills.

It was by an act of legislature passed on the 5th of February, 1819, that the change was consummated. As the same person who was a boy at night becomes a man in the morning without a visible evidence of change, a town becomes a city in a day without a sign discernible to human eyes. And yet the transition is actual and revolutionary, if not catastrophic. At every step we shall behold new evidences of strength, of purpose and of power.

Charter 1819.

The original charter by which this so significant a change was effected continued in force until March 1, 1827, and during that time the city had but a single mayor, Isaac G. Burnet. The aldermen were David E. Wade, William Burke and Francis Carr. The council was presided over successively by Jesse Hunt, William Oliver, Samuel Perry, Calvin Fletcher and Lewis Howell, and met in the brick townhouse on the common until 1824, at which time quarters were rented in Francis Carr's brick building at the northwest corner of Third and Hammond streets. Here were the city offices until 1828.

Charter of 1827.

A second act of incorporation was passed January 26, 1827, defining the duties of the officers anew. Under this charter Isaac G. Burnet was again elected mayor and served four years more until replaced by Elisha Hotchkiss in 1831. He remained in office a single term and was followed by Samuel W. Davis, whose occupancy remained undisturbed for ten years.

Charter of 1834.

A third act of incorporation seemed necessary, and was recorded on March 1, 1834. Superseding as it did the charter of 1827, it remained the fundamental law of the city until the new state constitution of 1851, although amended frequently.

To study these changes of government so important then, so almost trivial now, is not a part of our purpose; a purpose which is rather impressionistic than realistic, and requires of us broad outlines rather than insignificant details. For all the ends we have in view, it is necessary only to note the fact that legally Cincinnati was a city during the period we are studying from 1819 to 1839 with a charter amended twice to meet the changing needs of the constantly expanding community.

It is ever with the soul of the city; its thoughts, its ideals, its developing consciousness of self, its personality, that we are concerned; and with its outward form, its physical condition, its government, its institutions only so far as they disclose it or become the instruments of its development or vehicles of advancement.

By what means then are we to discover how this growth took place?

Directory of 1819.

In the first place there is the directory of 1819 which, crude as it is, possesses an inestimable value. Then follow the directories of 1831, 1834 and 1836. Each repeats a great deal of previous information, but keeping pace also with the changing conditions and the ceaseless development. If there were no other

sources at all, a sufficiently accurate conception of the period could be derived from them alone. There are fortunately, however, *many* other sources, vivid; suggestive and illuminative, by which the dead past is resurrected from its grave and made to live once more. Some of these are the reminiscences of old people who lingered long upon the stage, and others the letters written by visitors who recorded their impressions at the moment they were registered upon the mind. Among these visitors there were distinguished, brilliant and competent observers, each one of whom beheld the phenomenal community from a different angle, and represented it according to his own individual conception. Contradictory as they often are, there is still a surprising general agreement that the little city upon the banks of the Ohio was a miracle of industry, intelligence, culture and promise. Some of these portrayals were narrow and partisan; others were bitter and ironical; but every one of them is replete with the impression that here in the wilderness was a community with a personal equation that indicated an illustrious and even glorious future.

In May, 1826 *e. g.* came his highness, Bernard, duke of Saxe -Weimar Eisenach, who seemed principally impressed by the merits of Mack's Hotel.

In 1827, a noted Englishman (W. Bullock) traveling with his wife, arrived from New Orleans by "the beautiful steamboat George Washington, built at Cincinnati, and certainly the first fresh water vessel I had seen." Nor did he admire the city less than the boat; but, in fact became enthusiastic to such a degree that he decided to remain here permanently, and actually purchased the property of Mr. Carneal across the river, consisting of a thousand acres. He named it "Elmwood Place," intending to develop it into a magnificent estate, but his plans and hopes fell through and he finally returned to his native land. In the first period of his infatuation, his admiration for Cincinnati knew no bounds. "The valley about the city was as beautiful as Devon," he wrote.

In "Cincinnati in 1826," the product of the joint labors of Benjamin Drake and E. D. Mansfield, we possess a classic. Both of the authors were men of unusual gifts and devoted themselves with a genuine enthusiasm to the production of a complete *resume* of the most important facts about the city they loved with all their hearts.

Benjamin Drake was the brother of Daniel. He studied and practised law but preferred a literary life. At various times he edited the *Cincinnati Chronicle* and was the author of a number of quasi-historical works.

E. D. Mansfield was the son of Colonel Jared Mansfield and was for many years prominent among our most conspicuous and useful men. Much of his boyhood was spent in the old Israel Ludlow homestead, but his youth was passed in the east, where he was educated in the military academy at West Point, and afterwards at Princeton. In 1825 he returned to Cincinnati, drawn back by attachments too strong to be resisted. His original intention of practising law was abandoned for that of literature, and he became a journalist of national repute. In addition to distinguished achievements in this realm he acquired fame as the author of several books, among which his "Memoir of Daniel Drake" and "Personal Memoirs" are of unusual and even priceless value. It was his own beautiful soul that enabled him so fully to appreciate the character of Dr. Drake. Nothing could be more fitting than the peaceful close of a life so pure, so gentle and so useful, in a charming country residence, near Morrow, Ohio.

The work of Drake and Mansfield "Cincinnati in 1826" was to a certain sense official as the council appropriated \$75.00 of the city funds to help them in its publication, and is in the highest degree authoritative.

Mrs. Trollope.

In 1828 there came to Cincinnati from England a very remarkable woman by the name of Mrs. Frances Trollope, from whose caustic comments upon the city of her adoption we derive some of our most vivid conceptions of those early days. She had determined, it appears, to throw in her fortunes with the people who were creating a great city in a western wilderness, and decided to set her son up in a business most unique for such a place as Cincinnati. For this purpose she erected an amazing building which was to be used as a bazaar and to contain such wonders as would astonish the natives of this new world and make them disgorge their ever increasing wealth to see its sights. Mrs. Trollope's judgment was evidently as unsound as her resources were inadequate. She found herself unable to pay for the construction of the building and after losing it (and her courage) went back to England to wreak her vengeance on the city which had witnessed her failure, in a description which enraged the people about whose city it was written.

It was so gross an exaggeration as to be almost a caricature; but now that the persons interested are dead and gone and time has set all things in their true perspective, we cannot help but smile at the discomfiture of the complacent citizens who, for the first time, were made to see themselves as those with keen and whimsical vision saw them.

Afflicted with that characteristic "density" of the English mind, Mrs. Trollope missed the most essential elements in the phenomena she tried to comprehend and describe. That which was genuine and significant escaped her vision because so thickly overlaid with those artificial, ephemeral, extravagant characteristics which develop so luxuriantly in pioneer life. These things she did see and lampooned them well. Under her biting observations about their crudeness and stinging criticisms of their rudeness, the suddenly awakened Cincinnatians writhed, protested and denounced. But we cannot help the feeling that Mrs. Trollope's letter after all presents a picture far more realistic than a more careful and fairminded study could possibly have produced.

In 1861 Mrs. Trollope's distinguished and gifted son Anthony returned to America and found that the bazaar after passing through experiences that were positively melodramatic had become a "Physico-Medical Institute" and its proprietor confessed with undisguised disappointment that no one else ever made a dollar out of it and that, for himself, he had not the faintest expectation of accomplishing what they could not.

Atwater.

In the month of May, 1829, Caleb Atwater, a distinguished historian residing in Circleville, Ohio, passed through Cincinnati and recorded impressions which were far more sane, if considerably less meaty, than those of Mrs. Trollope. To him its future was as brilliant as its present was impressive, and he thought it would be the metropolis of the state unless surpassed by Cleveland and possibly Zanesville!

These visitors were followed by Captain Thomas Hamilton, another Englishman, and in 1832 came Godfrey Vigne, Charles Hoffman, Michel Chevalier, John W. Ellis and Harriet Martineau, Charles Augustus Murray and Captain Marryat, all of whom have left invaluable information as to those far-off days. The most brilliant person among them all, however, was Harriet Martineau, who visited Cincinnati in 1835 and concluded that it ought to be the capital of the United States and that it would be the most desirable place in America for a permanent residence.

Every page of these letters is replete with interest and they may be found *in extenso* in another portion of this book; but are only mentioned here to reveal the sources of information on the state of affairs in the first decade or two of our life as a city.

Besides these letters there are, of course, the files of newspapers and some printed reminiscences, of which those of the so-called "Old Man" (gossipy and vivid to a high degree) are the most important; and last but not least there are the paintings and engravings which have preserved for us pictures far more realistic than any that could be drawn by words alone.

As a fitting summary of the facts embodied in these various sources and as an introduction to the period under contemplation, let us read a paragraph from "Cincinnati, Past and Present" in which George Warren eloquently presents the town, which now as if a beautiful dissolving view is about to become a city:

"Cincinnati in 1817 was a bright, beautiful and flourishing little city. It extended from the river to Sixth street and not much beyond those limits. The courthouse which stood upon the same ground as the present one, was considered to be in the country and its location an outrage on the citizens. The houses were beautifully interspersed with vacant lots, not yet sold, which were covered with grass. The city contained about nine hundred inhabitants. These were then called girls and boys and men and women. The fuel was wood except in factories. The people generally had clean faces for the men shaved and did not allow their faces to be covered with hair and dirt. There was an air of comfort pervading everything. In summer the women dressed as they pleased; but the men usually went to church in summer dresses. Sometimes they wore linen vests and roundabouts and woolen pants. The people were enterprising and industrious; a pedestrian could hardly walk a square without encountering a brick wagon or stone wagon, or seeing a new cellar being dug. Industrious mechanics would be met hurrying to and fro and in their working dress. A bricklayer would not hide his trowel, nor a carpenter his hatchet, under his coat. Everything gave promise of the city's continued prosperity; but a desire to become rich had led too many into wild speculations on borrowed money from the United States bank and other banks. They were willing to lend to almost anyone who could get two endorsers. This was no difficult maxim for it had got to be a maxim "You endorse for me and I endorse for you." Some persons not worth a dollar bought lots and built houses on speculation. Others bought wild lands, built steamboats, etc. Some who had become rich in imagination began to live in a style ill suited to their real condition."—Past and Present, Greve, 496.

A few brief words occasionally convey impressions so manifold, so accurate and so comprehensive as to set before the mind an almost perfect conception of

situations and even eras. These do, both of the town as it was and of the crisis which awaited it.

From these sources, therefore, we are now to strive to reproduce in thought the little new made city. What we shall feel most deeply is that the city "found herself," that she "came to her own," that she acquired her individuality and achieved her destiny through grappling again and again with *the same old problems*, and, only occasionally, with new ones. Some cities evolve through struggles a thousand times more dramatic; one by incessant fighting with an enemy forever thundering at the gates; another by heroically resisting a long line of municipal tyrants; another by battling with earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, pestilence, famine and what not. Their histories are far more exciting, but not one whit more instructive to minds capable of being interested in these essential things—development through effort and resistance; no matter of what kind. The characters of Cromwell, Napoleon, Frederick the Great and Augustus Adolphus were formed or hardened amidst the din of arms and scenes of terror; but those of Melancthon and Erasmus, Spencer and Shakespeare, Tennyson and Carlyle, in circumstances where they acquired an equal dignity and charm by conflicts with poverty, loneliness, misunderstanding, or possibly luxury and flattery. Does this diminish the fascination of the process or the result?

In the study of this new period we shall find that progress was made and wealth created and character formed by the old, old struggles to solve the problems of food and water supplies, of fire and police protection, of education, religion, art, etc.; but always, in each new period, it is the *new conditions* which render those problems ever new and their solutions of perennial interest.

Let us begin almost at random with the problems of business, then take up the public utilities, and finally consider the evidences of an ever developing culture.

We have learned that the application of steam power to river transportation marked an era in the history of our city. The change began during the period of its existence as a town; but it was not until about the time when the *city charter* was secured that the full significance of the new industry was discovered. It became apparent then that prodigious movements were on foot and that an era of immeasurable commercial expansion had set in.

But aside from the mighty impulse communicated to life by the increase of business, a result of another character, but not of less importance followed. This was a more intimate contact of the people with the great outside world. The principal peril of such remote and isolated communities is, of course, provincialism. There had been a parochial narrowness in society, business and religion; but now the reduction of time in the trips to and fro from the great centers of culture in the east made possible a more rapid interchange of ideas. The citizens could take more frequent excursions to Philadelphia, Washington, New York and Boston; newspapers and periodicals could bring information about the big, outside world, and, above all, the tide of immigration and travel increased to such a degree that every day and almost hour brought to their hotels and places of business, their streets, their houses, their churches, an ever increasing throng of people who were in the closest possible touch with the largest interests of life. In 1829, for example, 497 steamboats carrying 8,318 passengers tied up at the wharves!

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PUBLIC LANDING AT THE RIVER FRONT ABOUT 1830

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PUBLIC LANDING AT THE RIVER FRONT

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No other single aspect of life increased the charm of existence in the young metropolis to such a degree as this constant influx of strangers. New faces were seen at every turn, new languages were heard, and new ideas stimulated the brains of people. New ambitions stirred their hearts and a new enjoyment, that of river travel, enhanced the charm of existence. The luxury of a journey to Pittsburgh or New Orleans in an elegant steamer with refined companions was as great in that day as is ocean travel in our own. Life on those boats was unique. It was not altogether moral, nor even sane; but it was exciting and it was enlarging and it told tremendously in the broadening out of the views of the people. It is a fair question whether at any time in the history of America people have ever enjoyed travel more. The novelty of such excursions has worn off today; but at that time they were so unprecedented as to possess the freshness of a child's trip into fairyland, or a grown man's into Brobdignag or Lilliput. No one who took a trip on such a boat could keep his parochial views of life intact. His vision widened, whether he would or no, and he grew to be a cosmopolitan. In fact, at that time, the life of the little city was cosmopolitan to a wonderful degree.

Unquestionably, it was the river traffic which exerted the deepest influence upon life and afforded the greatest opportunity for enterprise; but there was another factor scarcely less important. This was, of course, the opening of the canals.

Canals.

As early as 1815, Dr. Drake had taken up the problem of such transportation in his usual vigorous way and eloquently advocated the construction of a vast system for the internal improvement of the state. In 1819 the matter was officially noticed by Governor Brown. In 1822 a Cincinnatian whose name is one of our greatest ornaments, Micajah T. Williams, prepared so exhaustive and convincing a report upon the whole subject that the legislature passed a bill to cover the expenses of a preliminary survey. In 1825 the construction of two of these canals was authorized—the "Ohio" and the "Miami." It was the latter which affected us most powerfully, of course, and alone deserves our attention.

Commencing at Dayton near the mouth of the Mad river, it descended the valley of the Miami, passing the villages of Miamisburg, Franklin, Middletown and Hamilton. At this point it left the Miami and took the course of the Mill creek to the upper level of Cincinnati. It was intended to connect this level with the Ohio river by proper locks and dams; but this was never done. The length of the canal between Dayton and Cincinnati was sixty-seven miles, and this link was completed in 1828. The inauguration of a work of such importance deserved some splendid ceremonial and DeWitt Clinton (the great promoter of canals in the east) was invited to be present and turn up the first shovelful of earth when ground was broken at Middletown. Governor Morrow and ex-Governor Brown were present and the principal citizens of Cincinnati, like Dr. Drake, E. D. Mansfield, Micajah Williams and others, participated in the exercises.

The opening of the canal was an event of first class importance in the life of our city. Roads into the state were wretched; communication was slow and rates of shipment almost prohibitive; but now the capacious boats gliding over

the smooth inland waters afforded the cheapest possible transportation and a most delightful mode of travel. For several decades the canal, therefore, played a more conspicuous part in the development of the young metropolis than it is easy for us now to understand, when these primitive waterways all over the state are falling into decay and we are doing our utmost to divert the waters of the Miami canal from their present useless course through our city and turn the spaces which they occupy into a boulevard and subway for our "interurbans."

A feeling of sadness and insecurity steals in upon the mind when reading of the sacrifices which our predecessors made to secure those instruments and vehicles of progress, the wrecks of which we see along the pathway of advancing civilization; but we must console ourselves by thinking that they served their generation and that they have been replaced by others better suited to the present needs.

Railroads.

The success which had attended the plan of propelling cars upon rails by use of steam in the East excited the emulation of the West, of course. Distance had been their principal obstacle to competition and to growth and here, at last, was the prospect of its annihilation. As early as in 1827 a Mr. Thomas, traveling through Cincinnati, was struck by the need of a railroad from Cincinnati to Charleston, South Carolina. He broached the matter to Joseph Walker immediately and to Morgan Neville later on. In 1830 an active interest in the project was awakened and a section extending to Louisville at least seemed feasible. A meeting was called for the purpose of realizing this bright dream and leading citizens took part; but the movement evidently was premature. The idea was too big; too new; too incomprehensible for all but those of the largest mould.

It was a curious feature of this tentative effort that the first conception of a line of transportation across country should have run southward instead of northward. Perhaps it was the difficulties of the route rather than the nature of the project which defeated it. At any rate, a year or two afterwards the scheme for a road up into Ohio instead of down through Kentucky and Tennessee to Charleston, excited a far more favorable attention. It was on the 23d of February, 1830, that Representative William B. Hubbard, of Columbus, submitted to the legislature a bill to incorporate the "Ohio Canal and the Steubenville R. R. Co.," and the quick response to the proposal set the wise men of Cincinnati to work upon schemes to connect themselves with the great outside world by means of the iron rails.

The railroad microbe had lodged itself in the system of the city and the city's head was throbbing with ambitious plans. There was the plan, *e. g.*, for the Cincinnati and St. Louis R. R. chartered in 1832; the Cincinnati, Columbus and Cleveland R. R. chartered in 1836; the Mad River and Lake Erie R. R.; the Covington and Lexington Road; and the Little Miami Road, which was the first of all to materialize. The proposed route lay along the Little Miami river and up the valley to Xenia, sixty-six miles away, and finally to Springfield (eighty-five miles), where it was to meet the Mad River and Lake Erie R. R. and so keep on to Sandusky.

We have seen wonderful revolutions wrought by new inventions in our own days—by the telephone, the electric motor and the gasoline engine, for example. But none have surpassed in their far-reaching results those that followed the introduction of the steam engine, and especially its use as a motor for land transportation. The opening of irrigating ditches into a western valley produces changes but little less startling than those which followed when business began to pour into Cincinnati over these new arteries of trade.

The steam and canal boats are therefore the two great factors in the progressive movements of the epoch from 1819 to 1839; but the building of country roads and turnpikes, together with the construction of bridges, went steadily forward at the same time and gradually cemented the connection between the city and the vast region from which it was drawing an ever-increasing trade. In these two decades this trade extended in all directions; to the north, the south, the east and the west, giving the growing community an ever greater prominence in the whole region and steadily multiplying the wealth of its inhabitants. Manufactories, banks, stores, shops, mills and business of every kind sprang up and grew with a rapidity hindered only by two tragedies of so dark a nature and so far-reaching an influence as to demand an extended consideration.

The Panic.

The story of that financial panic in the early "twenties" depresses the mind of the reader even at this far-off day, for it fell like a pall over the bright prospects of the growing city and shattered the fortunes of many of its noblest and most unselfish citizens. It is true, of course, that its victims had no one to blame but themselves for the disaster and its origin is to be traced almost solely to that insane optimism which develops in all new regions where men discover great natural opportunities and exploit them with reckless abandonment to the love of gain. To the minds of men in this abnormal condition the difference between real and fictitious values is substantially unrecognizable, and even the shrewdest and most far-sighted are likely to be victims of the wide-spreading mania for quick and extraordinary profits.

The story of the panic possesses not only a dramatic interest, but an educational value. It is an impressive experience to read of delusions as mad as our own in the brains of those shrewd old merchants of a hundred years ago, and we need to be taught that most difficult of lessons that in all speculative periods there is an universal madness. The mania for gambling is contagious and the sanest minds are crazed. About once in a decade, they tell us, the contagion stalks over the land. We have been its victims and shall be again unless we learn from our forbears the susceptibility of human nature to such wild hallucination. It would be as fascinating as it would be profitable to dwell at length upon this tragic story, if we had the time; but a meager outline of the great calamity is all our limitations will allow.

Panic—1820-1822.

In accordance with the plans in two branches had been opened in Cincinnati. By the arrangements had sent to t

t establishment of a national bank, Chillicothe and the other at Cincinnati and branch banks, the latter proved to be depreciated

paper and when it became evident that this was not a dependable asset, about \$900,000 of this "trash," as Judge Burnet called it, was sent to Cincinnati to be collected from the various banks that had issued it. This sudden cashing up, and the violent manner in which it was carried into effect, proved fatal. The wealth of the leading men of the city consisted largely in real estate which, under the circumstances, could be neither quickly nor advantageously sold. When, therefore, they were pushed for the hard cash with which to redeem their notes, a terrible panic followed. The attempt to dispose of their property (one to another) depreciated its value to such a degree that it seemed to have no worth at all and business houses and homes were sacrificed at an awful loss.

"As a result," says Judge Burnet, "the business of the city and vicinity was completely prostrated. Many of our most intelligent business men were ruined and Cincinnati did not recover from the shock for years. In 1820-1822, when this radical remedy was undertaken, the whole country was embarrassed and creditors found it everywhere necessary to indulge their debtors. Otherwise the whole west must have become assuredly a community of bankrupts. * * * It is a fact highly honorable to the persecuted debtors of that institution (the bank) that the statute of usury was not plead in a single instance; though it was a fact easy of proof that in at least one-half of the cases the defendants did not receive from the bank more than sixty or at most seventy per cent of the amount for which they gave their notes."

"This bank," wrote Colonel James Taylor, "was a large-sized shark, as it ate up all the small banks in the city, to-wit: the Miami Exporting Company, the Farmers and Mechanics Bank and the Bank of Cincinnati, together with other banks in Ohio. Many citizens in Cincinnati were injured by the bank—among them General Lytle (it broke him up), Judge Burnet, Mr. Carr, St. Clair Morris, William Baum and others.

"Lytle had to give up his homestead, now owned by Dr. Foster and others, and some tracts of land in Hamilton and Clermont counties. Burnet gave up his home where his, the Burnet house, now stands."

"When the crash came the citizens involved in the wild speculations which had preceded began to scatter like rats from a sinking ship. Sheriff Heckwilder complains that "his friends had taken a sudden notion to travel at the very time he most wanted them." Some fled east, some to Kentucky and some to the Lord knows where. It soon became impossible to get money anywhere. Building was entirely stopped. The spring of 1820 was a gloomy time. All business was brought to a sudden end. No more brick wagons, or stone wagons, or new cellars were to be seen in the streets. The mechanics, lately so blithe and cheerful, had gone in different directions in search of work at any price to keep themselves and families from starving. Almost any mechanic could be hired for fifty cents a day, working as was the custom from sunrise to sunset; few could get employment at that. They were willing to work at anything they could do at any price. One of our boss carpenters bought a wood-saw and buck and went about sawing wood. Our leading bricklayer procured a small patch of ground near the Brighton house and raised watermelons, which he sold himself in the market. The only professed sashmaker in the place, the late John Baker, Esq., who died not long ago a millionaire on Walnut Hills, procured a piece of woodland in the country and chopped wood, brought it to market, sitting on his load,

and sold it for one dollar and a half a cord. Other good mechanics went chopping wood in the country for thirty-seven and a half cents a cord. One of these was the late A. F. Ernst, Esq. The writer would have done the same, but no chance offered. There was no money and people everywhere going to market resorted to barter. A cabinet maker, for instance, would want two pounds of butter, amounting to twenty-five or thirty cents. Without a penny in his pocket he would take his basket, go to market, find a farmer who had some, take two pounds, and give him a table, bedstead or even a bureau, agreeing to take the rest out in truck, as he would call it. This could not be done by carpenters and masons. They would go into the country and build ovens or springhouses, and repair buildings, taking their pay when the work was done. Our merchants, being unable or unwilling to bring on fresh supplies of dry goods and groceries, these ran up to enormous prices; coffee was seventy-five cents and common coarse brown sugar thirty-seven and one-half cents a pound. Rye coffee, sweetened with molasses, was found a poor substitute; and we suffered considerably for want of our customary breakfast."

Public meetings were held to consider what must be done. At one of these Mr. Blake, an attorney, had expressed a fear that "our wives and children would starve!" Mr. Gazley, the next speaker (also an attorney), humorously replied: "Brother Blake is afraid our families will starve. I have but one child and don't fear it will starve. Brother Blake has none and *it* won't starve!" Country produce was never so low before nor since; but the difficulty lay in getting money to pay even these low prices. . . . A prominent and truthful citizen now living relates that, being then a young man living in the country, he brought to the lower market two dozen chickens. After standing there most of the forenoon a man offered him fifty cents a dozen if he would carry them to the Mill creek bridge. He accepted the offer and actually carried them the whole distance on his back. Finally it was found that money of some kind must be had. This induced some individuals to issue tickets, or little due bills, on their own credit. They were sometimes as low as six and one-fourth cents. Of these bankers, John H. Piatt and Mr. Leathers, of Covington, were the chief. This currency had different values according to people's estimate of the solvency of individuals. The corporation had issued tickets before this. In making contracts it had to be agreed what kind of money was to be received; so much in "Corporation," so much in "Piatt," so much in "Leathers." . . . Such was the scarcity of money that many who had purchased property and paid large amounts on it were willing to give up the money already paid to be released from paying the remainder."

The disaster was widespread and so terrible was the suffering of the people that public demonstrations were not infrequent. Some of them were peaceable and in them people pledged themselves to unusual and painful economies. But others were of a different character. In 1820, for example, when the Miami Exporting Company's bank failed, a crowd of depositors with their friends assembled in the streets and marched towards the building where the defunct organization was housed, intent upon discovering some means of saving at least a portion of their wealth, if possible. They were quiet enough at first; but in all such cases the passions of human nature become inflamed by agitation and had it not been for the courage of Isaac G. Burnet, the mayor, a terrible catas-

trophe would have had to be recorded. Unable as he was to walk or even stand without crutches, he made his way somehow to the head of the procession and, by the exercise of that mysterious power by which remarkable persons sometimes dominate their fellow-men, persuaded the mob to disperse.

In this widespread disaster, General Harrison, General Findlay, O. M. Spencer and many others, suffered lamentably; while three of the most distinguished citizens were all but ruined. Martin Baum, a German, was the principal founder and promoter of the Miami Exporting Company and of the Cincinnati Manufacturing Company, the sugar refinery, the iron foundry and steam flour mill. He had contributed largely in every way to public improvements; was regarded as the wealthiest man in town and one of the most benevolent; had been the mayor for a term; been president of the branch bank; had built the first and most famous house (the Taft mansion), but he went down with the wreck. So also did Dr. Drake, who was badly enough crippled to be compelled to sacrifice everything and retire to a log cabin sixteen squares in the outskirts of the town until he could recover himself.

Judge Burnet was another victim. Every concern in which he was interested went to the wall. Eighty thousand dollars (his life savings) were swept away and he retained only some real estate of which he could not dispose at all; but whose intrinsic value later on enabled him to recoup a considerable portion of his fortune. In his efforts to make good to his creditors the judge decided to dispose of his magnificent home (where the Burnet house now stands) and offered it to the city for a park at the nominal price of \$25,000; but the people were not far-sighted enough to accept. "The total want of sagacity as well as economy manifested by city corporations was in this instance most strikingly exhibited," says Mansfield, and regrets over this civic blunder still torture the hearts of all true philopologists.

From such a favorable text for a sermon on the obligation of a city to grasp such opportunities it is hard to turn away and if we preach a little one, our justification shall be that we have finished our sketch of the panic and may make a slight digression without losing our train of thought.

Shortsightedness.

This was the third failure of our ancestors to secure park sites which would have possessed a priceless value. They had already missed preserving the old fort and the Indian mound and this time they permitted the Burnet property to slip through their fingers as if it were nothing but sand. And not long afterward, in 1842, they (or their likes—we do not mean to be disrespectful) acted just as foolishly once more. At that time, sagacious old Nicholas Longworth had urged the necessity for a reservoir for the city's water and offered a fine tract on Mount Auburn for \$500.00 an acre, which he claimed was not a quarter of its value. The city fathers thought the price too great; but four years later, discovering their blunder, sent a committee to open negotiations anew. Mr. Longworth once more made them an offer; but that ineradicable distrust of the motives of a good man which has done so much to curse us all our life, blinded them to its generosity. They considered \$1,400.00 an acre so exorbitant a demand that they did not even report the offer to the council. Mr. Longworth was properly disgusted and prophesied that "the time would come when such

numskulls would be called to account for their ignorance and indifference to the public welfare."

They never were; but they ought to have been, for in three years' time the land was selling at from ten to fourteen thousand dollars an acre, instead of at fourteen hundred!

And yet the history of such stupidity went on repeating itself until the recent vote on the extension of our park system! If the era of it has been safely passed, a day for rejoicing has certainly arrived.

Reconstruction of Business.

To go back now to the point of our digression, that panic which had all the ear marks of an unmitigated curse begun to prove a boundless blessing by checking speculation. Business was forced to reconstruct itself upon a normal basis. Habits of economy were developed among the people. Necessity became the mother of invention. The real things of life challenged and gained a more thoughtful consideration. Individual characters of a noble type were developed under the stress of a great emergency. The task of building a city in the wilderness upon the foundations of righteousness excited a deeper seriousness and a more unselfish devotion.

Fire and Flood.

But the shadows were not altogether lifted. In fact, they only seemed to deepen, and one misfortune after another of all kinds and descriptions fell upon the ill fated city. It has been noticed a thousand times that physical disasters are likely to dog the heels of calamities in the immaterial realm. It certainly proved so then. For example a great fire broke out in the business portion of the city in 1832 and devastated a large part of the region between Third and Fourth streets, and not long afterwards the first of the great floods filled the hearts of the people with terror. On the 8th of February the river began to rise and on the 18th had attained a maximum stage of sixty-four feet and three inches. As this was before the days of railroads and telegraphs there had been no warning of impending danger and therefore no preparation for the terrible catastrophe. Two men lost their lives, and property to an inestimable value was destroyed. So widespread was the devastation and so acute the suffering that collections were taken and benefit performances given to provide relief. So sudden was the rise of water that provisions and groceries were destroyed to an extent that threatened famine, and exorbitant prices were demanded for food. Naturally enough indignation was excited at this and retaliatory riots were threatened.

Cholera.

Nor were the fire and flood to be the only enemies of the peace and prosperity of the city. Before their ravages had been restored an affliction far more terrible fell upon the suffering people. The Asiatic cholera arrived in America by an emigrant ship at Quebec. From thence the dread disease ascended the St. Lawrence, entered the basin of the lakes and sweeping down the Mississippi penetrated the valley of the Ohio. It arrived in Cincinnati about the 20th of September, and for thirteen months spread its terror everywhere. After a brief

intermission it broke out again in the following
ficed to its appetite for death. Language would
describe the horrors of the plague. Business was
abandoned; funeral bells were heard from every
dead went rumbling through the streets. The
tion must be invoked to picture the scene unaided.

As if two visitations were not punishment
a third followed in 1834; but fortunately its stain
slight.

You would think perhaps, in pausing to reflect
years of the city's life there was nothing but
and death. But this is because our attention
whole of events at a single glance. Shadows
scape together. To comprehend a city's life
as well as the slums; the houses as well as the
as well as the prisons. And one must never
ing at the same time that funeral knells are
born while old people are being carried to
being made at the instant when others are

Light in Darkness.

In this darkest period of our city's history
the population doubled and life striking its
the grave of sorrow joy was born.

Upon this dark background we have new
activity and achievement, and before the
what was known as the "*annus mirabilis*"
darkest period of our life that the revolution
as a motive power began.

So rapid was the development in every
be turned once more to those great improvements
of public service.

Public Service—Water.

The problem of water supply became
course, and excited constant irritation. The
system of wooden pipes, small sized, had
caused general dissatisfaction. Three years
but Colonel Davis, the proprietor, finding it
capital to make it what it ought to be, he
foolishly shrank from the responsibility.
Colonel organized a stock company which
other attempt was made to unload upon
pelled new improvements; but private ob-
factory and after voting upon the subject
in 1839 to undertake the work of public
function.

Fire.

In a period during which the water supply was so inadequate, protection from fire would necessarily be imperfect. In 1819 the attention of the public was called to these defects and the system earnestly investigated. That system was most crude and became a source of evils which attained colossal proportions at last. The various associations or companies which undertook to protect the city from conflagrations were composed of volunteers whose obligations were pledged to their individual organizations instead of to the city. The peril involved in this system at first did not appear; but slowly and, at last, convincingly disclosed itself in evils from which the people shook themselves free by efforts little short of Herculean. What appeared at last was this: that each organization would sacrifice the public welfare to its individual glory.

In 1819 there were three such private companies, each having its engine. These multiplied with the passing years, each new organization growing in numbers and influence as the city rapidly demanded an increased protection. Before long they acquired political influence and, at last, social prestige, until at the end of this period they were among the most powerful factors in the city's life. The leading men in every line of business and even in the professions found it to their advantage to belong to and even to become the captains of organizations which could be made to promote almost any enterprise in which they were engaged. Such men as Fenton Lawson, General Charles H. Sargent, Henry E. Spencer, J. T. Torrence, Pollock Wilson, Ferdinand K. Martin, Calvin W. Thomas, Seth C. Gordon, George W. Neff and Miles Greenwood became ardent participants in the activities of organizations whose influence was felt in every sphere of life. The rivalries between the companies furnished an element of public interest and the champions of the "Silk Stockings," "The Rovers," "The Checked Skirts" and almost a score of others urged the fire fighters on to deeds of daring and to struggles for priority which at last became a public peril.

It must have been glorious fun to have seen a "turn out" of those furious fire fighters when in "the thirties" they had acquired fifteen engines and ten thousand feet of hose! To throw the first stream upon the burning building was a supreme ambition, and before the system was finally abandoned there were plenty of instances in which the most valuable property was permitted to burn to the ground while rival organizations fought in the streets to achieve it.

If picturesqueness, excitement, glory were the chief elements in a first class fire fighting system, the old order should never have been destroyed. At a great fire in 1829 while the captains were screaming through their trumpets and the streams of water flying in every direction, a line of citizens was formed, and even the women, inspired by the great actress Mrs. Drake, helped pass the buckets full and empty to and fro.

Police.

The protection of the city from the criminal classes in its early history had been by necessity a voluntary service like that of protection from fire. For many years there had been more or less efficient relays of night watches who served without pay; but as the population increased and the dangerous elements multiplied it became necessary to have a force of experts. By 1826 an organization

consisting of eighteen paid policemen and two captains had been developed and the foundation laid for the great department which the city boasts today. The changes which took place in its evolution have little of romantic interest. They have been gradual and normal, consisting in the main of ever increasing numbers and efficiency rather than in elaboration of organization or method.

The Courts.

The chief value of history is not charm, of course; but profit; the education of the mind; the comprehension of the laws of progress in civilization; preparation to seize the advantages and escape the perils which forever recur. But charm is a secondary value of high degree and both are mingled in the story of the "Old Court House" and its heroes.

Being the seat of a county as well as the metropolis of a region, Cincinnati became as a matter of course the Mecca for lawyers and men of extraordinary legal talent were found in droves among the citizens of those gone days. About the old court house memories and traditions cluster which can never lose their interest. In the comparative leisure of those days and in a social environment favorable to the development of individual traits of character, the men who sat upon the bench and argued at the bar became original, unique and often eccentric. Their habits were social even to conviviality. The graces of character and the charms of life were not sacrificed as too often now to the mere acquisition of fortune and preferment. They took an interest in each other and were sensitive to the value of great personal gifts, not as a means of advancement, but as a general asset in human life. The age of the "commercial lawyer" had not arrived. The principal function of the attorney was to plead his case in court, and eloquence was cultivated and admired. In all great cases the public took a profound interest, and men who could make a learned argument with an orator's impassioned eloquence acquired immense prestige.

A vivid picture of the life in and about the old court house in those days, and later on, is painted in indelible colors in Carter's "Old Court House," coarse and even vulgar at times; but realistic and of priceless value. No impressionable person can read it without longing to have seen the venerable building and heard its walls resound with eloquence whose echoes still reverberate. To merely name the heroes of that great period, is, even after the lapse of six decades, to write a history, so ineffaceable are the marks they have left upon our municipal life and so familiar are their words and deeds. Nathaniel Wright, David Wade, Nicholas Longworth, Charles Fox, Judge Burnet, Bellamy Storer, Joseph S. Benham, Samuel R. Miller; William Greene, Dan Stone, Daniel Van Mater, James W. Gazley, Vachel Worthington, John C. Wright, Henry Starr, Edward King, Robert T. Lytle, Peyton Short are names to conjure with and occupy an exalted place upon the roster of our great men. Every one of them possessed a personality which would repay a careful study, and many of them were so wise and witty, so unique and entertaining that to pass them by without rehearsing the incidents which made them famous appears almost a literary crime. Who can read this characterization of Joseph S. Benham in "Horace in Cincinnati" without an insatiable curiosity to have known more of that impressive creature?



SOUTHWEST CORNER OF FOURTH AND VINE STREETS, 1837

Picture on the left, Old Postoffice, Reuben R. Springer Residence, Dr. Daniel Drake's Residence and First Presbyterian Church



**SOUTHEAST CORNER OF FOURTH AND VINE STREETS, LOOKING EAST ON
FOURTH STREET, 1830**

**Present Site of Sinton Hotel. Residence of William Groesbeck second house on the right
with pillars**

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VIEW OF THE STREET FROM THE CHURCH TOWER
The street is wide and paved, with buildings on both sides. The church tower is visible in the background.



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The street is wide and paved, with buildings on both sides. The church tower is visible in the background.

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“With person of gigantic size
With thundering voice and piercing eyes
When great Stentorius deigns to rise
Adjacent crowds assemble.
To hear a sage the laws express
In language strong, by reasoning sound
Until, though not yet guilty found
The culprits fear and tremble.”

And what would one not sacrifice to have heard one of Bellamy Storer's classic arguments; or Nathaniel Wright's convincing pleas; or Vachel Worthington's irresistible appeals; or one of Robert T. Lytle's stump speeches; or been present when General Samuel Findlay discovered how he had been fooled by General John Ross, who passed himself off on the unsuspecting lawyer for a distinguished Cherokee chief when he was in fact an ignominious “half-breed?”

What fond associations cluster around that “old court house!” What would we not give to see it restored? There are other buildings which we would see restored if it were possible, of course,—Yeatman's Tavern, Fort Washington, Lancaster Seminary, the Lytle homestead, and scores of others that have gone up in smoke, or fallen into ruin or been demolished by the sacrilegious hands of men. But that “old court house” was an almost sacred place, consecrated as it was by so much learning and eloquence; so many decisions of profound questions of right and wrong; so many hearts broken by sentences imposed; so many souls made glad by exonerations from false charges; so many good stories told; so much innocent fun enjoyed; so many noble characters developed and so many glorious reputations won!

But it went the way of all the earth. Opened for business in 1819, it was burned to the ground on the afternoon of Monday, July 9, 1849, having caught fire from a neighboring pork house conflagration. It took but a short time for its demolition, and with it disappeared invaluable books, papers, associations, memories and traditions. “For a time the lawyers driven out like the pigeons from the belfry, circled about at a loss where to settle, but finally found lodgment in temporary quarters in a building on the northwest corner of Court street and St. Clair alley.” In 1851 the county committee awarded a contract for a new building which became the seat of justice until destroyed in the riots of 1884.

Medicine.

It is not so strange that Cincinnati should have attracted to it, so many distinguished lawyers because its political and commercial prominence afforded the necessary conditions of success in the legal profession. It seems, however, distinctly remarkable that it should have been the seat of such wonderful schools of medicine and the home of so many remarkable doctors.

But there is a natural enough explanation of this phenomenon in the presence and enthusiasm of that extraordinary doctor, Daniel Drake, whose fame as a writer and practitioner had already gone abroad and when he finally founded a school for the study of the healing art, it was inevitable that kindred should begin to gravitate toward the little frontier city, remote as it was from the great centers of culture in the east. It was in 1820 that the medical

was founded by Dr. Drake with a faculty consisting of himself, Dr. Jesse Streeter and Dr. Benjamin Bohrer. A defect of organization by which the faculty were also the trustees, enabled the two other members of the staff to expel Dr. Drake, and the history of the institution was full of incidents for years. The charter was amended in 1822-1823 to correct this blunder and between the inception of the school in 1820 and 1834, 1,019 students received an education in its halls. But for a decade or more the conditions for successful development were most unfavorable on account of the personal animosities between the physicians. The friends and foes of Dr. Drake were engaged in a bitter struggle for preeminence, and that great and good man expended his talents in an unworthy effort to defeat his rivals. One attempt followed another to fuse these discordant elements; but lamentably failed and at last in 1835, those which were hostile to the medical college undertook to establish another school, entirely. In order to do this they resuscitated the Cincinnati College and galvanized it into a new life with the purpose of developing two new departments, one of law and the other of medicine. For a few years the latter was the chief intellectual glory of the city. Drs. J. W. McDowell, Samuel D. Gross, Willard Parker, Landon C. Rives, James B. Rogers and John P. Harrison were selected for the faculty, and being men of extraordinary gifts and filled with burning zeal they each in his own way shed a luster upon the city.

Several of the doctors of that period compare favorably with the greatest of the lawyers in personal charm and professional ability. Dr. John P. Harrison was not only a fine practitioner and teacher, but, at various times, editor of *The Western Journal of Medicine* and the *Western Lancet* and also the author of several technical treatises. Dr. Jared Potter Kirtland, educated in the best schools of the east and in Great Britain, became an expert in fruit and flower culture; a distinguished geologist and, after a brilliant career in the college here, added luster to his fame in Cleveland. Dr. John Eberle was a surgeon in the war of 1812, one of the founders of the Jefferson Medical College of Pennsylvania, and after several years of eminent and brilliant service in Cincinnati, was transferred to the Transylvania University at Lexington where he wrote much while lecturing incessantly.

Dr. Samuel D. Gross surpassed in gifts even such giants as these, and was a really extraordinary man. Born in Pennsylvania in 1805, he was graduated at Jefferson College in 1828, and in 1833 came to Cincinnati to be a professor in the Medical College of Ohio, where he delivered the first systematic course of lectures on morbid anatomy ever given in the United States. Five years later he became professor of surgery in Louisville and afterwards returned to Philadelphia to occupy the same chair until 1884. The experiments which he made were revolutionary; the books he wrote would form a library and it is one of the glories of our city that the light of his genius first shone here.

Towering above all, however, rises the figure of Dr. Daniel Drake, our first great, and, up to the present time our very greatest citizen.

The Dawn of Civic Self-Consciousness.

In the struggle to found these medical colleges there is the first indubitable evidence of an effort on the part of the city to "find itself." Up to the middle of

this period (1819-1839) the city simply grew of its own accord without conscious effort and without a serious attempt to direct its development. It was the period of adolescence when the activities of the spirit still are dormant. But now, on every hand the evidences of an awakening self-consciousness commence to appear. In a half blind way the people began to perceive that the city needed to be guided to some definite goal, and while the ambition to become commercially great predominated, the desire to develop culture was undoubtedly awakening. This rapidly growing purpose revealed itself in every domain of intellectual life; but pre-eminently in that of the schools.

Schools.

The evidences of this are not clear enough yet to enable us to distinguish them with ease, but can certainly be discerned with effort, and particularly in the sphere of education. We have stumbled upon them in this brief account of the strivings of the physicians after a great institution in which to study medicine, and shall find a no less proof in the effort to reorganize the old Lancaster Seminary into the Cincinnati College and to form a school for the study of the law.

The college was organized in 1820 with Elijah Slack as its president, and in 1821 felt itself in a dignified enough position to confer degrees upon William Henry Harrison, Josiah L. Wilson and James Kemper. But its financial support was inadequate and in spite of every effort it sank so low that its charter had to be kept alive by a primary school. In 1832 a new spasm of interest seized its patrons and an attempt was made to graft upon the parent stem these ambitious institutions, the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the Lyceum and the Public Library. Dr. William H. McGuffey was called to the presidency and he and Ormsby M. Mitchell, the popular lecturer on astronomy, threw their whole souls into its re-vivification. At about the same time it was concluded, the Law School, (an institution of the greatest promise founded in 1833 by John C. Wright, Timothy Walker and Edward King) could be made an added attraction to the college (as well as afford it another leg to stand upon) if it also should be engrafted onto the parent stem. These other institutions, however, seemed rather to act like artificial buttresses which only serve to support a tottering edifice than to become integral parts of the original building. The Law School managed to survive; but could not keep the college from falling and in spite of the heroic efforts of McGuffey, of Mitchell, of Asa Dury, of Charles L. Telford, Edwin D. Mansfield, Lyman Harding and Joseph Herron, it gradually went down for lack of a proper financial endowment.

The lease from the First Presbyterian church had stipulated for a certain gratuitous annual instruction and as the college could not meet the terms, the trustees demanded its surrender. A long litigation followed and a compromise was reached in 1840, by virtue of which the college released to the church the southern part of the lot and received a deed for 140 feet on the north side on which the college building stood until destroyed by fire in 1845. The tragic story is completed by the single announcement that all that remains of the institution begun in such high hopes is the Cincinnati law school, now a part of the university.

Undoubtedly there is a deep pathos in the futility of so many noble sacrifices and the disappointment of so many brilliant hopes. These men of vision were as

those "born out of due time." There were not enough kindred spirits to support them, nor had there as yet been a great enough accumulation of wealth to enable them to carry out their plans. It takes time, and a good deal of it, to gather the money needed to materialize the dreams of seers like Drake and his companions.

The Growing Desire for Culture.

It was in these larger and more ambitious schemes that the growing desire for culture revealed itself the most conspicuously; but it was to be seen, also, in the aspirations and struggles of other refined and noble souls to forward educational institutions of a private character, for example,

1. The female boarding school of the Misses Bailey which was said to have been the oldest establishment of the kind for the education of women, and its greatest pride was that Frederick Eckstein, the father of Cincinnati art, was one of its instructors.

2. The Cincinnati Female Academy established by Dr. John Locke in 1823 with a fine corps of teachers, among whom in 1829, J. Tosso, the musician, was numbered. The daughters of the most distinguished citizens were enrolled among its pupils, and in 1824 Amanda Drake, Mary Longworth and others, received rewards for preeminence in their work.

3. The Cincinnati Female School, conducted by Messrs. Albert and J. W. Pickett. Both brothers were well known in the educational world, and Albert was president of the College of Teachers.

4. The school established and conducted by Alexander Kinmont. Kinmont was an eccentric but gifted man, known as an apostle of classical learning because he was familiar with the entire library of Greek and Latin learning, and insisted upon this sort of knowledge as essential to true culture. He was offered a position in the Cincinnati College at a high salary; but finding that he would be under subjection to the authority of trustees, declined and started this school of his own. "Think," exclaimed the rugged old man, "of my being told how to teach by a set of professional donkeys!"

The number of such schools in so small a city is impressive and they shine like a constellation in the twilight of those early days, but among them, it remains to be said, a great central luminary, Lane Seminary, had recently arisen.

Lane Seminary.

As early as 1819 the brothers Elnathan and Peter Kemper set apart a few acres of land on Walnut Hills for elementary educational purposes, quite unconscious of the final use to which they would be put. In 1828 the idea of a school for the training of students of theology was proposed by some of the leading citizens who felt the need of educating candidates for the ministry in order to supply the needs of the rapidly growing west. Various plans were earnestly discussed, both as to its location and its denominational standing, and Elnathan Kemper came to the front at last with an offer of sixty acres as a "free gift for this purpose and forty others, at a low price." His offer was eagerly accepted and the institution incorporated February 11, 1829.

In order to promote the efficiency of the Theological Seminary it was decided to have a preparatory and collegiate department also. About \$15,000 more was subscribed by local sympathizers and this fund was increased by gifts of \$20,000

from Arthur Tappan of New York, \$10,000 by Dr. Tappan of Boston and \$4,000 by his sister. With these funds a building costing \$35,000 was erected and operations begun under the administration of George C. Beckwith of Lowell, Mass. A condition of Arthur Tappan's gift, that Dr. Lyman Beecher should be secured as an instructor in the new institution, was the means of bringing to Cincinnati one of the most remarkable men of its history, and for that matter of the age in which he lived.

Dr. Beckwith soon resigned and Dr. Beecher, installed in his place, began to infuse into the institution his own indomitable spirit. As coadjutors, he had the help and sympathy of two other men of only a little less unusual gifts, Dr. Thomas J. Biggs and Dr. Calvin E. Stowe. From 1832 to 1850 the old "war horse" pulled at his load, shedding lustre upon the school and upon the city, by his wit, his learning and his piety. The conditions were primitive, of course. The work was hard and the fare frugal. The type of scholarship and of religion was dogmatic and narrow. Smoking tobacco was abhorred and forbidden. In order to solemnize the thoughts of the students, a cemetery was located near by for the following naive reason: "Inasmuch as those who are studying for the ministry need time and opportunity for meditation and self examination, a cemetery in the neighborhood will afford a favorable retirement for that purpose."

The influence of this school of the higher learning, through its students, its professors and its distinguished head, became profound and wide reaching. As an instructor Dr. Beecher was effective because of his learning and ability to impart knowledge. As a preacher (part of the time, "at large" and the rest as pastor of the Second Presbyterian church) he was a dynamic influence in the community. As a theologian, he gave a new breadth to thought. In social life he shone by means of gifts whose brilliance could hardly be exaggerated. Besides his own influence upon the general life, that of his family (one of the most remarkable ever produced in America) told powerfully for all that was good and charming.

It was a great day for the little city when Lyman Beecher entered its gates. The name of Dr. Daniel Drake had gone abroad; but was known, of course, in a limited sphere—the sphere of scientific research. But here was a man who labored in the sphere of morals and religion. The questions which he discussed were those which encircled the life of all men living. Upon the great issues of human rights and duties this Boanerges thundered. He stood for righteousness, temperance and judgment to come and his trumpet never gave uncertain sounds. From one end of the country to another his eloquent voice was heard, and through him more than through any other and perhaps through all other persons, Cincinnati acquired a national fame.

The effect of his life is a mighty lesson in the greatest of modern municipal arts, *publicity*. A municipal railroad, a Probasco fountain, a Springer music hall, public art galleries—all such features advertise a city. But to be known, to be respected, to be admired, to become famous, there is nothing like having one *great man* for a citizen. One Themistocles, one Cicero, one Dante, one Shakespeare, one Hugo, one Carlyle, one Emerson, one Henry Ward or Lyman Beecher can make the name of an obscure village reverberate in the ears of the world.

If Lane Seminary was the great central luminary, two other stars of the first magnitude soon rose above the horizon to disclose and demonstrate the existence of the growing desire for the higher and finer things of life.

High Schools.

There are no two institutions in the city now, and have not been, and are not likely to be, around which cluster more fond, sweet memories; nor any nobler hopes than Hughes and Woodward high schools, and the stories of their origin must forever possess a charm for all good Cincinnatians. They, also, began to be, in this period of intellectual efflorescence and furnish another illustration of the noble sentiments and ideals of these two remarkable decades.

On a little farm of twenty-seven acres running up the sides of the hills to the north of the city there lived in the first decade of the last century an obscure and lonely person by the name of Thomas Hughes. Very little is known about him, but two distinct theories for his solitude prevailed; one that his life had been practically wrecked by an unhappy marriage and the other that he grieved inconsolably for a wife whom he had loved and lost. The lonely recluse dwelt in a log cabin and his only intimates were a sorrel dog "Dick," a sorrel pony "Joe," a pet hen "Molly," and several other chickens. Above his door hung a little sign which informed the public that his business was repairing shoes. One day a neighbor, Mr. Melindy, found him still in bed at a late hour, and discovering that he was ill, succeeded in getting him to go to his own home. Once there, he was unable to return and upon the 26th day of September, 1824, died quietly, unnoticed and unknown. In the will which he drew up during his last illness Thomas Hughes left his property to William Woodward, William Greene, Nathan Guilford and Jacob Williams as trustees "to be applied to the support and maintenance of institutions for the education of our youth."

Although the property was not large and never grew to a value of more than \$2,000 per annum, it became the foundation of a school which has achieved a high distinction in the educational world and is now housed in a building whose beauty is almost incomparable. To stand for a few moments in contemplation of its almost perfect lines; to watch the egress of 1,500 children at the close of a day's session; to enter and behold the perfect administration under the conduct of that grand old nestor of our school life, Professor Coy, and then remember that it is to be credited to an obscure old cobbler who, but for the kindness of a neighbor, might have died alone in a log cabin, is to be profoundly impressed by the vicissitudes, the contrasts, and the enormous possibilities of a single human life.

To what degree the benevolence of Thomas Hughes excited the same spirit in William Woodward, one of the trustees of his will, may be impossible to tell, but at all events in 1826 this good man's thoughts were running in the same channel and, a little later, he turned over seven acres of valuable land (afterwards increased by one more) to Samuel Lewis, Osmond Cogswell and John Pancoast "as trustees of the Woodward Free Grammar School."

If the gift of Thomas Hughes must forever reveal a pathetic aspect of our human existence, that of William Woodward will as constantly disclose the element of romance. In 1801 James Cutter, an early pioneer, was killed on his farm near the present site of the city hospital by a party of Indians, and his

daughter, Abigail, fifteen years of age, became the ward of William Woodward, a young and rising Cincinnatian. It was not long before the intimate relations into which he was thrown with this charming young lady ripened into love and she became his wife, bringing him quite a fortune for her father had been "well to, do." With the passing years the wealth of the thrifty and upright couple grew and grew until at last they were reckoned among the most substantial people in the city. Nor did they hoard their money, but gave largely to benevolent enterprises, and especially to Lane Seminary and the old First Presbyterian church, of which they both were active members, and to the poor, so many of whom lived all about them. By this noble compassion for the unfortunate Mr. Woodward was led into a blunder which had to finally be corrected. In the document by means of which he made his gift, he announced his purpose to have the proceeds of the funds especially devoted to the education of "poor children," a stipulation more creditable to his humane sentiments than to his business judgment, for of course the more prosperous people kept their children away, and the objectionable discrimination had to be removed.

On the 31st day of October, 1831, the work of constructing a building for the new school had progressed so far that the opening exercises could be held, and Mr. Woodward, living until January 23, 1833, had the pleasure of watching the auspicious beginning of a school which has since become one of the principal glories of our city. The names of the pupils who have graduated from this school (culminating in that of President Taft) and of the teachers who have been its instructors make a most illustrious list. Among the latter are those of T. J. Wheelock, Claudius Bradford, H. L. Rucker, Dr. Joseph Ray (author of the Mathematical Series), Thomas Johnson Matthews (father of Justice Stanley Matthews, Judge Samuel R. Matthews, C. Bentley Matthews and Charles E. Matthews), Thomas J. Biggs (of Cincinnati College and Lane Seminary), William Holmes McGuffey (McGuffey's Readers).

Several efforts were made to unite these two schools upon a single foundation and also to combine them with the Cincinnati College, but fortunately they were left to work out their own individual destiny and glory.

Public Schools.

Important as were all these enterprises they were less so perhaps than that of the inauguration of the public school system which took place as the result of a general movement in the state, culminating in a bill to enable cities to levy taxes for this purpose. In this general movement three of our citizens achieved for themselves an imperishable claim upon our honor and our gratitude.

It seems unfair to pass entirely over the other achievements of Nathan Guilford, Samuel Lewis and Micajah Williams and simply credit them with a single deed, however great it is. But, it was for their devotion to the education of our children that we owe them our deepest gratitude. Through their influence (and that of many others equally as earnest no doubt) the city's charter was amended in 1828-1829 so as to enable it to undertake the work of public instruction. A school board was established and two buildings erected, one on the river near the Front Street Pumping Works, and the other at the corner of Sycamore and Fifth. A little later a third was built on Franklin street; a fourth on Congress street, and a fifth on Fourth, near Smith. They were wretchedly in-

adequate, however, and George Graham, one of Cincinnati's most distinguished citizens, dissatisfied with such miserable architecture, built a model building of his own accord, to set an example of better things and ways. In order to make it beautiful he crowned it with a cupola, and when it was completed offered it to the city at cost. The council refused at first to accept it at all; but finally agreed to take it off the builder's hands if he would deduct the price of the cupola!

George Graham.

To pass this incident without commenting upon the inconceivable parsimoniousness of the council would be as impossible as to refrain from paying a tribute of sincere admiration to the generosity and tact of the donor, whose method of administering a rebuke and carrying a lesson was like that of Michael Angelo. Instead of criticising the work of his pupils that great artist drew perfect circles beside their imperfect ones, declaring that he "preferred to teach by example." In this case the method worked admirably, for the council soon erected nine other buildings upon the same model at a cost of \$96,000.

If that first little model schoolhouse had been preserved and put in a glass case in some obscure corner of the present Hughes High School where it could stand without being at all in the way, the contrast would be a striking proof of the progress made in the seven decades that have intervened.

Churches.

If this period of the city's life (remember that we are considering the years from 1819 to 1839) was rich in the unfolding of the intellectual life through schools, it was not less so in that of the spiritual life through the churches. Through it all, one great central figure stood out as the living embodiment of those ideals which our Puritan forefathers had brought over from old England. It was the figure of Joshua L. Wilson who proclaimed from the pulpit of the old First Presbyterian church "the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus" and the everlasting antipathy of God to every form of human evil. Other men came and went, but he remained, the pole star of orthodoxy and of noble living. The spiritual condition of the community was not always, of course, at a high level; but had its ebbs as well as flows. At times a tide of religious emotion uplifted the people to an exceptional height of worship and service, and a signal example of these periodical upheavals occurred in 1827. The religious revival of that year was evidently a sincere and profound movement, for it left an ineffaceable mark upon the morals of the city.

In temporal interests the churches made continual and rapid progress. In 1829 the Second Presbyterian church erected a commodious building on the south side of Fourth street, between Vine and Race, and there, beginning in 1830, Lyman Beecher thundered forth those sermons that echoed all over America. The walls of this same building reverberated also with the fierce declamations of the protagonists of the old and new schools when the Rev. Dr. Wilson brought about the trial of the Rev. Dr. Beecher for heresy. It was a bitter theological struggle and left its impress ineradicably upon the Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, where such controversies have been all too common. But it was an evidence of the fervor of the religious convictions of the day, a fervor which



THE OLD CINCINNATI COLLEGE ON FOURTH STREET, 1830

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found expression not only in heresy trials, but in great debates like that between Archbishop Elder and Alexander Campbell, who contended for their systems of faith with an enthusiasm and eloquence that attracted as large and as enthusiastic crowds as any spectacular show.

But the First and Second churches were not the only Presbyterian societies which attained influence in this period. The Third sprang into existence in 1828-29; the Fourth soon after; the Fifth, in '31; and the First, on Walnut Hills, dated as far back as 1819.

The progress of Methodism was also very marked. The old brick church, called, sometimes, "Brimstone Corner," was built in 1822, and proving inadequate to hold the crowds, was replaced in 1831 by the simple but commodious and noble Wesley chapel. Asbury chapel and McKendree followed and other minor ones. To Methodism the good and great Bishop Morris was what Joshua Wilson was to Presbyterianism.

Nor were the Baptist churches far behind their sisters; but constantly increased in numbers and influence, while the central idea of their system, baptism by immersion, attained an increased vogue through its propagation by the disciples of Alexander Campbell, who formed an organization which came to be popularly known by his name. It proved to possess remarkable vitality and its spread was truly wonderful.

The Episcopalians, conservative but aggressive, were not behind the others, either. "Christ Church" erected a fine new building in 1835; St. Paul's had sprung from the mother parish in 1828; and Bishop Philander Chase (from 1819 to 1831) and Bishop McIlvaine (from 1832 to 1873) advanced their position by consecrated lives, and were vital forces in the community.

The Roman Catholic church, which had struck deep root in the early days of the city's life, became each year a greater and ever greater factor in the religious world.

The early settlers in Cincinnati were Protestants from New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and it is a rather strange fact that the town was almost thirty years old before a Catholic church was formed. In 1819 the first little society had about one hundred members, but no priest here. In 1823 Dr. Fenwick was made bishop of Cincinnati and a small frame church was dedicated on Sycamore street above Sixth, which has been a Catholic centre ever since and today is the site of the big St. Xavier's church and school. In 1826 a brick church was built and there were a bishop and four priests in the town. Soon some sisters came from Europe and opened a school which numbered sixty pupils. In 1831 the Athenaeum was started, which is now St. Xavier college. Some years later, in 1839, the present St. Peter's cathedral was commenced and finished five years afterwards. Eighteen hundred and thirty-two was one of the cholera years and in it died the good Bishop Fenwick. He was succeeded by Bishop Purcell who, in 1850, became archbishop and one of the great men not only of his church but of the community. So though the Catholic church did not come early, it grew rapidly and strongly.

A Jewish society was organized as early as 1822. The congregation of the Children of Israel (Reformed) was organized in 1830. In 1835 a synagogue was located on Fourth street between Sycamore and Broadway.

As early as 1814 a little German Lutheran congregation sprang into existence, and in 1836-37 there were two vigorous churches of this denomination.

A Universalist church was established in 1827.

The First Congregational church (Unitarian) entered upon a distinguished career in 1824, and in 1830 a building was dedicated at the southeast corner of Fourth and Race, and the clergymen ministering to it during this period were men of extraordinary talents. It would be hard to find a church of any denomination in any city of America that could furnish an unbroken series of such remarkable preachers. The conspiracy of forces that attracted them one after another from so many different places to this hitherto unknown temple of worship in a still crude metropolis of a yet undeveloped empire in a wilderness must always remain a riddle of our history. While it would be a pleasure to dwell on their characters and accomplishments, it is not a necessity, for the bare recital of their names recalls to all intelligent readers the outlines of well-known careers.

The Rev. E. B. Hall, its first pastor, was succeeded by Ephraim Peabody (editor of *Western Messenger*); Adam Bancroft (father of the historian); Cyrus Augustus Bartol (for three-quarters of a century a leader of the denomination); James Freeman Clarke (a distinguished preacher and author); Christopher Breese Cranch (also a poet and painter); Henry Whitney Bellows (a theologian of national renown); and (in 1839) by William Henry Channing (nephew of Channing the Great).

These two decades were apparently the banner ones in the religious life of our city. Cincinnati is not pre-eminently a religious community. At least it is not distinctly ecclesiastical. The churches have had to struggle against a deeply seated skepticism at once philosophical and practical. The very considerable Jewish population, whose sacred day is Saturday, has helped to secularize the Christian Sabbath by turning it into a day of business or of pleasure. The German element has always antagonized the Puritanical conception of the Christian life and contended for an easier orthodoxy and a less rigid code of personal conduct. The whiskey and the brewing interests have been in deeper conflict still with the conception of duty taught in the churches, and as they increased in extent and influence did not a little to render the work of the churches hard and inefficient. In some periods this work has been difficult to the point of discouragement; but in these two decades, after the first impulse of lawlessness had been repressed, and before the other influences had been fully developed, the religious life of the community reached what seemed to be its highest water mark.

Theaters.

A study of the intellectual life of any city at any period must reckon with many other institutions than those of the schools and the churches. There are, for example, the theaters. Whatever may be their ultimate effect upon the community (and they vary enormously as the tastes of the people change), they are always a mighty factor in the formation of public opinion and public morals. It cannot be forgotten that while the city was still a wretched little village and there were no better places "to hold the mirror up to nature" than barns and ball-rooms, the leading people were so anxious to behold real life reflected on the

stage that (because they could not afford to import professionals) they became actors themselves. Grotesque as their efforts sometimes were, no doubt, a taste for the drama was so highly developed that when, in 1819, a meeting of citizens was held to inaugurate a movement for erecting a building for theatrical purpose, the greatest interest was shown. It is true that the opposition of church people burst forth once more with a violence equal to that of a former occasion, but when Alexander Drake and his wife, two actors of unusual attainments, pledged themselves to maintain the highest possible standards in the selection and presentation of plays, the project was enthusiastically inaugurated and successfully carried out. Upon the 8th of March, 1820, a fine building located between Main and Sycamore on Second street, and dedicated solely to the drama, was opened with imposing ceremonies. It was capable of seating 800 people and for a time drew crowds. The Drakes were the principal attractions, and their talents, according to E. D. Mansfield and Mrs. Trollope, were worthy of favorable comparison with the best. Nor were they the only actors of unquestionable genius. Among those who played the minor parts, there was a sixteen-year-old boy by the name of Edwin Forest, who began to divide their honors and who subsequently made the world resound with his praises.

The Drakes were faithful to their promise and every effort was made to keep the drama pure; but in a community so small and so remote, it was found to be impossible to secure talented enough actors to make the great plays attractive. In every institution (sacred as well as profane) the germs of deterioration are implanted; and the theater is certainly not less generously stocked with these destructive microbes than the rest. As the efforts of the idealists and purists relaxed under the burden and strain of keeping it clean, the inherent elements of decay began to operate. By 1825 the business ran down to so low an ebb that the building was sold for taxes. In the hands of its purchasers it suffered a precarious existence for fourteen years as a place of cheap amusement, and was finally destroyed by fire on the night of April 4, 1834.

In 1836 another theater of less importance suffered the same calamity, and as the city was in consequence without any accommodations for the drama, a number of progressive people attempted to erect a building through popular subscriptions, but failed, and, at last, John Bates, the owner of the Exchange bank, came to the rescue. In less than two months' time he built and opened on the east side of Sycamore, between Third and Fourth, one of the most important amusement houses in America, and for many years it maintained the best traditions of the stage. Within those walls were heard and seen the most distinguished actors and actresses of the age. There the world of fashion was frequently gathered in assemblages of the greatest brilliance. Whatever benefit the representation of life's realities by the imitative art can possibly confer upon the race was felt to the full in that beautiful edifice, and minds that are sensitive to the appeals of past glories are often subdued to reminiscence and gentle melancholy while passing the old National theater which has since become a warehouse.

A desire for culture so general, but so imperfectly understood, and guided as that which we are striving to portray, will not confine itself within narrow limitations, but break out in many different directions.

Museums.

To, Dr. Drake and other leaders of opinion it occurred that a museum of curious and wonderful things would enlarge the public mind, and through their earnest and unselfish efforts one was established at the corner of Pearl and Main. No matter how chaste and carefully selected an exhibit of this kind may be at first, it is more than likely to become grotesque, if not immoral in the long run. In this particular case it did; and one of the monstrous features of the exhibit was a representation of the infernal regions, prepared (it has been both affirmed and denied) by Hiram Powers, a young artist whose name has since become illustrious. But this museum was scarcely a circumstance compared to the "Bazaar" of Mrs. Trollope. This gifted but eccentric woman had come to America with, we know not how many, curious and false ideas of what its life might be. Ignorant of the habits, the tastes and, above all, the spirit of the American people, she fell into absurd and disastrous errors. That feature of our life which obtruded itself most violently upon European visitors was a certain tendency to extravagance and exaggeration. Well, thought Mrs. Trollope, beholding only the superficial qualities of her new neighbors and utterly ignorant of that deeper judgment of values (that common-sense perception of the inner realities of things so characteristically American), if they want the grotesque they shall have it! And thereupon she built that bazaar, which might better have been called bizarre, so gross a caricature was it of all the elements of architectural beauty. Within it (to dazzle the eye and tempt the purse of her ignorant (?) patrons) she gathered a *pot pourri* of nondescript articles of every kind. For a short time the glamor of her name and the dazzling character of the display both of the building and its contents attracted crowds; but eventually the common sense of the people prevailed and they treated the whole affair with good-natured indifference.

A saner effort to cater to those natural cravings for the unrealities of the world of imagination was made in 1826, when Frederick Eckstein inaugurated his "New Academy of Fine Arts." He was a man of real culture and possessed some genuine works of art which were increased in number by others loaned him by public-spirited citizens. A fund of money was raised, or pledged at least; a room was rented; Eckstein was appointed director; some little interest was shown at first, but the times were not yet ripe for such ambitious experiments, and it gradually declined.

Various Organizations for Promoting Culture.

Besides such educational forces as these, at work like yeast in the fresh dough of the city's life, there were many others of a kindred nature. There was the "Society for Investigation" founded (in 1822) with the ambitious purpose of solving the profoundest problems of life. "The Franklin Society" of 1825 was for scientific research, and the Lyceum in 1830 for public debate and "The Inquisition" for the study of literature and the foundation of a library. A still more ambitious organization was "The Semi-Colon Club" which met in the magnificent residence of John E. Foote at the northeast corner of Third and Vine, in the membership of which were to be found most of the leading men and women of the city.

It was in 1833 that the College of Teachers was established, one of the most remarkable organizations in the history of our own, or any city. Its purpose was the cultivation of the newest and best methods of pedagogy and it attracted, inspired and refined the strongest and most cultivated minds of the city. In its membership were twenty men, among whom Albert Picket, Alexander Kinmont, C. B. McKee, Stephen Wheeler, Nathaniel Holley, Caleb Kemper, Cyrus Davenport, Thomas J. Matthews and the two Talbots were conspicuous. Out of this movement grew a second and still more important one, the establishment of "The Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers," the proceedings of which were of consequence enough to have been published and preserved (1834-1840) in six volumes. At the various meetings addresses were delivered by such distinguished persons as Dr. Drake, Joshua L. Wilson, James H. Perkins, Professor Stowe, Lyman Beecher, Dr. Alexander Campbell, Thomas Smith Grinke and a host of others. The range of subjects, the brilliance of discussion, the progressiveness of ideas revealed in the records, may well humble the pride of some of the conceited educators of the present time who labor under the delusion that wisdom began and will die with them.

But convincing as are all these evidences that a new life was stirring in the bosom of the growing city, there yet remains the most conclusive proof of all in the story of that celebrated Buckeye Club, of which Dr. Drake was the founder and presiding genius. He was living at the time when these famous gatherings began (in 1833) on Vine street at the corner of Baker, and it was in his home that they were held—a home which the doctor had christened "Buckeye Hall," on account of his love for the tree and its fruit. The account which E. D. Mansfield has given us of these gatherings has become one of the classics of our local literature and will be quoted by every one who writes the story of these early days.

"The plan of entertainment and instruction was peculiar. It was to avoid the rigidity and awkwardness of a mere literary party and yet to keep the mind of the company occupied with questions for discussion, or topics for reading and composition. Thus the conversation never degenerated into mere gossip, nor was it ever forced into an uninteresting and unpleasant gravity. We used to assemble early—about half past seven—and when fully collected, the doctor, who was the acknowledged chairman, rang his little bell for general attention. This caused us no constraint but simply brought us to a common point, which was to be the topic of the evening. Sometimes this was appointed beforehand, sometimes it arose out of what was said or proposed on the occasion. Some evenings compositions were read on topics selected the last evening. On other evenings nothing was read, and the time was passed in a general discussion of some interesting question. Occasionally a piece of poetry or a story came in to diversify and enliven conversation. These however were rather interludes than parts of the general plan, whose main object was the discussion of interesting questions belonging to society, literature, education and religion.

"The subjects were always of the suggestive and problematical kind; so that the ideas were fresh, the debate animated and the utterance of opinions frank and spontaneous. There in that little circle of ladies and gentlemen I have heard many of the questions which have since occupied the public mind talked over with an ability and a fullness of information which is seldom possessed by

larger and more authoritative bodies. To the members of that circle these meetings and discussions were invaluable. They were excited to think deeply of what many think of but superficially. They heard the ring of the doctor's bell with the pleasure of those who delight in the communion of spirits and revel in intellectual wealth. Nor was that meeting an unimportant affair, for nothing can be unimportant which directs minds whose influence spreads over a country; and such were here. I do not say what impressions they received; but I know that persons were assembled there in pleasant converse such as seldom meet in one place and who since going out into the world have signalized their names in the annals of letters, science and benevolence. I shall violate no propriety by naming some of them, for those whom I shall name have long been known to the public. Dr. Drake was himself the head of the circle, whose suggestive mind furnished topics for others and was ever ready to incite their energies and enliven the flagging conversation. General Edward King was another who in spirit, manners and elocution was a superior man, having the dignity of the old school and the life of the new. He was a son of Rufus King, one of the early and able statesmen of our country, who did much to form our constitutions and whose name will live in the annals of history. General King was bred a lawyer and came out to Ohio, as many aspiring young men did. He married the daughter of Governor Worthington, practiced law at Chillicothe and became speaker of the Ohio legislature. Removing to Cincinnati he became a member of our literary circle—both witty and entertaining. His wife, since known as Mrs. Peter, has become more widely known than her husband, for her social and active benevolence and as the founder of institutions and a leader in society. She had read a good deal, had a strong memory, and was remarkable for the fullness of her information. She wrote several essays for our circle and was a most instructive member. The activity, energy and benevolence of her mind accomplished in the next forty years probably more of real work for society than any one person, and that work has made her widely known both at home and abroad. Judge James Hall, the editor of the *Western Monthly* magazine, whose name is both known in Europe and America, was also there. Professor Stowe, unsurpassed in biblical learning, contributed his share to the conversation. Miss Harriet Beecher (now Mrs. Stowe) was just beginning to be known for her literary articles, and about that time contributed several of her best stories to the press. She was not a ready talker, but when she spoke or wrote showed both the strength and the power of her mind. Her sister, Miss Catherine Beecher, so well known for her labors and usefulness in the cause of female education, was a more easy and fluent conversationalist. Indeed few people have more talent to entertain a company or keep the ball of conversation going than Miss Beecher; and she was as willing as she was able.

"Conspicuous in both person and manners was Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, whom none saw without admiring. She was what the world calls charming, and though since better known as an authoress, was personally quite remarkable. She and her highly educated husband (a man on some subjects quite learned, but of such retiring habits as hid him from the public view) were then keeping a female seminary in Cincinnati. They were among the most active and interesting of our coterie.

"I might name others whose wit or information contributed to the charms of our intercourse; but I should want the apology which public fame has given to the mention of these. In the current of public life, it often happens that those the most unknown to the public are the most genial and inspiring spirits of the social circle. Like the little stream which flows among the lofty hills they sparkle as they flow and shine in the shade. We had more than one such; and while memory sees first the fame covered hill, it dwells longest and closest with those who cast sunshine on our path and made life happy and bright."

If there were no other evidence to prove that true culture existed in the city of Cincinnati, in the early part of the last century, this passage alone would be convincing; but there are so many that in despair we must limit ourselves to a single one, the newspapers and the literary journals.

Newspapers and Journals.

This period abounded in efforts to establish all sorts of periodicals, but the lives of most of them were brief and many of them tragic.

There were the *Western Spy*, the *Inquisitor* and *Cincinnati Advertiser*; *The Literary Cadet*; *The National Republican* and *Ohio Political Register*; *The Independent Press* and *Freeman's Advocate*; *The Advertiser*; *Liberty Hall*; *The Gazette*; *The Emporium*; *The National Union Pantheon*; *The Western Tiller* *Saturday Evening Chronicle*; *The Cincinnati Mirror*; *The Republican*; *The Daily Herald*; *The English Tattler*; *The Morning Star*; *The Catholic Telegraph*; *The Western Christian Advocate*; *The Philanthropist*; *The Western Temperance Journal*; *The Hesperian*; *Rose of the Valley* and *Family Magazine*; to say nothing of those which were printed in the German language.

Our interest cannot possibly be profound, in many of them, for they melted away like snowflakes, clouds and other unsubstantial things. It is because they furnish an indubitable evidence of the passionate striving of the souls of our forefathers for self-expression; for attainment of the higher life that their names are mentioned here. For, it is not with the inefficient and the futile that we are concerned. It is the thing, the person, the institution that survived or that exerted influence, with which historians have to deal. We must, therefore, however regretfully, (for the stories of some of these enterprises are thrilling), confine our attention to a few of those whose importance was permanent, either simply because they survived in the struggle for existence, or really possessed an exceptional value from their contents, or because of the peculiar talents of their editors.

Gazette.

We begin with the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the first number of which was published on July 15, 1815, by Thomas Painter. To follow its history is like a study in the transmigration of souls, for it was combined with *Liberty Hall* on December 11, 1815. In 1822 *The Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette* was published weekly and semi-weekly by Morgan Lodge & Co., the "Company" being Isaac G. Burnet, who edited it for several years. He retired in favor of Benjamin Powers, a brother of the sculptor, and he in turn gave way to Charles Hammond, whose influence upon the life of the city was inferior to few men of his time, and perhaps to none, unless to Dr. Drake. He came to the city

from Wheeling, West Virginia, having won consideration by publishing in the *Scioto Gazette* of Chillicothe a noble defence of General Arthur St. Clair, then at the ebb tide of his fortunes. He was admitted to the bar in 1801; but in addition to the duties of his profession, edited the *Ohio Federalist* in Belmont county, and was also a member of the Ohio house of representatives. He came to Cincinnati in 1822 and was appointed in 1826 to the office of reporter to the supreme court, which office he held until his death.

By a series of articles published in the *National Intelligencer*, signed "Hampdon" he achieved a national reputation. In 1823 he became an editorial writer of the *Cincinnati Gazette* and editor-in-chief in 1825, winning in this capacity that extraordinary encomium of Daniel Webster "the greatest genius that ever wielded an editorial pen." As if this were not distinction enough, he gained a great fame in the law and was known as "the Alexander Hamilton of the West." Throughout his life he was an uncompromising foe of evils of every kind and particularly of slavery. The great ideas which he cherished and convictions which he held were advocated with such simplicity and power as to give him pre-eminence everywhere, and from 1825 to 1840 he may be said to have formed the opinions of the ablest men and women in the city.

Advertiser.

Another of the papers of that far off period still survives under the name of the *Enquirer*. At that time it was well known as the *Cincinnati Advertiser and Ohio Phenix* and was edited by Moses Dawson, a man of scarcely inferior talents to Mr. Hammond. He was less cultivated; but not less highly endowed by nature and possessed a hammer and anvil style which drove his ideas irresistibly home. His paper was the leading democratic organ and Mr. Dawson and Mr. Hammond were continually engaged in wars of words to the immense delight of their readers. The political antagonism of these two fighting editors appeared not to have made them personal enemies, however, for they often met in the greatest good humor and forgot their wrangles in their toddies.

The Chronicle.

In 1826 there was established a paper called the *Cincinnati Chronicle*, which was edited for a time by two young men whose names will ever be held in honor in the city whose character they did so much to shape. These men were Benjamin Drake, a younger brother of the great doctor, and E. D. Mansfield, a son of the distinguished general. They had made a considerable reputation by the publication in 1826 of their immortal "View of the City" and naturally enough drifted into journalism and became the principal attractions on the staff of the *Chronicle*. Drake remained with the paper almost until his death in 1841, and Mansfield continued as sole editor until 1848, and resumed his labors, after an interruption in 1850. Among the contributors to this journal were Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; Henry B. Blackwell; James H. Perkins; Mrs. Sigourney; Mary De Forest and Lewis J. Cist, and it was in one of the minor positions that Richard Smith (who afterwards on the *Gazette* and *Commercial-Gazette* became one of the leading editors of America) began his career. There must have been a noble quality in the paper but the very grandeur of the sentiments

of the editors and publishers (all being unalterably opposed to both slavery and liquor), made the struggle for existence a hard one.

The Mirror.

The Cincinnati *Mirror* is another paper which must always be of special interest to us because William D. Gallagher, one of the greatest literary lights of that period, was its editor. To trace the current of its life through its consolidation with the *Chronicle*, its reappearance (after a collapse) as *The Buckeye* and its resuscitation under the name of the *Chronicle*, would only divert us from recognition of the gifts and achievements of Gallagher himself. Born in Philadelphia in 1808; educated in a log house near the home of the Carey sisters, and at Lancaster Academy, he finally entered a small printing house in Postoffice alley, west of Main, and there acquired the art of setting type. In 1826 he was employed on the *Western Teller* and drifted from one paper to another, as such young fellows do, aimlessly and often hopelessly, until his real chance arrived. In 1828 he made a trip into Kentucky, which he described so charmingly in a series of letters to the *Chronicle*, as to secure a local fame and the friendly interest of Nicholas Longworth, who encouraged his aspirations and helped him to build a home. This home he subsequently sold to raise money to enable him to establish a paper in Xenia; but as this scheme fell through, he was invited to take editorial charge of the *Mirror*, among whose contributors were numbered Timothy Flint, J. A. McClurg, Morgan Neville, Benjamin Drake, Mrs. Dumont and Mrs. Hentz. During this period he delivered many popular lectures and published a book of poems. In 1836 he edited the *Western Literary Journal*, which was soon merged with the *Western Monthly Magazine*. Five issues proved its inability to survive, and Gallagher went to Columbus to connect himself with the *Ohio State Journal*. It was in 1838, however, that he began the most brilliant effort of his life, the publication of *The Hesperian*. The first two numbers appeared in Columbus, but the third in Cincinnati, "from a little room 10 x 12 feet with a single door and window, on Third street east of Main."

In the few brief months of its existence *The Hesperian* attracted the admiring attention of a large public through the contributions of its editors and a band of talented associates including Sherer, Perkins, Neville, Dr. and Benjamin Drake, Prentice, N. G. Symmes, Hildreth, Cranch and Robert Dale Owen. To what dignity and glory this magazine might have attained and what influence it might have exerted upon the literary development of the west, had its financial backing been adequate, are matters of interesting speculation. That backing was most inadequate, however, and Gallagher was soon compelled to abandon the sinking ship and take editorial passage with Charles Hammond on the *Gazette*. Up to 1850 he labored ceaselessly for the public good as editor, poet, lecturer and philanthropist. After that time he removed to Kentucky and passed the remainder of his life in a lonely spot called Pewee Valley, not far from Louisville, for one of whose papers, *The Courier*, he wrote much, but unacceptably often, because of his ardent opposition to slavery. So clear and determined were his views upon this question as to subject him to persecution from his neighbors. In 1881 he published a volume of poems entitled "Miami Woods and Other Poems." He lived and labored and loved until 1894, when he died, respected and admired, by even those whose hatred he had evoked.

Commercial Register.

The life of the *Commercial Register* was so brief that it would have sunk into oblivion but for the ever memorable editorship (in 1826) of Morgan Neville, whose devotion to literature, art and every form of public welfare has entitled him to permanent admiration. He died in 1840 and his library which was sold for \$800 was the foundation of the Ohio Mechanics Institute.

Western Magazine and Review.

In 1827 a diminutive pamphlet called the *Western Magazine and Review* was published by one of the most important personages in our history. Timothy Flint was a man of remarkable talents, who, after graduating at Harvard College, was ordained to the Christian ministry and came to Cincinnati in 1815. His social connections and his personal talents made him a welcome guest in the homes of the leaders of society and business. After spending the winter here, he wandered westward and having roamed around for five uneventful years, returned to New England and published his "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi." The success of the volume encouraged him to write the novel "Francis Berrian." Returning to Cincinnati in 1825, he began the publication of the magazine which did much to awaken an enthusiasm for good literature. The influence of this strong man cannot be measured by the length of his stay, which was brief, for in 1833 he again returned east to succeed Charles Trenno Hoffman as editor of *The Knickerbocker Magazine*. For a few years more he struggled nobly against a life long feebleness of body and died in 1840. Mrs. Trollope regarded him as the most attractive personality she had met in Cincinnati and he certainly was one of the moulders of its destiny.

James Hale.

The richness of this period in the characters and labors of editors finds another illustration in the career of James Hale, a native of Philadelphia. After participating in the War of 1812 he settled in Pittsburgh where he became acquainted with Morgan Neville, then editing *The Pittsburgh Gazette*. In 1820 he took a trip down the Ohio, a description of which in print was republished in England. He spent a number of years practising law in Illinois, where in 1829 he issued the first literary annual of the Ohio valley, the well known *Western Souvenir*. In 1830 he issued the first number of the *Illinois Magazine*, and after two years removed to Cincinnati and began to edit the *Western Monthly Magazine*. Besides his editorial labors he found time to write and publish books, the best known of which are "Legends of the West" and "Romance of Western History." Nor did such efforts consume all the strength of his genius. He became the cashier of the Commercial Bank and in 1843, its president, which position he held until he died in 1868.

The Literary Cadet.

In 1819 *The Literary Cadet*, which Professor Venable calls the "pioneer literary leaf of the Ohio valley" appeared and survived for six short months.

In the early part of 1821, the *Olio* was launched through the enthusiasm of Robert T. Lytle, Sol. Smith, John H. James and Lewis Noble.

A little later the "*Literary Gazette*" entered upon a brief but famous career, its best known contributor being Thomas Pierce, whose poetical effusions as "Horace in Cincinnati" convulsed the community and portrayed its life with extraordinary accuracy. Pierce was a Quaker merchant, but possessed of keen observation and a remarkable facility for rhyming, which he used to lampoon in a merciless but good humored style the vices of the day and to caricature the peculiarities of the people. A single sample must suffice, but it could be multiplied indefinitely.

"Our citizens had long
Unfearing fortune's evils,
With cards and wine and song
Enjoyed their midnight revels.
They grew more free and bold
Nor thought to be molested;
At length a tale was told
And every man arrested.

"Blush jurymen with shame
For wantonly commanding
Some hundred men of fame,
Renown and lofty standing
To quit their favorite sports,
Renounce their gambling errors
And stand before the Court
In all its mighty terrors."

The Philanthropist.

We have a right to feel an honest pride in these early efforts at self expression, and especially in that most important periodical of all, the *Philanthropist*, edited by James G. Birney and published by Achilles Pugh, from the northwest corner of Seventh and Main. It was not distinguished for its literary style but for its moral character. And yet it acted perhaps as the most powerful stimulus to the intellectual as well as ethical life of the community, for it provoked discussion of the most fundamental problems of human existence. After a few issues, opposition began to awaken and through its entire history its editor met with hatred and persecution. But with unflagging energy and indomitable perseverance Mr. Birney hammered away at the great vice that was destroying the political unity as well as the ethical nature of our country. In spite of themselves the people were compelled to think profoundly and seriously about the spiritual aspects of individual life and national character. So much so in fact that his influence upon the "soul of the city" was not second, we believe, to any man who ever lived and labored in it. If we were alive to the significance and value of the great formative influences of our municipal life, we should erect some worthy memorial of that great paper, of its editor and of its equally great publisher.



The Religious Journals.

Nor were the periodicals altogether secular and literary. A long essay of the greatest interest and value could be written about the influence of the religious journals upon our municipal life. In such productions the city has always abounded, and in the first period which we are studying some of the greatest and best were born. In 1831 *The Baptist Weekly Journal* of the Mississippi Valley appeared, and in 1834 *The Cross*. The *Western Christian Advocate* was established in 1834. The *Western Messenger*, a religious as well as literary journal and organ of the Unitarian church, began its career in 1835 and continued to exert a powerful influence until its extinction in 1841. Its allegiance was divided between Cincinnati and Louisville; but it was our own city's real child, and was, in Prof. Venable's judgment, the precursor of the *Boston Dial*.

Medical Journals.

From the religious journals we turn to the medical. It was inevitable that a city so distinguished as Cincinnati for its great doctors and its medical schools should develop first-class medical journals. Two efforts to do this had been made and failed, previously to 1826; but in that year a temporary success was achieved by the *Ohio Medical Repository*, which in a year or so passed into the hands of Dr. Drake and reappeared as the *Western Medical and Physical Journal*. It lived, while other organs gasped and died and in 1842, too late to be counted in this period, the *Western Lancet*, a very important paper, saw the light.

The German Papers.

A great and formative influence of this period is to be found in the life and labors of the Germans, and one of them became the founder, in 1836, of the *Volksblatt*, by which so many of his countrymen have sworn during seven decades of its existence. The name of this man was Charles Reemlin, who came to Cincinnati from Heilbrun, the city of his birth, in 1833, and threw himself eagerly into the work of promoting the interests of his fellow countrymen. When *Der Deutsch Franklin* (a paper published in the German language), renounced its democratic principles in 1836, Reemlin started an opposition paper, the *Volksblatt*, which at once commanded respect, and has since continued to be one of the great forces of our metropolitan life.

It must seem plain, from even so partial a view of the situation as this, that from 1819 to 1839 there were remarkable men and remarkable movements in a city, so young and so small as Cincinnati was.

There was wonderful opportunity for invention, for leadership, for influence. In the later periods of a city's growth the crystallized forms of life become obstacles to the development of individuality, and the free spirit of progress. People are hampered and intimidated by traditions and often bound hand and foot by entrenched evils. But in these two decades all the ingredients were pliable and responsive. They answered quickly to the potent touch of a moulding hand. That the *moulding* hands were generally *master* hands is a fact that must not be lost sight of, of course. It is not always a proof that men are great because they have produced great results; for if they stand at the fountain sources of history they may turn its contents into almost any channel, as a child

may turn the course of a river in any direction if it stands close enough to the spring where it heads. But these men and their contemporaries in many other fields seem great to us, apart from the fortunate position which they happen to occupy. They were great in natural endowments and character as well as achievements. But while giving full credit to their influence, we cannot forget the other forces that contributed to the growth and development of the city from 1819 to 1839.

New currents of life were being poured into the body politic. High and invigorating tides of immigration were perpetually flowing in—not the confusing and bewildering elements with which we have to deal today, and which we assimilate with so much difficulty. The immigration came largely from the east and consisted of people of the same race and customs. Most of them were young or in the full vigor of life. They were in genuine sympathy with those traditions of government and religion which had been already established. They made no effort to bring about revolutionary changes. They built upon the foundations already laid, a fact particularly true of the German and the Irish immigrants. The former were industrious and thrifty, accepting the new world in good faith, and determined to identify themselves sincerely with it, while still retaining the language and customs of their native land. The latter were full of joy and hope in the midst of customs affording so favorable a contrast to the oppression and poverty of their native land. They were poor in purse, but strong in body and fresh in spirit. With a strange and almost uncanny art, they seized upon and began to work the political machinery of our government, even while digging the ditches and doing the menial labor. The sprinkling of Jews that came added an element of distinctive value in the commercial world. They were shrewd and quick to seize upon the neglected opportunities for acquiring wealth.

The only element that could not be fused was the colored one. The natural antipathy of the white race for the black and the incessant irritation of the slave owners over any kindness shown the colored people, whether free or fugitive, kept society in a state of apprehension and upheaval. But this was only a minor obstacle after all to the homogeneous development of the social life of the community, and on the whole that development was as normal and healthy as it was free and vigorous. The city was not so large but that all the leading people could know each other and be known of everyone. Men and women of talent were not lost sight of, as in the present day. There comes a time in the growth of every great metropolis when even people of the most exceptional charm or power are crowded into obscurity. There are so many remarkable people in a city of a hundred thousand (to say nothing of a million), population that not *all* can shine, and it causes every true lover of his fellow men a genuine pain to think how few of these gifted men and women who live in the same town with him, he can possibly know.

But in a city like that of Cincinnati before the "forties" it was different. The little town was the unquestioned metropolis of a vast region. The lightest deeds and words of the principal citizens resounded for many miles. A first class surgical operation by Dr. Drake; a learned argument by Bellamy Storer; a brilliant sermon by Lyman Beecher; a worthy poem by Thomas Pierce; or a rattling editorial by Hammond would be the talk of the town and the region.

About a situation like this, there is something charming. The incentives it furnishes are very great and the pleasures it offers very real. No thoughtful and sensitive person can fail to be overcome at times by the vastness and incomprehensibility of a city, even no bigger than our own. He realizes that he is but a drop in an ocean of 350,000 souls; that nothing he can do or say can awaken a great deal of interest; that his personal influence must be infinitesimal; that he will be forgotten almost as soon as he is buried; that the life around him is too big for his measurement; that a thousand items of burning interest escape him daily; that there are hundreds of men and women whose personal talents and charm would add immeasurably to the wideness of his experience but whom he can never, possibly, know. If he is not often overpowered and saddened by this vastness and complexity; if he does not often think that fond regrets and even painful longing of the "good old days" when an alert citizen could get a bow from every pretty woman; exchange a friendly nod with every capable man; be familiar with every important incident and able to retail every charming bit of gossip; it would be strange indeed.

Upon the period when single individuals counted for so much and could be so well known, the door is rapidly closing. Already, as the first half century of the city nears its end, the life is becoming hopelessly complex. The population had climbed to 46,000. Sects and parties had multiplied. Social distinction had been established. Conflicting interests had created irreconcilable antagonisms. The bare fact that a person was the idol of one set insured his becoming the *bête noir* of another.

And then, the interests had multiplied as well as conflicted. There were too many matters of importance to be comprehended or enjoyed by everybody. The canal, for example, divided the city into two almost distinct and separate sections. On the north side of it dwelt the Germans almost exclusively, and "Over the Rhine" there was what had gradually become a sort of foreign city, with interests of its own—ideals, aspirations, prejudices, passions, of which the people on the other side knew almost nothing.

The emotions with which we say farewell to this period of simplicity and of unity are mingled ones, of course. We shall regret the intimacy of contact and the accuracy of knowledge which so small a city renders possible. The delightful charm of familiarity with places, persons, things, will vanish. We shall no longer glide down a quiet, narrow stream; but float out upon the surface of a noisy and forever widening river. We shall be bewildered by multiplicity; we shall be confounded by complexity.

The Race Problem.

While the commercial, religious and educational life of the city thus went on expanding normally, a situation was being slowly developed that became increasingly ominous with every year and threatened even greater catastrophes than it actually precipitated. It was a moral and political situation created by a geographical one. Cincinnati lay so near to the South (of which it was and is the natural gateway) that slaves were forever escaping into it for refuge, and free blacks found it a convenient place to make their homes. As early as 1829 it was discovered with apprehension that there were 2,258 colored people residing within the city limits. So great was the antipathy felt toward what

seemed at that time an undesirable element that mobs formed and assailed the negroes whenever they could be attacked with impunity. So many were killed or wounded in these *melees* that more than half the number of these unfortunate creatures fled from a situation so full of peril, and those who remained were naturally the lowest and the worst.

If the sentiment against them had been solid, their perils would have been less great. It was, however, very much divided, and there was a host of noble people whose souls burned within them at witnessing that injustice and those barbarities. From the first settlement of the city there had always been a few who were ready to harbor and to assist the miserable creatures who appealed for help to escape the degradations of slavery and their numbers steadily increased. As early as 1810 a sentiment in favor of abolition had become incarnate in Benjamin Lundy, who founded the Union Humane Society in St. Clairville, in 1815. His "Genius of Universal Emancipation" appeared in 1821, and three years later the Ohio legislature passed resolutions in favor of solving the terrible problem of slavery by that radical method. This sentiment grew rapidly and the Connecticut "Western Reserve" in northern Ohio and the city of Cincinnati, in southern, became the centers of earnest and determined opposition to the bondage of the black man.

In Cincinnati, the abolition sentiment found its most significant expression in one of its educational institutions. Founded in 1829, Lane Seminary had become an important factor in the city's life as early as 1834, and owing to the radical opinions of the great Professors Beecher and Stowe, the discussion of the ethical problems of the South's great and growing evil was open and earnest. In that year a debate was organized among the seminary people to thresh out the problem of slavery, and so deep was the interest in the discussion that it lasted for eighteen consecutive nights, and awakened so burning an anti-slavery sentiment that Sunday and day schools for the education of negro children were founded and opposition to the abnormal institution grew apace. With the opposition to slavery the opposition to that opposition kept step, and threats were made to put Lane seminary to the torch. As a matter of course internal dissensions sprang up in that school of sacred learning itself, and in August, 1834, the trustees, taking advantage of the temporary absence of Professors Beecher and Stowe, voted to suppress discussion of a subject that threatened to destroy the very existence of the seminary. As a result of this action (together with the dropping of John Morgan from the preparatory faculty) Asa Mahan, a trustee, resigned, and fifty-one of the students left the school in a body. At this, the antagonisms grew hotter and outside influences attempted to break up the Anti-Slavery society of Lane seminary on the ground that it was a "public menace." On the other hand, the friends of the abolition element grew more courageous, and James C. Ludlow (whose daughter was afterward married to Salmon P. Chase) proffered a home of his own, to shelter the bolting students.

While Lane seminary was thus helping to quicken the public conscience in the South, Oberlin college co-operated in the North and (principally) as the result of their activities the Ohio Anti-Slavery society was formed in 1835. Opinions which had thus crystallized in an organization must needs possess an organ, and a man raised up for the purpose suddenly appeared. In 1835 James

G. Birney had tried to establish an anti-slavery paper in Danville, Kentucky; but finding the opposition too great to be overcome, he crossed the river to New Richmond, Ohio, where he succeeded in issuing a few copies; but determined to move once more, and this time to Cincinnati. This was in the spring of 1836, and for a little time *The Philanthropist* appeared without exciting special opposition. But when it became evident at last that the commercial interests of the city were being imperiled by the animosity excited in the breasts of its southern patrons, a violent storm broke out. As any peril to the pocket-book of the individual or the community produces consternation and blunts the human conscience, there was an instantaneous outburst of passionate opposition and protest against the paper and its editor. To consolidate and voice this opposition a great meeting was arranged, and the mayor, Samuel W. Davis, took the chair with many of the most prominent citizens as vice presidents. So great was the unanimity of feeling amongst the attendants, a resolution that "no abolition paper be published or distributed in the town" was quickly and ardently adopted. To such men as Birney the mere passage of a resolution by however important a body, is not likely to cast a momentary shadow across the pathway they pursue, and he kept straight on about his business. But the animosity of his antagonists was of a most determined character, and, enraged at his obduracy, on the evening of the 14th of July, 1835, a crowd gathered at the office of Achilles Pugh, where *The Philanthropist* was printed.

In Cincinnati a crowd becomes a mob at a certain temperature as water becomes steam, and, bursting into the office, they began to wreck the material and machinery. As the destruction was only partial the indomitable Birney reassembled the fragments and the paper appeared and reappeared as usual.

The mayor of the city knew his people and through fear of still more serious outbreaks, issued a proclamation of warning to the voters; but blunted the edge of it by sending word to Birney that he held him guilty of provoking the people to violence by his contumacy, and earnestly besought him not to make any more trouble.

To publish his paper appeared to Birney to be his mission—not "to prevent trouble"—and that inflammatory organ continued to appear as regularly as the changes of the moon. It was not the rabble alone that opposed Mr. Birney; but to a considerable degree the best people in the city. They were as anxious to avoid trouble as anyone, and determined to try once more to bring the cantankerous abolitionist to reason; and, therefore, on the 28th (of July) they attempted peaceably to convince the editor and his friends that they ought to cease their efforts because they were "damaging the city."

It was little enough that Birney cared what became of this city or any city as long as the infamy of slavery existed, and he paid no more attention to their threats than as if they were so many snarling dogs. On the night of the 29th, therefore, a vast crowd assembled and once more marched to the office of the paper (No. 106 Main street) determined this time to settle its destiny and have done with it. It took but a few moments to dismantle the office, wreck the fixtures and fling the press into the river. The passion for destruction, now thoroughly awakened, drove the crowd from one part of the city to another as if swept by a tempest. They rushed from the office of Mr. Pugh to his home, and then to those of Donaldson, Birney and Colby, making the night hideous

as they went, and after having refreshed themselves in the restaurant of the Cincinnati Exchange hotel, betook themselves with a new fury to the office of the *Gazette*, against whose editor, Charles Hammond, they felt a grievance because he had denounced their methods.

Before a deed so desperate as destroying his very valuable property, they paused and were easily diverted to Church alley, a region where the colored people dwelt in numbers. To their astonishment and dismay, as they rushed in to pillage and destroy, they were received with powder and bullets, and, although only two shots were fired, the mob staggered. That they could have been easily driven back had the blacks pursued their first advantage was likely if not certain, but the timid defenders of their homes, becoming frightened, fled and left their property to be destroyed. It was of little value and easily demolished, and when there was nothing left but a piteous heap of fragments, the mob dispersed, proud of an evening's work for which posterity holds them in everlasting contempt.

Disgusted and angered with these miserable wretches for such infamous proceedings an attempt was made by the law-abiding element to hold a mass meeting to repudiate and condemn their deeds; but in spite of the best efforts of such men as Charles Hammond, E. D. Mansfield, Wm. M. Corry and Salmon P. Chase, it came to nothing, or to very little, for it was so packed by pro-slavery sympathizers that the nobler sentiments could not find expression.

Disgraceful as the riot was, it served, as so often happens in the mysterious economy of events, an unexpected and valuable purpose in the life of the city, for it consolidated the scattered opponents of slavery who, up to that time, knew but little of each other's sentiments or even existence.

Salmon P. Chase.

Among those opponents were many beautiful and noble spirits whose virtues the pen of any historian might feel it an honor and joy to record, although but a single one can receive an extended notice here. So great a luster has, however, been shed upon our city by the life and labors of Salmon P. Chase that to omit the story of his career entirely would be fatal to the very end we seek, the end of inspiring ourselves to emulation of all those great characters who have ennobled the life of our town.

We turn aside, therefore, from the narrative of events, to trace the career of an illustrious individual who helped to form them.

While serving his state in the senate in 1830, Judge Jacob Burnet became deeply interested in young Chase, who was then attempting to establish a school in the capital city. It was up hill work for him, and when the judge urged him to give it up and go out to Cincinnati and practise law, he followed the counsel of his distinguished adviser.

It was not his first acquaintance with the city, for when a mere boy, he had been taken to it by Bishop Chase (his uncle), and placed in the Cincinnati College. There he had remained but a little while, drifting back to New England, his birthplace, and being graduated from Dartmouth College. From Dartmouth he went to Washington and from Washington to Cincinnati, where he arrived on the 30th of March in 1830.

Such were the personal charms of the man himself, so flattering the recommendations he brought from his former homes and so pleasant the memories

still cherished of him by the many prominent people who had known him during his former residence that Mr. Chase was enthusiastically welcomed in the most select circles of society.

For a few years his social successes were far more brilliant than his professional; but as his powers matured, he gained an ever widening recognition as a man of unusual talents. In 1832 he published a collection of the then existing laws of Ohio and prefaced them with a historical sketch of the state, an achievement which gave him at once a permanent place in the esteem of scholars. As his fame grew, his business increased. He formed favorable partnerships; contracted a happy marriage; and thought but little, we presume, of the strange career that was being shaped for him by the events which were taking place in connection with the evils of slavery. But a clear vision of those evils was being widely disclosed to multitudes, and it came, at last, to him.

In his great soul there was a keen sense of justice which received a shock, profound indeed, at the sight of the outrages committed against peaceful, law abiding black folks and against their loyal friends, the whites, whose beautiful characters and noble lives he knew first hand. To his own astonishment he suddenly found himself thoroughly identified with the anti-slavery movement; so thoroughly, indeed, as to have participated in the great meeting for protest just described, and to have become a man marked for destruction by the mob. On one occasion, indeed, when the riotous crowd approached the hotel where he boarded and demanded the person of Mr. Birney, Mr. Chase suddenly appeared in the doorway and frightened them off by the mere determination with which he commanded them to depart. "From this time on," he said of himself, "although not technically an abolitionist, I became a decided opponent of slavery and its power."

The evolution of the social leader into the champion of human rights was now continuous and rapid. As early as 1841 and up to 1849, he was the leader of the abolitionist party in Ohio; senator from 1849 to 1855; governor from 1855 to 1860; second most prominent candidate to Lincoln for the presidency in 1860; secretary of the treasury from 1860 to 1864; and chief justice of the United States from that time until his death in 1873.

With this great career as a whole we are not concerned, but only with that portion of it which affected and was affected by the life of our city. It was here that the convictions were formed which made Salmon P. Chase one of the pillars of the state in our greatest national crisis. It was here that he grew into the beauty as well as strength of his life. He helped to show us the path of duty and to keep us in the way of righteousness.

Many great and worthy men were developed in the two decades which terminated the first half century of our city's existence, but he was the noblest Roman of them all, and no single individual did so much to clarify the civic conscience.

There was a mysterious and powerful foment at work in the soul of the city, in these two decades. In every sphere of life there was progress. Politically, morally, religiously, intellectually, æsthetically the city *grew*. But when we come to a careful analysis, it was the discussion of the question of human rights and duties with regard to the slave traffic, that most powerfully affected the inner and higher life of the community.



SALMON P. CHASE

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Let it be observed, now, that the end of this period was also the end of the first half century of the city's existence. The fourth decade of the unbroken life has been called "the old age of youth and the youth of old age." A community of cities are like persons, had reached the old age of its youth and the youth of its old age. It was fitting, therefore, that the 50th anniversary should be properly observed; and on the 50th day of December, 1854 (because it was then supposed the landing took place on that date instead of the 25th), a dignified and worthy celebration was held. At sunrise, at noon and at night, salutes were fired. There was a magnificent parade in the streets, and a crowded assemblage of citizens in the old First Presbyterian church, where prayers were offered by Drs. Wilson and Burke, and a magnificent oration (of three hour and twenty minutes' duration), delivered by Dr. Drake. At its close a banquet was held in the "Pearl Street House," where toasts were eloquently responded to by distinguished orators. It was a great and glorious day and celebrated the close of a distinct and definite period. But, after all, such lines of demarcation are purely artificial. There is no real break or interruption in the onward flow of events in the lives of nations, and cities as there is none in the onward flow of a river. Occasionally great movements are brought to an abrupt close; old conceptions vanish and, even, burst as bubbles do; swift and radical transitions in business, politics and religion occur; great men and even groups of great men die; but the panorama continues to unroll. Not for a moment can it stop, by day or night. Forever and forevermore, the present gives birth to the future. The happenings of today inaugurate the movements of tomorrow. The new is forever issuing from the old; the future from the past. The celebrants of the great festival retired at night with the feeling that the curtain had been rung down upon a finished act; but already the scenery for the next had been arranged and the drama was going forward. Old truths will once more be reiterated; old errors will again struggle to be accepted; old battles will be renewed. The web will be forever in the spinning.

CHAPTER X.

THE CITY FROM 1839 TO 1861.

THE DECADE FROM 1839 TO 1849 ONE OF GREAT DEVELOPMENT—CIST'S DIRECTORY PUBLISHED IN 1841—RACE RIOTS AND OTHER DISTURBANCES—THE RACE PROBLEM—MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS—LINCOLN, STANTON—RALPH WALDO EMERSON, KOSSUTH, WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, CHARLES DICKENS, GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES AND A HOST OF OTHER NOTABLES.

We have now arrived at a point in the history of Cincinnati where the city may be said to have begun 'to find itself.' The decade from 1839 to 1849 was that of the greatest development in every direction which it had yet known, and although the growth as measured by figures declined, the evolution of the interior forces—the ideas, the aspirations, the purposes of the people went steadily forward until at last in the great crisis of the Civil war all were melted into a solution out of which they emerged recrystallized.

As a matter of course, our sources of information about this much more recent period have increased in numbers, in accuracy and in fulness until our trouble is no longer to discover facts; but to eliminate them. So copious has become the fund of knowledge, in fact, that its very repletion tends to choke the stream of narration. From this moment and on until the last word is written, the historian cannot help but feel a sense of guilt because by reason of his inviolable space limitations he must exclude from his annals incidents, events, and people of surpassing interest. He cannot record all that he would, and is certain that he will not record all that he ought. Every historian's sense of the relative importance of the various items which he has to consider, is imperfect. Always and everywhere his personal likes and dislikes; affinities and antipathies; struggles and weaknesses must influence his selections and rejections. What you would be interested in might be of the least concern to me, while what I am fascinated by may seem to you intensely dull and stupidly exaggerated.

For this grief of realizing that his records are thus certain to be inadequate, the historian has a melancholy consolation in the fact that other tellers of the great story will arise to give their due importance to the things which he has magnified or minimized. The lawyer, the educator, the journalist, the physician, the banker, each of whose thoughts are colored by his own experience, will stretch out a hand over the flood of oblivion in which other authors have permitted scenes and people to sink, and save them for future remembrance.

This essay is but an interpretation in which the dominant purpose is to seize upon strategic movements, portray critical incidents, bring forward creative spirits and show the psychology of the city's growth, with the distinct and definite aim of pointing out the kind of people and the sort of movements that count for progress and good citizenship.

We stand here, then, at the beginning of the second half century, meekly enough trying to pick out the most shining threads in the warp and woof of the ever-growing fabric.

It is the fact of growth, indeed, that strikes us with ever-increasing force. The consciousness that a city is a living organism, with a spirit and character of its own, intensifies with every period of advance. Like a gigantic creature of the prehistoric ages, the mysterious entity feeds and grows until its magnitude awakens awe. With insatiable hunger it swallows little settlements that once had a life and character of their own, assimilating them as a leviathan does its food. It reaches out its great tentacles, fastens upon new acres of forest; of farm; of hilltop and valley, and overspreads them with its mighty bulk, consisting of homes and stores; of shops and mills; of churches and schools. Through its ever new and numerous veins and arteries of street and boulevard flow the ever-increasing streams of life blood, the drops of which are individual men and women and children.

That sense of mystery which one feels at surveying the growth of a plant deepens into awe as he watches the growth of a city. The shrewdest intellect can do nothing more than guess the direction or quality of this growth, for sometimes a pebble may turn it aside, while at others a mountain cannot successfully oppose its progress. A new invention; a remarkable personality; a different route of travel will alter its habits and even its character. No single individual can absolutely impose upon it the laws of its being; none can eliminate; few can influence them. By some internal force and in accordance with some heaven-imposed ordinances the growth goes forward; but *through* and *by* the intellect and will of the people, for they are its spirit; they are its will.

At the beginning of its second half century, Cincinnati stood seventh among the great cities of America (they were all small then) and bade fair to attain a higher rank in the future. Everybody in the country believed this and its own inhabitants had the most boundless faith in its destiny. One of them (a little later on), J. W. Scott, went so far as to prophesy that by the middle of the year 2000 it would be the greatest city in the world! No wonder that he thought so, for, at any rate, history had preserved no other record of a growth so great in a time so short. In 1840 there were 46,338 inhabitants!

Several good accounts of the general appearance of the town and of its people in the first few years of the sixth decade have been preserved. W. G. Lyford, a traveler from the east; Rev. J. I. Buckingham, an Englishman, and a most distinguished countryman of his, Charles Dickens, visited and recorded impressions in which there is a striking agreement. They found the city substantially and beautifully built. The houses were comfortable and sometimes elegant and generally enclosed by spacious grounds. The streets were thronged with busy and prosperous people. The public landing was a fascinating place and the sight of as many as thirty great steamboats coming in and going out or lying at the dock made the scene most picturesque. Dickens "was charmed with the appearance of the town and its adjoining suburb, Mt. Auburn, from which the city, lying in an amphitheater of hills, forms a picture of remarkable beauty and is seen to advantage."

In 1841 Charles Cist issued the first of his remarkable directories, from which a realistic conception of the city, physical, mental, moral, educational and

religious, may be drawn. Out of the encyclopedic mass of information we select at random, almost, the facts that in the current year \$5,200,000 were invested in commercial houses and \$14,541,182 in manufactures; that there were five incorporated and two unincorporated banks; that there were seven insurance companies; that there were twenty-nine periodicals; that the common schools contained 4,000 pupils under the guidance of sixty teachers; that the churches were increasing and prospering.

In 1851 came the second of the directories, and the city had then arisen to the rank of the fifth (instead of the seventh) great city. It had reached to the number of sixteen wards and included the space between Mill creek on the west; the river on the south and east and McMillan street, on the north and northeast. The total number of buildings was 16,286. The turnpikes had been immensely improved and extended. The Miami and White Water canals were doing an enormous business. The Little Miami; the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton were in process of construction. Nine hotels were entertaining innumerable guests, the chiefest being the Burnet House, "acknowledged to be the most spacious and, in its interior arrangements, the finest hotel in the world." Horace Greeley is quoted as saying in the *Tribune* in 1850, "It requires no keenness of observation to see that Cincinnati is destined to become the focus and market for the grandest circle of manufacturing thrift on the continent. Her delightful climate; her unequaled and ever-increasing facilities for cheap and rapid commercial intercourse with all parts of the country and the world; her enterprising and energetic population; her own elastic and exulting youth; are all elements which predict and insure her electric progress to giant greatness. I doubt if there is another spot on earth where food, cotton, timber and iron can all be concentrated so cheaply—that is at so moderate a cost of human labor in producing and bringing them together—as here. Such fatness of soil, such a wealth of immense treasures—coal, iron, salt and the finest clays for all purposes of use—and all cropping out from the steep and facile banks of placid, though not sluggish navigable rivers. How many Californias could equal in permanent worth the valley of the Ohio!"

The third and last of Mr. Cist's books was issued just before the war, in '59, and the story is still one of great though not so extraordinary expansion. There were sixteen public schools (besides the two high schools), with 17,685 pupils. One hundred and eighty Christian societies and six Jewish synagogues are enumerated. There were fifty-three periodicals, sixteen local insurance societies; the manufactured and industrial products attained a total of \$112,254,400, the imports reached to \$74,348,758, and the exports to \$47,497,095.

As for the political aspects of the situation it may be said that the ever-expanding life of this great, growing and beautiful city was presided over by several mayors, all of whom deserve mention because of their official position, and some for their personal traits.

1833-1843.

Samuel W. Davies, who was first elected in 1833, was re-elected again and again, holding office until his death in 1843. He was indeed a most remarkable person, being "nearly six feet in height and endowed with intellectual, moral and spiritual characters of the highest type."

1843-1851.

Henry E. Spencer, his successor, was the son of that pioneer boy who was captured by the Indians, Oliver M. Spencer. He held his office for four terms and stood for the best things in the city's life.

1851-1853.

Mr. Spencer gave way to Mark P. Taylor in 1853, who, being an invalid at the time of his election and continuing to be so, did not make a distinguished success.

1853-1855.

David T. Snelbaker came next in the line and his administration was unsatisfactory for reasons which subsequently proved to be not so much attributable to himself as to circumstances.

1855-1857—1857-1859.

James J. Farran, whose principal career was that of an editor, followed Snelbaker and was universally respected for his gifts, his achievements, and so, also, was Nicholas W. Thomas, who succeeded him in 1857. During his life he held almost every office in the gift of the people and was identified with most of the great movements for civic betterment.

1859—

The last incumbent before the civil war, Richard M. Bishop (who subsequently (1878-1879) occupied the governor's chair in Columbus) entered upon his work in a most eventful period and was called upon to take part in several great events, *e. g.*, making the address of welcome to the visiting legislatures of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, and also to President Lincoln, who passed here on his way to Washington.

During this era, questions of the greatest importance arose and were settled; movements of the utmost consequence began and were completed; incidents of the greatest dramatic interest happened and individual characters of the greatest charm were developed. To speak of those which bulked the largest shall be our purpose now, and we begin with brief accounts of the changes which occurred in the various departments of the city government; those public service agencies which are the enduring elements; the abiding factors of a city's being: but which are subject to such perpetual changes that they demand a reconsideration in every single period of the city's growth.

Police.

In 1840 there came about a radical change in the method of policing the city. Before that time the watch had been appointed by the council; but afterward their selection was entrusted to the direct choice of the people. This watch, it must be remembered, acted only at night, and it was not until 1842 that the council created a day watch, consisting of two men (selected by itself) and guaranteed to each officer the munificent reward of \$1.25 per diem!

A second reorganization of the police force, consisting principally of its enlargement, took place in 1850; but in 1853 there occurred a change which foreshadowed the present elaborate system. At that time a chief was appointed, with

six lieutenants, and the force was increased to six officers for each of the sixteen wards—in addition to which there were six river watchmen, two canal watchmen, two watch houses and two station house keepers.

A third reorganization occurred at the close of the period as a result of the act of the legislature passed in 1859, by virtue of which a board of police commissioners was constituted, to consist of the mayor himself and four persons appointed by the mayor, the police judge and the city auditor. They were to serve without pay, to appoint chief and officers and to formulate rules and regulations. This plan was devised to do away with the office of "marshal" which had become a public peril by means of the gradual increase of fees to an amount which offered too great a temptation for the virtue of the average man.

During most of the time, the duties of the police were neither difficult nor dangerous; but emergencies occasionally arose when their courage was put to severest test, as, for example, in the race riots of this period.

Race Riots—1841.

The excitement about slavery which was forever smouldering in the breasts of Cincinnatians broke out in two serious disturbances in 1841, the first occurring on the 25th of June. On that day, Cornelius Burnett (not Burnet), his three sons and three other persons, were arrested on the charge of assault and battery upon Robert Black, a constable, and the owner of a slave who had been traced to Burnett's residence. The Burnetts resisted the attempt to capture the fugitive and were arrested and sent to jail, during their detention in which place a mob attacked their home, but were dispersed before they had done much damage.

This was a small affair, however, compared with another which occurred in September of the same year and was precipitated by the antagonism which had always existed between the Irish and the negroes, two parties of whom met at the corner of Sixth and Broadway one day and, as usual, picked a quarrel with each other. It was not of serious proportions at that time, but brooding over it, awakened a desire to put the issue to the test of brute strength.

The next month the trouble broke out again and upon the Irish demanding the surrender of one of the negroes as a hostage or a prisoner, his companions joined him in his resistance, and still more blood was shed. The next evening the tumult began afresh, and finally, on Friday morning, a mob composed largely of river men and Kentucky toughs, took possession of Fifth street, where the esplanade is now, and so terrorized the police and citizens as to be able to hold their ground, and finally to demolish a negro house. This act of violence, however, consolidated the black people of the neighborhood and a large band of them, well armed, appeared upon the scene.

So ominous was the situation, then, that J. W. Piatt, and after him Mayor Davies, attempted to allay the excitement by an appeal to reason; but their voices were drowned in a tumult of derision, and finally the whites, charging upon the blacks, were met with a deadly volley of firearms. The fighting continued, at intervals, and at midnight a six-pound cannon was planted in the streets by the rowdy element and frequently discharged in the direction of the negro settlement.

On Saturday morning J. W. Piatt, J. C. Avery, Bellamy Storer and W. T. Disney addressed a public gathering, denouncing the mob; but adding fuel to

the flames by also denouncing the abolitionists. Each day and hour the frenzy increased, and every plan to allay the excitement failed. The negroes gave bonds to keep the peace, but even this did not avail, and they were finally taken under military escort into the jail, where alone they appeared to be secure. Their disappearance did not cause the mob to disperse, however, and rushing hither and thither, they finally concentrated their attacks upon the office of the *Philanthropist*, which they demolished and threw the pieces into the river. So great had become the peril by this time that Governor Corwin was obliged to come to the city in person, and before the mob could be finally quelled, as many as twenty or thirty had been seriously wounded, and several had been killed.

This brief recital of those deeds of violence will afford conclusive proof that the police force of that period were not mere supernumeraries and will, also, excite a curiosity as to the nature of that inflammable substance in the soul of our city which was forever bursting forth into deeds of violence.

Riot of '42.

As another illustration, there was the bank riot of 1842. On the evening of the preceding day, the Miami Exporting Company made an assignment, and in the morning the Bank of Cincinnati closed its doors. As soon as these facts were known a panic occurred and crowds of excited citizens, rushing together, began to break open the doors and to destroy the property. Mayor Davies, for some reason or other, proved incompetent to meet the emergency with the force at his command; but Captain O. M. Mitchell, with ten of the city guards, rushed to the scene and with threats dispersed the crowd, which, however, reassembled and had finally to be broken up by a rattling fire in which two or three citizens were wounded.

Riot of '48.

There also was the riot of 1848, the circumstances of which were truly dramatic. Two soldiers of the Mexican War had turned up in the city, possessed of land warrants whose value was great enough to tempt an old German and his wife, with whom they boarded, to a horrible crime. Having failed to persuade the soldiers to part with the warrants in any other way, they coached their daughter to charge them with an assault upon her virtue. This charge they spread abroad in order to provoke the arrest of the soldiers, and thus enable themselves to get possession of the coveted documents. At the trial, public opinion rose to a fever heat, and a crowd of impassioned citizens would have sacked the jail and lynched the soldiers but for the courage of Sheriff Weaver. Fearing that the force at his command was insufficient he summoned the "Citizens' Guard" and "The Grays" to his aid, and when, after repeated warnings to the crowd to disperse, they still persisted in their determination to seize his prisoners, the faithful officer ordered the soldiers to fire. The volley was so well directed that eleven persons in the crowd were shot to death, some, as usual, being innocent. At first the tide of public opinion turned against the sheriff; but when it was at last discovered that had the crowd succeeded in their purpose they would have hung two entirely innocent and entirely respectable men, a swift reaction followed.

Riot of '53.

The famous Bedini riot occurred in the same period. In 1853 there came to America and to Cincinnati a distinguished prelate of the Roman Catholic church the Papal Nuncio Bedini—and his arrival was the signal for a violent outbreak of passion among the Germans. In 1850, out of a population of 115,438, more than 51,000 were German born or of a German parentage, among whom were many heroic spirits that had been imbittered by those injustices which had provoked the rebellion of 1848. In their hearts they cherished an undying resentment towards anyone who had attempted to suppress their liberties in their home land and, believing that the papal nuncio was such a man, they assembled in a mass meeting and demanded that he should leave the town. Some of them, upon its adjournment, were impelled by their excitement towards the home of the archbishop on Eighth and Elm, where Bedini was a guest, but at the Eighth street park they encountered the entire police force, headed by the chief, who was acting under the orders of Mayor Snelbaker. Instantly, trouble began. Heads were broken with clubs and shots were fired with such effect that fourteen people were wounded before the crowd gave way. The Germans were wild, and at a subsequent meeting sent a committee of one hundred to demand the resignation of the mayor. Upon his refusal to yield to their childish demands, a half formed determination to go and compel him to do so was defeated by the eloquence of Bellamy Storer, who persuaded the angry Germans that they were transgressing the boundaries of their rights.

Riot of '55.

Another riot occurred in 1855 and was precipitated by political and racial animosities, excited by an election. The story was noised about that the Germans "over the Rhine" proposed to prevent the casting of ballots for J. D. Taylor the mayoralty candidate of the American, or "Know-nothing" party. This rumor was a match in a powder mine and before long a crowd consisting of thousands of excited people were barricading the streets. So confused were the elements in conflict and so complicated the situation that no definite plan of action was evolved, and the crowd dispersed, apparently because it did not understand and, therefore, could not properly handle itself.

The Fire Department.

The story of the fire department is not so bloody as that of the police, but neither is it less dramatic and is, in fact, one of the most instructive chapters in the history of our city's life. At the beginning of the second half century the work of extinguishing fires was purely voluntary. A system so crude in a town so large seems quite incomprehensible until we realize the social and political power and prestige of those remarkable organizations, the fire companies. So great it was, that the leading men of the city regarded it as a privilege and a pleasure to be enrolled among the members. That sort of pleasure and excitement, and that kind of opportunity for personal advancement and achievements which men discover now in the modern "clubs" was found at that time in these powerful organizations for fighting fire. They possessed all sorts of power in almost every sphere, social, commercial, and particularly political. In their engine houses the destinies of individuals and movements were often settled. Among the presidents of different companies (of which there were fourteen in

1841, were M. P. Taylor, Josiah Stratton, Miles Greenwood, Samuel H. Taft, A. Trowbridge, Fenton Lawson, David Griffin, and James Lowden, all of them among the most important people in the city.

Of the many influences which kept the ranks full and the men in a state of interest and excitement was that of rivalry. To be first at a fire was a sort of glory, like that of being first over an intrenchment in a battle. When an alarm sounded, the companies hastened to the scene of conflagration and nothing suited them better than to encounter and oppose each other's progress in a fight. Slowly but surely the primary reason for their existence became secondary. To get to the fire first, and not to put it out, was the dominant motive, and not infrequently the flames were permitted to destroy the burning building while the firemen battled for priority in the streets below.

The brilliant costumes, the resplendent engines, the wild excitement and the acknowledged prestige conspired to make men perform feats of strength and heroism that money could not buy. The achievements of these volunteer organizations were remarkable indeed, and their fame was heralded in every city on the continent. Those old hand-pumps would seem but feeble instruments today, but operated by these fire demons of that far distant period, they accomplished miracles, and they had great conflagrations to deal with, too. In 1843, for example, there was a terrible fire at Pugh & Alvord's packing house, when an explosion of gas destroyed the lives of eight or nine and wounded a dozen more.

With all its capabilities and glories, however, the volunteer system was doomed to pass away. "The old order changeth." New conditions and a great invention soon made the hand engine antiquated and the unpaid organization incompetent.

Among the young men who were quietly doing their work in obscure positions in the shops of Cincinnati was one by the name of A. B. Latta, whose fertile mind gradually worked out a design for a fire extinguisher to be run by steam, and a machine was constructed in accordance with his model in the shops of John H. McGowan in the years 1852-53. Although a crude affair compared with the perfected engines of the present day, it was a usable and effective piece of machinery, and the first of its kind to be put into permanent and successful use. At the time of its completion Joseph S. Ross was chairman of the "committee on the fire department" and possessing the sagacity to see the value of this invention, he purchased it for the city. A few experiments with it convinced the farthest seeing minds that it was destined to produce a revolution in implements and organizations, both. They saw, among other things, that it had struck the death knell of the old volunteer system, and began immediately to plan for its overthrow and the substitution of a paid department.

That this plan should encounter determined opposition will seem incredible to us children of a later time, until we remember what prestige the old order possessed; how powerful its interests were; how delightful its pleasures; how great its influence; how fond its memories. Every entrenched institution dies hard and this was no exception. In fact, the most heroic measures and the most courageous men were required to kill it. To four of these men, Jacob Wyckoff Piatt, Miles Greenwood, James H. Walker and Joseph S. Ross, the fame of this great achievement must be given. Walker and Ross belonged to the council, and when the fight grew hot had to be attended to its meetings with a body-guard. These



MONUMENT OF WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON AND JAMES A. GARFIELD



IN MEMORY OF FORT WASHINGTON, AT THIRD AND LUDLOW ST.

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reformers boldly described the weakness and the evils of the old engines and the old methods; argued eloquently for the new, and finally secured the adoption of the resolution to organize a paid department. But this was easier said than done. Everybody knew that it meant quarreling, fighting and possibly bloodshed. To head this movement there must be some man found of a power and courage altogether peculiar. And such a man there was, as true a hero as ever led a charge in battle. His name was Miles Greenwood and nature had endowed him with an almost gigantic body, an indomitable will and inexhaustible powers of endurance. He was a foundryman and a most successful one. Not only was he a successful manufacturer, but a most public-spirited citizen. He was a prominent supporter of the Ohio Mechanics Institute and of many other institutions; but, above all, he was the idol of the fire department. If, therefore, he could be persuaded to desert the old order for the new and especially to head it, success would be assured. The case was laid before him. He considered, consulted and consented. A new department was organized and the next conflagration awaited with desire and apprehension. It broke out on Sycamore street above Fourth. The bell rang; a crowd gathered at the engine house; everything else was ready, but there was not a man in the department who had courage to mount the box and drive into the zone of danger.

It is in crises like this that the souls of men are tested. Without an instant's hesitation Mr. Greenwood leaped into the empty seat, seized the reins and swung the horses out into the streets. Inspired by his presence and example, the firemen in their splendid uniforms followed in the wake of the engine and, along with them, went the workmen from Mr. Greenwood's shops and a crowd of Irishmen whom Mr. Piatt had enlisted for the purpose.

They knew well enough that this was no dress parade and were not astonished when they encountered an army of their rivals lying in wait to meet them. With grim determination the two contingents sprang into the lists and a fight began that would have resulted in a terrible tragedy but for the courage and firmness of the gigantic foundryman. Leaping into the midst of his antagonists like another Thor, he broke so many heads in so short a time as to start a panic and produce a rout. Beaten at one of their own games, the humiliated volunteers attempted to play the other, of showing their pre-eminence as fire fighters, if not of men fighters.

That same night two other conflagrations occurred, and they did their best; but superiority of the apparatus and the new system were so apparent that all the companies clamored to be incorporated into the new order. To thus reorganize the whole system was a work of great difficulty and Greenwood labored at it like a giant. In order to succeed, he loaned the city fifteen thousand dollars of his own money, and raised as much more from his friends. His family had just moved to Avondale, but for eighteen months he only spent six nights in his new home, being compelled to sleep down town so as to be ready for any emergency. In order to give all his time to this great task he hired a man to take his place in the shop at a salary of \$1,500, and the \$1,000 salary which the city paid to him he turned over to the Mechanics Institute as a contribution. We doff our hats to Miles Greenwood and should like to live in a city where there are a few hundred or a thousand like him.

Water Works.

The story of the changes in the water works lacks the dramatic interest of those of the police and fire department; but is not, therefore, less important. It has come to be a philosophical commonplace of history that it is not only in the scenes in which "the garments of men are rolled in blood" that catastrophic changes occur, but also in those in which the habits of thought, of feeling and of action are transformed in the quiet of home and shop and farm.

Our progress in the supply and distribution of the element that with earth and air constitutes the Holy Trinity of the physical world, has been quiet and peaceful; slow and steady.

Up to June 25, 1839, the business had been in private hands, but on that date the city took possession of the existing plant which it had purchased from its owner and began the experiment of furnishing the citizens with water itself. For \$300,000 it secured the tracts of land lying between Front and High streets, east of the Kilgour line, together with the lot on the south of Front street, running to the river (where was the pumping house); the reservoir on High street; the pumping house on Front street, and the two pumping engines "Vesta" and "Betsy," together with nineteen miles of wooden and three and one-half miles of iron pipe.

The management of the system became the subject of many futile experiments, but in 1847 the legislature placed the control in a board of trustees to be elected annually. In 1844 a new and larger reservoir was required, and another in 1849, to meet the increasing needs of the ever-growing city. It was in 1847 that the wooden pipes were practically abandoned for iron. By 1860 the plant was so improved as to be worth two and a quarter millions. It was not perfect; but it was vastly better than it had ever been before.

Post Office.

With these improvements going on in every other sphere it was certain that the handling of mail would not be long inadequately managed. In 1839 the office, located on Third and Vine, received about eighty mails each week. In 1831 a new building on East Third, between Main and Sycamore, housed the office, but in 1849 it was again removed, this time to the Art Union building on the northwest corner of Sycamore and Fourth. In 1853 it was transferred to a building erected by the government at the corner of Fourth and Vine. Up to 1839 there had been but five postmasters in Cincinnati,—Abner M. Dunn, William Maxwell, Daniel Mayo, William Ruffin and William Burke. In 1841 Burke was displaced by William H. H. Taylor, son-in-law of President Harrison. Mr. Taylor was removed in 1845 and George Crawford appointed in his place. In 1845 Crawford gave way to Major William Oliver, and he to Dr. John L. Vattier in 1853, who was displaced in favor of J. J. Farran for a time, but reappointed in 1859.

Of all these figures by far the most picturesque was William Burke, who served under Madison, Monroe, Adams, Jackson, Van Buren and Harrison. He was an eccentric, but incorruptible and useful citizen; a minister by profession, he had drifted into secular life on account of talents peculiarly fitted to certain needs in the community. Mr. Mansfield characterizes him in a few words so well chosen as to excite an undying curiosity in his person and his career. "He

seemed to have lost his voice and always spoke in low and guttural tones. He was always chewing tobacco and, being a postmaster, was always a Democrat. He was a strong Methodist and seemed an amiable man."

With increased facilities for transportation, the exchange of mail with east and west, with north and south, became a simple matter.

Very abrupt and very fragmentary these statements seem, no doubt, to the mind which hungers for details. Abrupt and fragmentary they are, for enough is known about every one of these departments of public service to fill a volume. But the average human mind is so constituted that it either must lose a consciousness of the whole of anything by a minute familiarity with its innumerable parts, or sacrifices a multitude of those parts in order to acquire a consciousness of the whole. It is the whole we seek, a concept of the entire city; familiarity with the current of the river rather than its little eddies.

Hoping, therefore, that these few bold strokes have helped to paint this picture clearly and ineffaceably, we turn to other aspects of the epoch—to buildings, organizations, incidents, accidents, anything and everything that makes a dead past live. And, first, we take the courts.

The Courts.

In 1839 the first superior court was established, with David K. Este as the judge and Daniel Gano as clerk.

The "Old Court House," which had been the seat of justice since 1819, was burned to the ground on Monday, July 9, 1849, and a landmark of the greatest interest and sanctity thus vanished forever. Temporary quarters were secured on the northwest corner of Court street and St. Clair alley, and in 1851 the county commissioners signed a contract for a building not to exceed \$200,000 in cost, but finally accepted a bid for \$695,253.20, and the building erected housed the courts and the city documents until 1884, when it was destroyed by a mob. Up to 1861 the old jail, which had served for forty years, still stood on Sycamore between Hunt and Abigail.

The Bethel.

The Union Bethel was founded in 1839, and the Chamber of Commerce, also.

Young Men's Mercantile Library.

In 1840 the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association (organized in 1822) moved into the College building.

Gas.

In 1841 the city council gave to James Conover a twenty-five year franchise for the use of the city streets for gas, and the company which he formed, passing through various changes of course, still supplies the city with its light.

Horticultural Society.

At the home of Robert Buchanan in February of 1843, was organized the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, which for many years was a great feature of the city's life. Much of its importance grew out of the fact that during this period, (owing to the enthusiasm of Nicholas Longworth) grape culture had

been carried to a high degree of success. This culture promised for a time to grow into one of the great industries of the region, and the Ohio valley seemed likely to become another Rhine when, to the astonishment and grief of everybody, a mysterious blight destroyed the vines and the industry was abandoned. Those most interested came to a natural, but as time has shown, unjustifiable conclusion, that the soil or climate or both were unfavorable to the growth of the vine.

That this was a mistake, and a most unfortunate one, the following letter from the Agricultural Bureau will demonstrate:

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 31, 1911.

Rev. Charles F. Goss, 637 Lexington Ave., Avondale, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—That part of your letter of January 26th stating that in the middle of the last century the culture of the grape was carried on successfully in your city and asking what was the real reason of its failure and whether grapes can be successfully grown there now by better methods, has been referred to me for reply. Would say the grape history of Cincinnati is quite familiar to me. The reason why grape culture resulted as it did in Cincinnati was due to the "black rot" which destroyed the grape crops and which the grape growers were not familiar with and did not know how to counteract. The results were so disastrous at the time from this that the growers became disheartened and quit grape culture and no systematic efforts to revive the industry in that section have since been made. Black rot and other troubles then unknown are well known now and means to counteract them also. If varieties suited to the soil, climatic and other conditions are selected and the proper methods of training, culture, fertilizing and spraying be followed, there is no reason whatever why grape culture should not be successfully carried on in that section.

Under separate cover am having some bulletins on grape matters sent you which may be of interest to you.

If I can be of further service, let me know.

Yours very truly,

GEO. C. HUSMAN,

Pomologist in charge of Viticultural Investigations.

The Observatory.

One of the greatest of all the achievements of this period was the establishment of the Cincinnati Observatory in 1842. The story is a romance, and the hero of it, General Ormsby M. Mitchell, might well be chosen as our supreme ideal of patience, courage, tact, intelligence, resourcefulness and charm. At least, he is the most knightly figure of this period. To try and sketch his beautiful character, romantic career and remarkable achievements in a few words is probably a hopeless task; but we must try. Born in 1809 in Kentucky, he died in 1862 in South Carolina, a victim of yellow fever, while a soldier in the Civil war. Professor Mitchell was educated in Lebanon, Ohio, and afterwards in the United States Military Academy where he stood fifth in a class which included Robert E. Lee and Joseph E. Johnson. After holding several military positions he came to Cincinnati where, while studying law, he also filled the

office of chief engineer of the Little Miami Railroad, then in process of construction. Subsequently he became professor of mathematics, philosophy and astronomy in the Cincinnati College, and during this incumbency achieved a national renown as an astronomical lecturer and builder of a great observatory. Conceiving a desire to possess a fine telescope he began by striving to awaken interest in the subject of astronomy through a series of lectures. The first was heard by sixteen people; but the last was listened to by an enraptured audience of two thousand! Availing himself of the enthusiasm thus generated, he organized the Cincinnati Astronomical Society with three hundred members at twenty-five dollars each, and started for Europe to find his telescope. His search was long, but successful and, returning, he plunged into the struggle to secure a suitable observatory. In the person of the eccentric but immensely capable Nicholas Longworth he found a helpful coadjutor. Upon the land which was donated by Mr. Longworth (located on the summit of Mt. Adams) Professor Mitchell began the foundation of his building and John Quincy Adams, then more than seventy-seven years of age, delivered an address at the laying of the corner stone.

At this period of his undertaking the plucky little professor (for he was small in stature and most delicately formed) had collected but \$3,000, and \$6,500 was necessary to complete his work. The times were hard and the subscriptions came in so slowly that he determined to collect them in person. Where money could not be procured he took provisions or anything in the world that had negotiable value. This *pot pourri* of valuables he marketed and turned into cash as best he could. Nor was this all that the indefatigable professor had to do. Many of his subscriptions being in work and materials no collectors would accept them as assets and he undertook to make them available by buying all the materials, hiring all the men and superintending all the work, at which task he labored like a miniature Titan. The ascent to the place of construction was steep and drayage high. Therefore he built a kiln and burned the lime; he purchased a sand pit also and often shoveled its contents into the wagon with his own hands.

These Herculean labors, arduous as they were, constituted but the avocation of the busy man for, all the time, he carried on his classes, teaching five hours a day from eight until one. Each Saturday exhausted his funds and on Monday he had to begin collecting again. But, nothing daunted or discouraged the invincible enthusiast stuck resolutely to his task until it was done, and in March, 1845, he had the satisfaction of hoisting his telescope into place. There was no salary attached to the office of astronomer in this new observatory and the consecrated star-gazer supported himself by civil engineering on the route of the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad and by lecturing anywhere and everywhere. By these lectures, (among the most brilliant ever delivered in America) and by his original research in the heavens he acquired a more than national fame and placed his name among the immortals.

Of course there came calls for service in other places, and for a time the city lost his inspirational presence, for in 1859 he accepted the position of astronomer of the Dudley Observatory in Albany, New York, (a position which he held until 1861) although he did not wholly relinquish his connection with the one which he had built in Cincinnati.

When the war broke out the scholar, whose patriotism was a passion, turned soldier. He happened to be in New York when the news of the fall of Sumter came and, being asked to speak at a public meeting, poured out the deep emotions of his fervid soul in a passionate appeal whose eloquence produced an effect like that of the orations of Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke. Men and women wept aloud; the cheering drowned his words and the speech he made has ever been regarded as worthy to be placed alongside of those of Lincoln, Sumner, Phillips and Beecher.

His previous record and this great address procured for Mr. Mitchell a high position in the army and his glorious career as a soldier then began. To follow it is to feel the heart swell at invincible courage, unquenchable hope and inexhaustible resource. To describe it would require a volume instead of a paragraph; but into that paragraph one can put his whole hearted admiration and pay a tribute to a pure and lofty soul whose light was extinguished all too soon.

A few brief notices of the inception of other great enterprises must serve to conclude the proof that these were days of the greatest enlargement of interest in the things pertaining to the higher life.

Historical Society.

In August, 1844, the Cincinnati Historical society was organized with James H. Perkins as its first president. In 1849 the Historical and Philosophical society of Ohio, was combined with it and removed to Cincinnati; W. D. Gallagher becoming the first president.

Spring Grove Cemetery.

On August 28, 1845, Spring Grove cemetery was consecrated.

Law Library—New England Society.

In 1846 the Cincinnati Law Library was organized as was also the New England society.

Ohio Mechanics Institute.

In 1848 the corner-stone of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute was laid. Organized in 1828, it had many ups and downs; but had been given new impetus by Miles Greenwood, Marston Allen and John P. Foote.

Literary Club.

The Literary club was started on October 29, 1849, by Robert Buchanan, I. C. Collins, Nelson Cross, Stanley Matthews, Martin L. Sheldon, A. R. Spofford, Reuben H. Stephenson, Algernon S. Sullivan, H. G. Wade, M. Hazen White, Peyton C. Wyette and John C. Zachos.

House of Refuge—City Infirmary—Gymnastic Association—Pioneer Association.

The House of Refuge was opened October 7, 1850; the City Infirmary was opened in 1852; the Young Men's Gymnastic association was opened in 1853; and the Pioneer association, November 23, 1856. William Perry, president and John L. Vattier, vice president.

Public Library.

In July, 1856, the Ohio School Library, the predecessor of our present library (which had been organized under a law of 1853, by virtue of an arrangement with the Ohio Mechanics' Institute), opened its quarters in the building of that institution at the corner of Sixth and Vine, with 11,630 volumes, over half of which was the property of the Ohio Mechanics' institute.

In contemplating a great city, the question as to what forces really predominated in its upbuilding, perpetually occurs. No one of them is likely to have been sufficient of itself, unless in an exceptional case like that of Mecca, which sprang up as a shrine for pilgrims; or of St. Petersburg, which was built by the will of a single man; or Washington, which grew because it was a political capital; or Leadville because it was the center of a mining region. In the average city the net results are attributable to a conspiracy of forces, and in our own there were three belonging to a single order which were, each in turn, of crucial importance. In one era, river navigation and at another, canal-boating made the most important contribution to our expansion. But we have come now to the era in which the railroad was pre-eminent as a factor of development.

Railroads.

It was in 1846 that the first of these arteries of trade connecting the city with the great outside world was finally completed, although thirty miles had been opened to the public in 1843 and thirty-eight more (to Xenia) in 1844.

Its construction was not accomplished without overcoming difficulties and obstacles of every kind and of course the principal one was to persuade incredulous individuals that the new method of transportation could be superior to the old one by canal. Apprehensions of all sorts abounded and the timid populace would not permit an engine to enter the city for fear it would set it afire with its sparks! In 1846, however, the great project was completed and passengers were whirled at what seemed lightning speed from Cincinnati through to Springfield. In 1848 the Sandusky branch was completed and in 1850 connection was also made with Columbus at Xenia. In 1849 one daily train carried passengers northward and enabled them by boat connection on the lakes and canals to reach New York and Boston. In 1851 another daily train was added and passengers were sent through to the coast in forty-eight hours, sleeping the first night in a lake steamer and the second on a Hudson river boat.

Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton.

So brilliant had been the success of the Little Miami that when it was proposed to construct the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton in 1846, the project was hailed with unbounded enthusiasm and the stock subscribed for by the people in the city and along the route, in breakneck haste. It was begun in 1848, opened for use in 1851 and at once poured a tide of passengers and freight into Cincinnati.

Ohio & Mississippi.

The project of a western connection now began to excite attention and plans were made to reach St. Louis. The difficult task of securing charters in three

states was undertaken in 1849, but it was not until 1857 that the road was finally completed. Nor was this the end. The dream of reaching the east by a more direct route haunted the minds of the men who had visions, and a road running up to Marietta from Loveland (where it touched the Little Miami), was chartered under the name of the Belpre & Cincinnati railroad and completed in 1857.

This slow outstretching of these great tentacles of the mighty organism was a most majestic movement. It was as if a living creature, feeling a necessity for longer arms to reach its food, should have developed them by its own volition and by some mysterious power inherent in itself, extended them in all directions.

A clear conception of the import of this closer connection of the isolated city with the great world is most impressive. Had the distance between it and the coast been shortened by an actual shrinkage of the continent, the effect could not have been more startling, and it was small wonder that the city awoke to larger life. Along every nerve a new thrill ran. A closer contact with the nation at large produced broader conceptions and awakened grander ambitions in the minds of those whose views were of necessity somewhat provincial.

Street Railroads.

Next to the steam cars, perhaps the most effective instruments of progress in the evolution of cities is the street railroad. It takes some little time for villagers who have walked back and forth from their homes to their places of business, or have gone on foot to make their social calls, to realize the limitations which they suffer, as the village grows into a city and these distances gradually increase. This idea dawned slowly upon Cincinnati; but its people awakened at last to a poignant realization that the blood was not circulating rapidly enough. It took too long for those individual drops, the people, to get about. Omnibuses and stage lines had quickened the circulation a little; but had already proven inadequate. The citizens were rapidly growing restless and chafed under the fatigue of those slow journeyings along the streets and up the hills; but it was not until 1859 (at the very close of this period), that the determination to correct the evil was definitely formed.

On July 13th of that year six routes for a system of street railroads were laid out; the first running to Brighton House; the second to Western Row; the third to Broadway via Liberty (which was not constructed); the fourth to Freeman and back; the fifth to Front and Washington; the sixth to Vine and Hamilton road; the sixth on Front street to the east line of the city. Very diminutive they seem to us now.

The idea of such transportation once having impregnated the minds of the people, it became a sort of fever and five different companies were organized to seize these valuable franchises, while routes innumerable were laid out on paper. It would have seemed as if so unbounded an enthusiasm would have swept everything before it; but there are always reactions in such violent movements. The fact that every one of these lines ran for a little way along Fourth street caused a sudden alarm in the breasts of the owners of property on that busy thoroughfare. They trembled for fear a congestion of traffic would diminish the value of their property and rushed into conference to arrest the progress of the movement. Strange as it may seem many of the most prominent and intelligent men of the city were the victims of this irrational apprehension—

among them George Carlisle, S. N. Pike, L. B. Harrison, Robert Mitchell, Winthrop B. Smith, John Shillito, John Carlisle and others. They protested to the council that, under pretense of serving the public, the builders of the roads were exploiting the owners of property; that traffic would be interfered with; that business would be driven away and they actually secured an injunction from Judge Bellamy Storer! It was not long, however, before their unsettled judgment recovered its equilibrium so that the construction of the roads went rapidly forward and all the people felt that it was a great event, when, on the 14th day of September, 1859, the first car, drawn by four beautiful gray horses, went clattering over the rails, conveying the officers of the company, the mayor, the councilmen and members of the press.

But the trip itself was not accomplished without at least a shadow of misfortune, for in the midst of the general jollification, a depressed rail shunted the car off the track and the dignified and chastened passengers were compelled to dismount and pushed it back by literally "putting their shoulders to the wheel."

From that day (auspicious in spite of this accident), the development of facilities for street car transportation went steadily forward toward the still greater revolution when electricity was substituted for steam.

Pork Packers.

Among the great businesses of this period no one was more interesting and none more important than that of the pork packers. Corn was the chief product of the region of which Cincinnati was the center; but the poor roads rendered its transportation by the existing means of conveyance practically impossible. It was necessary, therefore, either to reduce its bulk or make it ship *itself*, and the native wit of the people actually solved both problems. Some of it they turned into whiskey and the rest into hogs! The former could be carried in wagons while the latter walked to market on its own legs.

Whiskey and hogs! Both businesses were the natural (and probably inevitable) outgrowths of the existing conditions and both contributed enormously to the financial prosperity of Cincinnati. Just how much the former has done to deflect the city from the path of virtue and to destroy the ideals of American municipalities, it is rather the business of the moralist than the historian to discover; but even the historian must declare that there is not a phase of our life that does not show the marks of its deteriorating influence. In no other city in America has the liquor power been stronger, and in no other has the effort required to maintain a pure political system, a high ethical standard and an active spiritual life been harder.

The latter business, pork packing, was wholly beneficial in its influence, and we can only regret that it was ever permitted to decline. We should even be willing to bear the heavy burden of that odious name "Porkopolis" for the sake of winning back from our rival on Lake Michigan, our lost prestige. Pork packing began here as long ago as 1820 and in 1845 Mr. Cist declared that "our pork packing business is the largest in the world, not even excepting Cork or Belfast in Ireland." In 1840-41, 200,000 hogs were slaughtered. Seven years later the number had risen to 475,000, and although it declined for a time, it rose to 608,000 in the first year of the war. Up to 1880 we maintained our preeminence and deals of ten, twenty, and even forty thousand dollars in canned

or smoked goods were of no uncommon occurrence. Such transactions laid the foundations of the fortunes of the Davises, Beresfords, Rogers, Swifts, Cunninghams, Evanses, Kahns and Forbeses.

The largest number of hogs packed in any single year was in 1878 when it aggregated 786,000, but soon after, Chicago began to steal our trade away. We have lost the first place in this industry but it still continues to be an enormous source of wealth.

The Race Problem.

In every period of rapid growth in cities there is almost certain to be some sort of spiritual fermentation, the collision of interests being so constant and irritating as to force upon people the consideration of the great problems of personal rights and duties.

In the period now under consideration it was the problem of the ethical relations of the white and black races that all the time and everywhere disturbed and agitated the minds of men. As has been over and over again observed, the situation of the city involved it in unusual difficulties, and as the "irrepressible conflict" approached, Cincinnatians became more and more excited over the issue. A procession of runaway slaves was forever passing through this "gateway to the north" and their masters were forever pursuing them. The little band of agitators who read the *Philanthropist* and clamored for abolition grew apace, while the numbers of those who catered to the South because of its trade, multiplied with a rapidity but little less. There was much at stake with them and they busied themselves in organizing meetings to denounce the doctrines of the American Anti-Slavery Society and to point out that the only method of solving the question was by "the colonization of the whole race in Africa." No better guarantee of the sincerity of this movement could be given than that of the names of the men who were its principals. When Judge Burnet, Daniel Gano, Jesse Justice, Robert T. Lytle, and William McGuffey acted, they did so conscientiously and they constantly took part in these efforts. That they were misguided it is easy enough for us to see and as easy to realize that the true heroes of the period were men like D. F. Meader, W. T. Truman, Nathan Guilford, James G. Birney, Salmon P. Chase, Levi Coffin and a host of others who submitted to abuse and suffered in fortune because their souls could not endure the infamy of African slavery. But in those far-off days a veil hung over the eyes of many of the noblest members of the social body.

As the years rolled slowly on, the conflicts of opinion often degenerated into those of brute force as in the riots of 1842 and 1843. When these street battles were not occurring to agitate the people, lawsuits over the capture of the escaped slaves served the purpose quite as well. A volume could be filled with the story of these trials and there have been none more exciting in the courts of any age.

In all such great conflicts of opinion, certain individual men and women, either because of their exceptional talents or unusual advantages, embody the different opinions and become the gathering points for parties.

There were two of these in Cincinnati, men who made history and whose careers demand from us an especial notice. One of them was Salmon P. Chase, whose activities have already been described and the other was Levi Coffin, who came to Cincinnati on the 22d of April, 1847.

Levi Coffin.

He was of Quaker ancestry and from his earliest years bitterly opposed to slavery. Born in North Carolina and in 1798, he removed to Wayne county, Indiana, where in 1826 he opened a store which soon became a rendezvous for runaway slaves. At a convention of people who had covenanted to handle only "free-labor" goods Coffin was appointed to open a store for their sale in Cincinnati and came here for that purpose in 1847. His business proved a great success and furnished him ample means to carry on the work of the "underground railway," of which he came to be regarded as the national president. Before long his name was known all over the south and a stream of fugitives claimed his interest and protection. The story of his devotion and helpfulness will ever adorn our annals and to tell it in detail would be a privilege indeed. What romantic accounts those are, of the shrewdness of the old Quaker who fooled the sharpest minions of the law and who never turned his back on a slave who claimed his chivalrous protection! The skill with which the good man would walk along the very edge of a lie without falling over was a miracle, as was also that genius by which he extricated his proteges from apparently inextricable difficulties. To one of the emissaries of the law who inquired if he had seen a slave boy pass his gate, he replied that he had; but shrewdly omitted to explain that it was to *enter* instead of to *go by*! Another of them asked at his door for a runaway girl and was adroitly detained until *she* had time to put on a fine silk dress, a fashionable bonnet and a veil, in which attire she followed her pursuer down the street until she found an alley by which she turned off into a negro settlement. On a memorable occasion the wily Quaker organized an escaping band of twenty-eight fugitives into a funeral procession which marched not only *to* a cemetery, but *far beyond* to another station in the "Railway!" At another time, he went to the Pork House of Henry Lewis, one of his "stock holders" to ask for money to defray the expenses of a "passenger." In the office were three slave-holding customers and so eloquent was Coffin's appeal for money "to help some poor people" (of whose color he thoughtfully omitted to speak) that the customers cheerfully contributed and never knew, until sometime afterward, that their money had been used to liberate runaway slaves!

At still another time he had a young slave girl dressed up as a nurse maid, put a dummy baby in her hand, and sent her boldly out upon the street to seek her liberty. A white man who protested against his business he converted by taking him to his house and exhibiting the wounds made upon a slave's back by the lash of the driver.

Undoubtedly Mr. Coffin came as near to deception as the law allows; but undoubtedly he never passed over. In his soul there was a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and courage. Not everybody can appreciate his kind of virtue. Multitudes regarded him then, and probably do today, with hatred and contempt because the objects of his charity belonged to a despised race; while there are other multitudes of us in whose judgment this is his highest title to honor.

Coffin did not labor alone, of course, and those faithful friends who helped him have always deserved and shall here receive a generous share in his honors. Among those loyal men were Joseph Emery, Henry Lewis, John J. Jolliffe, Robert Birney, Salmon P. Chase, Edward Harwood, Samuel Reynolds, John H. Coleman and a family of Englishmen by the name of Burnett.

Nor were the good women of the city behind the men. They were Mrs. Sarah H. Ernst, Miss Sarah O. Ernst, Mrs. Henry Miller, Mrs. Dr. Ayedelott, Mrs. Julia Harwood, Mrs. Amanda E. Foster, Mrs. Elizabeth Coleman, Mrs. Mary Mann, Mrs. Mary M. Guild, Miss K. Emery and they performed their services of love by means of sewing societies where clothes were made for the almost naked wretches who fled to Coffin for protection.

Of course the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law in 1850 served to increase the difficulties and dangers of the business of these heroic people, for it gave a sudden impetus to the search for fugitives, some of whom had lived in the North for many years. Many of these were brought to Cincinnati for trial and their cases are famous in the history of this great struggle between the enemies and friends of the blacks.

Among these were the M'Queery case before Justice John McLean of the Supreme Court of the United States August 16th and 17th, 1853; the case before Commissioner S. S. Carpenter in 1853; the Rosetta case in 1855; the Margaret Garner case in 1856; the Connelly case in 1859 and the Early case in 1859. John Jolliffe, J. W. Caldwell, Salmon P. Chase, Ex-Governor Corwin, and a young attorney with a name which afterwards became one of the shining ones of our history, Rutherford B. Hayes, were the lawyers who did the most to defend these miserable victims of one of the greatest of the injustices of all time.

In many, if not all, these trials, rescues and returns the shrewd old Quaker, Levi Coffin, had a hand. His tact, his humor, his courage, his patriotism, his persistence, were all of the highest order. Not for a moment did he and his heroic wife relax their efforts to assist the objects of their charity, until at last the emancipation of the slaves rendered such efforts forever unnecessary.

Mr. Coffin resided in a house on the property where the Woodward High School stands, and tardy justice was done to his great and honored name when in the month of May, this current year 1911, a beautiful bronze tablet was erected in the corridor of the schoolhouse to commemorate his name and deeds.

These stirring and often bloody scenes were premonitory of the great tragedy so soon to be enacted and the student of those memorable days feels himself borne forward by an irresistible current towards the gulf of Civil war. Events in other cities were not less important; but few were more so.

Notable Events.

The events of history are of two fold character, sporadic and symptomatic. *Sporadic* events are often of dramatic interest and merit telling because they depict the fullness and variety of the life of the nation, the individual or city. Floods, fires, pestilences and a hundred other similar happenings belong to this order.

But it is the *symptomatic* events that are of greatest value—those which grow out of the characters of the people; out of their inner life. They reveal and they explain the very essence of the organization, institution or person.

Concerning the exclusively sporadic events we feel inclined to say but little; but there are certain ones which although of an almost accidental character, do still disclose essential elements of the hidden life. Among them are the visits of distinguished people, because the manner of their reception is an indication



RUFUS KING



GEORGE CLINTON



GEN. A. HICKENLOOPER



ALFRED CHIEF WOOD

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of the mental attitude of the citizens toward the central figures on the stage of action.

Dickens.

In this period—from 1839 to 1860—the appearance of world-famous people cut a greater figure than at present, when so many distinguished visitors slip into and out of cities without attracting even a passing attention. But in 1842 when Charles Dickens, then at the height of his glory, arrived in Cincinnati, it was an event of the first magnitude and the populace went wild with interest and pleasure. He staid too short a time, however, to give an opportunity for public functions, and they were bitterly disappointed.

Kossuth.

In 1852 Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot, arrived and furnished a welcome occasion to the Queen City to show her appreciation of goodness and greatness. The daily papers reported his every movement. Kossuth hats and Magyar caps were for sale. Banquets were given; speeches were made; processions were formed; receptions were tendered and the ordinary events of life were thrown completely into the shade. Unfortunately, the mania for "lion hunting" and jollification interfered most seriously with the plans of the great patriot to secure a large fund for the assistance of his fellow countrymen and caused him bitter disappointment.

W. H. Harrison.

One of the greatest events in the city's history was the election to the presidency of the United States of W. H. Harrison who, although residing at North Bend, was practically a Cincinnati. That a man in so obscure a spot should have risen to this eminence, affects the mind with a deep sense of the vicissitudes of fortune in a democratic government. His home, constructed originally of logs, became a symbol of simplicity and his election to the most exalted position in the new world, an inspiration.

He had been considered an available candidate at the previous election; but was not yet strong enough to secure the nomination. In 1840, however, he was swept triumphantly into office. The campaign was, of course, a matter of all absorbing interest in Cincinnati. For months everything else was eclipsed. All the peculiarities of the movement elsewhere were repeated and exaggerated here. Processions in which the "Log Cabin," "Coon Skin Caps," "Hard Cider" and songs celebrating the hero's achievements were almost a part of the every day life of the city. Mr. Harrison had lived so long among the inhabitants and was known and beloved by so many, that his selection was a matter of civic pride and when, at last, he began his triumphant journey to the national capital the emotions of the populace were those of mingled joy at his success and grief at his departure. His old companions in arms shed tears and the whole city, turning out to see him go, stood with uncovered heads and listened with rapt attention to his fond farewells.

Among the thousands not one, perhaps, experienced a premonition of the altered scene to be presented in a few short months, for, scarcely had the new

president arrived at the capital before his health suffered a complete collapse and on the 4th of April he died of pneumonia.

It was fitting that his old friends and neighbors should bring his body back to his home for burial and a distinguished committee composed of Judge Jacob Burnet; J. C. Wright; T. D. Carneal; Charles S. Clarkson; Edward Woodruff; L. Whiteman; A. Dudley; D. C. Powell; A. McAlpin; John Reeves and Rufus Hodges did so. Upon its arrival in the city the body lay in state at the house of W. H. H. Tayler, his son-in-law, (on the north side of Sixth street just east of Lodge) and his noble face was gazed upon by thousands who had known and loved him.

Suitable religious services were held and the body, conveyed to a boat, was taken by water to a quiet spot near the home he had so recently abandoned and placed in a tomb which it still continues to consecrate.

The land upon which the sepulchre stands was subsequently deeded by the second President Harrison to the State of Ohio on condition that it should be properly cared for. To the shame of our great state this has not been done and no true patriot can visit that lonely and (architecturally) hideous sepulchre without a feeling of pain. There, within a stone's throw of each other lie the ashes of two men whom any city on earth might be proud to honor, William Henry Harrison and John Cleves Symmes—the latter's grave defended by a crumbling fence and identified by an inadequate monument.

It is hard indeed to refrain from bitterness and denunciation, when standing in those neglected places and contemplating our lack of appreciation for our local heroes. In no other circumstances could the greatest lesson we have to learn as a city be more forcibly driven home—the lesson that we owe as much if not more to our local than even our national divinities! It cannot but follow (as the significance of our environment is slowly disclosed to our dull minds) that we shall come to feel an overpowering and ever increasing interest in the great figures of our city's history. To know every incident of its life; to be familiar with all the forces which moulded its character; to know with loving intimacy the deeds of its great men and women will, sometime, become the pride as it is the duty of its citizens. For one, I dare to say, that it is of as great importance to teach *local* history in our public schools as *national* history and affirm that no pupil has a right to be graduated from any one of them without a clear conception of the leading events in our city's life and a reasonable familiarity with the distinguished figures who have shaped it.

The reflection that people seldom appreciate the significance of events except in retrospect, perpetually forces itself upon the mind of the historical student. Those which seem immense become trivial and those which are trivial immense, as time goes by and new light is thrown upon them by the ever altering circumstances of life.

Lincoln and Stanton.

For example, in 1855 two of the great figures of the Civil war encountered each other in Cincinnati without exciting any special interest on their own parts or that of other people. Both of them were attorneys-at-law known to but a few people of the limited spheres where they had inconspicuously revolved. They had been retained in a law suit (McCormick vs. Marmy)—Edwin M.

Stanton coming from Pittsburgh, Pa., and Abraham Lincoln from Springfield. Ill. It had been arranged that they should be associated in the case on equal terms; but circumstances (not altogether understood, at present) prevented the combination. They were of such a nature at any rate as to give rise to the story that Stanton upon seeing Lincoln declared that "he would not be associated with such a damned, gawky, long armed ape as that" and that "if he could not have a man who was a gentleman in appearance associated with him in the case, he would abandon it altogether."

Whether this somewhat apocryphal story is to be accepted or rejected, we have another from the pen of Ralph Emerson of Rockford, Illinois, which is entitled to our utmost confidence. Mr. Lincoln, he declares, was bitterly disappointed over the turn affairs had taken and decided to go home, without delay. He was finally persuaded, however, to remain and listened with profound attention to the arguments of the lawyers in the case. After a while his friends observed that he had fallen into one of his melancholy moods and he told them that he was going back to Springfield to begin his life again.

Mr. Emerson was astonished and asked him why this should be necessary when he already stood at the head of the Illinois bar. "I do occupy a good position there," he replied, "and I think I can get along with the way things are done there, *now*. But these college-trained men who have devoted their whole lives to the study of law are coming west, don't you see, and they study their cases as we never do. They have got as far as Cincinnati, now. They will soon be in Illinois. I am going home to study law. I am as good as any of them and when they get out to Illinois I will be ready for them."

Mr. Lincoln visited Cincinnati again in 1859. On Friday, September 9th, Senator Douglas had spoken to seven thousand people in Court House Square and on the Saturday following Lincoln delivered his well known "Cincinnati speech" from the balcony of Mr. Kinsey's house, in Fifth street, Market Square.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In January, 1859, Ralph Waldo Emerson delivered his lecture on "The Conduct of Life" in Smith and Nixon's hall, and was entertained by the Literary Club.

General Winfield Scott.

In April of the same year General Winfield Scott was the guest of the city and excited great enthusiasm.

A week later the city went wild with rapture over the singing of Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale.

1860 Prince of Wales.

Perhaps no other visitor ever inspired more interest or was more elaborately entertained than the Prince of Wales, who arrived in the city on the 28th of September, 1860. He made his headquarters at the Burnet House; but was banqueted at the elegant home of Robert B. Bowler and feted in the Pike Opera House, where a sumptuous ball was given in his honor. The Prince opened the entertainment with Mrs. Samuel Pike as his partner and successively danced

with Miss Rebecca Groesbeck, Miss Mattie Taylor of Newport, Miss Hattie McGregor of Mt. Auburn, Miss Alice Hilton and Miss Edith Burnet.

On Sabbath morning the royal party worshipped in St. John's Church at Seventh and Plum and in the evening left for Pittsburgh.

The pleasure of people in the visits of these distinguished guests seems naive to those of us who live in these more sophisticated days; but it is easy to understand how, although such events were only sporadic and accidental, they after all exerted a not inconsiderable influence in widening the horizon and refining the life of the ever growing city. And, at any rate, they eloquently reveal the craving of a young, vigorous, half-baked but aspiring city for encounter with genius, with celebrity, with power, with the currents of the larger life of the world.

For the contemplative mind, there is a perpetual oscillation of interest from events to persons and from persons to events. For a time we may be absorbed with the agitations of the sea of life considered as mere abstractions, as we watch the waves upon an ocean, or the bubblings of a caldron. Sooner or later, however, it is the consciousness that the *source* of all these activities are the lives of individual men and women and to know them;—their characters, motives and careers, becomes an unappeasable hunger. As this yearning grows upon the reader, so does the consciousness of the difficulty of its satisfaction upon the writer. In this period of such great achievement how many illustrious people were at work! In what various pursuits and missions were they engaged! If even Homer was driven to desperation for some method other than showing them to the reader's eye, in action, and had to resort to the make shift scheme of having Helen enumerate and describe them, it cannot be a literary crime for a plain, prosaic annalist to confess his inability to do anything more than to name and characterize a few of them in brief and simple words.

"If I ever lose interest in my fellow men," exclaimed Jean Paul Richter, "I pause before the next human being I meet and gaze a *little longer than usual* upon his face!"

It is that *extra moment*; the gaze a little more protracted and intimate than *usual*, which reveals the imperishable and mysterious charm of the individual soul.

There is a similar experience in studying history. The ghostly procession of spectral figures rising vaguely out of the past, may seem to lack vitality amidst the living beings of the present world; but we have only to bestow upon them that "little longer gaze than usual" to find ourselves infatuated with their words, their deeds, their selves.

Stanley Matthews.

Take such a man, for example, as Stanley Matthews, the son of a celebrated professor in Woodward College and Transylvania University—Thomas J. Matthews. Born in Cincinnati July 21, 1824; educated at Kenyon College, he went forward upon the pathway of achievement by leaps and bounds. Dividing his efforts between the law and journalism, he became illustrious in both. When the war broke out, his love of his country and hatred of slavery turned him into a soldier and he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel in the 23d Ohio Infantry, the Colonel of which was W. S. Rosecrans and the Major, Rutherford

B. Hayes. Subsequently he became a Colonel of the 51st Ohio and while in camp in 1863 was elected judge for the superior court in Cincinnati, having for his associates Storer and Hoadley. Resigning this office in 1865, he at once became prominent as a lawyer. Upon the resignation of Mr. Sherman to go into the cabinet of President Hayes, he was selected to fill out Sherman's unexpired term in the senate and in 1881 was appointed to the Supreme Bench and served until his death in 1889.

The facts that he possessed a brain of the most extraordinary capacity and was a man of prodigious learning and most exalted character have never been challenged. Among the greatest men he would have been distinguished.

Rutherford B. Hayes.

Take such a man as Rutherford B. Hayes, whose early manhood is one of the richest treasures of our municipal life, for up to his removal to Fremont, Ohio, he practiced in the courts of Hamilton county and took part in all the activities of those strenuous years of the war and afterwards. Born in Delaware, Ohio, 1823, graduated at Kenyon and Harvard, he came to Cincinnati in 1849. His culture gave him entrance into the highest circles and in the Literary Club he was associated with Chase, Ewing, Corwin, Matthews, Conway, Force and other leaders in thought and action. Proving himself to be their equal, he rose from one position of honor to another and when the war broke out, became captain of the military organization formed in the Literary Club. He served throughout the war with great distinction and before its close attained the rank of Major General. At different times he served the state in congress and as governor and finally was elevated to the highest office in the gift of the people. Of his personal purity, his Christian charity, his unselfish patriotism, too much cannot be said and during his stay among us he added enormously to the richness of our life.

J. B. Stallo.

In such a list of worthies, the name of Johan Bernhard Stallo always must be placed. Born of a race of schoolmasters in Oldenberg, he came to Cincinnati in 1831 and secured a position in St. Xavier College. His talents soon became known and he acquired so wide a recognition that he was called to St. John's College in New York, where he remained for four years and during them published a work entitled "General Principles of the Philosophy of Nature." Returning to Cincinnati, he studied law and became so proficient in its practice as to be soon appointed to succeed Stanley Matthews as judge of the common pleas court and was afterwards elected to the office. That he did much to bring this court into national renown by his argument to sustain the school board in its ordinance forbidding the reading of the Bible to the pupils, (an argument which was published and widely distributed) is matter of common knowledge. In 1855 he was appointed minister to Italy and resided there until his death in 1900. The high esteem in which the Germans of America this great jurist, author and statesman was shared by the true judges of manhood.

Alphonso Taft.

Another distinguished Cincinnatian, whose name will forever be associated with Judge Stallo on account of his relation to the great Bible case, is Alphonso Taft. Born in Vermont in 1810 and graduated at Yale, he early became a Cincinnatian and participated in many of our greatest municipal activities. It was he who wrote the dissenting opinion, when his two associates Storer and Hagans decided that the school board were at fault in excluding the Bible, and (right or wrong in his position) he achieved thereby a national fame as a thinker and lawyer. For another reason (quite different indeed) the glory of his name has since been heightened. To him, in the capacity of a father, we owe the distinguished honor of claiming a second president of the United States, William Howard Taft.

Rufus King.

From a list like this it would be impossible to omit the name of Rufus King. Born in Chillicothe in 1817, a grandson of Rufus King and, son of Edward and the daughter of Thomas Worthington (afterwards Mrs. Sarah Peter), he came to Cincinnati in 1841 after completing his law studies in Harvard College. From the first moment of his arrival, one might say, he sprang into prominence, so remarkable were his gifts. But it was not alone in his profession that he shone. His love of learning made him an enthusiast in education. Being elected school visitor in 1851 he served for fourteen years. Upon the consolidation of Woodward and Hughes, he became president of the board of managers and continued so until 1891. In 1859 he became a director of the university and held the office until 1887 when he declined renomination. He was a member of the library board, dean and president of the law school, vice president and president of the law library; active in organization of College of Music and Art Museum; trustee of Kenyon College; member of board of tax commissioners from 1883 to 1891; organizer of committee of One Hundred; director of Cincinnati Southern and C. H. & D. railroads and innumerable other organizations.

About this man a fact of so unusual nature is recorded as to deserve a more than passing notice. He positively refused to accept any office to which emoluments were attached! He was a *philopolist* born out of due time!

"The distinguishing character of a gentleman," it has been said, "is his cheerful assumption of self-imposed obligations." It is the cheerful assumption of the self-imposed obligation of municipal life toward which history points as the goal of citizenship.

To his other achievements Mr. King finally added the supreme one of writing an almost perfect history of the Buckeye state.

Physicians.

Dr. Reuben Diamond Mussey was an heroic figure in the medical profession. Born in New Hampshire in 1780, graduated from Dartmouth in 1803 and from the medical school in the University of Pennsylvania, he came to Cincinnati in 1838 as a member of the staff of the Medical College of Ohio and was professor for fourteen years. Later on he held a similar position in the Miami

Medical College, and still later practiced medicine with brilliant success. He possessed just enough eccentricities to make him an object of attention and interest and talents of so high an order as to compel confidence and admiration. His convictions were unchangeable and he sometimes elevated mere opinions to the dignity of beliefs. His views he never hesitated to express and to maintain with eloquence and determination. At the age of eighty he retired from practice and, to the regret of all good people, returned to his home in the East where he died at the age of eighty-six.

Other illustrious physicians belonging to this period were Dr. George C. Blackman who came to Cincinnati in 1854 and Dr. George Mendenhall.

Cary Sisters.

It is in this period that two young women, reared on a farm not far from the city (Mt. Healthy), began to shed a peculiar glory upon Cincinnati. Their names were Alice and Phoebe Cary and their achievements are so much a matter of local pride that it is hard to speak of them with moderation. They were the daughters of Robert Cary and Eliza Jessup; Alice having been born in 1820 and Phoebe in 1824. Their early lives were full of sorrow, the effects of which can be traced in all their writings. Left, while still young, to the care of an exacting and unsympathetic step-mother, their budding literary genius was developed in secret and in spite of opposition. Compelled to drudge all day, they wrote at night by the light of a rag in a saucer of lard. Before Alice was eighteen years old she had sent a poem to a Cincinnati paper and Phoebe began to contribute not long afterwards. The father secretly abetted his gifted daughters and, having built a new home on the farm, permitted them to occupy the old one and to pursue their vocation seriously. Their literary output increased and brought them so wide a recognition that, to the irreparable loss of our city of which they had become so great an ornament, they removed to New York in 1850 and there became conspicuous figures, even in the crowded life of the vast metropolis. They finally settled down in a house on East 20th street and their home became a sort of literary shrine. Their Sunday evening "at homes" and their weekly receptions were for fifteen years features in the literary life of the nation. Among their visitors and friends were such distinguished persons as Horace Greeley; Bayard Taylor and his wife; Richard and Elizabeth Stoddard; Robert Dale Owen; John G. Whittier; Thomas B. Aldrich; Mrs. Cooly; Julia Dean; Ole Bull; Justin McCarthy; Oliver Johnson; Mrs. Mary E. Dodge; Anna E. Dickinson; George Ripley; Henry Wilson; Robert Bonner; Elizabeth Cady Stanton; Rev. Charles F. Deems and Rev. Henry M. Field.

These years were crowded with all sorts of activities and the production of poems, essays and stories was incessant. Never robust and always tinged with sadness, Alice after a long sickness, died in February, 1871, and Phoebe followed her in July of the same year, incapable of enduring her sister's loss.

At this point we yield to a temptation that has assailed us, again and again, and turn aside to comment upon the terrible loss of richness out of a city's life by removals, like that of the Cary sisters. A hundred similar cases recur to our memory and awaken an impotent remonstrance.

Loss by Removals.

When the great figures of our city die, we feel the loss, of course, but realize that it is in the course of nature and inevitable. When, however, they are drawn away from us by the seductions of other places of residence or driven out by lack of appreciation or opportunity, our hearts protest.

Consider for a moment the loss we have suffered through the departure of people of wealth, some of whom have left on account of the evils of our double taxation system and some because other cities afforded greater facilities for culture or luxury. It does not follow that people are of real value to the community, personally, because they are rich, of course, and New York city may be all the better off for its desertion by an Astor. But after all, a certain degree of wealth is necessary to the development of the higher life and when families which have accumulated or inherited fortunes deliberately withdraw and spend them somewhere else, we suffer loss.

The loss, however, is not *irreparable*, for there is no municipal asset so easy to acquire as wealth. Any city can breed mere money-getters and easily fill the places of those who withdraw from the struggle for gold.

But the removal of real children of genius is a matter of infinitely deeper concern for they cannot be made to order, like the mere muck-raker. They are born—not made—and when one of them (bestowed upon a city by heaven, in a moment of divine benevolence), suddenly packs up and goes away, an incurable wound has been inflicted.

When those gifted Cary sisters left us, for example, we suffered a loss that never has and never can be, possibly, made good. We have been and shall forever be the poorer.

And so we have but to recall that long list of gifted souls that have been constrained to leave us thus, to wonder if there is no way of stopping this terrible leakage.

Run over that ghastly list of losses and then think how much richer our life would have been could we have kept these run-a-ways.

To begin with, two people who are actually in the "Hall of Fame," Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, at one time or another, have lived in Cincinnati, and so have Lyman Beecher, William Holmes McGuffey; Hiram Powers; the Cary sisters; and George B. McClellan, all of whom have *almost* attained to that distinguished honor.

Besides these, such names as Rutherford B. Hayes, William D. Gallagher, Horace Mann, Moncure D. Conway, Moses Ezekiel, Elizabeth Nourse, at once recur to memory as evidences of the tragic depletion of our civic resources.

These are only the names of those who are known the best; but how many others there must be, who have drawn their first inspirations here and been compelled to go away!

It would not be possible, of course, to keep every genius at home, for the greater cities possess an irresistible attraction by offering enormous rewards for such gifted souls. But we could, at least, create an environment that would offer far greater inducements to remain, than this present one. What we lack is—quicker recognition, ampler rewards and more generous applause for talent! There is too little civic pride in the work of our authors, our musicians, our artists and our scholars.

Trader Sisters.

The names of the Cary Sisters have led us far afield; but we cannot return from our wanderings without dwelling for a moment upon another fact which the story of their lives suggests. It is the fact that "Clovernook," their former home, is now a refuge for the blind and is maintained by two *other* sisters, not less charming nor less useful to the great social organism. Miss Georgia Trader has suffered a total loss of sight and Miss Florence Trader is totally consecrated to the task of solacing this misfortune. A few years ago, while seeking for some sort of mission, these two young women were divinely led to establish a library for the blind, which has since become the finest in America. An ever deepening sense of the misery of those who suffer this ultimate affliction afterwards induced them to try to enlarge the sphere of their helpfulness and, happening to read one day that Clovernook was for sale, they hastened to the office of William A. Procter and laid before his ever open mind a plan to turn it into a permanent home for the sightless.

"Go and buy it," said Mr. Procter, to his confidential man. The purchase was soon completed and for several years the little house made sacred by the literary genius of one pair of sisters and the divine charity of another has been in the truest sense of the word, a *Home* for the blind.

But it is time for us to get back into the channel where runs the stream of our narrative and to take up the period of the Civil war.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE CIVIL WAR.

CINCINNATI'S RELATION TO THE SOUTH—RESOLUTIONS DRAWN UP BY RUTHERFORD B. HAYES INDORSING THE WAR ENTHUSIASTICALLY PASSED AT THE FIRST GREAT MEETING—MEN OF CINCINNATI ATTAIN HIGH RANK IN MILITARY CIRCLES—GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN, RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, JOHN POPE, THOMAS EWING AND A WHOLE GALAXY OF OTHERS—ATTITUDE OF KENTUCKY—JOHN MORGAN—KIRBY SMITH—CLEMENT L. VALLANDINGHAM—MAJOR ANDERSON OF FT. SUMTER FAME—THE FIGHTING M'COOKS—GENERAL WILLIAM H. LYTLE—T. BUCHANAN READ—JAMES E. MURDOCH.

We cannot blink the fact that the history of our city must be plain, even to dullness, save to those minds which are sensitive to the sacredness of the commonplace. That sort of charm which cities like Troy, Jerusalem and Rome possess, whose gates have been battered with rams; whose walls have been scaled by besiegers and whose streets have run red with the blood of patriots, we must be content to do without. The fate of empires has not been settled in our midst. The daring deeds of our ancestors have not been told in songs or woven into romance. We have acknowledged this again and yet again.

But we ought not to forget that a great military organization which conquered the northwest for civilization was organized here; that a considerable part of the army which won a great victory in the War of 1812 was mobilized amongst us and commanded by *one* of our citizens while it was at the time largely financed by another; that Cincinnati was a strategic center in the War of the Rebellion; nor, that if it was not actually the scene of a battle, it at least suffered the terrible apprehension of an assault at arms.

But the emotions with which the historian attempts to record the shining events of the years from 1861 to 1865 have always been a mixture of gravity and amusement. No other Union city except Washington and St. Louis was so close to the danger zone; no other was so torn asunder by opposing interests; no other came so near the tragedy of capture and no other suffered deeper emotional experience. And yet the story of the defense of the city when threatened by the legions of Morgan and Smith is so full of comedy that it is hard, at this distance of time, to take it with a proper sense of seriousness.

Let us do our best to set forth these serio-comic elements in a just proportion.

Cincinnati's Relation to the South.

The first great fact that seems to put in its own true light the real significance of this era is that of the close relationship of Cincinnati with the South, Being the natural gateway into the slave states, her commercial interests in that region were vast and vital. Drawing so much of her wealth from the territory which eventually seceded, it was inevitable that the sundering of the ties of

business should appear to be an intolerable calamity. As a rule, our human sympathies follow the leadings of our purse strings, and there was reason to apprehend that when the tocsin of war should sound, the city might go with the South or at least be hopelessly divided. That the event proved otherwise must ever remain the strongest reason for our confidence in the ultimate soundness of the brain and heart of our home city. The true measure of virtue is, in the last analysis, the willingness to make sacrifice for principle and the citizens of Cincinnati in remaining loyal to the Union laid wealth and comfort on the altar.

Deep as the excitement over the campaign of 1860 was, the actual apprehension of war had been but slight. When Mr. Lincoln passed through the city on his way to Washington, February 12, 1861, he was welcomed enthusiastically by all classes. The crowd about the depot and in the streets was enormous. The procession was long, the reception brilliant, the address eloquent, the sentiment of loyalty widely diffused, if not universal.

In the municipal election held on April 1, 1861, there came, however, an intimation of a divided opinion for a democratic mayor, George Hatch, representing the extreme sentiment of deference and concession to the South was elected. On April 5th another ominous event occurred, when the authorities permitted some cannon (consigned from Baltimore, Md., to Jackson, Miss., for the use of the Southern Confederacy) to pass through the city. And only the day before, a slave had been remanded to his master by the United States Commissioner. These events produced uneasiness but could not open the eyes of people unfamiliar with the ominous symptoms of war.

But the sentiments of the people were suddenly clarified and crystallized by the attack upon Fort Sumter. The shiver which the first cannon shot sent over the land brought millions to their first clear realization of the frightful responsibilities of citizenship and their first clear consciousness of the significance of love of native land. The news of the assault on the fort reached Cincinnati in the evening of the 17th of April, 1861, and the line of cleavage almost instantaneously shot through the population, leaving a poor minority of timid souls on the side of the South. The great bulk of our citizens, when the line was drawn, stepped resolutely over to the right side and stood there loyally until the last gun was fired. Few of them, except the German refugees from the Revolution of 1848, had actually foreseen the disaster. These Petrels of that great storm knew all the symptoms of war and recognized the meaning of the rising cloud, although no bigger than a human hand.

There was also one other man whose spirits, like the sensitive plant, vibrated to agitations imperceptible to duller souls. In the previous fall Captain John Pope had read before the Literary Club a paper on our national fortifications, in which his prognostications of the coming disasters were so clear as to subject him to a court martial, whose adverse findings were only side tracked by the utmost efforts of Postmaster General Holt.

But the masses of the people were incapable of comprehending a situation so complex and treated it lightly, until the crisis fell.

If the great shock produced mental clarification and crystallization, it also liberated gigantic energies and set in operation stupendous mechanisms for the preservation of the Union. Events of the greatest importance occurred with



GENERAL W. H. LYTLE



THE GENERAL LYTLE HOMESTEAD
The site now known as Lytle Park

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such rapidity and crowded upon each other in such confusion as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to set them forth in chronological order.

Endorsement of War.

On the 15th of April the first great meeting for endorsing the Union and prosecuting the war was held at the Catholic Institute and patriotic addresses were made by T. J. Galligher, Judge Storer, Judge Stallo, E. F. Noyes, Judge Dickerson, Dr. M. B. Wright and Judge Pruden and the resolutions drawn up by Rutherford B. Hayes were passed with a stern enthusiasm.

It was on that day that Lincoln issued his call for 75,000 volunteers and the response of our city was instantaneous. On the 17th, a meeting was held at the office of John D. Caldwell, 141 Main street, for the purpose of organizing a home guard and to arrange to prevent articles of war from passing through the city.

Upon the heels of this event came an almost wild scramble of the ardent youth and even the elderly men to be numbered in the ranks of that army which the proclamation of Mr. Lincoln had started into existence. As a mere phenomenon, few events in history can equal that of the sudden creation of these regiments and their transformation into an invincible soldiery.

Besides these organizations there were the Montgomery guards and the Sarfields guards (who subsequently combined) and others; but notably the Turner regiment, composed of Germans and gathered under the leadership of Colonel Robert L. McCook, soon to become famous for making the first bayonet charge of the Civil war, at Mill Springs.

On the 17th, also, the Burnet rifles was organized out of the members of the Literary club, which assembled for the purpose at the suggestion of Rutherford B. Hayes. Upon the passage of a resolution to form a military company, the roll was called and thirty-three of those present enlisted, out of a limited membership of fifty.

As the members enrolled and started for the front, their places were filled by others, so that by the time the war was ended fifty-one members had served in the army, only one of whom succeeded in remaining a private! Unfitted by their talents for obscure position, they stepped almost instantly into places of power. Simply to read their names and official positions a half century after the clouds of war have lifted, makes one's pulses bound.

It seemed the result of some divine power, unknown before. Our souls can never tire of the picture of these intrepid ancestors of ours, leaving the plow in the furrow, the yard stick on the counter, the law books on their shelves, and springing to arms. In no city was the response more immediate or enthusiastic than in our own and nowhere were nobler soldiers organized into more efficient regiments.

Organization of Companies.

There were a number of military companies in Cincinnati at the time, most of them mere skeleton organizations for social rather than warlike purposes, but the transmutation into fighting machines of irresistible power was instantaneous and miraculous. Six of them at least made memorable records in the

war—the Rover guards, the Zouave guards, the Highland guards, the Continentals, the Lafayette guards and the Lytle Grays.

The call for volunteers was issued on the 15th of April and before daybreak on the 17th the Rover, Zouave and Lafayette guards were on their way to the war! At Columbus they were incorporated into the 2nd regiment commanded by Colonel Louis Wilson and in a few short weeks were helping to cover the retreat at the Battle of Bull Run.

It so happened that William Haines Lytle, major general of militia, was in Columbus when the call for troops was issued and, hastening to the train, he came back to Cincinnati, met his staff (that same evening at the Burnet house) and then and there recruited the Guthrie guards to their full strength.

Another company, called the Storer rifles, appeals in an unusual way to our admiration. It was named after Judge Bellamy Storer who at a great mass meeting, during a speech of irresistible eloquence, had lifted his tall body to its utmost height and with flashing eyes exclaimed, "I am an old man rising of sixty years; and I now volunteer!"

The members of this company were among the leading citizens of Cincinnati; many of them too old and corpulent to fight; but they organized as Home guards with the invincible old judge at their head and equipped themselves with splendid uniforms at their own expense.

The organization and discipline of these military companies required the facilities of camp life and several locations were selected for the purpose. There was Camp Clay, at Pendleton; Camp Colerain, ten miles north of Cincinnati; and Camp Corwine; Camp McLean and Camp Harrison at the Trotting Park on the outskirts of Cummingsville, where William H. Lytle assembled the Guthrie Grays, on the 20th of April.

But the principal encampment was at Madisonville, seventeen miles away, and was named after Governor Dennison on a spot selected by W. S. Rosecrans, afterwards a distinguished general, but at that time a quiet business man in Cincinnati. These camps were crude affairs and scenes of no little disorder, disaffection and strife. It takes time and patience to whip liberty-loving Americans into the traces of military discipline and the high-spirited youth assembled thus suddenly found discipline *intolerable* until they discovered that it was *necessary*. Two of the regiments in Camp Dennison were particularly hard to control. One of them, the Germans under Col. "Bob" McCook and the other "The Bloody Tenth," an organization (at first a mob) of Irishmen under General Lytle. That they should have to scrap a little in order to get into training for the actual realities of war, will be easily taken for granted.

These camps became objects of great interest to the citizens and helped to keep the martial spirit alive in the bosoms of the streams of visitors, as did also the frequent arrival of regiments from other parts of the state and the country, so many of which naturally passed through the city on their way to the seat of war. On the 20th of June, for example, there arrived the soldiers from Indiana, and their zeal awakened a boundless enthusiasm. Remembering the sneer of Jefferson Davis, who had charged the Indiana troops with cowardice in the Mexican war, the entire little army had knelt with bared heads in the grounds

of the state capitol and swore to "*remember Buena Vista!*" A little later, the Seventh Indiana was reviewed by Major Anderson from the residence of his brother Larz on Pike street, where he was recuperating after the strain of his terrible experience at the assault of Fort Sumter.

Before long there came a reflux wave of these same youthful, hopeful and determined warriors, wounded upon the field of battle; or carried home in coffins; or paroled from capture and this too, touching a far different chord in the heart, only intensified the patriotism of the people—a patriotism destined soon to be put to a crucial test.

Attitude of Kentucky.

Situated so near to the border of the slave states, Cincinnati had from the first appreciated her danger of being flooded by the rolling tide of battle. One of the most perilous elements of the situation lay in the uncertainty of the attitude of Kentucky toward the Confederacy. The fear that if she rebelled the city would be at once attacked, led the citizens to fortify the surrounding hills and to prevent the shipments across the river of any articles which might be used for military purposes. So drastic a measure alarmed the Louisvillians who immediately sent a committee of remonstrance. To this committee Governor Dennison had forwarded a letter of reassurance in which he declared himself against such measures; but this amiable mood was most unwelcome to the fiery patriots of the "Queen City." "*This is no time for soft words,*" cried Bellamy Storer and a resolution was passed to the effect that "any citizen who shipped articles that were contraband of war was a traitor and deserved a traitor's doom."

These heroic sentiments stiffened the back bone of Governor Dennison who immediately issued orders in harmony with them and with his own previous attitude so clearly and dramatically shown in his famous telegram "If Kentucky will not fill her quota Ohio will fill it for her."

This period of uncertainty was painfully protracted; but reached a dramatic termination in the summer of 1862. After the first upheaval of the ocean of our national life following the declaration of war, there came a natural and inevitable subsidence of those waters which always return to repose after a tempest. It takes but little time to accustom human beings to the most unknown, extraordinary and even terrible situations. As their ancestors had pursued their accustomed vocations even when surrounded by cruel and hostile savages, these children of a later time and different dangers, settled down to a regular routine of life, even when armies were tramping through their streets and faint echoes of far away battles reverberated over the hills.

John Morgan.

But events were preparing a rude shock to this peace, which, after all, was but the repose of soldiers sleeping on their arms. Among the daring officers of the Confederacy, there was a certain John Morgan, whose courage and ambition were the admiration of his followers. There seemed to be no limits to this man's power of achievement and when, at length, he learned that he had planned a raid into the North through Cincinnati, he started for the city. A great wave of excitement rolled over the city. On the 4th of July, 1862, the Confederates turned

toward Lexington and General Boyle, then commanding the forces in Kentucky, telegraphed to Cincinnati for aid.

Situations like that are calculated to appall the fainthearted; but to arouse the brave. A public meeting was summoned; speeches were made and a committee consisting of Major Hatch, George E. Pugh, Joshua H. Bates, Miles Greenwood, J. B. Stallo, J. W. Hartwell, Peter Gibson and Thomas J. Galligher were appointed to devise some means to secure the preservation of the city. They undertook their task with zeal and enthusiasm. In response to their appeal Governor Tod ordered down a thousand stand of arms and sent convalescents from the hospital to bear them. The city council appropriated \$5,000 for contingent expenses. Permission to use some cannon being cast in the foundry of Miles Greenwood was obtained from the secretary of war.

The excitement grew apace and all sorts of troubles developed. Absorbed with the duties of the new situation, the police were unable to attend to all their customary duties and the riff-raff of the under world took advantage of an opportunity to mob the negroes and, in the meantime, John Morgan was approaching like a thunder storm! He changed his plans in an instant when occasion required. He made dashes towards one town and another, only to inspire terror and to mislead pursuit, and finally upon hearing that a real army was coming after him under the command of General Green Clay Smith, he marched leisurely through Winchester, Richmond, Crab Orchard and Somerset, where he terminated his brilliant campaign with three hundred more men than he had at the beginning.

Kirby Smith.

The spasm of fear inspired by this threatened danger, now happily ended, had scarcely passed from the heart of the agitated city, before another shook it still more violently. The cause of this second alarm was a report that Kirby Smith (another of those daring raiders who abounded in the armies of the Confederacy) had left Knoxville with 1,000 soldiers and thirty or forty pieces of artillery for a dash through Kentucky, with Cincinnati probably as his objective point. The full significance of the movement was not at first perceived by the citizens, but as reports of his triumphant progress in which he shattered the Federal armies, one after another, came in, and it was learned that he had entered Lexington victoriously, after his abandonment by General Wright, and that there were no dependable troops between his advancing army and the Ohio river—the city was literally panic stricken.

It is at this point that comedy, suddenly appearing on the stage, disputes the pre-eminence of tragedy. The sublime and the ridiculous appear so close together now that it is all but impossible to distinguish the scenes in which we owe the play our tears or our laughter.

The efforts of the city were serious enough to be worthy of a place in a great epic, but funny enough to afford material for a comic opera.

By Monday morning, September 1, 1862, the situation was clearly understood and the scenes which followed have baffled the descriptive powers of even the most eloquent narrators. Meetings were held, committees were appointed, plans were made and a frantic struggle for self-preservation began. The mayor summoned every person in the city to act as its individual defender. All arms



CAMP HARRISON, HAMILTON COUNTY, 1861



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FEEDING THE TROOPS AT FIFTH STREET MARKET PLACE DURING THE CIVIL WAR ABOUT 1861

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ised and tried; but no one knew what to do until nine o'clock when General Lew Wallace arrived upon the scene. Already this brave officer had acquired (young as he was) a reputation for pluck and efficiency of the highest order and the people drew a deep breath of relief when he actually took command. By two o'clock in the morning, after a thorough investigation of the situation, General Wallace issued a proclamation of martial law and ordered the citizens to arms.

Imagination cannot adequately picture the result of this extreme measure. T. Buchanan Reed, the poet, and Mr. Howe, the historian, have both left glowing descriptions of it, as have many other brilliant writers; but events crowded upon each other too closely and were too incoherent and contradictory to be made wholly clear. It is a jumbled scene of disconnected happenings; a mere pell-mell of incidents.

In the city itself the police and the military organizations were instructed to force all citizens into service—high and low; young and old; rich and poor. One has only to remember how timid some people always are and how fat and incompetent others, to understand what grotesque experiences followed. Cowards were found disguised in women's clothes or hidden under beds; men with large abdominal developments quick-stepped (or side-stepped) through the streets with muskets on their shoulders, while competent but recalcitrant citizens of every size and complexion were prodded into line by the sharp bayonets of a veteran soldiery.

But it was not from the city alone that its defenders were gathered. The state was in danger as well, and, from the contiguous towns and farms for many miles around, the civilian patriots poured in by scores and hundreds, dressed in every kind of regalia and armed with indescribable weapons. About 15,000 of them, in all, arrived and (because so many of them carried the rifles with which they shot the game in the woods upon their farms), were soon dubbed with the immortal nickname, the Squirrel Hunters.

To handle this patriotic and determined but inefficient and ridiculous mob, was anything but easy and it taxed the highest resources of all the commanders. The first thing to be done was to transport them to the scene of war and a pontoon bridge having been built across the Ohio, the march of the perspiring, short-breathed and sore-footed legions began. It was a motley crowd. Mingled together in inextricable confusion were the leading business and professional men of the city; the hoodlums from the slums; the colored contingent from the negro quarters and the "Hayseeds" from the rural regions—ignorant, to the last man, of military tactics and intolerant of discipline. At this distance, we can certainly afford to laugh; but it was not even a smiling matter, then. Their houses, their business and their lives were at stake. Solemn as dead men they tramped across the bridge and ascended the Kentucky hills. There upon the summit they threw down their guns and seized the pick and shovel. To cast up defenses was their first duty and in three days there were ten miles of breastworks between them and the enemy—a notable achievement, we solemnly affirm.

But it was an achievement accomplished with great effort and no little pain. Many of the men who wounded the earth with picks and shovels were absolutely unused to manual labor. That backs should ache and hands blister; that hearts should fail and wills relax will be believed without much proof and so will it that

some were discovered who were as determined to shun the fighting as to shirk the labor.

That there was not, at any time, real danger of attack, we know today; but *they* did not! To those poor toilers in the hot sun, the peril seemed as imminent as it did terrible. As a matter of fact, the enemy was so very near as to be able now and then to fire at the raw recruits with a rifle shot or startle them with signs of a bayonet charge. Such tests revealed a piteous state of affairs. Some had sudden attacks of sickness and crawled back to the rear. Others seemed as ready to shoot into their own ranks as those of the enemy. One of the commanding officers told his men to load their guns by putting the balls in first and the powder in, afterward!

What this mass of undisciplined militia would have done in an actual battle cannot be stated with assurance, for Kirby Smith (who afterwards said that he could easily enough have gotten into Cincinnati "but that all hell could not have gotten him out again") was too shrewd to precipitate a bloody and useless struggle. They might have disgraced themselves; but we do not believe it. They were ignorant and timid; but they were *Americans* and would have died with their faces to the foe! Nevertheless their actual conduct must forever remain a subject of conjecture, for General Wallace gradually pushed the lines of the enemy back and demonstrated the hopelessness of an attack upon the city. By the 11th it was known to the leaders of the defensive army that the danger was over. On the 12th the army itself felt sure and on the 13th the homeward march began.

There was much to laugh at but there was more to admire in that spontaneous outpouring of rich and poor, learned and ignorant, white and black folk—especially the black, for the negroes were there in numbers and rendered yeoman service. Indeed, no other chapter in the history of the city is more to its credit than that which records the loyalty, the valor and the devotion of those black heroes who did the most of the work upon the fortifications. They were insulted and abused when herded together and driven to the front; but it was the universal testimony of all who watched them that their conduct and their labors were such as to excite a new regard for their race. About seven hundred of them reported to Judge Dickson (to whose supervision they had been consigned) and five hundred more were taken across the river, where in the most exposed places they worked with an energy and a fearlessness that led their commander to say of them in his report: "There was no occasion for compulsion and for discipline, but in a single instance. . . . Some displayed a high order of intelligence and a ready insight into the work they were doing, often making valuable suggestions. Upon an occasion, one of them suggested a change in the engineering of a military road ascending a steep hill. The value of the change was obvious when named and admitted by the engineer, yet he ordered the road made as originally planned and deprecated further suggestion.

"They committed no trespass on private property. In one instance upon changing camp, a German asked if they could not remain as 'they protected his grapes.' They were not intimidated by any danger though compelled to labor without arms for their protection."

When they were finally released, so great had the interest which they had inspired become, that Marshall P. H. Jones stepped out of the ranks and thanked

them publicly, and when at the corner of Fifth and Broadway Colonel Dickson permitted them to disband he made them a speech which was a beautiful and well deserved tribute of praise. "Go to your homes with a consciousness of having performed your duty," he said, "and of deserving (if you do not receive) protection of the law and bearing with you the gratitude and respect of all honorable men."

It is inevitable that at the safe distance of fifty years and in the security of these "piping times of peace" we should smile at the timid march of these raw recruits across the pontoon and up the steep hills, at their sweaty labors upon the fortifications and their ignorant responses to orders to load, take aim and fire; but it is a smile of profound respect and admiration, for without them, Cincinnati might have been a blackened ruin.

Morgan 1863.

Nor was this the only time when the citizens of our great city were agitated by the presence of danger and compelled to act in self defense. In the summer of 1863 the same terrible John Morgan conceived the idea of crossing the Ohio river and delaying or destroying the troops which were being assembled to reinforce General Rosecrans. Presuming that his commanding officer, General Bragg, would not consent to an enterprise so hazardous, he acted upon his own responsibility and on the 8th of July, 1863, accomplished the passage of the river at Brandenburg, some sixty miles below Louisville and created the impression that he meant to attack and destroy the city of Cincinnati as directly as possible—marching his veteran legions at the terrific speed of fifty or sixty miles a day. It took some time for the bewildered Cincinnatians to comprehend the scheme which Morgan had so cleverly concealed; but when at last it dawned upon them, another spasm of terror shook the entire community. General Burnside proclaimed martial law; the mayor suspended business and called upon the citizens to assemble and be equipped with arms, while Governor Tod summoned the state militia to service and commanded them to report to General Burnside.

A curious misunderstanding of the rebel raider's plans enabled him to carry them out, in part at least, with an ease which he did not in any way expect. His one purpose with regard to the city was to *get past it without attacking or being attacked*, while its defenders presumed his sole errand was to *conquer and perhaps to sack it*. He expected to be attacked when he crossed the C. H. & D. railroad, but to his astonishment and delight was permitted to pass that line and to pursue his way without opposition, while his dreaded enemies awaited his assault within the city itself which he never intended to touch.

The city was divided into military districts and such commanders and forces as could be hastily collected were located at strategic points for defense, while the anticipated and dreaded army, trembling for fear of an attack, swung, like a fragment of the circumference of a great wheel, around its outside edges. Error and terror created a situation which did not exist at all, and despatches kept coming in which defined a route over which the army did not even dream of passing. The dreaded army was constantly being discovered and reported at this place and that, far away from their actual line of march, which took them through Glendale, across the principal approaches to the city, and finally to the

Little Miami railroad which they crossed and halted in sight of Camp Dennison to feed their tired horses. By four o'clock the next morning they had arrived at Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles from Cincinnati, having marched ninety miles in thirty-five hours.

A disappearance of the threatened calamity so unexpected, so sudden and so complete brought an enormous relief to the city; but anxiety for the capture of the arch raider and his troops kept the people in a state of excitement bordering upon frenzy. It is estimated that no less than 50,000 pursuers at one time or other joined in the chase of the fugitive battalion, now moving across the state with the swiftness of a cloud shadow.

It was the old game of "hare and hounds," with the odds in favor of the yelping pack. It was a miracle indeed that the quarry should have fled so far, but at Buffington Island, in the Ohio river (which they tried in vain to cross after their long detour) a large part of the force was captured, although Morgan himself escaped in company with twelve hundred of his men, and at a place about twenty miles above Buffington three hundred of these actually crossed the river and got away. On the 26th the master spirit of the dazzling but futile enterprise was captured and imprisoned in the Ohio penitentiary from which he succeeded in escaping on the 27th of November. On that day he and his companions, having safely evaded the guards, took a train for Cincinnati and about a half mile from the station jumped from the platform of their car. On the bank of the river they found a boy with a skiff, by means of which they reached the other shore and freedom.

About seven hundred of the captives taken at Buffington were brought to Cincinnati by boat and there experienced a rough and most discreditable reception from an angry citizenship, who, it may be said in apology, had regarded them as little better than pirates or horse thieves.

This was the last of the scares which the city suffered for its own safety during the war; but it did not for a moment cease to take its part in the great work of suppressing the rebellion. Most of its normal industries had been paralyzed by interruption of its trade with the south; but its energies and resources were turned to the production of supplies for the army by means of which, as an unforeseen result, not a few great fortunes were made and business was stimulated to a feverish intensity.

Lieutenant S. B. Davis.

Although, as has been said, these three threatened attacks were the only events of such general importance during the whole war, there was scarcely a day in all those tragic years when incidents of the most dramatic interest did not occur. At one time, for example, the civil courts and military authorities came dangerously near a clash, when the former attempted to procure by violence a prisoner held by the former, but were compelled to cease their efforts when confronted by the full force of the United States Army. At another, the judgment and sympathies of the citizens were divided by the trial of a brilliant young Confederate, Lieutenant Samuel B. Davis, who in 1864 was arrested during the performance of a secret mission with which he had been entrusted by the president of the confederacy. He was searched and some papers in the lining of his coat were overlooked. These, with a quick movement, he extracted and threw

into a grate fire, thus destroying the only evidence of his innocence or guilt. Having been brought to Cincinnati he was put on trial and during that ordeal delivered himself of a speech of self defense which was favorably compared with that of Robert Emmett. He was condemned in spite of his eloquence, however, and sentenced to be hanged as a spy; but almost at the last moment an order from President Lincoln changed his sentence to confinement in Fort Warren, where he remained until the end of the war.

Clement L. Vallandigham.

An event which excited the most passionate interest was the trial of Clement L. Vallandigham, a man of extraordinary gifts and lofty ideals. That he was an ardent patriot, cannot, now, be doubted; but he had formed a theory of the nation's duty which involved him in a tragical career. He believed in the peaceful solution of that great question of slavery which his fellow countrymen had come to believe could only be settled by the arbitrament of the sword, and he advocated his views with such courage and eloquence that he came to be regarded as the "Arch Copperhead of all the Ages."

In one of those brilliant speeches which he delivered while democratic candidate for governor (at Mount Vernon, Ohio, on May the 1st) he gave such a rabid expression of his sentiments of disrespect for the war and its leaders that two secret service men rendered a report which procured his arrest and his transfer to Cincinnati for trial. With a proud scorn, the accused orator refused to plead or be pleaded for, and he was finally convicted of disloyalty and sentenced to imprisonment, General Burnside designating Fort Warren in Boston Harbor as the place of confinement. Once more, the gentle hearted president softened a punishment and Vallandigham was ordered to be sent inside the lines of the Southern Confederacy, from whence not long afterwards he found his way into Canada.

It was these dramatic incidents; these swift mutations of fortune, these sudden alternations of hope and fear that lent such tragic grandeur to the times. One day the news of a defeat plunged the city into a profound gloom and on the next the story of some glorious victory roused it into uncontrolled enthusiasm. What an experience was that, for example, when the news of the conquest of Vicksburg was proclaimed in Pike's Opera House during a production of the opera "Il Puritani" on the 7th of July in 1863! The despatch was read by General Burnside from his box and the audience experienced a frenzy of delight which reached its most acute stage when Susini, the idol of the opera, appeared from behind the curtain with an American flag in each hand and repeated "The Trumpet Song." To have witnessed this scene or to have heard James Edward Murdoch recite Sheridan's Ride, on the day of its composition by T. Buchanan Read, would have almost compensated for the strain which the tragedy of war had put upon the spirit.

From dramatic events, thrilling incidents and spontaneous movements of patriotic fervor, we turn to individual lives and a procession of sublime crosses the stage for McClellan, Hayes, Burnside and Wallace all and glory to the life of our city in the war.

But it is of some of those individuals who belong to us more and whose lives and deaths have left an indelible impression upon

memory and character that we ought to speak more fully, and to whom we ought to pay an ever increasing debt of homage.

Major Anderson.

The first great hero of the Civil war belongs to Cincinnati by every right of birth and family association. On the 16th of May, 1861, Major Anderson, returning to his home town after his tragic experience in Fort Sumter was received by his fellow citizens with unbounded enthusiasm. An immense assemblage greeted him at the Little Miami depot and a great procession conducted him to the home of his brother Larz. The terrible strain of the siege had told upon his health and the loss of the fort, upon his spirits. Needing rest imperatively he remained among us for a long time exciting in all patriotic breasts feelings of sympathy, admiration and affection.

Robert L. McCook.

No other name is worthier to follow Anderson's than that of Robert L. McCook. There were fifteen members of this remarkable family in the Civil war and all commissioned officers, save one, a boy of eighteen, who preferred on account of his youth to remain a private soldier. Robert L., a partner of Judge Stallo, had already won fame as a lawyer when the war broke out and gave him his opportunity to achieve glory upon the field of battle. He sprang at once to arms and organized the Ninth Ohio from the German citizens of Cincinnati. He commanded a brigade in West Virginia under McClellan, was wounded at Mill Springs and continued fighting even when unable to mount his horse. He rose rapidly to the rank of Major General and was on his way to greater honors when he was brutally shot to death in an ambulance where he was lying helpless from a wound. A death so terrible of a young man so full of promise shocked the whole country; but sent a thrill of anguish through his native city, where his body was received with reverence and buried in Spring Grove cemetery with military honors. Nor did this reverence cease with his death or the war; but animated his admirers later on to erect a monument to his memory in one of our city parks.

William Haynes Lytle.

William Haynes Lytle was also a member of a family which from the very beginning held a high position in our city. General William Lytle (the grandfather of William Haynes) was one of the earliest and one of the most remarkable of our pioneer forefathers. Robert T. (his son) possessed of great natural talent, acquired also a broad and deep culture. William Haynes, the next in succession, was born in the splendid old mansion on Lawrence street on the 2d of November, 1826. He received a classical education and became a lawyer, but when the Mexican war broke out, enlisted and returned after it was over with the rank of captain. Resuming his profession he soon acquired distinction in it, as he did also in the realm of literature. When the Civil war broke out, he organized the first camp in Cincinnati and in 1861 was appointed colonel of the Tenth Regiment of Ohio Volunteers. He fought at Carnifax Ferry, where he and his horse were both wounded. After a leave of absence he returned to the front and was given a brigade. At Perryville he was again



From a painting.

THE FIGHTING MCCOOKS

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wounded and left on the field for dead. Being captured, he later on was paroled and, having been exchanged, was promoted to the rank of brigadier general. On the second day at Chickamauga he was shot to his death and buried in Spring Grove with ceremonies which lacked little of being sublime.

That the funeral of so noble a citizen and soldier should have been a great event and that so beautiful a life and so tragic a death should have left an indelible impress upon the city, is not strange. To this day, even, it is impossible to restrain our grief and regret at the premature removal of a mind that produced that great poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying."

Nor were the heroes of this glorious epoch soldiers, only. There were men and women who served their country as efficiently without ever drawing a sword.

T. Buchanan Read.

Such a man was T. Buchanan Read, who by his poems aroused the enthusiasm and valor of millions. Apprenticed as a boy to a tailor, he ran away and learned the trade of cigar making in Philadelphia. Afterwards he became a sign painter and then an artist and finally achieved his greatest fame as a poet. It was in Cincinnati (in the house now occupied by the Literary Club) that under the influence of a sudden inspiration, he produced at a single sitting "Sheridan's Ride," the repetition of which in schoolhouses, theaters and churches did more than can ever be known to arouse the enthusiasm necessary to a successful prosecution of the war.

James E. Murdoch.

Powerful as the poem was in itself, it became irresistible when recited by another of our distinguished citizens, James E. Murdoch. About this man there was a wholly indescribable charm. He possessed great talents and lived a most romantic life, a large part of which was passed in our midst. The son of a book binder in Philadelphia; an escort of LaFayette at thirteen; a hero in a volunteer fire company while almost a child; an actor at eighteen; he became at last after innumerable vicissitudes, one of the greatest elocutionists and tragedians in the world. At the beginning of the war he was at the zenith of his fame; but closed a brilliant engagement with the vow that he would not appear again as an actor until the struggle had ended. In pursuance of his solemn resolution he consecrated four of the best years of his life to giving readings for the pleasure of sick soldiers and to raising funds for their well being. Wherever he read the enthusiasm was boundless and one time he roused the United States senate to a pitch of almost frenzied patriotism with Drake's "The American Flag." Upon the very day of its production he saw the value of "Sheridan's Ride" and gave it instantaneous fame by rendering it in such a way before a great audience as to overpower his hearers with emotion.

CHAPTER XII.

THE CITY FROM 1800

ACTIVITIES OF THE PEOPLE IN STORES AND MILLS, HOMES AND THE STREETS—THE
BIBLE AND THE WORKS—THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD—THE LITERARY
CRITICAL DECADE.

If the foregoing narrative has created an impression that during the war there were no other activities in the city than those of the camp, the misunderstanding must be corrected.

It is a characteristic of human life that no single phase of it can completely exclude or absorb all others for any considerable length of time. The Romans danced while the Barbarians were pounding at their gates. The Parisians attended their theaters and wildly applauded their idols of the stage while, at one time, the Revolutionists were fighting in the streets, and, at another, the German army was tightening its coils around their barricades. Within a few days after the earthquake, San Francisco had resumed her gayeties as well as her industries. The vine dressers and sheep herders on the slopes of Vesuvius pursue their peaceful occupations even when streams of lava pour threateningly down the mountain side. In a great city, the needs, the desires, the volitions of the people are too numerous, too varied and too insistent to be permanently repressed. However rude the shock may be which bewilders and distracts them for a single instant, no sooner has it passed than they plunge back into the old accustomed round. They laugh and dance: they work and play: they marry and are given in marriage: they die and are buried: just the same.

It is as necessary therefore to learn and comprehend the activities of the people in their shops and mills, their homes and churches, as on the tented field. It is as necessary to know the life of the country and it is not so easy. Indeed we have arrived at the point where a person has to be a specialist, that is to say, comprehend the complex organization which civilization we are enjoying. To grasp at once on all the developments of this or that important economic system, to deal in a quainter with all the working men and women, the farmers and the gardeners, the members of the family, the children, the ~~entire~~ people, is something with which no

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The Workhouse.

The workhouse, located on Colerain avenue (upon the grounds of old Camp Washington) was built between 1866 and 1869 at a cost of about a half a million dollars.

The Hospital—Long View.

The Cincinnati hospital had its feeble birth in 1821 as "The Commercial Hospital and Lunatic Asylum;" but later on was known as the Commercial hospital; then in 1861 as the Cincinnati hospital. The old buildings were in use for forty years or more; but in 1867 gave way to those it at present occupies on the block between Central avenue and Plum and Twelfth and Ann. At the present moment its new quarters are being erected on Burnet avenue, Avondale, and it is confidently believed that they will be the equal of any of the world.

Longview Asylum for the Insane (at Carthage) was first occupied in 1860.

The Y. W. C. A.

The Young Women's Christian Association was incorporated in 1868.

Suspension Bridge.

It was also in the '60s that the great achievement of bridging the Ohio river was accomplished. While this river had always been the one most important factor in the city's growth, it had also been an obstacle to its progress because it made trade with the South so difficult. The banks were steep and the channel wide and the transportation across it of freight and passengers by ferry boats, a difficulty and a nuisance. Dr. Daniel Drake had clearly foreseen the necessity and the feasibility of a bridge to connect Kentucky with Ohio, early in the century; but, as usual, he was so far in advance of his fellows that this idea (like so many others which he cherished) seemed to them utterly chimerical.

In 1845, however, a determined and hopeful agitation in favor of an attempt to bridge the river was begun and John Robling, who had just accomplished a similar feat in engineering at Monongahela, proposed a plan which, after a lapse of about a decade, the citizens of Covington attempted to carry out. The financial depression which came on soon after put a stop to the project, however, and it was not until the exigencies of the war disclosed the absolute necessity of closer communication, that Cincinnati capital was offered to complete the scheme. In 1863 the abandoned work was resumed and the bridge was opened for traffic on the first day of January, 1867. At the time of its completion it had the largest span in the world and seemed capable of carrying all the merchandise and all the people who could ever need to go across, and yet it was not long before it was absolutely outgrown and the four others which followed it are now crowded with traffic.

Easy communication and rapid transit was already beginning to be numbered among the supreme necessities for municipal expansion and the new bridge was generally regarded as one of the principal promoters of the wonderful growth which took place after the war closed.

That the life of a city is marvelously manifold and needs a thousand stimuli to develop it, and a thousand influences to maintain it, received a wonderful illustration at about this time. If anybody had told the builders of the bridge



BUILDING THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE ABOUT 1869

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that a new game which was being slowly whipped into perfection on the playgrounds on the outskirts of the city, would in the long run rival its influence, they would have greeted the assertion with derision and laughter. Such, however, was the case and a knowledge of the influence of "baseball" upon the city's growth and progress is almost as necessary as that of bridge building or railroad construction.

As early as 1866 this new game had excited the interest of athletic Cincinnatians and in 1867 Dr. John Draper organized a nine which went by the name of the Cincinnati Juniors. Many a good man has put a far more serious value into life than the members of that organization, only to see it dissipated, like a mist; but theirs, apparently, can never die. That the world stands ever ready to lavish its millions upon any one who will give it a new sensation has become a proverb. These young men gave it a new one and a great one and their successors, at least, are reaping a fortune. *They reaped fame*, at least, and George Chenowith, William H. Stewart, John V. Ellard, Charles Dean, Oscar Rammelsberg, E. W. Walker, Samuel Kemper, George Draper, Julius Hargreave, John Griffith, Charles A. Marsh, Edward Bradford, and Smiley Walker, are bound to be remembered whether our philanthropists are forgotten or not.

And so are the players in that next and great "nine," in which Harry Wright was pitcher; Douglas Allison, catcher; Charles H. Gould, first base; Asa Brainard, second base; Fred Waterman, third base; John C. Have, short-stop; J. V. B. Hatfield, left field; Rufus King, center field; J. William Johnson, right field.

The uniform of this immortal organization was designed by Aaron G. Champion, its presiding genius, and the "Red Stockings" have been its leading feature ever since. During the summer of 1868, out of twenty-four games these miracle workers lost but three.

In 1869 a still more remarkable aggregation, known as the "Red Stocking Baseball Team," toured the country and in a series of games of the most brilliant character, won undying fame. Upon their return an ovation rivalling those of the Olympian games was arranged for their reception and at a banquet in the Gibson House, Mr. Champion declared, to the delight of everybody, that he would rather be president of the Cincinnati baseball club than president of the United States, while such men as Murat Halstead, A. T. Gorham, L. S. Drury and Drausin Wilson helped by their eloquence to cover with glory the men who had done so much for the town they lived in. For they did "do so much for the town they lived in." In the first place they awakened an interest in the best all round game that was ever played on earth and in the second place they gave our city an advertisement such as money could not have bought. Without intending to do so, possibly, they actually made the name of Cincinnati a household word wherever the Anglo-Saxon love of "fair-play and no favors" put men upon the lookout for manly games and honorable sport.

Strange, is it not, what different winds those are which bear the names of places to the different corners of the globe! In the same year when baseball players were advertising our city so widely, the threshing out of a great legal and moral question by some of our distinguished lawyers made it the object of an interest no less acute and scarcely less wide-spread.

The Bible and the Schools.

Whatever may be the inherent right or wrong of the action which excluded the Bible from our public schools, the trial and decisions of the question not only gave our city a world wide notoriety, but exercised an incalculable influence over the shaping of our character and destiny, for it gave the city a reputation for liberality, for independence and progressiveness which attracted to it many citizens who have since bulked large in its life.

Perhaps it did something to emancipate all classes from parochialism and provincialism; but, on the other hand, it is not impossible that the verdict of history may finally declare this exclusion of the world's greatest classic, "the Holy Bible," from our public schools to be our most inglorious deed of sectarianism and bigotry.

Two other occurrences in this decade also affected the welfare of the city enormously.

Industrial Exposition.

The first was an "Industrial Exposition," which had been inspired by the success of a modest exhibition of wool and woolen fabrics held in Chicago the year before. At the suggestion of James H. Laws, a committee of Cincinnatians consisting of George W. Jones, James M. Clark, George W. McAlpin and Mr. Laws himself, induced the inaugurators of the enterprise to repeat it in Cincinnati.

In the early part of August, of the following year, the exposition, on a vastly larger scale, was formally opened with addresses by Governor Hayes, Major Torrence and Judges Storer, Stevenson and Eggleston, and the interest excited was of the widest and deepest kind. Compared with those which followed it was a small affair; but its significance lay in the fact that it was an initial movement and out of it developed the idea of those great state and national expositions which have been such striking and efficient features in the development of our country.

The Southern Railroad.

The second of these occurrences was the inauguration of a movement to build a municipal railroad—an original experiment in civic life. It is true that the first train was not run over it until the 23d of July, in 1879; but the inauguration rather than the completion of such enterprises is, from our present point of view, the matter of significance; for, what we are constantly seeking is the *fountain springs* of growth and attainment. We are to discover the motives, the men and the compulsions out of which the life of the city issued, and it was to a few far-sighted citizens of this period that the clear conception of the great possibility actually came. Not the first divine vision, for that was caught by Dr. Drake and his contemporaries back in 1836. They realized even at that early date what the lapse of time has only revealed more clearly, that the tap root of our commercial prosperity must be buried in the South. But how long it takes for such visions to materialize! Let the men of today and of all future times take heart, in their discouragement over the slow accomplishment of their plans, from the fact that it has always taken decades and sometimes



CINCINNATI SOUTHERN RAILROAD BRIDGE

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quarters or even halves of centuries to get any great municipal improvement consummated! Consider the retarded growth of this great railroad enterprise through forty-three years, and remember that your forefathers, who planned your schools and hospitals; your churches and museums; your parks and boulevards, died with no other sight of them than such as was vouchsafed to Moses of the Promised Land.

The story of the evolution of this particular project reads like a romance, and the men who conceived it, gave it birth and fostered it, are among our truest heroes. They were met by ridicule and opposition. Financial panics stopped their progress. Misunderstandings and jealousies piled obstacles in their paths. But they triumphed over all.

James Dalton.

The original conception of the necessity of a road into the South received two powerful reinforcements. One came during the war, when military operations of the most successful kind were seen to be impossible without it; and the other, when rival cities springing up to the north and west, began to steal the city's trade. The longest headed of the business men realized that the arteries through which the life blood of the city was drawn were one after another being dammed. Competition with these rival towns was hard and growing harder, and it was James Dalton, a sagacious merchant, who made the first serious move toward meeting these discouraging conditions by introducing into the legislature a bill for the construction of a railroad into the South (in the session of 1865), but the people were not ready even then. Among them, however, there was at least one man, an attorney at law, whose clear mind not only saw the necessity, but beheld the path.

E. A. Ferguson.

The name of this man was E. A. Ferguson and it is not too much to say that it disputes preeminence with any other on the long list of our benefactors, for it is to his genius that we must trace the original and unique conception of a railroad built and owned by a municipality. A bill to materialize it was passed by the senate on the 28th of April, 1869, and a week later, by the house. This bill provided for the issue by the city of ten million dollars worth of bonds. The city voted enthusiastically to make the experiment—15,423 ballots being cast for, and only 1,500 against, the measure. Chattanooga was chosen as the southern terminus. The Superior court selected a board of trustees, consisting of Peter Heidelberg, Miles Greenwood, E. A. Ferguson, R. M. Bishop and William Harper, to carry out the daring project. Attempts were made to get the Tennessee and Kentucky legislatures to pass acts favoring the project. The former state accepted, the latter declined. This difficulty created others. Regrets and apprehensions developed. There were clamors for the bill's repeal. The bonds were taken but slowly. The timid ones became discouraged; but the hearts of the great promoters did not quail. Mr. Hooper went over to Europe for financial aid but failed to get it. One door after another closed, but one door after another also opened. At last, in 1874, the bonds began to float! And then the estimates were found to be too small and another issue was neces-

sary. Another election was held and the people stood by the scheme with a vote of 21,701—9,013. The work went forward then by leaps and bounds and was completed to Somerset, Kentucky, in 1877. Then came another call for money. The report of December 1, 1877, showed that \$16,000,000 had been expended and that three-quarters more would be needed. Distrust was engendered and at the call for a new appropriation in 1878, the people bolted, fearing that they were putting their money in a rat hole. But bids for the completion of the work were taken and the results were so encouraging that the citizens reversed their judgments in August, and soon the road was finished and leased. It paid from the start! On February 21, 1880, the first two south bound freight trains and on March 8th, the first passenger train started for Chattanooga. The achievement was sublime and its celebration glorious, at a gorgeous banquet in Music Hall, where three thousand people cheered the completed project to the echo.

University.

It is not an easy thing to know at what point in a narrative like this to introduce the story of any of the great institutions which have rooted themselves so slowly and required so many years to complete their growth, for their life belongs to the whole period of their existence and not to a fraction of it alone.

There came, however, to most of them, months or years of such remarkable expansion as to make it seem as if an actually new life had been begun; and one such, occurring in the history of the Cincinnati university in 1869, seems to warrant our telling here a story that covers almost a century.

On the first Monday of January in that year, the work of instruction in the university had actually begun. On that auspicious date Thomas L. Noble, an artist from New York city, assisted by seven teachers, inaugurated the activities of what has now grown to be an educational institution of great and ever increasing proportions. But it must be remembered that this apparently first step was but one of a long series, many of which had been taken with pain and sorrow. The *really* first was taken way back in 1806, when the pioneers incorporated a company to found a college and planned to secure the necessary funds by holding a lottery! Some good fortune or other prevented the carrying out of this wholly immoral project and the building was erected by funds procured in other and more honest ways. It blew down in 1809 and in the effort to reconstruct it, so many misfortunes occurred that the original promoters became discouraged and handed the project over to the next generation, which, in its turn, passed it on to another.

If the doctrine of evolution needed any additional proof it might be discovered by watching the passage of this ill-fated school through its various stages of the Lancastrian seminary; the Cincinnati college; the Medical college and the Law school, up to its present self.

There came a day, however, when a new impulse was communicated to the slowly developing germ. On the 2d of September, 1855, a Cincinnati by the name of Charles McMicken, executed a will which made possible the realization of the dreams of the long line of good men and women who had labored



OLD SPRING GROVE AVENUE, 1897

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so hard and to all appearances, so vainly. The gift was generous and would have been adequate for its purpose but for unforeseen shrinkages in values and unexpected diminutions through the claims of grasping relatives. It was probated in 1858 and steps were taken to execute its provisions as soon as possible. The city council passed an ordinance establishing the "McMicken university" and named George B. Hollister, Henry F. Handy, Rufus King, Miles Greenwood, Cornelius G. Comegys and James Wilson, trustees. Litigation made the progress slow and the war came on soon after, paralyzing almost all such undertakings. In 1869, however, operations were actually begun and since that time have gone forward, though not by any means rapidly or successfully, until within very recent years, for numerous and revolutionary changes were constantly taking place. The name, for example, was altered from the McMicken to the Cincinnati university. The endowment proved inadequate and had to be supplemented by city funds, which threw it into the hands of the politicians. It was founded by a devoted Christian, who stipulated that the Bible should be systematically taught, but this provision has been so much ignored that the religious characteristics have faded out of sight. It outgrew its quarters in the old McMicken homestead and was moved to a magnificent site in Burnet Woods. It was a few years ago a little provincial school; but today it is a cosmopolitan university. For a time it was run without a head; but afterwards a president was elected, the first incumbent being Howard Ayres and the second Charles H. Dabney, under whose administration extraordinary progress has been made.

Two features of the university demand especial notice. In the first place, it is the only institution for higher education owned and controlled by a municipality, and in the second place, a wholly original and unique idea suggested by a member of its faculty, Professor Schneider, has given it a world wide reputation. The idea involves the alternation of a week of academical training in the class room with a week of practical experience in the shops of the city—an idea which bids fair to work a revolution in technical education.

The growth of such institutions is generally accomplished by the absorption of weaker ones of the same general character, as well as by the natural evolution of its own individual self, and the university has been no exception to this law. At one time or another the Medical college; the Ohio College of Dental Surgery and the Law school have been incorporated into its life, while it has affiliated with itself in looser relationship, others still.

The citizens of Cincinnati are slowly growing proud of this university, and its men of wealth have already bestowed upon it generous gifts which augur others, larger still. Henry Hanna, Briggs S. Cunningham, Melville E. Ingalls, John Kilgour, Joseph Longworth, Samuel J. Brown, David Sinton, Rufus King, W. A. Procter, Asa Van Wormer, have honored themselves and the city with bountiful benefactions.

The man to whom we are principally indebted for this great possession (Charles McMicken), was born in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, in 1782, and moved to Cincinnati in 1803, bringing with him no other fortune than his horse, his saddle and his bridle. He was endowed, however, with exceptional powers of body, mind and will, so that his business (which was merchandising, carried

on by boat up and down the Ohio), grew to immense proportions. He was a bachelor, but provided for a large number of relatives. He was uneducated, but determined that others should receive those benefits of which he had been deprived. He died in the seventy-sixth year of his age on the 30th of March, 1858, and is buried in Spring Grove cemetery.

When one stops to think of the myriad events and achievements of this so crowded decade of our city's life, it seems absurd to let it pass with these few and meager illustrations of its great activities. But they may serve as well as more numerous and extended ones to create the impression of immense power; of ceaseless activity and, above all, of a fermentation of thought and feeling that are omens of greater things to come.

It was a critical decade. Old methods of business; old relationships in trade; old conceptions of life were rudely demolished. The whole country was suffering a reaction from the violent passions of the Civil war and Cincinnati suffered with it. But everywhere there was a spirit of unrest, a consciousness of unlimited power, and the certainty of greater things to come. The large fortunes accumulated through the exigencies of war excited a desire for boundless wealth. Schemes for the exploitation of the unsuspecting and unwary were being hatched. The population was restless and people were changing their houses and their businesses. Railroad enterprises on a vast scale were opening up new regions for settlement. The centers of population and trade were being rapidly shifted. It was a time of unsettlement, of readjustment, of uncertainty; but of great and ever increasing momentum. Everything was moving at a terrific pace. For an individual or a city to "know where it was at" required no inconsiderable judgment, and Cincinnati had, we cannot help believing, lost her reckoning, not a little. She had been traveling a smooth road to prosperity and commercial supremacy. Trade had come to her by natural gravitation. But now she was beginning to feel the push and the pull of counter currents. The close of the period of her natural supremacy had arrived.

CHAPTER XIII.

DURING THE SEVENTIES.

INFLUENCES VAST AND VAGUE AFFECTING THE CITY'S DESTINIES—ADVENT OF RAILROAD DIVERTS IMMIGRATION FROM THE QUEEN CITY TO MICHIGAN, ILLINOIS, IOWA AND MINNESOTA—LITERATURE AND THE FINE ARTS—THE CINCINNATI "200"—BIOGRAPHY.

1870-1880.

There are experiences embraced between definite dates in the lives of individuals, of nations and cities, while others must be assigned to vague periods and their location in time, at best, be guessed at. Some also can be traced to their causes as easily as a brook to a spring in a mountain, while others are as obscure as the origin of storms or earthquakes.

We have come to a period in our study where influences of a character so vast and vague affected the destiny of Cincinnati, that they may be only hinted at or conjectured about until a more careful investigation has laid their operations bare.

Up to the time of the Civil war, or thereabouts, Cincinnati had maintained her pre-eminence in the west. She was still its Queen City and the supremacy she had won seemed so likely to be maintained with ease that her citizens had little fear of being outstripped by rivals. But the unexpected happened and she sank from her place in the list of great cities from one point to another until at last her prestige was lost and, for a long time, she sorrowfully hid her diminished head.

The study of this phenomenon has never received an adequate attention and patiently awaits the investigation of competent people. It is too late for Cincinnati now to regain all she has lost; but a knowledge of the influences which brought the changes about is of deep importance for the comprehension of her past and for the shaping of her future.

No other phenomenon, in fact, of our municipal life is either so interesting or of such moment. Some of the forces which operated against her may be still wrapped in obscurity, but some are certainly so plain as to be no longer difficult of discovery or analysis, and of these we now propose to speak.

Railroads.

The first and most revolutionary of all the new forces which upset the old conditions of our city's prosperity was, of course, the railroads. Cincinnati had been builded on the river traffic. The Ohio was a great natural highway over which business poured, as if by gravity.

Of all that enormous development taking place in the great northwest, there must needs be a center somewhere and it was, practically, simply a question of a good, natural location and precedence in the order of time. Cincinnati had the start and to maintain it was easy if not inevitable. But, suddenly, a new method of transportation was devised which laughed at old barriers to the free movement of people and merchandise. Even mountains were no longer obstacles and the revolution which followed was almost as great as if water should begin to flow up hill.

It took time to develop this new method of transportation and still more to discover its effects and the citizens of Cincinnati did not properly comprehend the mighty and far-reaching changes until they had actually taken place or were too far advanced to be prevented. What really happened was that the routes of travel were enormously altered and the tide of population that had drifted irresistibly to or past our doors began to be turned in a dozen different directions, but particularly on a parallel line far to the north, along the shore of the great lakes.

Immigration.

In the second place, these new lines of travel opened up another region for settlement, boundless in extent and resources—the *newer northwest*. Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, Indiana and Missouri were no longer *terra incognita*. Their charms were known and their resources partially developed. Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota and Iowa were now the lands of dreams and the tide of adventurers, thrilling with boundless hopes, rolled towards them in floods, thus diverting countless thousands who otherwise would have still continued to seek their fortunes in the regions of which Cincinnati was the metropolis. As a consequence of this immigration cities sprang up wherever population increased and great, competing centers were rapidly established and developed. That marvelous growth which had made Cincinnati famous in the whole world repeated itself again and again in a score of other places. Cleveland and Chicago sprang up to the north and Louisville, Kansas City and St. Louis to the south, to say nothing of a hundred ambitious smaller towns, all of which began to fight for the business which had gravitated into Cincinnati of its own accord. It was a fierce and remorseless struggle for personal profit and municipal pre-eminence in which these youthful, vigorous and hungry cities divided the prey, like lions.

Bright Men.

In the third place, when Cincinnati was the Queen City of the west she attracted and attached to herself the brightest minds of the vast hordes of home-seekers. But now these other cities began to exert their fascinations also, and what happened is easy enough to understand. The geniuses of that advancing army of adventure and of enterprise became enamored of other mistresses; but mostly of Chicago. Had Cincinnati succeeded in alluring to herself those remarkable men who drifted to Chicago they would, possibly, have builded as great a city on the banks of the Ohio river as they actually did on the shores of Lake Michigan.

Railroad Discrimination.

In the fourth place the railroads, which worked against us by opening up new lines of travel and building numberless other cities, did so, likewise, in making discriminative rates from which we suffered terribly.

Incompetency.

In the fifth place, there is the greatest reason to suspect that the leading men of Cincinnati in this critical period were caught sleeping at their posts. It seems incredible that with the start she had Cincinnati could ever have lost her pre-eminence if her master minds had been awake. In such struggles for supremacy a good start counts for much and she was a great city when Chicago was a straggling village of log houses. The tides of travel were flowing toward her;—why were they permitted to be diverted? She occupied a strategic position in the center of the richest agricultural region on the continent—why should a hamlet on the rim of the world be permitted to outstrip her? Chicago had the great lakes; but Cincinnati had the Ohio river! Take into consideration every conceivable disadvantage, many of which were very real, and it is yet impossible to understand how anything but a lack of comprehension and of determination in our people can explain our loss of supremacy.

If we had shown the same acumen and the same determination in opening up other lines of trade that we did in developing the Southern railroad we might still be the metropolis of the middle west.

This is a humiliating suspicion and, at best, it is only a conjecture. But there is quite enough foundation for it to warrant us in sitting up and taking notice. If the leading men of those days had grown rich and inactive; if those who held the money bags had become over conservative and would not open them up to the more daring and effective, they did the city a great and irreparable injury. That such a situation is possible we know only too well by these last two decades of our city's life, so lamentably lacking in initiative; in aggressiveness; in large accomplishment. There has been enough money in Cincinnati and the opportunities have been numerous enough to have enabled us to have forged ahead as rapidly as our sister cities; but our progress has been so slow and our growth so inadequate that we begin to suspect our own inefficiency. We are realizing more and more that, after all, the greatest factor in town building is the genius of the people. There must be men of vision and men of purpose. To such men obstacles are nothing. They can build a city in a desert or on a marsh.

That there were strong men in Cincinnati in those days when our primacy was lost is indisputable. The Longworths, Davidsons, Probascos, Springers, Andersons, Greenwoods, Bullocks, Egglestons, McLeans, Fergusons, Pughs, Stallos, Hoadleys, Broadwells, Pendletons, Comegys, Wilstachs, Judkins, Murrys, Halsteads, Murdochs, Reads and a thousand others prove it. Why, then, was the trade stolen and the immigration diverted, unless they were asleep or were resting on their honors?

Peace be to their ashes! It is not to disturb their long sleep with self-reproaches and with vain regrets that we raise this disquieting conjecture! It is to rouse us men of the present critical period to the stinging consciousness that the losses we have suffered in trade and prestige in our own time may have hap-

pened through our *apathy* and not from the "irresistible laws of trade" or "the insuperable obstacles to progress" to which we love to lay our misfortune.

Well, whatever the causes were, the effect is plain. In the period following the Civil war our city fell behind her rivals in the race for place and wealth and power. It was a great misfortune; but there are compensations for all losses. If it is true that the genius of our great men was not as active as it might have been in forwarding the material development of the city, it may be that it was only that it might be liberated for activities in a realm not less important, the realm of the immaterial; the domain of culture.

That such development takes place only when the mental powers of the people are, for some reason or other, emancipated to some degree from the thralldom of bread-winning, is well enough known. Well, then, it may be that it was the ordering of a Divine Providence that the glittering prize of commercial supremacy was withdrawn from our city's reach. For as the possibility of growing great and getting rich was lessened, the talents of the people, we believe, were turned to the acquisition of knowledge and the cultivation of art.

As this sudden efflorescence of art and culture was the most striking phenomenon of this period, "the seventies," it deserves our careful notice and we will begin with a consideration of the institutions for education, philanthropy, etc., which were developed in it.

It was in 1869 that the university took its new lease of life; but its actual reorganization belongs, as a matter of fact, to this greatest of our decades, "the seventies."

Cuvier Club.

It was to 1871 that the inception of the Cuvier Club is to be traced, although it was not until 1875 that this name was chosen to replace its first one, "The Ohio State Society for the Protection of Game and Fish."

Cincinnati Society of Natural History.

The Cincinnati Society of Natural History was organized in 1870, January 19, and incorporated in June, but it is to be traced directly back to the proposal of William Steele in 1818 of "a western museum for the purpose of exciting an interest in nature's wonders." In 1820 this plan materialized on a small scale, and in 1835 it passed into another phase of existence as the "Western Academy of Natural Sciences." Periods of interest and indifference followed each other in slow and discouraging alternations; but there came a better day when such men as John A. Warder, Robert Clarke, Julius Dexter, Charles Dury and many others whose interest in the wonders of nature was both genuine and profound, put the society upon a secure basis by their united effort. In 1875 Charles Bodman left it a bequest of \$50,000 and made its present efficient work a possibility.

Historical and Philosophical Society.

It was in this same period also that the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio received a new lease of life, for in 1871 its library was removed from the Literary club to five ample rooms in the College building on Walnut, between Fourth and Fifth, where it remained rent-free for fourteen years. Its inception

is to be traced to an act of the legislature of 1822 "to incorporate the Ohio Historical Society;" but it was not until 1831 that the act was taken advantage of and the institution actually put upon a legal basis.

This was done with the expectation that the capital of the state would be the permanent home of the society; but it was subsequently combined with the Cincinnati Historical society, organized in 1844 through the efforts of James H. Perkins, John P. Foote, William D. Gallagher and others. The combination and transfer to Cincinnati took place in 1849. The usual ups and downs of such infant organizations followed; but from the removal to the College building its progress has been uninterrupted, and now, housed in the Van Wormer library at the university, the collection is one of the city's most valued treasures.

Public Library.

It was in 1870, December 9th, that the public library was housed in its commodious new home. A committee, appointed by the board of education in 1868 to consider the location and erection of a building, recommended the purchase of the half-finished Handy opera house, which was about to be sold at public auction. The resolution was adopted and plans prepared by James W. Laughlin. In 1869 W. F. Poole was elected librarian and on December 9, 1870, the building was opened for use. Like so many, if not all, the other institutions of culture, this development of the library had required a long lapse of time.

Way back in 1802 a few serious-minded pioneers had met in Yeatman's tavern to devise a plan for a collection of books for the public use, and Jacob Burnet, Martin Baum and Lewis Kew were appointed a committee. Single volumes and libraries (offered cheap at public sale) were purchased from time to time and by 1816 had increased to a respectable collection. In that year Dr. Daniel Drake was elected president and injected new life into the enterprise.

The collection was transferred to Lancaster seminary and thence to Williams' book store, when interest in it began to decline. In 1837 the tattered remnants were turned over to the "Apprentices Library," an association formed in 1821. The two collections apparently had as hard a struggle to survive together as singly and in 1852 the minutes record that the library was in a most dilapidated state.

There were two other collections of books during these years,—that of the Lyceum and the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the latter having grown to the dimensions of six thousand in 1852. In 1853 the prospects for success in the protracted endeavor to gather a worthy collection was brightened by a law empowering the city to levy a tax to buy books for the public schools, and the board of education had the good sense to see that a single large collection for all would be better than a little one for each, and in 1855, \$5,000 were available for expenditure, and after about a year the collection was consolidated with that in the Ohio Mechanics' Institute. From this time on, owing to an ever-increasing sense of need on the part of the people and the unselfish efforts of men like Mr. Poole, Rufus King and Reverend J. M. Walden, the condition of affairs was improved until the housing in its new and ample home insured its development into that great collection of which we all are now so justly proud.

Industrial Expositions.

Another instance of the efflorescence of the higher life of the city may be found in the development of the industrial exposition idea. It is true that the dominant motive was that of business rather than culture; but so great was the effect of the commercial enterprise in enlarging, deepening and enriching the mental life of the citizens that it must have been in some way the outgrowth of the municipal evolution along the lines of self-improvement.

So successful were these initial experiments that the promoters conceived the idea of expanding their operations and associating the Ohio Mechanics' Institute, the chamber of commerce and the board of trade in an effort to make a comprehensive exhibition of the progress of commerce and the arts and sciences. By a fortunate coincidence an adequate place was easily secured, for the American Saengerbund (in order to hold its annual meeting in Cincinnati in 1870) was just completing its arrangement to erect a monster auditorium. In this room (and these additional structures) was held an exhibition (opened on September 21, 1870), which may be said to have been an epoch-making event. For, so brilliant was its success that it inaugurated in America a series of such movements out of which immeasurable influences for good have grown.

In the following year, a second one was held; a third in '72; a fourth in '73; a fifth in '74, and a sixth in '75.

The series was interrupted in 1876 because of the centennial in Philadelphia, which was, in fact, a logical continuation of those in Cincinnati and was superintended by A. T. Goshorn, one of our own citizens whose talent for such undertakings was an actual genius, and received a fitting recognition, when he was knighted by the queen of England. The series was resumed in '77 and continued unbroken for years, until the movement (as all such movements do) expended its original force.

To these expositions are to be traced many influences which have been permanent and powerful, both in commerce and in art; but it is in the latter domain that the benefit seems to have been greatest. While it is not easy to follow such subtle influences back to a single source, no one can question that the sight of the wonders displayed to unaccustomed eyes awakened and fostered inspirations and ambitions that ripened into many of the other achievements of that period and those which followed.

The Probasco Fountain.

It is true that the purpose to erect the Tyler Davidson fountain was conceived before the exposition, for Henry Probasco, its noble donor, had proposed the splendid gift in honor of his brother-in-law as early as 1867, and a rough model was furnished in 1869. But it is the general rather than the particular coincidence of these events which we must mark, and to observe how they indicate, in their entirety, some sort of association and common origin. It was a wonderful period and the beautiful fountain is in some ways its consummation and crown.

"May Festival."

Another remarkable manifestation of this new spirit of culture belongs to 1872, for it was in the summer of that year that the idea of a "May Festival" was

born in the minds of some of our leading citizens. In the fall a committee was appointed, with George Ward Nichols as its president; a guarantee fund was raised and the opening event set for May of the following year. That this festival, held in the Saengerbund building (participated in by thirty-six societies, twelve hundred and fifty singers, and presided over by Theodore Thomas) was, in some respects, a turning point in our history, few will attempt to deny. It was a brilliant success in every way and sent a thrill of new emotion through Cincinnati, and the waves of music, in ever enlarging circles, swept over the entire country. So far as we can judge, the original impulse which produced these great festivals instead of being exhausted, has increased with every celebration. As a stimulus to the aesthetical nature of our people and as a revelation to the world of our appreciation of the diviner elements of life, they have been of supreme value.

How deeply they have gone into life and what far-reaching results they have produced we may not ever know; but it is certain that they aroused the heart of Reuben Springer to one of the greatest benefactions we shall ever have the honor to record.

Music Hall.

After the music festival of 1875, this great philoplist proposed to give \$125,000 to build a permanent structure (for these convocations and others calculated to stimulate the higher life of the people) upon condition that a similar amount should be raised by the citizens. In order to meet this condition a stock company was soon formed with a board of trustees composed of Reuben Springer, Robert Mitchell, William H. Harrison, Julius Dexter, Timothy D. Lincoln and John Shillito.

The subscriptions rolled in; but the original estimate was found to be too small, and thereupon Mr. Springer increased his subscriptions until in all he had contributed \$250,000. Contracts were let in '77 and the building was formally opened in 1878.

Free Concerts.

In that same year William S. Groesbeck gave \$50,000 to endow a series of free concerts in Burnet woods.

King's Library.

In 1879 the newsboy, John King, surprised and excited the public admiration by donating his library of twenty-five hundred well chosen volumes to the public.

The Women.

In 1877 there occurred a meeting of the Women's Centennial Executive Committee of Cincinnati that may serve as well as any other event to mark the origin and development of one of the greatest movements in our history. At that time a resolution was passed looking to the more rapid advancement of woman's work, particularly in the field of industrial art and Mrs. Aaron F. Perry was requested to prepare a paper on the subject and to lay before the society a definite plan of work. This apparently so simple act was unques-

tionably the beginning of a new era, for as has been no doubt regretfully observed, up to this time woman had played a very inconsiderable part in the drama of our municipal life.

There had been a few remarkable women, like Mrs. Ludlow, Mrs. Dr. Drake, Mrs. Sarah Peters, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who had adorned our city by their individual characters and talents; but there had never been any organized efforts on their part to improve the conditions of public life, except in connection with the churches. Cincinnati was not exceptional in this, for the era of woman's advancement had not arrived. Slowly, but surely, however, the forces of the modern world had been preparing new conditions too well understood to justify a long analysis here. It is sufficient for our purpose to observe that women were not only being compelled to enter the arena of business in order to gain a living; but also impelled to enter the spheres of the world's higher activities in order to make a new and invaluable contribution to its welfare.

This great movement, sweeping over the country like a tidal wave, began to be powerfully felt in Cincinnati about the time which we are now considering. Womanhood was awakened from a long slumber. With what now seems a startling suddenness we find our sisters setting their hands courageously to a thousand unaccustomed tasks. For a little time they confined their efforts almost exclusively to the realm of art and it is in this domain that we find, to our astonishment and delight, a sudden disclosure of almost indescribable activity. They began to cultivate the arts themselves and to demand a far more general cultivation of them by their children.

Pottery and Wood Carving.

As a mere phenomenon few can be more interesting and instructive than this sudden outburst of feminine enthusiasm for all kinds of art, but particularly for decorating pottery and carving wood. With an astonishing suddenness the women of our city, seizing their brushes and their chisels, began to paint and carve. About their infatuation for wood carving, particularly, there was something quite incomprehensible. It was a fad, apparently, and passed away; but, for a time, there was scarcely a mantel or a door jamb which was safe from the attack of a chisel in the hands of some wife or mother, intoxicated by art. With an eagerness that brooked no opposition they organized themselves, under the guidance of genuine artists like Ben Pitman and were enabled to accomplish many creditable achievements, the chief of which was the decoration of the great pipe organ in Music Hall.

It was not, however, what the women did with their hands so much as what they did with their heads and their hearts, that made this period memorable, for they set in operation forces and laid the foundation of institutions which have exerted an incalculable influence ever since.

Art Museum.

Pre-eminent among them is that one which grew out of the gathering above described. Mrs. Perry read her paper and its hearers at once and with an unquenchable enthusiasm adopted her suggestion of an art museum. At a sub-



REUBEN R. SPRINGER

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sequent meeting held at the home of Mrs. A. S. Winslow, a committee of gentlemen was named whose influence was needed to foster their plans, and on April 28, 1877, their own committee, consisting of Mrs. Perry, president, and Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. A. D. Bullock, Mrs. John Shillito, Mrs. A. S. Winslow, Mrs. George Carlisle and Mrs. William Dodd, vice-presidents; Mrs. H. C. Whitman, treasurer; and Mrs. Elizabeth Appleton and Miss Laura Velette, secretary, went resolutely to work.

It was a group of capable women tremendously in earnest and they began at once to hold expositions and to forward their cause in every conceivable way. So great an impression did they make upon the city that in about three years' time Charles W. West offered to give \$150,000 toward their enterprise if as much more could be raised in addition. The response was quick and generous and on February 3, 1882, the council passed an ordinance permitting the erection of a building for this purpose in Eden Park. A temporary shelter was secured in order that there might be no delay in the gathering of material which began to come in so promptly and generously that Mr. West was moved to offer another \$150,000 for a permanent endowment.

The subsequent history of the Art Museum has been one of uninterrupted growth, prosperity and usefulness, and its most recent benefactor, J. G. Schmidlap, has enlarged it by the munificent gift of a beautiful building for the purposes of housing its fine library and affording facilities for exhibition purposes.

Art Academy.

Adjoining the Art Museum and under the same control is the Art Academy, the home of which was not erected until 1886-87; but the principal impulse to its development was communicated in 1876 by Joseph Longworth who, at that time, presented the art department of the university with \$59,500 upon condition that it would add \$10,000, which it promptly did. He had intended ultimately to place this school of design under the care of the Art Museum, but his death prevented the consummation of his plans and threw the burden of carrying them out upon his son, the Honorable Nicholas Longworth, who did so by a munificent benefaction amounting to \$371,631, after which the name was changed to the Art School of Cincinnati. A little later, the housing of this school was made possible by a bequest of \$20,000 in Reuben Springer's will; an allowance from the Springer endowment and a gift of \$75,944 from David Sinton.

This great school may not be traced directly, perhaps, to the new activity among the women; but it was intimately associated with it and the credit of another enterprise of this same period certainly belongs to them almost exclusively. It is the Rookwood Pottery to which we refer, of course.

Rookwood Pottery.

In 1874-75 the interest in the decoration of pottery had led some of the more adventurous women to experiment with its manufacture and among them was one who, in 1880, opened an establishment for this purpose which she called "Rookwood" in honor of her father's estate. This woman was Mrs. Maria Longworth Storer and she has made our city famous wherever in the

whole world the beauty of exquisite form and coloring in the manufacture of pottery is adequately appreciated.

If it is true (and these evidences appear to have the elements of demonstration in them) that there was a remarkable efflorescence of the artistic spirit in this period and a decided tendency toward a finer culture it is certainly a matter of the deepest interest to the student of our history. About all such efflorescences there seems to be, as we have said, an element of mystery. Originating in the depths of the human spirit, sometimes, without discernible provocation, they fill our souls with wonder. At one time they burst forth into a great blossom from a bud so quickly formed as to have attracted no attention. At another, premonitory symptoms appear and excite a vague feeling of expectation. But however suddenly or slowly they reveal themselves, they seem generally to follow a period of the accumulation of wealth, when the energies of people have been released from the absorbing and exhausting struggle to solve the more pressing problems of life. This period of the "seventies" was certainly such an one. Great fortunes had been made during the war and in the decade following. Leisure had been acquired and people began to ask themselves what money was for and to realize that unless it was used for something beside its mere multiplication, it was miserable stuff. In consequence, they turned their minds to the discovery of truth and beauty.

But such movements are not sporadic. They belong to a series of connected events and may be traced back, sometimes, for centuries and always through decades. With regard to this one, two of our citizens have so accurately and so eloquently described the various steps of this development as to put us under everlasting obligation and to make it almost useless for any one to supplement their labors.

Painting and Sculpture.

According to Henry A. Ratterman and Edwin Glover the cultivation of the fine arts in our city began with George Jacob Beck, who came here in 1792, a scout in the army of Wayne. For a time he painted landscapes here, then moved to Lexington in 1800; but his wife returned to Cincinnati and became a teacher of the principles he practiced.

In 1817 there came to the city a gentleman by the name of A. H. Corwine, whose talents as an artist led many of the principal citizens (notably Peyton Symmes, Nathan Guilford, Timothy Walker and Captain Joseph Pierce) to permit him to paint their portraits. At the suggestion of Dr. Drake (who thus became the first patron of art) Corwine was paid in advance, in order that he might go to Philadelphia and take a course of instruction to improve his style. Besides Corwine there was, in those earliest days, at least another portrait painter, Edwin B. Smith.

In 1826 F. Eckstein did so much to awaken the citizens of the rapidly growing community to interest in the beautiful, as to win for himself the distinguished title of the "Father of Cincinnati Art." He made an ambitious attempt to found an academy of fine arts; but at that early period it lacked sufficient patronage to insure success. Eckstein, however, made portrait busts of many citizens and instructed eager pupils in the essentials of his art. One of

these was Hiram Powers, who subsequently achieved so great a fame that we cannot restrain a feeling of pride in the fact that he grew up in our city and received even in that primitive state of society sufficient appreciation to lead him to devote his whole life to the fine arts.

Nor was it in an academy only that the spirit of art awoke. In every age the stone cutter's yard has been the nursery of sculpture. While chiseling out the generally rude memorials of the dead, a vision of beauty has come to multitudes of souls. In this way, John Airy, who executed a monument of old General Gano, became a sculptor, and so did Shubael V. Cleavinger. This Butler county boy attracted the attention of E. S. Thomas, editor of the *Evening Post*, who sat for a bust, so lifelike as to give the youth an instantaneous recognition. This bust, the first one ever executed in the West, stands now on the grave of its original, in Spring Grove cemetery. Its carver continued his career in the East and consummated it in Rome, where he produced a genuine work of art, called "A North American Indian."

Had it not been for a feeble constitution and a premature death, this backwoods boy might have written his name among the immortals, for he certainly possessed genius of a high order.

Joseph Mason and Samuel M. Lee, the one a painter of portraits and the other of landscapes, both achieved, at least, a local fame.

Hervieu, a French artist of not inconsiderable merit, came to Cincinnati with Mrs. Trollope and helped to train the aesthetical perceptions of our citizens by his decorations of her bazaar; but more particularly by his famous painting of "The Landing of LaFayette."

It is a matter of astonishment to every Cincinnatian when he begins to investigate the records of the past, to read the long list of those who, at one time or another, wholly or partially supported themselves by art; but who are too obscure to be mentioned in a paragraph written exclusively for the purpose of calling attention to those who exerted a formative influence upon the development of the artistic sensibilities of our citizens.

"How much pollen it takes to fertilize the flowers! How many seeds to produce this harvest of art!" he reflects and heaves a sigh over the disappointed hopes of all these eager souls who have seen visions and dreamed dreams which they strove in vain to make as beautiful to others as they seemed to themselves.

"Surely, the love of the beautiful is deeply implanted in the soul," he says to himself, in reading how way back in "the twenties" the people with artistic temperaments used to meet to stimulate their aesthetical emotions in the home of Philabertus Ratel; or in the Museum of Fine Arts, presided over by a certain Mr. Franks, whose title to glory lay in a series of pictures illustrating the horrors of the infernal regions.

In "the thirties and forties" we come upon a group of really talented men—James H. Beard, Miner B. Kellogg, W. H. Powell, T. Buchanan Read, William L. Sontag, the Frankenstein brothers and Nathan F. Baker, who made himself a great name by his statues "Egeria" and "Cincinnatus."

It was in 1838 that the Academy of Fine Arts was established and in the following year the first art exhibition in the West was opened to the public.

Mr. Ratterman places the golden age of our early strivings after the beautiful in the period from 1840 to 1850 and asserts that Cincinnati was a "birth-place and cradle of art." Many of the most illustrious painters and sculptors of America got their inspiration here, he says, and confidently believes that we were prevented from becoming a great art center by lack of patronage, alone. Because they could not sell their productions in the home market these children of genius were compelled to migrate to other cities where there was either a finer appreciation or, at least, a more generous disposition to buy.

Music.

The story of the development of music is quite as inspiring as that of painting or sculpture and few finer essays have been written upon any subject by anybody than one by E. S. Glover upon "Music in Cincinnati." Its culture, he informs us, began with a singing school in 1800. The flute, accordion and violin (brought in the canvas wagon or on the river barge) were the primitive musical instruments and Thomas Kennedy (from whom the ferry across the Ohio was named) was the first great virtuoso on the "fiddle."

Rude attempts at operatic performances began as early as the days of old Fort Washington, when the military bands stimulated a taste for melody and harmony. When the fort was abandoned these sources of supply were cut off and a dearth set in. In 1814, however, a home band was organized by James H. Hoffman and in 1815 two musical books were published by the Liberty Hall press. In 1819 the real development began with the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society which gave its first concert only four years after the organization of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. A second rendition was offered in 1822 and the interest awakened resulted in the organization and training of certain church choirs to a high degree of efficiency, and also in Bohemian gatherings of the lovers of music under the inspiration of such men as Frederick Ameling. As early as 1810 Adam Hurdus had built an organ and piano makers had established an industry which has grown to great proportions in our day.

Curiously enough the necessity of furnishing suitable music for the visit of LaFayette in 1825 communicated the necessary stimulus for a finer development of the art. Players were brought from other places and among them Joseph Tosso, a young Mexican, who had graduated from the Paris Conservatory. From the first, he excited great interest in himself and in his art. He was given a position as teacher in the "Female Academy" and in 1835 became director of the "Musical Fund Society Orchestra" which had the support of all the leading men in town. Even this support, however, was not adequate to maintain the organization and Tosso drifted into the manufacture of instruments, concert giving and orchestra work in theaters.

In 1834 the Eclectic Academy of Music was organized and Victor Williams, a Swede, was brought from the East to promote its interests. He was a musical genius and aroused an enthusiasm which became a permanent characteristic in the soul of the city. For fifty years he led a volunteer choir in the Ninth street Baptist church and gave its music national fame.

In 1856 the Germans began to contribute to the musical life of the city and the German American Cecilia Society formed and conducted by F. L. Ritter, became a "potent influence in the formation of taste."

In 1863 the Harmonic Society of Cincinnati was born amidst the throes of war and developed into a great choral association.

The musical yeast was at work, it is evident, through the entire life of the city and the co-operation of the two influences—German and American—accounts for the cosmopolitan results.

"To the Americans belongs the credit of being the first pioneers of music in Cincinnati, but the Germans may boast of having brought about its higher development," Mr. Klauprecht says, and all of us agree. For, during the period from '56 to the present moment the divine art has been cultivated most assiduously by them, the development of male choruses was their most important contribution and the maennerchors under the leadership of such men as William Schragg, George Valentine Schneider, George Labarre, William Runge, Carl Barus and Robert T. Holterhoff exerted immeasurable influence in educating the taste of the city and its environments in the knowledge and love of musical compositions of the highest order. It was the Germans who originated and developed the idea of musical festivals. As far back as 1849 they began to work it out in Cincinnati. In 1850 they held a second meeting, a third in 1851, and in 1867 a great gathering here of two thousand singers (in a building erected for the purpose) suggested and inspired the May festivals. It was in May of 1873 that these long continued, scattered and often futile efforts were gathered up in that truly wonderful consummation, the first great festival. What influences they have exerted during all these years in the development of our higher life, no one can accurately determine; but no one, it is probable, will ever overstate it.

To such men as Colonel George Ward Nichols, Edmond H. Pendleton, William N. Hobart, Robert E. Bowler, Lawrence Maxwell and that long list of directors and the great leaders, Theodore Thomas, Frank Van der Stucken and Leopold Stokovski we owe a debt that can only be paid by gratitude and reverence.

Literature.

As a realization of the magnitude of this new birth of the higher life of Cincinnati bursts upon the student of our history, he finds himself expecting an efflorescence of literature, as well as of art. To his surprise and disappointment, he turns page after page of the records in a search for a justification of his hopes; but can only discover that the Piatts published several volumes of poetry: "A Womans Dream," "A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles," "That New World and Other Poems," "Landmarks" and "House and Home" and that Professor W. H. Venable published "June on the Miami," "The Teacher's Dream" and his "History of the United States," and that in the newspapers the name of Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton (who has since done notable work) began to appear for the first time.

Just why it was that in the new awakening, *authors* did not receive a breath from the divine afflatus, who can tell? For ourselves, we had deliberately re-

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whose work possesses an intrinsic value and concerning which a few appreciative words must here be said. His writings of Dr. Daniel Drake, of course. His original, picturesque and eloquent language, have been, and must be, our most authoritative sources of knowledge about the Ohio valley.

Jacob Burnet's masterpiece on "The Settlement, the Denialization of the Northwest Territory."

the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi" (many stories and histories he wrote), entitle Rev. Timothy (or most remarkable men. He was not a permanent resident here so many years and did so much of his best work that we have adopted him forever into our family. After what Mrs. Frances Trollope has said, even without other evidences of his talent, his goodness is impossible.

I met in Cincinnati and indeed one of the most brilliant. Mr. Flint, the author of several extremely clever *Western Review*. His conversational powers are only person I remember to have known with a touch of sarcasm, whose kindness of nature and good nature. In some of his critical notices there is nothing of the kind I have ever read. He is an American that we could not always agree on the points we discussed; but whether it was the sincerity of feeling, or the genuineness of feeling, that beguiled me, I know not; but certainly to whose unqualified praise of his work is overstrained and ridiculous."

author and editor, we possess another masterpiece himself forever famous by publishing "Valley" (Venable). It was first issued in Cincinnati in 1832 and published in *Monthly Magazine*, and stimulated the work afterwards became famous. The column; but it was his "History of the Valley" which illustrated volumes (the original) in a permanent place in literature bestowed in Allibone's "Dictionary" much for the cause of western the country."

which challenges our attention Jared Mansfield, and came to the end of his youth and some of his institutions in the east, but his work which he returned in 1832, and General Ormsby M. Mitchell.

served a place in this chapter to tell the story of rising poets, novelists, dramatists and so forth; but we have searched that immortal volume of Professor W. H. Venable's "The Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley" in vain for a record of literary activity in the seventies.

If, therefore, we here introduce a brief review of the facts which are so fully and so eloquently recorded in that volume, it will be rather because we think that all this preliminary training for some great achievement *ought* to have come to fruition at this time, than because it actually *did*!

Certainly the prospects of great ultimate achievements in literature were fully warranted by the early efforts of our citizens in this field. From the very first, a desire to express itself on the printed page was a distinguishing characteristic of the soul of the city, and as early as 1824 the *Literary Gazette* was founded to give an opportunity for this utterance.

"This is the age of magazines,
E'en skeptics must confess it;
Where is the town of much renown
That has not one to bless it,"

wrote Thomas Pierce, one of its contributors.

Cincinnati has had scores and among them were *The Western Magazine* published by Timothy Flint in 1834; *Hall's Western Monthly Magazine*, 1832; *The Western Messenger* (a Unitarian organ), 1835; W. D. Gallagher's *Hesperian*, 1837-1838; *The Ladies Repository*, 1841-1876; *The Genius of the West* and so on ad finitum, down to the *Midland* published and edited for a few months in 1908-1909 by E. J. Wohlgemuth, an attempt to voice the aspirations of the middle west. These are only a few out of an interminable list, a pathetic and even tragic illustration of the spiritual longing for self-revelation in literature which has tormented us since ever we began to be a city, as well as the difficulty of publishing a magazine at a distance from the seaboard.

But our forefathers printed books as well as magazines. "The wilderness swarmed with migratory poets; they came in flocks like birds; they chirruped from log cabins; caroled from log barges; chanted from new garrets in fresh sprung villages," Professor Venable has charmingly affirmed. Among those whose productions have risen to a high standard and found a permanent form were George D. Prentice, S. D. Gallagher, the Cary sisters, Amelia Welby, Coates Kinney, Professor Venable and John J. and Sarah Piatt.

Nor have we lacked romancers. Frederick W. Thomas, Benjamin Drake, Emerson Bennett, Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), William W. Fosdick, the Cary sisters, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Catherine Warfield, in the early days and Prof. Venable, Nathaniel Stevenson, John Uri Lloyd and Mary F. Watts, in the later ones, have all produced works of fiction which have made them widely known.

Many of their productions possessed but little value as literature and have interest for us only as disclosing that the literary aspirations of our ancestors were after truth and beauty. There have, however, lived and labored among us

a few gifted writers whose work possesses an intrinsic value and concerning them and their productions a few appreciative words must here be said.

First came the writings of Dr. Daniel Drake, of course. His original resources, clothed in picturesque and eloquent language, have been, and must forever continue to be, our most authoritative sources of knowledge about the natural phenomena of the Ohio valley.

Next on the list is Jacob Burnet's masterpiece on "The Settlement, the Development and the Organization of the Northwest Territory."

The "Recollections of the Last Ten Years in the Valley of the Mississippi" (to say nothing of the many stories and histories he wrote), entitle Rev. Timothy Flint to stand amongst our most remarkable men. He was not a permanent resident of Cincinnati, but was here so many years and did so much of his best work during his sojourn, that we have adopted him forever into our family. Not to admire and love him after what Mrs. Frances Trollope has said, even though we did not have illimitable other evidences of his talent, his goodness and his loveliness would be impossible.

"The most agreeable person I met in Cincinnati and indeed one of the most talented men I ever met, was Mr. Flint, the author of several extremely clever volumes and the editor of *The Western Review*. His conversational powers are of the highest order; he is the only person I remember to have known with first-rate powers of satire and even of sarcasm, whose kindness of nature and of manner remained perfectly uninjured. In some of his critical notices there is a strength and keenness second to nothing of the kind I have ever read. He is a warm patriot and so true hearted an American that we could not always be of the same opinion on all subjects we discussed; but whether it was the force and brilliancy of his language, his genuine and manly sincerity of feeling, or his bland and gentlemanlike manner that beguiled me, I know not; but certainly he is the only American I ever listened to whose unqualified praise of his country did not appear to me somewhat overstrained and ridiculous."

In Judge James Hall, soldier, jurist, author and editor, we possess another distinguished literary light. He made himself forever famous by publishing "The First Literary Annual of the Ohio Valley" (Venable). It was first issued in Illinois as *The Illinois Magazine*; but brought to Cincinnati in 1832 and published under the new title, *The Western Monthly Magazine*, and stimulated the latent literary talents of many people who afterwards became famous. The names of books he wrote would make a long column; but it was his "History of the Indian Tribes," in three huge and elaborately illustrated volumes (the original price of which was \$1200), which gave him a permanent place in literature and principally entitled him to the high praise bestowed in *Albion's Dictionary of Authors*. "Few men have done so much for the cause of western civilization and the intellectual improvement of the country."

Edward Dearing Mansfield is the next name which challenges our attention and admiration. He was the son of General Jacob Mansfield and came to Cincinnati with his father when a little child. Much of his youth and some of his early manhood were spent in educational institutions in the east, but his best writing years were passed in Cincinnati in which he returned in 1832 and almost immediately formed a life partnership with General George J. Mitchell.

"He was my partner in a profession for which I think neither of us was well adapted."

As Mitchell drifted into professional work, Mansfield did into literary. He took an active part in the social and club life of the city and was influential in helping to establish many of its most important institutions. In 1857 he was editor of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, with which he kept up some sort of connection as long as he lived; but wrote constantly for eastern papers and magazines. In addition to this exacting work, he found time to prepare and publish several volumes, some of which are of the utmost value and interest, the two most important for us Cincinnatians being "Daniel Drake" and "Personal Memories." He was endowed with a brain of unusual capacity and in his moral nature reflected the noblest ideals of the Christian life. "He never, in religion, politics or morals, stood 'on the fence' or hid behind sophistries." Everybody loved him while he lived and lamented when he died.

William Davis Gallagher is one of those many gems which an unkind fortune stole from Cincinnati's crown and made to shine in another setting. While he spent the latter part of his life in or near Louisville, it was in our own city that he developed his genius and we shall always claim him as our own.

In the same way we lost Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who gathered her material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" here, and the Cary Sisters, whose genius was nourished on a hillside which overlooked our city. We wish that we could claim that the Piatts did their best work here; but although they belong to us now, they developed their genius in other places.

It seems remarkable indeed that so many such brilliant people should have made our city famous for its literary culture during the early portion of its history and yet not have been able to perpetuate their line. Since their departure we have not seen their equals or, at any rate, their superiors. Many years passed in which, save for such work as Mr. Cist did in the writing of our history; and the great war editors like Murat Halstead did in writing editorials; and writers like General Lytle and T. Buchanan Read did in producing a few remarkable poems, the literary life of the city may be said to have languished.

It was not until 1891 that a work of a merit equal to the others appeared. At that time Professor Venable's "Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley" was issued from the press of Robert Clarke & Co., and must forever stand amongst the highest of our municipal achievements.

At wide intervals of time, another of our educators, Professor P. V. N. Myers, has put out three volumes—the histories of Greece; of Rome and of Mediæval Europe, which are so very remarkable for their depth, their insight and their beauty as to have won them a place in educational institutions all over America and made him as famous amongst educators as was one of his great predecessors, William McGuffey.

Since the beginning of the new century there has been another slight revival of literary activity, Professor Venable's novels, "A Dream of Empire," and "Tom Tad," and John Uri Lloyd's "Etidorpha," and "Stringtown on the Pike;" Nat Stevenson's "They that took the Sword" and Coates Kinney's volumes of poems have all attracted favorable attention; while Mrs. Mary F. Watts "Nathan



SISTER ANTHONY

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Burke" is regarded by some of our best judges as having reached the highest mark of all our literary efforts.

This record is anything but discreditable, and yet, it is impossible to lay it down without a sense of surprise and disappointment. The bright promise of our early days does not seem to have been fulfilled. The generous seed then sown has not brought forth the harvest which it seemed to guarantee. Our city had a right to hope to be the literary center of the west and why it is not, is a mystery. Perhaps the fact that we had no daring publishers, willing to back local talent for a little more than it is worth, was a partial reason. Possibly it is, to some degree, because our newspapers have never shown any disposition to foster budding literary genius. More likely, the reasons are too obscure for our discovery.

At any rate, the fact that the efflorescence of a certain sort of culture in the seventies did not include literature, is what we have to wonder over, as this remarkable decade sinks below the horizon of our present thought.

Nothing is so easy and nothing (often) is so perilous as to form a theory. Our view that this decade was preëminently one of the development of culture has led us into a possibly too extended discussion of a single aspect of our city's life. We have almost forgotten that even if it were the case that this efflorescence was the most significant feature of the decade, it was not the only one. Each of the other phases of municipal existence was, of course, experiencing a contemporaneous expansion. No single stream of tendencies moves forward alone, but all flow onward together. While the æsthetical interests were absorbing more attention than usual, all the other wheels revolved each upon its own axis and were all in full play. Incidents and events of the greatest importance occurred. Tragedies dark and terrible were enacted. Individuals of wonderful power and charm appeared and disappeared. The expanding life extended itself in ever widening circles from its now permanently established center, Fountain square. New conveniences for business, for pleasure, for rapid transit, were developed. Great fortunes were made and lost. Innumerable babies were born and uncounted dead were buried. Thousands and thousands of immigrants from all quarters of the globe were incorporated into the body politic and the mighty organism grew apace, developing its vast body visibly and measurably while its soul kept on growing into something whose real nature we do not even yet completely comprehend.

Because it is becoming so very difficult to gather up and re-present these multitudinous aspects in a unified form, suppose we let a few of the more important events pass before our minds like the moving pictures in a nickelodeon. It will prove bewildering, no doubt; but it may help to deepen our sense of the mystery of a city's life and help to reveal the nature of the experiences through which it passed in those few short, epoch-making years.

The census of 1870 disclosed the fact that there were 216,239 inhabitants. In 1871 the city council was reorganized and a board of aldermen created. Steps were taken to develop Eden park and Burnet woods. The Mount Auburn incline was built. Bonds for \$100,000 were voted for parks.

Several of the villages adjacent were annexed and the city enlarged from seven square miles in '68, to twenty-four in '73.

The great panic of 1873 shook business almost to its foundation.

There was a visitation of cholera.

The street railroads were consolidated.

A contract was let for the Southern railway.

The organization of the Zoological Gardens was perfected.

The Grand Opera House and the Grand Hotel were built.

The "Crusaders" attacked the town and waged war on the liquor interests.

D. J. Kinney published his "Illustrated Cincinnati."

David Sinton gave \$100,000 to the Bethel and \$33,000 to the Y. M. C. A.

The *Freie Press* was established.

Robert Clarke vindicated the authenticity of the "Cincinnati tablet."

In 1876 the national republican convention met and Rutherford B. Hayes (an old time citizen), was nominated.

The yellow fever destroyed at least three hundred lives.

A monument was unveiled to William Woodward.

The Chamber of Commerce building was erected.

The Eden park reservoir was constructed.

The Government building was built.

Perhaps the two achievements which appeal most powerfully to "the masses" are the Tyler Davidson Fountain and the Zoological Garden, both of which are products of the genius of the seventies.

The Zoological Garden.

Cincinnati owes the Zoo to the untiring and absorbed devotion of one man, Andrew Erkenbrecher. Mr. Erkenbrecher, born in Germany, but a lifelong citizen of Cincinnati, was a member of the old Acclimitization society, which imported song-birds from Europe, fostered them, and set them free. In his large property in Avondale and on Madison road he kept many pets, especially birds. And the little cage in the garden now, marked as the nucleus of the Zoo, was one he used for his "little clan of the bushes," as birds are called in the Gaelic. In 1873 he succeeded in organizing a stock company and on September 18, 1875, the Zoo was formally opened. The managers first tried to secure Burnet woods for it, but, the city refusing that, sixty-seven acres on the present site were bought, a part of which had to be relinquished because of expense. The Zoo has never been financially successful. Its dividends have been put right back into it, and Mr. Erkenbrecher, Mr. Marmet, and Mr. Julius Dexter gave much money to it. It has even been in the hands of a receiver but is now fairly prosperous. Hagenbeck, the great authority, considers our Zoo equal if not superior to any in the world.

The Fountain.

The fountain is located on the Fifth street esplanade, between Vine and Walnut streets. It was presented to the city by Henry Probasco as a memorial of his brother-in-law, Mr. Tyler Davidson, and unveiled October 6, 1871. It is the grandest fountain in the United States, and the noblest work of art in

the city. The massive base and the circular basin are made of porphyry, quarried and polished in Europe. The fountain itself is cast in bronze, of condemned cannon procured from the Danish government. The castings weigh twenty-four tons. The diameter of the basin is forty-three feet, and the weight of the porphyry, eighty-five tons. The height of the fountain above the esplanade is thirty-eight feet. The bronze pedestal on the base of porphyry is square, the four sides bearing representations in relief of the four principal uses of water—water-power, navigation, the fisheries and steam. The pedestal is surmounted by four semicircular bronze basins, each pierced in the center by a single jet an inch in diameter. From the center of the four semicircular basins rises a second bronze pedestal, surmounted by a square column, on which stands the Genius of Water, a draped female figure, with outstretched arms, from the palms and fingers of whose hands the water falls in spray into the four semicircular basins. On either side of the square column is a group of figures of heroic size. The eastern group represents a mother leading a nude child to the bath; the western group, a daughter giving her aged father a draught of water; the northern group, a man standing on the burning roof of his homestead, with uplifted hand and praying for rain; the southern group, a husbandman with an idle plow, and at his side a dog panting from heat, supplicates Heaven for rain. There are life-size figures in niches at each corner of the bronze pedestal beneath the semicircular basins. One represents a nude boy with a lobster, which he has just taken from a net and is holding aloft in triumph with one hand; another, a laughing girl, playing with a necklace of pearls; the third, a semi-nude girl, listening to the sound of the waves in a sea shell, which she holds to her ear; the fourth, a boy, well muffled, strapping on his skates. There are four drinking fountains, equidistant on the rim of the porphyry basin. Each is a bronze pedestal, surmounted by a life-size bronze figure. One represents a youth astride a dolphin; the second, a youth kneeling, holding one duck under his left arm and grasping by the neck another; the third is that of a youth, around whose right leg a snake has coiled, which the youth has grasped with his left hand and is about to strike with a stone that he holds in his right. The fourth figure is that of a youth kneeling on the back of a huge turtle and grasping it by the neck. Water issues from the mouths of the dolphin, duck, snake and turtle. The fountain was designed by August von Kreling, of Nuremberg, and cast by Ferdinand von Müller, director of the Royal Bronze Foundry of Bavaria. The cost of the fountain itself was \$105,000 in gold. Together with the esplanade, the total cost was over \$200,000. All cars pass by or quite close to the fountain.

And now, from events and achievements, we turn in accordance with our method to people. So rich in "outstanding people were 'the seventies'" that it seems invidious to select any of them for especial mention; but a few may be named as types and must represent the scores of others who would have served the purpose not less well.

GEORGE WARD NICHOLS.—The man whose name was a synonym for art activity about the seventies was George Ward Nichols. He came of old New England families on both sides and inherited the capacity for education, refinement, and culture. A Boston boy, he spent his school days in that I

city. Later he studied the arts, especially painting, in New York and was art critic on the *Evening Post*, that most excellent of papers. He studied art, too, in Paris, being in the studio of Couture, but when the war broke out he entered the army, and was aide-de-camp to Fremont and Sherman. Afterward he wrote a book about the great march to the sea. Later still he wrote a book on art education and articles on general topics. Coming to Cincinnati in 1868 he married the daughter of Mr. Joseph Longworth (Miss Maria Longworth), who is now Mrs. Bellamy Storer. Interested in all the arts, a gifted student, critic and patron of them all, he gave his attention and strength here particularly to music. He was president of the Festival association and of the College of Music, which grew from the festivals, and it is to him, chief of all, that Cincinnati owes her splendid May festivals and the rare music life for which she is so famous.

REUBEN R. SPRINGER was born in Frankfort, Kentucky, in 1800. His father, a soldier under Mad Anthony Wayne, was of Virginia stock while his mother was a New Jerseyan. Reuben had little education. He helped in the post-office of which his father was master, and then became a clerk on a steamboat running between Cincinnati and New Orleans. When he came to Cincinnati he married into the Kilgour family and at once became a member of the great firm of wholesale grocers. He was of a very economical turn of mind and worked so hard that when only forty he found himself completely broken down in health. Almost the rest of his life he gave to the extreme care of himself and so far recovered his health that he cheated time and disease and lived to be eighty-four years old. A wealthy man, he gave most of the money for Music hall and the great organ, and the beautiful far-singing chimes of St. Peter's cathedral are his gift. He was a Catholic and a Henry Clay whig, a man of travel and artistic appreciation, modest, careful, methodical, keeping his skirts clear of politics and shunning notoriety. The statue of him in Music hall is by Cincinnati's great early sculptor, Hiram Powers.

DAVID SINTON.—Perhaps no one could deserve the epithet, "canny Scotsman" more than David Sinton. Born in Ireland of Quaker parentage, he was nevertheless of Scotch blood, and as always, blood told. His father, who had been a linen manufacturer in Ireland, brought him, a little tot of three, to this country, and at thirteen David started out to make his own living. He early met some business disappointments which caused him to hate cordially the world's crew of the shiftless and lazy. At twenty-two, with a friend, he leased a furnace and thereafter spent from eighteen to twenty years in the iron region. In 1849 he came to Cincinnati permanently and at once became interested in real estate, and as years went on built many big business blocks. He was the builder and owner of the Grand Opera House. David Sinton became the richest man in Cincinnati and gave much to the city; he built the Art academy, gave \$100,000 to the university, built the Y. M. C. A. He was accounted fortunate in business, but was in reality a man of quick intelligence, a student ever, of strong, determined vitality, bound to succeed simply because he had it in him to succeed.

GEORGE H. PENDLETON.—Everything one learns of Senator Pendleton is good and delightful. He came of fine old blood on the Pendleton side, dis-

tinguished back in England and in the American revolution; his mother was a daughter of Jesse Hunt, an early pioneer. He was born and bred a Cincinnatian, coming into existence here on July 19, 1825, studying at Woodward and under Ormsby Mitchel, the celebrated young teacher and astronomer. Then he had the years of travel and learning that used to be thought proper for the finishing education of young gentlemen. He studied at Heidelberg and wandered in Europe, Asia and Africa. Coming back to Cincinnati, he was elected senator from Hamilton county to the state, and when only thirty-two was sent to congress. He was once a candidate for governor and for the vice presidency, and he became United States senator. Though of whig ancestry he was a democrat, immensely interested in civil service reform, and in 1885 was appointed by Cleveland, minister to Germany, dying in Brussels four years later. Perhaps his sobriquet, "Gentleman George," was the best index to his character, a man of genial countenance, well-bred manners, cultured intelligence, a capable leader and adjuster of human affairs.

MOSES DAWSON.—Away back before the "log cabin campaign" even, there lived in Cincinnati an aggressively belligerent journalist and politician, one Moses Dawson. He was an Irishman and possessed all the Irishman's wit and bellicose capacity. In 1824 he published a life of William Henry Harrison, a hearty vindication of that statesman and soldier, which, it is said, can hardly be called history or biography, but is the most interesting and valuable compilation ever printed of the facts of those times in the west. Dawson was the editor and publisher of the *Commercial Advertiser*, a democratic paper appealing to the masses, while Hammond, a Henry Clay whig, edited another paper, and merry was the war of words between them, which, says Edward Mansfield, was a political pugilism worthy of Donnybrook. Neither were the words tender nor the statements polite. Hammond was keen and a mental marksman, but Dawson rained blows fast and furiously and never gave up the fight. He was the head of the *Advertiser* for many years, and of an old-time paper called the *Phoenix*, and it was he who started the great democratic organ of the middle west, the *Enquirer*. Moses Dawson was a great leader of the people, a great democrat, a great journalist and politician.

EDWARD ALEXANDER FERGUSON was born in New York city November 6, 1826. He was brought to Cincinnati when a little chap and was educated in the common schools, Talbot's academy, and what was then called Woodward college, graduating from this last named institution in 1843. Young Ferguson studied law and became city solicitor in 1862 when he was only twenty-six years old. Seven years later he was elected to the Ohio state senate. Some of his associates there were young men who were later to become very famous, among them President James A. Garfield, Justice Woods, and General J. D. Cox. Mr. Ferguson's specialty was always corporation law, and while in the senate he succeeded in getting through a bill known as the "Ferguson act," by which any city of a certain class or size in the state may have the privilege of raising bonds for which is to enter it. He is to be considered one of the very important Cincinnati as the author of this bill and as the chief projector of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, which is the gateway opening the broad south to the very streets of Cincinnati.

MURAT HALSTEAD.—Out on a farm at Paddy's Run, in Butler county, was born September 2, 1829, Murat Halstead. There was not much of the French tongue in Paddy's Run and he was named and called Mu-rat. His father was a North Carolinian, but was brought to Ohio by his parents when a very little child, and the mother was a native of Ohio, so that Murat was a Buckeye born and bred. The boy worked on the farm and received his education at the old Farmers' college at Coliege Hill. When only eighteen he began to contribute to the papers and soon, abandoning his intention of studying law, entered journalism as a profession. He was first on the *Gazette*, then on the *Enquirer*, after that as news editor of the *Atlas*, and associate editor of the *Columbian*. In 1853 he became city editor of the *Commercial*, soon bought a small share in it, and in 1866 assumed entire control of the paper. When the two morning papers, the *Commercial* and the *Gazette*, were combined he was elected president of the company and was the recognized chief of the big republican paper. Mr. Halstead composed constantly editorials and other work, and as he is said to have produced usually about three thousand words a day, in his long life of newspaper activity he probably wrote more than any journalist who ever lived. In this long life—he died only in 1908—spent in journalism, while he wrote for nearly every important paper in the United States and was at the head of one of the great ones in Brooklyn, it is as a Cincinnati man and as an immense force in republican politics, the head of the great republican organ of this section of the country, that he is to be considered, one of the greatly eminent journalists of the day.

JACOB DETSON COX was born in Montreal, Canada, on the twenty-seventh day of October, 1828. He studied at and was graduated from Oberlin college, Ohio, taught school, and studied law—exactly the process so many fine young men have gone through. He practiced law in Cincinnati, was an Ohio state senator, a general in the Civil war, and after that was made governor of the state. He declined renomination and practiced law till he became President Grant's secretary of the interior. He was president and then receiver for the Toledo and Wabash railroad, and was elected to Congress from the Toledo district. After that General Cox returned to Cincinnati, where he practiced his profession and became dean of the law school and later president of the university. At one time in the state senate were Cox, E. A. Ferguson, Justice Woods and Garfield, an unusual combination. And it was General Cox who was the guest of General Burnside in the old Pike Opera House on the night of the thrilling jubilation over the battle of Vicksburg. He died in August, 1900. His memory is fresh in the minds of many Cincinnatians, a man of infinite capacity, though perhaps most vividly remembered here for his connection with the law school and university.

CHARLES PETTIT MCILVAINE, the son of a United States senator, was born in New Jersey, January 18, 1799, graduated from Princeton when seventeen years old, and was made a priest of the Protestant Episcopal church at twenty-two. His first parish was in Georgetown, D. C. A few years later he became chaplain and professor at West Point, and after other parish work he took a professorship in the University of New York. In 1832, when he was only thirty-three years of age, he was made bishop of Ohio. Before coming out he raised \$30,000 among his friends in the east for Kenyon college and the theological seminary at Gambier, of which he became president. When the Civil war came on Bishop

McIlvaine worked devotedly in the sanitary commission. He was given honorary degrees by Princeton, Brown, and Oxford and Cambridge of the English universities. He died in Florence, Italy, March 13, 1873. Born the year Washington died, he was said to bear a strange resemblance to the president. These are the few facts in the life of a noble and sweet-souled man who was so well remembered, so deeply beloved by thousands.

SISTER ANTHONY O'CONNELL was born in Limerick, Ireland, and was brought to this country when a wee little child by her parents. She lived in Maine and Boston and entered the community at Emmetsburg when twenty years old. Two years later she came to Cincinnati, beginning here her life of entire devotion to humanity as a sister of charity. She worked successively in St. Peter's Orphan Asylum, the St. Aloysius, the St. Joseph, and the St. John's hospitals, most of the time as head of these institutions. When the Civil war broke out she was the first to answer a hurry call for nurses after the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, and from that time on to the close of the struggle she gave her services to the sick and wounded soldiers. When it was over she returned to Cincinnati and started a foundling home, where she lived in her work till her death in 1898. She lies in the little Mt. St. Joseph cemetery and her grave is always decorated on Memorial Day by the old soldiers who have christened her "The Angel of the Battlefield." Her picture shows a pure, wistful, Irish face, and the record she has left is that of the utter beauty of human kindness.

Perhaps it is impossible to so compare the *decades* of our history as to be able to select the most important. While some seem less significant than others in respect of this or that, each one excels in something else. But taking as much into consideration as our minds can possibly hold, we think that the "the seventies" were the most fascinating ten years of our history.

This may be, however, because our own interests are so much concerned with the development of Cincinnati's *higher life*. We see in them that sort of activity which is, by far, the noblest in a city's soul. The struggle for wealth or size has little of real grandeur or dignity. Mere bigness counts for much less in a city than a mountain. There are cities containing millions of people in China (and perhaps in America) that cannot hold a candle to little Athens in the days when her population numbered but a few thousand; because among them there was a Phidias, a Pericles, a Socrates, a Plato or a Demosthenes, and also because in them the love of truth, beauty and goodness became a consuming passion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EIGHTIES.

POPULATION INCREASES TO 253,139—FIRST TRAIN ON THE CINCINNATI SOUTHERN GOES THROUGH TO CHATTANOOGA—HARRISON, THE "BOY PREACHER," CLAIMS THREE THOUSAND CONVERTS—RAILROAD RIOTS—THE "BERNER" RIOT—DESTRUCTION OF THE COURTHOUSE.

Except for two events of first-class importance the "eighties" are dull and unimportant years. It is true that innumerable things happened, any of which, taken alone and described in detail, would make a book.

In 1880 the number of inhabitants had risen to 253,139.

The first train on the Cincinnati Southern went through to Chattanooga and the event was celebrated by a banquet in Central Music Hall, at which three thousand people sat down.

The national democratic convention was held.

The *Times* and the *Star* consolidated.

A company was formed to light the city with electricity.

The Little Miami depot was built.

The Metropolitan National Bank, the Security Insurance Company, the Union National Bank and the Exchange National Bank were established.

The "Boy Preacher" Harrison held revival meetings and claimed three thousand converts.

In 1882 there was a violent struggle between the more strict and the lower elements over "the Sunday closing law;" the National Forestry Congress and the American Library associations held annual meetings; dinners were given to George Ward Nichols and Judge Alphonso Taft.

In 1886 occurred the railroad labor riots.

In 1888 there was a bitter contest over the Owen law which closed the saloons on Sunday. This also was the year of the great centennial exposition of the Ohio valley and central states.

Over a file of the newspapers of this decade one could linger for many days; but soon all interest would be absorbed by those two events which will forever characterize the eighties, one of a purely *sporadic* nature, the flood; the other *symptomatic* in the highest degree, the courthouse riot.

In 1883 there occurred a rise of the Ohio river of such stupendous proportion as to throw its predecessors entirely in the shade. Of these predecessors there had been many.

A river which drains twenty thousand square miles of country, much of which is mountainous, will have its ups and downs. From the first year of their arrival

the pioneers began to respect the varying moods of the mighty but unstable stream. It was a flood which convinced them that Columbia could not be the metropolis of the northwest, because it was too easily overflowed. The location of our city was made with reference to this danger, and, although it has often been disturbed by the great annual freshets, it had never, until at this time, experienced a real catastrophe. Of these great risings of the waters, the first authentic record was made in 1832, when on February the 18th the river reached the abnormal height of sixty-four feet and three inches.

The next great disaster occurred in 1847, December 17th, when the waters rose to sixty-three feet and seven inches.

Naturally, the residents accepted these records as the limit of the river's antics and their buildings and their businesses were all adjusted to what they thought its utmost power to overflow its banks.

On the 15th of February, 1883, however, the monster put forth a supreme effort; rose to sixty-six feet and four inches and produced widespread disaster. The pumping engines of the city water works were stopped; but fortunately there was a supply in the reservoirs large enough to tide the people over. The gas works, however, were submerged and the city was enveloped in darkness. More than fifteen hundred business houses, together with innumerable residences, were partially inundated and twenty-four hundred people thrown upon the public for charitable assistance. In Covington, Newport, Bellevue and Dayton the situation was equally desperate. Upon the suggestion of Melville E. Ingalls, the chamber of commerce organized relief committees and help was given generously.

It was hoped when the crest of the flood had passed that the merciless river had done its worst; but in the very next year its power was exercised in a far more terrible manner still. The first two weeks of January were cold, with frequent light falls of snow, which on the 14th and 19th were increased considerably and were varied with sleet and rain, while the temperature fluctuated wildly from zero to sixty degrees above. On the twenty-ninth there was a general rainfall over the southern half of the water-shed and the streams began to swell in an ominous manner. The Ohio rose steadily and at seven o'clock on the 4th of February had attained a height of forty-nine feet and eleven and one-half inches. On the next day the river-wise ones began to scent danger; but the general public pursued the even tenor of its way. News from all directions began to come in and to reveal a critical situation. The Licking, the Big Sandy, the New, the Kanawha, the Muskingum, Youghiogheny, Monongahela and Allegheny were vomiting immeasurable volumes of water into the choked channels, and streams like the Kentucky and Miami contributed to the trouble by holding its waters back.

On February 6th the levee at Lawrenceburg gave way and the full extent of the peril began to manifest itself by this and similar disasters. At once the lethargy of the city was broken and the safe sprang to the help of the imperilled. Henry C. Urner, president of the chamber of commerce, appointed a committee and a fund of \$3,000 was appropriated. S. F. Dana was chosen treasurer and Sidney D. Maxwell secretary. The common council authorized the city to borrow money to a sum not exceeding a hundred thousand dollars to meet the

emergency. All men now prepared for the worst, and it came. On February 14th the crisis was reached and the height of seventy-one feet and three-fourths of an inch was registered. At the end of ninety minutes a fall of one-fourth of an inch was announced, but this was arrested and for five hours the waters stood unabated. Then the fall began at the rate of a quarter of an inch per hour and by the end of February the flood had dropped to a stage of twenty-five feet and six inches.

During these tragic days the situation along the river front was terrible. Railroad communication with the outside world was absolutely cut off. The water and gas supplies were irregular. People were compelled to navigate the streets below Third in boats and entered their houses through the second-story windows. Enormous amounts of merchandise were destroyed. Two buildings on Pearl street, Nos. 123 and 125, collapsed, killing ten people and injuring many.

For a time it seemed as if the disaster was as unmitigated as it was terrible; but subsequent reflection has discovered that, as is inevitable in all such tragedies, there is a mysterious compensation in the awakening of human sympathy and the generous expenditure of this highest form of human energy. All classes of people were stimulated to heroic endeavors to assist the sufferer. A fleet of boats, with Captain W. P. Walker as admiral, began a systematic work of rescue. The schools were closed and the buildings turned into places of refuge. The regiments of militia assisted the police. A soup house was opened. Entertainments were given to secure funds, and at one of them in the music hall, Madame Sembrich, the prima donna, passed down the aisles with a collection basket and \$6,170.14 were realized, while the entire amount collected in Cincinnati itself was \$96,680.12 and from sources outside \$97,751.22.

Events like this possess a powerful dramatic interest and exert a certain form of influence upon a city; but as we have elsewhere observed, they do not originate in the soul itself. They have little effect upon the character. They are not to be despised and ignored, of course; but in such investigations as ours it is necessary to place the emphasis upon those movements which are intellectual, moral and spiritual, which spring out of the free spirit of the city itself and not out of the accidents of fire and flood.

Riot of 1884.

It is to one of this latter character to which we turn attention now—the riot of 1884; an event so catastrophic and appalling in an American community as to challenge credulity and to stagger comprehension. It offers, in fact, a profound problem in municipal psychology. It would have been a startling phenomenon at any time; but coming so close upon the heels of the aesthetical influence which we have just described, it is bewildering.

Why was it that within a few short years after the general awakening of the people to the significance of beauty there should have been so widespread an indifference to truth and goodness? That there was such an indifference admits of not the slightest doubt nor that this indifference took the form of lawlessness and of bloodshed.

No explanation of such a phenomenon can be convincing that confines itself to the mere moment of the outburst. This riot was not the spasmodic upheaval of a passing mood. It was a manifestation of abiding character. It did not flash

up out of nothingness, but was an explosion of inflammatory material deeply buried in the city's soul. The fact of the matter is that in the very nature of our city there was a congenital tendency to settle certain questions with the brick-bat and the torch, instead of the slow process of the law.

Riots.

It will be recalled that as early as the 12th of February, 1792, John Bartle, a merchant, was decoyed into Fort Washington and beaten by an officer. In the trial which followed, a local attorney denounced the outrage and thereupon the officer and thirty soldiers appeared upon the scene to take revenge, but were set upon by the angry citizens and rudely handled. In 1820 there was an outbreak of the same lawless spirit when the Miami Exporting Company's bank failed and a scene of destruction and bloodshed was only prevented by the courage of Isaac G. Burnet. In 1836 occurred the race riots, in which the office of the *Philanthropist* was wrecked; in 1842 another bank riot, when the Miami bank vaults were looted; in 1848 the riot over the Mexican soldiers, falsely accused of a dastardly crime; in 1853 the Bedini riots, when the German element mobbed the papal nuncio; in 1855 the Know Nothing riots, when the foreign elements came into collision with the party that wanted America for Americans; in 1861 another race riot, precipitated by an attempt of Robert Black of Kentucky to carry back a slave into bondage; and, finally, the greatest of all, the riots in 1884.

Such numerous and so flagrant attempts to settle the problems of government by violence would certainly seem to prove some sort of virus in the city's blood.

It would be impossible, probably, to discover all the sources of this disposition, but there are three about which we may feel reasonably certain. In the first place, there was that "double seat" of authority, the civil and the military, which provoked those early conflicts between the citizens and the soldiery. In the second place, Cincinnati has always been sensitive to that irrational malady of "race antipathy." Innate prejudices of color and ancestry have excited animosities from the first moment of our existence, toward the red man first, and then toward the black man, later on. In the third place, an ambition to be "*the freest city on the globe*" has always burned in the bones of a large element of our people and from that ambition to anarchy, it is a short and easy step.

Whether these facts afford a complete explanation of the phenomenon or not, it is certain that a mental state or spiritual mood of lawlessness had existed long years before its most signal outburst in the riot of 1884, and that it had been manifesting itself both at the polls and in the courts of justice.

Elections.

The story of our municipal elections in the eighties, following the notorious "repeating" in the state election of seventy-six, is calculated to flush an honest voter's cheek with shame. The physical obstacles to an honest ballot were very great and possibly proved a source of corruption in themselves, for there was no law requiring the registration of voters and ballots were printed and distributed by ward committees, thus enabling the committeemen to bestow or withhold them, almost as they pleased. Besides this, the wards (which were almost as large at that time, as at present) were divided into but two precincts, so that

on the one hand the voters could not be personally known and, on the other, the large number of ballots to be counted multiplied the opportunities for deception.

As if these clumsy methods were not certain enough to make an honest vote impossible, the three judges of election were chosen *at the polls*, and a gang of political black-legs could always elect their men by the display or the use of force. And besides, there were two parties and three judges, so that two could always out-vote the third in case of a challenge.

Undoubtedly these miserable arrangements would have superinduced dishonesty in the most ethical of decades; but in one of so low a tone as the "eighties" it was certain that the consequences would be appalling. And they were! The stories of "miscounting," of "repeating," of "stuffing," excite a feeling of amazement, while those of buying ballots and of breaking the heads of those who refused to vote the proper ticket awaken a feeling of horror. "Young boys half grown" (says a contemporary report), "downy-faced saplings, ranging anywhere below eighteen years of age, voted in troops, to the great amusement of the ordinary democrat. At last a colored republican ventured to challenge one of them, when the gang of older toughs set upon him, dragged him into the street and beat him shamefully. Thus the voting began and in fifteen minutes one hundred and twenty-four slipped into the box. The reappearance of the same faces at last became monotonous even to the democratic challengers and judges, and they refused to receive the votes, saying, "Hold up awhile, boys; that's enough just now."

"While standing there, a man in the crowd noticed a man going up the plank (the narrow path to the box) whom he had seen voting at least once before. He called to him the attention of the police, who was standing by the railing. The officer replied, "What the hell of a difference does it make to you?" and at the same time gave him a push. The hoodlums about the polls then took up the informant, chasing him up the street until he took refuge in a machine shop, where they kept him prisoner for some time."

This is a dark picture; but not in any sense an exaggerated one. There was something "rotten" in our Cincinnati "Denmark." The corruption in the body politic had festered out in open sores.

The Administration of Law.

For a second evidence of the existence of a spirit of lawlessness in the "eighties" we turn to a study of the administration of justice. In the criminal courts, there were lawyers who seemed to have so lost their sense of the dignity and responsibility of their calling as to be willing to use their knowledge and their talents to procure the exoneration of even the notoriously guilty. The police are said to have no longer expected the conviction of criminals.

When crime goes unpunished long enough it entrenches itself behind almost impregnable barriers. Having become invincible, it gains a respectable standing, even in the commercial world and acquires a money power. In the eighties it had become a source of wealth and could pay handsomely for protection. As a matter of course, the demands for unscrupulous lawyers produced an immediate supply and a crowd of legal harpies hung around the temple of justice. They were men of considerable talent, and at their head (incarnating all the

more attractive as well as the most repellent characteristics of their class) stood a man by the name of T. C. Campbell. For years he juggled with the laws, the jurymen, the criminals and the people until, at last, he went one step too far. There is a line beyond which sacrilege may not pass and he reached it in the Berner case. He and his ilk had defended all sorts of criminals, thieves, adulterers, gamblers, body snatchers and assassins, and with every acquittal the list of crimes grew longer and darker.

This terrible state of affairs had long caused apprehension in the minds of exceptionally thoughtful people; but no one realized to how great an extent the masses of plain, honest, law abiding citizens had become conscious that the foundations of society were being undermined until an exceptionally dramatic case of pettifogging and contempt for law occurred in one of our courts.

William Berner, a young German, and Joseph Palmer, a light mulatto, had attacked and beaten to death their employer, William Kirk, the keeper of a livery stable on West Eight street near Mound, for no greater reason than to secure a little money which they knew he had. After the murder they had taken the bloody corpse away in a wagon and dumped it into a thicket, with as little concern as if it had been the body of a dog.

The crime was so horrible, so inexcusable and so indubitably proven that the public could not possibly imagine how the wretches could escape the hangman's rope, until they learned that Thomas Campbell had been retained for their defence. And even then, neither they nor the presiding judge were really apprehensive of an acquittal. When, therefore, William Berner, the white man, (whose case was shrewdly separated from that of his colored accomplice) was declared by the jury to be guilty only of manslaughter, Samuel R. Matthews, the presiding judge, in a fit of righteous anger denounced the jurymen and imposed upon the culprit the extreme penalty of twenty years in the penitentiary.

No sooner was this verdict of the jury known than a wave of indignation rolled over the whole city and a public meeting was arranged in which to give expression to the general sense of the outrage. It was set for the evening of March the 28th and Music Hall was packed. Dr. Andrew C. Kemper occupied the chair and many leading citizens supported him as vice-presidents, while speeches were made by such distinguished men as ex-Judge A. G. W. Carter, General Hickenlooper and the chairman himself. What the speakers said was calm and temperate in tone. Not an inflammatory word, in fact, was uttered. Their purpose was to give expression to the universal disapprobation of the tendency toward lax administration of law, together with the rights and duties of American citizenship. Had all the people inside the hall and outside been as temperate as the orators of the occasion, the subsequent tragedy could not possibly have happened. But the calm indignation of the more thoughtful had become violent resentment in the hearts of the masses of thoughtless and irresponsible people who go to make up the body of such a crowd. They muttered their impatience and they threatened vengeance. The scene became stormy and ominous; but such people as these are incapable of desperate measure. There is need of another element to create a riot. Behind any wave of social unrest, there must be the driving power of the criminal class before it can be made to overflow the bounds of law and order. That class, unfortunately, is never far away. In

every great city there are multitudes of vagabonds and scoundrels just underneath, but terribly close to the surface of the quiet sea of life. Sensitive to every symptom of dissatisfaction with existing institutions, they are ready at any instant to fling themselves into any movement that threatens destruction and promises an opportunity for plunder. Some of these wretches had mingled with the crowd inside; but more were waiting out of doors and when at last the throng poured forth, a sudden cry rang out, "To the jail!" It fell from the lips of a youth of twenty-one, and four ignorant colored men, springing forward, took it up and became the center of the gathering storm.

In an instant, the reason of the crowd was dethroned and it became a mob, imperiled by passions more irrational and uncontrollable than those of brutes. Rolling and thundering forward like a herd of buffaloes, the vast and ever increasing crowd of dehumanized wretches rushed wildly toward the jail.

A telephone message preceded them and Sheriff Morton L. Hawkins made such preparations as he thought were necessary. He had taken the precaution to send Berner off to Columbus, whither the miserable creature arrived after he had escaped and been recaptured.

When the terrible news came over the wire, the riot alarm was sounded; the fire marshal was summoned and the police force assembled. If the preparations were not completely adequate it was, no doubt, because, in the first place, it was impossible for the authorities to comprehend the gravity of the occasion and, in the second place, because the jail was supposed by all to be impregnable except to artillery operations. The doors were closed; the guards stationed and the attack awaited. It was not long delayed. The frightful monster (for it seemed a thousand times more like an organism than a mass; a unit rather than an aggregation) moving upon ten thousand legs had traveled with extraordinary speed. Weapons and instruments of every kind were appropriated wherever found—guns, pistols, crowbars, picks, axes, together with planks and beams for battering rams. In an incredibly short time these were thundering at the doors, which, shattered by their powerful blows, caved in and thus admitted the besiegers. Before the intruding flood, sheriff, attendants, policemen—all were swept away like debris by a river in freshet. Through the corridors the tide of maddened wretches poured, and peering into every cell, cried out "Are you Palmer? are you? are you?" and the calmest answer of all came from the lips of the very man they sought. "No," he replied, as they questioned him, "Can't you see that I am white?" and by his sang froid escaped a horrible death.

Defrauded of its prey by the absence of the German and the wit of the African, the passions of the insatiable monster were only inflamed the more. If it could not punish the guilty it might plunder the innocent! If life could not be taken, property at least might be destroyed. With a renewed frenzy the mob inside began to gut the jail and the one outside to try to enter.

By this time the patrol wagons were arriving, but their progress was arrested by the solid mass of men and they were stuck like boats in a sea of glue.

Suddenly a shot was fired from somewhere and a boy of seventeen fell dead. The mob had tasted blood and it was certain now that serious trouble was ahead. There was a tunnel into the jail of which the police force knew, of

course, and through it they made their way into the interior, while the crowd began to enter by the doors and windows which they had smashed or battered down. The confusion increased; the dangers multiplied and the only hope was assistance from the militia which had been hastily summoned. At last the speediest companies arrived and, plunging into the tunnel, made their way quickly through. The gas had been turned off; but when it was suddenly lighted, the dazzled eyes of the soldiery saw a crowd of captives in charge of the police; and mistaking them for the mob itself, began to shoot. In the melee which followed two of the militia and four of the officers were wounded and one of the rioters, it is supposed, was killed. No doubt, the inexperienced militia was panic stricken when they made so gross a blunder; but it was no more than might have been expected from any similar troop and after this single spasm of terror, they steadied down, and during the rest of the riot remained as cool as veterans.

The arrival of the militia and their evident determination to fight to the death, if need be, astonished and angered the mob. In accordance with that universal instinct which leads all men to justify their acts, however bad, the furious crowd of hoodlums considered itself the injured party and determined to avenge itself upon the soldiers for doing their evident duty.

This new fuel being added to the fire of passions, the mob began to try to burn the jail and to smoke its defenders out. So desperate were their efforts that the soldiers were compelled to shoot them at sight. Several were hit and one innocent man (Joe Sturm, the driver of patrol wagon No. 3) was killed at his post of duty.

The firmness of the militia began at last to impress the mob. It cringed a little and then slowly backed away. Another relay of the militia arrived and the two companies, marching out into the streets, quickly cleared them and drove the rioters to cover.

So far as the jail itself was concerned the trouble for the night was over; but the scene of danger was merely shifted. As the mob broke and crept sullenly away, it planned revenge. By a sort of instinct it turned toward the Armory at Court and Walnut, where it hoped to discover the instruments to carry out its purpose. It found no ammunition, but appropriated a stand of arms and, beating a drum which it had discovered, hastened to the store of B. Kittridge & Company on the east side of Main between Fourth and Fifth. There they found guns, but no ammunition until, after their departure, they returned again. This time they carried off a considerable supply of powder; a small brass cannon and anything else they could lay their hands upon. It was too late, however, to do anything more, and they slowly broke up into fragments, and the fragments into individual units, each one sneaking away to snatch a little sleep and be prepared for darker developments on the morrow.

The morning of Saturday dawned upon a terror stricken city. All day long the people trembled. The rioting was not renewed in the daylight, but the expectation that it would begin again in the darkness shook the people's hearts with fear.

At the jail the militia and police remained on duty and were comforted by the promised help of the state militia. When the shadows began at last to fall,

a tremor ran through the city and it shuddered like a living thing. These vibrations of terror were felt by the police and the soldiers assembled in and about the court house and they began erecting barricades to defend themselves from an approaching, although invisible, danger.

After consultation with Colonel Hunt of the First Regiment, Chief of Police Reilly and General Matthew Ryan, Sheriff Hawkins formed his lines about the court house. When the garrison had done all that it knew how or was able to do, it settled down to watch the crowd, which it saw was undergoing an ominous transformation. All day, throngs of intelligent and law abiding people, evidently impelled by curiosity alone, had wandered about before the barricades. But at twilight they quietly melted away and were replaced by sinister and terrible figures which stole through the shadows like beasts of prey.

Presently a gentle agitation began which developed, a little later, into violent waves of excitement. Blasphemous threats were heard. A single stone was hurled; and then a volley; and about the same time somebody fired a pistol and a series of shots were heard. Soon after a forward movement began, and as if animated by an impulse from some central brain, a storming party attacked the iron doors of the court house and broke them down. Another spasmodic movement followed, inaugurated, it is believed, by some young Kentuckians, and a flying column burst into the county treasurer's office. Piling the furniture in a mass, the wretches saturated it with coal oil and applied a match. As the flames leaped up, they left them to do their work of destruction alone, and, rushing from room to room, they repeated their incendiary tactics in each.

While thus engaged, their companions on the outside were rushing wildly about to discover some way of increasing the destruction. Suddenly, when swirling around the corner of South and Court, they encountered a squad of soldiers and there was a sudden flash and a roar of musketry. The crowd paused; it shivered; it shrank back in terror and ran up a white flag, under whose cover it carried off its dead, dying and wounded.

In the meantime the court house was burning and the spectators were treated to an exhibition of diabolic humor. In the fierce light which fell upon the portico of a neighboring building, a human form was suddenly seen and a loud voice amidst derisive laughter and shouts of approval, offered to sell the building and its contents at public auction.

While this demoniacal scene was being enacted, the sphere of trouble widened, and, at the same time, the means for its repression steadily increased. Other companies of soldiers were filing in and so detachments could be spared for outside service.

One of these was commanded by a young attorney whose name was John J. Desmond, a man respected, admired and beloved both as a lawyer and a captain of militia. With intrepid courage he led his column to its task and as the crowd surged back before it, a devil in human form took deliberate aim at that shining mark and fired. The aim was all too accurate and he fell, a martyr for the city's peace.

Upon such a scene of disaster and death, the first detachment of state militia (the Fourth Regiment of Dayton) suddenly arrived. What they saw appalled them and, to their undying shame, it has to be recorded that they turned and

fled. The disgrace of this was greater than their friends at home could endure and the jeers and contempt which greeted them in their home city sent some of them back on the following day to retrieve their forfeited honor.

The Fourteenth Regiment from Columbus was made of different stuff. At the Little Miami depot they formed into line and, swinging through the streets with determined tread, encountered the mob at Main and Court. There was a furious rush of the *Sans Culottes* at the serried ranks; a sudden volley and a wild retreat. Crash, crack, went the rifles and the crowd rolled back. A gatling gun was trundled out of the jail to assist them.

The mob had met its master! The majestic figure of law and order, incarnated in an armed and courageous soldiery, had sent the anarchistic element of the social system cowering to its lair.

In the quiet and peace which followed this critical encounter, the fire department, helpless till then, (because their hose would have been cut had they attempted to extinguish the flames) appeared upon the scenes and attacked the conflagrations. The northeast corner of the court house was partially saved but practically all the records of the clerk's office, a large part of those in the probate court and the auditor's office, the entire law library (with the exception of one volume) and some of the records in the recorder's office were destroyed.

The retreat of the crowd before the militia was the end of the trouble about the jail; but a mob dies hard. Defeated in its purpose to lynch the two murderers, it had tried to satiate its passions by the destruction of the property of the public. Drunk with the sight of blood and fire, it rushed off at a tangent and paused before the gun store of William Powell & Company to procure the instruments of further trouble and destruction. But it reckoned without its host, for the men who kept that store required no governmental or municipal aid to defend their property! Guilford Stone and several clerks had built a barricade across the store and when the crowd burst open the doors, received them with a volley which took a toll of five dead men.

Before so unexpected and unwelcome a reception the crowd rolled back and fled; but, skulking about, attempted to fire the building with petroleum and to blow it to pieces with two cannon which they had found and seized. In the midst of these desperate efforts, Lieutenant Burke came suddenly upon them with a squad of police and, after taking a few prisoners, scattered the last fragments of the disorganized mass of rioters far and wide.

The next day was Sunday; but its sacred quiet was disturbed by angry mutterings of vengeance and threats of dire destruction. Here and there excited groups gathered and were scattered with difficulty by savage charges of the police. Towards evening the soldiers were compelled to fire blank cartridges at a crowd at Court and Walnut streets. As it produced no marked effect a volley of bullets followed and the result was magical. A little later on it became necessary to try the effect of a gatling gun upon several of these storm centers and it proved to speak a language which needed no interpretation. Gradually it was becoming evident that the forces of law and order were in the ascendancy and the hot blood of the rioters cooled. When the United States troops ordered to the city began to arrive, their courage oozed away entirely and in a few hours the city was restored to its accustomed peace.

The full significance of this great tragedy is not easy of comprehension. Its number of deaths may be counted, it is true. There were fifty of these and twice as many people suffered serious wounds. The value of the property destroyed may also be estimated—except that of the priceless documents which were burned. But the actual effect of such a convulsion upon the mind, the heart, the conscience of a city, which is the principal thing is, probably, incapable of complete analysis. Whether it purifies them like a thunderstorm; or impregnates them with the germs of disease, like a pestilence, who can tell?

That this complete conquest of the lawless element produced immediately good results in the administration of justice by the courts, was evidenced in the speedy and frequent conviction of criminals. But that it did not eliminate the mob virus of the body politic was proven by another outburst of a similar character in 1886 when the freight handlers of the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad struck for increased wages and attempted to incite a riot to secure accession to their demands. For a time the trouble threatened to become serious; but Colonel Moore and a squadron of police, well trained in the tactics necessary for such an emergency, met them upon their march and turned them back. They retired, but with threats of revenge, and so widespread was the excitement among the laboring classes (thirty thousand of whom were out upon a strike) that the militia was summoned once more and placed under the command of Mayor Amor Smith, Jr. For his summary method of procedure the mayor was heartily denounced by the lawless element but won the confidence and respect of those citizens who are the bulwarks of the social system. To him and his able assistants the people owed the suppression of what bade fair to become a bloody insurrection.

"The crowd may generate moral fervor; but it never sheds light. If at times it has furthered progress, it is because the mob serves as a battering ram to raze some mouldering but infested institution and clean the ground for something better." This "better" will be the creation of gifted individuals or of deliberative bodies; but never of anonymous crowds. It is easier for masses to agree on a *nay* than a *yea*. Hence crowds destroy despotisms but never build free states; abolish evils but never found works of beneficence. Essentially atavistic and sterile, the crowd ranks as the lowest form of human association."

A quarter of a century has passed since the last of these riots and were it not for one disagreeable fact we might sincerely hope that the old spirit of lawlessness had been finally subdued. But disrespect for law may take a thousand different forms. At certain times and in certain places it manifests itself in piracy, highwaymanship, incendiarism, assassination, lynchings and riot; but at others in the far more subtle and dangerous form of bribery and graft. It is the same evil spirit still, and that it has not been thoroughly exorcised we shall see, a little later on.

As we have said again and yet again, no single event and no single aspect of a period must be permitted to stand for the whole, no matter how great or important it may be. This flood and this riot are the most vivid scenes of this decade, but they are not the only ones and it will afford relief to our minds oppressed by tragedies so dark, to close the chapter with a brief notice of the great Centennial exposition of 1888.

It was inaugurated, of course, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the city. On the 4th of July an impressive pageant opened the proceedings, which continued uninterruptedly through one hundred days. Everything was on a scale of grandeur. The best talent of the city was devoted to the exhibition of its wealth, its culture and its achievements (and to those of the nation, as well). In every respect but that of its finances the affair was a grand success. Its guarantors, however, made up the losses and it stands as one of our greatest municipal triumphs, a landmark of history; a fitting memorial of one of the most brilliant attempts at city building in the annals of our race.

From whatever point of view it is considered, the construction of a city the size of Cincinnati in one hundred years is a sort of miracle. The consciousness of the need of long stretches of time for such stupendous tasks discloses itself in the constant reiteration of the time worn proverb, "Rome was not built in a day." Few sayings are more often on the lips of men; few facts more deeply felt than those which it expresses. It takes power, it takes wisdom, it takes wealth, it takes all the forces in control of man to build a great city; but it also takes *time*! Peter the Great performed the gigantic feat of constructing the *physical* elements of the capital of his vast empire in a few short years; but how small a part of a great city are the buildings, after all! The mere assemblage and organization of material elements into architectural form may be accomplished with an almost lightning-like rapidity. But when you come to the other factors in the make-up of a great city, the element of time is indispensable. Without the lapse of time you cannot possibly develop the soul of the city! It takes time also and long reaches of it to create the "atmosphere" of a great city; to perfect its institutions; to complete its organizations; to establish its identity; to develop its personality. Think of the centuries that have been required to confer upon London, Paris, Constantinople, Rome and Athens those characteristics which, taken together, compose their mysterious individualities!

As the celebrants of that centennial in 1888 looked over the great city which they and a generation or two of ancestors had builded, they may be pardoned if they felt a little honorable pride. "Is not this great Babylon, which I have builded?" Nebuchadnezzar could not help exclaiming as he surveyed the most splendid of his achievements. To have had the *smallest* part in building a great city ought to excite a similar emotion. When men and women attain at last a full comprehension of the significance of the parts they play in life, they will feel as the artisans of the middle ages did toward the great cathedrals which they built. To have contributed a little statue, a bas-relief, a window coping, a flying buttress, or even to have helped excavate for the foundation, was an honor and a joy.

CHAPTER XV.

1888-1911.

"BOSS" COX AND "THE GANG"—BANEFUL INFLUENCE OF A FORMER SALOON KEEPER
—THE POLITICAL LIFE OF THE CITY UNDER HIS DOMINANCE—IS INDICTED FOR
PERJURY—AN UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN—THE WANE OF "BOSSISM."

Only those who have actually struggled with the problem of selecting the crucial people, events and institutions in the life of a great city, can possibly comprehend the difficulty of its solution.

This difficulty has its origin in the subtlety of intellectual, moral and spiritual forces. You have instruments for estimating physical values and can discover to the minutest fraction the weights of materials and the distances of objects. But upon entering the domain of the immaterial we are confounded by the mystery of the relative value of these imponderable energies. In the realm of the inaudible, the invisible and the intangible, "the weak things of the world so often confound the mighty" and the power of the *God* is not so much manifest in the thunder, the earthquake and the whirlwind as in the still, small voice.

It is with a painful consciousness that the people, the events and the influences which seem to any one individual the most worthy of notice, are certain to be regarded by multitudes of others as utterly unimportant or even contemptible, that any historian attempts the perilous process of selection. He realizes that the men and women who appear to be saints to him are certain to be reckoned knaves to many of his readers and that happenings which he regards as epoch-making will be thought by them to be the meanest and most trifling incidents. And so, whether attempting to decide upon the importance of any particular person or tendency or incident or institution of the past which he knows only through others; or of the present which he has seen for himself, the writer of a history encounters a serious and often painful embarrassment.

Which shall he choose? By what standard shall he decide? The things which filled the whole horizon yesterday, have sunk below the verge today! Those which seem surcharged with fate today, will appear trifles, light as air, tomorrow.

It is a difficult task, indeed, and one can only do his best to lift himself so far above the shifting, crowded, complex scene that in looking down (to him, as to the aviator), the little trees, the little hills and little houses shall have been lost in the great woods, the great mountain ranges and the great cities of the distant landscape.

Out of all the immeasurable events; out of all the significant movements; out of all the wonderful people whose happenings and existences have composed

the warp and woof of Cincinnati's history for the last two decades but very few can possibly pass before our eyes, at best; but although many important ones will be left out, we shall see to it that none which are utterly trivial shall creep in.

Two great streams of tendencies appear to have been flowing out of the soul of the city, during this period; one purifying the waters, the other rendering them turbid and bitter. Not that there were *only* two! It takes as many rivers of as many different kinds of influence to make a city as of water to make an ocean. But the attempt to enumerate and estimate all of those even with which the ordinary observer may be quite familiar (because he has seen them with his own eyes), would be hopeless. Consider the hundreds of thousands of people and the innumerable business, social, civic, political, religious, educational, artistic organizations which have been struggling each for its own ends, indifferent, hostile or unconscious of one another; the wheels within wheels; the currents and counter currents; the constructive and destructive influences, if you would understand how many and what gigantic forces it takes to build a city and how impossible it is for any historian to enumerate them all!

Multitudinous and complex as these movements are, however, there are in most of the periods of a city's life a few pre-eminent influences; a few creative forces, a knowledge of whose operations will best interpret the nature of its development.

Those two which it will be the main purpose of the concluding portion of this study to develop are, in the first place, the deteriorating influence of the political system known as Bossism; and the second, the influence of the deepening sense of civic righteousness as seen in the growth of such organizations as the Woman's club; the Business Men's club; the Improvement societies and many others.

Bossism.

The last two decades of our municipal life have suffered enormously through the rise and development of a political system in which the power of the people has been seized and wielded by a so-called "Gang," under the leadership of a person known as the "Boss." Every great city in America has been similarly afflicted; but few have suffered more because in no other has there been developed a man with such extraordinary talents for manipulating the system as in our own. So great has been his power, so tight his hold, so penetrating and pervasive his influence, that George B. Cox is not unlikely to be regarded by future historians as the most remarkable character produced in our whole life as a city. With all the confidence of the great Louis, who confidently affirmed, "I am the State!" George B. Cox may have affirmed at any moment of these years, "I am the City."

As Dr. Daniel Drake embodied in himself for a long series of years the best characteristics of the city's soul, so this astute, incomprehensible and apparently invincible person has incarnated the worst. There will be no attempt in this brief study to enlarge upon his personal faults, nor to charge him with all the municipal evils that have developed during the epoch of his power. He is, himself, the product and, in a sense, the victim of habits, ideas and tendencies

that existed before his birth. There are, also, domains in which he has never acted at all, where vices have developed through the operation of forces of whose existence even he never dreamed.

But still he is, and for an indefinite time must remain, the type and symbol of bad citizenship, because he used his power not for the benefit of the *public*, but for *himself* and those *political henchmen* who have helped support his power. To think, for a moment, of the good which this remarkable man might have accomplished had he been early imbued with the *best* ideals of citizenship, is to be overpowered with sadness and regret. If he had happened to have combined with his extraordinary gifts for the management of men and the control of systems a love for Cincinnati, such as Savonarola felt for Florence, he might have left a name not less enviable than that of the mediæval reformer.

It is easy to regret and still easier to condemn; but the impartial historian will also remember to pity and to pardon, when considering the baneful influences under which such characters and careers as Mr. Cox's have been all but irresistibly shaped.

Those baneful influences are to be traced into the past—perhaps to the very beginning of our existence as a city. They belong to that series of events out of which our spirit of lawlessness sprang and which broke out in other days in deeds of violence, and in these later ones revealed itself in a more peaceful but far more dangerous form—the form of political chicanery; of ballot stuffing and ballot buying; of grafting and bribery and, especially, attempts at corrupting the courts of justice.

It has been observed that the decade from 1870 to 1880 was marked by the manifestation of many of the noblest characteristics of good citizenship; but that the city turned a sharp corner in the "Eighties." Public benefactions ceased; the arts languished; corruption set in and there was a recrudescence of the worst evils of the whole past. Few voices were heard to plead for righteousness. The newspapers were, in the main, indifferent to the great ethical interest of the city.

"The *Enquirer*, strongly upholding the democratic party (when for its interests), attacked evil only from a partisan standpoint. The *Commercial*, brilliantly edited by Murat Halstead, was theoretically on the moral side; but kept a blind eye turned toward the republican party. The *Gazette* was sincere in its advocacy of the true welfare of the people but was absorbed by the *Commercial* in 1883. The *Times* and *Star* (united in '80 by Charles P. Taft), was at that time a clean sheet and earnestly opposed the rising tide of evil. The *Post*, established in this period, did not acquire much influence till later on."

In the republican municipal convention of 1880, there was a sharp contest for city treasurer and rumors were soon afloat that money had been dishonestly spent to gain the victory. This was uncommon enough at that time to have excited great comment; but soon afterward it seems to have become so familiar as not even to awaken apprehension, and it was its increasing commonness which made the career of George B. Cox a possibility.

It takes but a little time for sporadic cases of bribery to become general and to infect all classes and before long councilmen were charged with demanding money for their votes upon the measures proposed for adoption, while the

hoodlums of the slums, quick enough to perceive their opportunity to get a little share of the boodle, demanded a price for their ballots.

That these methods and their consequent evils were known to everybody and yet did not excite a universal horror, affords indubitable evidence that in a few short years the public conscience had become shockingly debauched.

It was in this period of political debauchery that the figure of George B. Cox began to loom upon the horizon. The first glimpses which we catch of him are in the early "Seventies," mounted upon the seat of a grocery wagon and delivering goods to the people in the vicinity of West Sixth street, and the next when, a little later on, he had become the proprietor of a drinking and gambling saloon. In 1874 we find him installed in a coign of advantage at the corner of Central avenue and Longworth. From the first he manifested an ignorance of the sacredness, or a contempt for the authority of law, for he was constantly in trouble with the police. Hunted animals develop their powers of self preservation in ratio with the multiplication of dangers and this one soon discovered that the way to gain immunity from interference was to be elected to the city council. In 1879 he successfully achieved this coup and no sooner had he begun to play at politics than he found that he possessed the gifts for the game in a high if not superlative degree. Beginning with the little circle which revolved about his saloon, he built up a coterie of retainers upon whose loyalty he could depend unquestioningly to execute his every plan or wish. For a little while he remained in comparative obscurity, but the conditions which ripened him, ripened an opportunity for his talents. Those talents which at last began to bring him recognition were "to keep his own counsel;" to "abide steadfastly by his word" and "to deliver the goods." As his circle of admirers and followers widened and he demonstrated his ability to control more and more votes, the politicians began to take him into consideration. In 1882, when he was twenty-nine years old, the youthful saloonkeeper had attracted considerable attention and by 1885, when his opportunity actually *arrived*, he was already formidable and no less a person than ex-Senator Joseph B. Foraker unwittingly opened the door through which the future Boss passed safely to his throne.

Mr. Foraker himself had traversed a very different path to power. College-bred and fitted for his task by innumerable advantages, especially the gift of public speech, the fiery young attorney quickly achieved a distinction in his profession which led at last to his nomination for the gubernatorial office. He was defeated in 1883; but elected in 1885, although he failed to carry his own county in the contest. To regain supremacy there, became, of course, a political necessity and in casting about for the means to do so, he was advised by Dr. Thomas Graydon that George B. Cox possessed a power to get votes, of which he ought to take advantage.

At the time when Mr. Foraker's attention was called to Cox, he was still, as it were, in embryo. He had revealed his talents; but he did not possess the proper implements for their exercise. Therefore, it was necessary to increase his power and to secure him a better vantage ground. To do this (it is generally believed), a law was passed displacing the Cincinnati board of public works and substituting a new board, called that of public affairs. The former board was *elected by the people*; the latter *appointed by the governor*. If the supposed



BURNET HOTEL

purpose was the real one, the move was shrewd and, at any rate, it was successful. Governor Foraker appointed the board and among its members was Dr. Graydon. The board had at its disposal from twelve hundred to two thousand jobs and Mr. Cox was instructed to fill them with men upon whom he could depend. Of course, to be dependable they must be dependent, and the aspiring politician became the captain of an army as loyal as the Old Guard of Napoleon.

Up to this time Mr. Cox had only been able to deliver the delegates from five to six wards, at best, and was rivaled in his prestige and power by Amor Smith and George Moerlein, but by means of this new patronage he outstripped them both and (except for two considerable set backs), he climbed steadily up the steep stairway of success.

In the first place, Theodore Horstman was elected city solicitor and, in the second place, W. H. Stevenson was elected mayor, in spite of all that Mr. Cox could do. So sudden a loss of prestige would have been fatal to a man of mediocre talents, but to Mr. Cox it was only a provocation and a stimulus. He nursed his strength anew and by a still more earnest application of his political methods, was soon at the helm again.

It was *money* that he needed most and in order that he might secure it, easily and quickly he was appointed state inspector of oil, ostensibly as a reward for the remarkable services which he had rendered to his party.

Up to this time, the methods of Mr. Cox had excited but little criticism, for he was comparatively an unknown man, but now the lime light was suddenly turned upon him. The *Times Star* became at first suspicious and finally certain that he was usurping the prerogatives of free citizens by his high-handed methods of running republican conventions and it bitterly denounced him as a bad citizen and an unscrupulous Boss. "He stands for the *stranglers* in our politics," it said, and summoned all good republicans to "repudiate stranglers and their infamous methods."

So great a tumult was raised by these and other charges that a reform association was organized, a committee of 500 appointed and an independent ticket nominated. But the city was not yet awake to the danger, so that the effort failed of success. No wonder, then, that Mr. Cox, increasingly conscious of his talent for the manipulation of men and measures, should begin to reach out with both hands for power and wealth. Early in his career he had tried to secure a minor political office and failed; but now, in 1889, he felt himself to be formidable enough to run for the position of county clerk. It is one of the curious and sometimes inscrutable phenomena of politics that men who know how to win votes for others cannot succeed in getting them for themselves and this has been strikingly true of Mr. Cox throughout his entire career. In this present effort he was most signally defeated by John B. Peaslee, formerly superintendent of schools.

Not even Napoleons are successful in every campaign and George B. Cox has suffered his share of failure. Another followed soon. The Gas company attempted to secure from the city a gas fuel ordinance and for reasons of his own the "vote-getter" co-operated with them and came within *two*, of getting enough ballots to pass the measures. Some failures are at least the equivalents

of success and *this* one so clearly demonstrated the talents of this new factor in politics that he won the confidence of the managers of the great corporation which he had tried to help—a tremendous addition to his prestige and power. He had now gotten upon his feet and began to take long strides. His method of achievement was simple and effective. It was to secure the means of appointing his subordinates to well paid offices and in this way binding them to himself by the strongest of all cords—the bonds of self-interest.

What he needed, most of all, to accomplish this end was the control of the various branches of the city government, and the first great plum he picked was the patronage of the board of public works. One after another of them then began, as it were, to tumble into his hands.

In the decade from 1880 to 1890 the progress of Mr. Cox in his effort to completely control the political and business life of the city was phenomenal. Everything seemed to come his way; or if it fled from his approach he had only to reach out his omnipotent hand to pull it back. In the extraordinary campaign of 1891, for example, his enemies tried to wrest the city government from his control by nominating an independent candidate, in the person of Theodore Horstman, a man who drew to him not only many of the most independent republicans, but democrats as well. There was only one way to prevent his election and the astute and determined leader took it. He put forward John A. Caldwell as the republican candidate and then connived with those democrats who were opposed to voting a "combination ticket," to put up as a party candidate Isaac Miller, who did not seem to understand that he was being made a tool to divide the votes and ensure the election of a republican.

It was a shrewd trick, but was followed by another shrewder still. The Horstman men were making such deadly use of the war cry "Dethrone the Boss" (an inspired utterance of no less a man than Senator Sherman), that Mr. Cox decided to make him "eat his words" or nullify their effect, at least. That he succeeded, was, perhaps, the supreme evidence of his power. At any rate, the senator wrote a letter in which he declared "that this particular election was so much more a *national* than a *local* issue that his war cry did not apply! This letter and a similar expression from Mr. McKinley procured the election of Mr. Caldwell and helped to incorporate inexpugnably, in the political ethics of our city, that deadly error of mixing up *local* and *national* politics.

Such schemes as these had been worked so often that at last a large element of the republican party became seriously disaffected and alarmed. The inherent fear and hatred of any kind of tyranny began to agitate their breasts and they determined to try in every way to break the chains which were slowly being riveted upon them. One of these efforts resulted in the establishment of a new daily called the *Tribune*, whose primary purpose was the purification of politics; but the financial burden proved intolerable and it finally had to consolidate with the old *Commercial*. Thus, the last hope of an independent organ of opposition to the Boss and his now thoroughly organized Gang was suddenly taken away.

With this obstacle removed, Mr. Cox pushed forward still more resolutely along his chosen lines and persistently worked his favorite plan of decimating the ranks of the democrats by quietly offering their most efficient leaders political

situations tempting enough to detach them from their party. To this scheme he adds another as shrewd and effective. It had become evident that his greatest peril lay in the fusion of disaffected persons of both parties in an independent movement against him, and so he craftily secured the passage of the Dana law in 1896, making it unlawful for a candidate's name to appear on *more than one* ticket, which forced the independents to divide up between them the two old parties or put up a third ticket.

So high-handed a move produced an unexpected result. The disaffected republicans in 1897 proposed a fusion movement to the democrats, and John R. McLean, who saw an opportunity to assist his personal ambition to become a United States senator, promised to lend the support of the *Enquirer* to the movement. Gustave Tafel was nominated, and, by the conspiracy of these forces, triumphantly elected.

At first this victory seemed a solar plexus blow for the boss and his organization; but the inefficiency of Mr. Tafel's administration became the unexpected means of his restoration to power. Mr. Tafel was an honest and an earnest man; but not fitted for the responsibilities and difficulties of his new position, so that everything went wrong. Inefficiency in almost every department alienated the good people and enabled the arch-tempter to corrupt the bad, which he did by his tried and trusty method of seducing them one by one through offers of place or boodle. Emboldened by success, he used them as tools and tried so many schemes of exploitation and plunder as finally to persuade a large element of republicans that the time for his retirement into a privacy (where he could still be as powerful and perhaps more so than ever) had finally arrived.

In response to their wishes (or, more likely, because he foresaw the defeat of the party if it tried to get on without him) and the certainty of restoration, he published his famous letter of resignation.

It fell like a bolt from the blue and produced spasms of rejoicing among the novitiates and of laughter among the initiated, who knew as well as the great actor himself that there would soon be a call from the pit for the reappearance of the hero. Nor were they wrong. By the following spring the general was in the saddle again, and his army upon the march. In the very next mayoralty election (1900) Cox came out into the open and set up his standards. He selected for his candidate Julius Fleischman, the son of one of our most popular citizens and a young man of exceptional promise. The fusionists opposed him with Alfred Cohen, a man of the highest character and of first-class ability; but the people were too disgusted with the former administration to try another along the same lines and stampeded to Fleischman.

Taking everything into consideration it may be said that Mr. Fleischman served the city faithfully and well. If he was not vigorous enough in his administration of the laws to satisfy the most ethical part of the community he certainly did not participate in the schemes of plunder which the people *believed* were being carried on while he was mayor. They *believed* that Mr. Cox had sacrificed the city to the gas company for gain. They *believed* that he tried to promote the sale of the Southern railroad at a price which would have been an infamy, for personal emolument. They *believed* that there was scarcely a department of the city's government which was not compelled to pay him tribute. They may have

been wrong, but they were *firmly persuaded* that they were right and, when the campaign of 1904 came on, the mutterings of revolt were heard again. A committee of twenty-six was formed, into whose hands the charge of finding a candidate and conducting a campaign was committed. They succeeded, after much futile solicitation, in persuading M. E. Ingalls, president of the Big Four, to run and, on account of his standing in the business world, his character and his ability, the reformers firmly hoped that he would win. But Mr. Cox, with an uncompromising will, insisted upon Julius Fleischman standing for a second term, and after a hot and bitter campaign in which there were angry charges of bribery and every kind of fraud on the part of the "gang," he was triumphantly elected.

The two years which followed were practically identical with those which had preceded, and only deepened the conviction in the bosoms of the reformers that the republican administration was hopelessly corrupt. In the campaign which occurred at the close of Mr. Fleischman's second term, Edward J. Dempsey was nominated as a protest and easily elected. He was not, however, strong enough to master the difficult situation in which he found himself. Untoward circumstances conspired to bring out his personal lack of political sagacity and to reveal the fact that combined forces which had elected him were not so eager for reform as for profit and power, so that at the following election all progress thus far made toward the overthrow of the "gang" was lost. Dr. Schwab, the republican candidate, achieved an easy victory, and thus secured for Mr. Cox another triumph and another vindication.

This is a truly remarkable story and must create the impression that Mr. Cox is a child of destiny, so often has he returned from Elba. But nothing is more inevitable than the fatal denouement of a drama like this. In some way or another a weak spot in such a man's armor is certain to be found, no matter how long it may turn the shafts of rivals and enemies. During the administration of Mayor Dempsey a considerable number of anti-Cox men were sent from Cincinnati to the state legislature and among them was Henry T. Hunt, who led a movement for the investigation of the political situation in Hamilton county, now become so rank with corruption as to "smell to heaven." After long and protracted efforts he and his associates secured the appointment of the "Drake committee," and it drew out of its witnesses the long suspected fact that various banks had for years been paying interest on vast sums of money, *not a penny* of which had gone into the public treasury! The fact was capable of but one construction, and Rud K. Hynicka, John H. Gibson and Tilden R. French, through whose hands this money had been passing, turned back into the treasury funds amounting to \$214,998.76.

Not only was this rotteness unearthed in the financial department, but it was also attempted in the judicial, as well. Hon. Ferdinand Jelke testified to the fact that he was asked by Mr. Cox to call at his office over the Mecca saloon and that then and there he was told that it was desirable for the court (composed of himself, Hon. William Giffin and Peter F. Swing) to reverse a certain decision in a suit of the Lane and Bodley company against the city! To this suggestion Judge Jelke (knowing well enough that he was signing the death warrant of his political aspirations) announced firmly that the case would be tried on its records and in no other way.

A decision was given by the common pleas, affirmed by the circuit and Supreme courts declaring the Drake committee illegal because appointed by only one branch of the legislature.

This experience and many others finally made one thing clear as daylight, or so the people thought. It was that the judiciary of the city was in danger of coming under the thumb of the boss and that unless some judge could be elected who was thoroughly independent the power of the ring could not be broken. In 1908 a strategic opportunity to secure a man like this occurred through a shake-up in the democratic organization and Frank M. Gorman was elected to the bench in the Court of Common Pleas, while at the same time Henry Hunt was chosen as prosecuting attorney. The handwriting was now perceived upon the wall; but the indomitable boss fought on. He had made his first unquestionable political error in treating the nominations of these two men contemptuously, but good fortune still attended him, for the calendar was so arranged that Judge Gorman could not serve in the criminal court for two years, by which time he dared to hope that another election would furnish them a more pliant and less dangerous prosecuting attorney. In this he met a bitter disappointment, for Hunt was re-elected in 1910, and on January 1, 1911, he began his second term and Judge Gorman took his seat upon the criminal bench.

It was as if the slow revolving wheels in a time lock had come at last to the predetermined combination, for the panel of talesmen for jury duty was exhausted before the quota was filled and the laws of Ohio permitted the judge to issue a special venire of men of his own selection. He seized the golden opportunity and summoned to the most sacred duty of citizenship Jerome B. Howard, John Uri Lloyd, Miles T. Watts, Lester Rothschilds, William G. Caldwell and others. Most of these men, if not all, were members of the City Club, an organization to promote civic betterment and stood above reproach.

Before this jury Mr. Hunt began his prosecution by presenting evidences which convicted Jacob Baschang (a Cox lieutenant) of taking bribes from saloons and disorderly houses.

Having run down a few of the minor characters whom he had been stalking, the prosecuting attorney now began to draw his net upon the principal object of the hunt. It was on the twenty-first day of May, 1906, that the trial was held, which resulted in the return of the interest money into the treasury of the city. At that time Mr. Cox had testified, on oath, that he had not received a dollar of this money and this testimony the youthful attorney now proceeded to attack by introducing Vivian J. Fagin (a former deputy county treasurer), who swore that he had carried some of the money to Mr. Cox with his own hands, and Messrs. French and Gibson (former treasurers), who both affirmed that they had divided their share of these interest moneys with that same too grasping individual.

It being a question of veracity between these gentlemen and the boss, the jury decided in favor of the former and indicted the latter for perjury—the only possible ground for a criminal prosecution, as the court had ruled that *taking the money under the circumstances* was not a criminal act.

It looked for a time as if the quarry was hopelessly entangled in the net of justice; but those who knew the genius of the accused man and the power of money.

shook their heads. They were not surprised, therefore, when Mr. Cox, accused of this loathsome crime, employed the strongest legal talent within his reach and succeeded in escaping from the toils.

To us laymen the intricate processes of law by which this escape was accomplished through the ability of attorneys, are all but impossible of comprehension. With wide open and wondering eyes we watched the mysterious processes of shifting the case from one court to another and swearing this judge and that one off the bench until at last it came into the court of Judge William L. Dickson, who summarily threw it out, on the ground that the indictments were not properly drawn, an act concerning which the *Citizens' Bulletin* editorially remarks:

"Now that Judge Dickson's decision is at last out, quashing the indictments against Cox and holding him free from the pains and penalties of any perjury he may have committed before the grand jury of 1906, it may be permissible to point out one fact that the daily press may not explain with sufficient fullness. That is, that the decision does not, as indeed it could not, express any opinion as to Cox's actual guilt. It does not free him from the charge of swearing falsely, but merely holds that, even if he did, he could not be punished therefor. As of course one of the points in the case of greatest interest to the average citizen is the question whether Cox really did receive \$65,000 in interest from past county treasurers, and if so, what caused this amazing generosity—it is to be hoped that, while Judge Dickson's decision closes one way by which these facts could be brought to light, some other may be found. Surely our retiring boss, whose truth-telling is notorious, cannot pretend that the cloud upon his veracity has been removed by a decree that he cannot be held responsible for any falsity in his sworn statement. Most men would not be satisfied with this left-handed clearing, but would insist on digging the matter to the very bottom. Will Cox?"

The legal processes which so bewildered the laymen's intellect did not, however, obscure their ethical perceptions. They are accustomed to do their own thinking and with regard to this affair arrived at some very definite and decided conclusions. They concluded, in the first place, that Mr. Cox was guilty, because he was afraid to stand his trial. They concluded, in the second place, that he can never recover his lost prestige, and that there is no more use in his case than in any other of trying to "put a dead leader on horseback."

This has been a long story; but it is entitled to all the time and space that it has taken, because of its deep significance. Few can doubt that the influence of this remarkable man has been the most powerful ever exerted by any single individual in the history of our city; and fewer still that this influence has been for evil. As it is the purpose of this study to interpret the character of the men and the significance of the movements which have made our city what it is, it now becomes a duty to subject this remarkable man to at least a brief analysis, and we will begin with his *personality*. Physically, he is capable of standing up under great strain. Emotionally, he is so cold that his purposes are never thwarted by sentiments. Intellectually, his brain is the instrument of almost unerring precision. Ethically, he is dominated by one supreme principle—to keep his word. That he has been true to this standard of obligation even his enemies admit. But that it has been because of any inherent sense of the essential grandeur of the truth, they doubt,

since observing his unwillingness to have "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" disclosed in a fair and open trial in a court of law.

The divine command imposed upon humanity—"not to judge, lest we be judged"—has not prevented the common people of Cincinnati from deciding that Mr. Cox does not possess those lofty moral sentiments which entitle men to the reverence of their fellows. The more charitable are willing to judge him leniently, because of his environment; but we cannot be relieved from the obligation of learning the supreme lesson of his character and career—the lesson,—that he lacks a sincere love for his fellow men and for the laws and institutions of human society.

The trouble with Mr. Cox has been that he was not a *philopolist*. He did not *love* the city in which he lived. He did not labor for *its* interests; but used it to advance his *own*. To him, this great metropolis, with all its inhabitants, its institutions and its wealth was an opportunity for remorseless exploitations. He did not say to himself—"the city demands the consecration of all my powers to its welfare. I must subordinate my personal interests to those of its citizens. I must work for the public good." He only saw a public treasury to be drawn upon; great corporations to be mulcted; men and women to be used as tools to aggrandize himself.

In his long career there is nothing more noticeable than the fact that he has never uttered a single noble sentiment upon the subject of the duties of citizenship nor taken his stand in any of the great movements for the higher life with the people who were willing to make sacrifices for righteousness. If at any time (as in the effort to stop the prize fight to raise money to pay the debt on the Saengerfest building) he arrayed himself with those who stood up for the honor of the city, it was so evidently a political reason which governed him that no one could think for a moment that he saw his course with the clear eye of duty.

On May 15, 1911, the *Enquirer* printed a copyrighted interview by a New York *World* reporter in which Mr. Cox gave the fullest revelations of his thoughts and feelings which has ever been seen in public print. From beginning to end it is impossible to catch the note of *unselfishness* and but one single note of *aspiration* is sounded. "At the present moment I am striving to get the city *home rule*. The question of home rule is the greatest problem before the cities of the country today. No further progress can be made in municipal affairs until the cities become free. I am strong to have Cincinnati make its own laws, instead of being ruled by agitators from country districts. The cities of the country should make their own laws and I believe the time is close at hand when they will do so."

Two curiously inconsistent confessions impress the reader of this article, strangely. "Next to my home life, I get the greatest pleasure out of politics. After all, politics is a game. I like it because I am successful. One usually likes to play the game where one is successful. It is human nature."

"I would strenuously advise young men not to enter politics. If I had a son, I would forcibly prevent his taking any kind of an active part in it. In the first place there is *no money in it* and in the second place *there is only abuse, whether you are successful or not.*"

The verdict of history will be, no doubt, that in Mr. Cox's confession that "Politics is a game" lies the principal evil of his career. Politics is not a *game*; but a calling and a mission. It cannot be *played* at! It must be *worked* over and *fought* out! If Mr. Cox had only felt this! If he could have taken his duty to the city as seriously as William Woodward did, or Ormsby W. Mitchell; or Dr. Daniel Drake!

So much for the personal element in Mr. Cox's career and now, a word or two about the general effect of that career upon the city's life.

In the first place it has produced a wide spread and haunting suspicion of public men. So much evil has been actually known of those who held office that a thousand times as much has been conjectured as has really existed. The idea that all our political servants are corrupt or corruptible has taken a strange hold of our people. We suspect them of graft from the mayor to the garbage cleaner. An atmosphere of distrust envelopes all our city offices and in it even honest men are distorted into knaves.

Now, nothing can be worse for a city than this; for, an unshaken confidence in the integrity of our public officials is absolutely necessary to our stability and our progress. Life will go on without it, of course, for nothing can prevent its evolution. We continue to buy and sell; to marry and give in marriage; to extend our commerce; to multiply our buildings and to expand our borders. But without public confidence, this development is far more like the inflation of a bubble than the growth of an orange. Life becomes hollow, empty and unsubstantial.

To a degree but little likely to be exaggerated these last two decades have been cursed by this lack of confidence in and respect for men in public life.

To be "in politics" has become a synonym for being in disgrace. If you wish to outrage a good man you have only to ask him to run for office and if you wish to gain the ever lasting ill will of parents you have only to try to get their sons involved in a "campaign." By all classes of morally earnest people it is taken for granted that the path of politics is the road to the pit. "He who enters here leaves hope behind." "Facile descensus Averni."

To attribute all these evils to a single man would be absurd. They are to be traced to wide spread and almost universal conditions in American life. In all our great cities, the Boss has been an effect as well as a cause. He is the product of influences which have their origin deep in the soul of the nation. But, on the other hand, the fact remains that the individual in whom these wide spread evils are embodied, becomes the means of their dissemination and of the disintegration which they engender. Such men cannot be permitted to go uncouraged by public opinion. They are "undesirable citizens." They corrupt the public morals. They destroy republican ideals.

But the condemnation must be discriminating. There is nothing inconsistent with democracy in the existence of great leaders. If Mr. Cox had used his extraordinary talents for the public weal instead of his personal aggrandizement, he could have become the greatest benefactor of our city.

In the second place, the political system established by Mr. Cox has to shoulder the responsibility for two ideas which have become so deeply entrenched in the body politic as to threaten its overthrow.

The first is this, that the best government of a city is the one that furnishes the strongest guarantees for the *stability* of the big business interests. The principal defense of the administration of Mr. Cox has been that under it "business men knew what they could *depend* upon!" Great organizations might have to pay a high price for that feeling of security; but it must be had, no matter what it costs!

It seems incredible that so many of our noblest men have swallowed this idea at a gulp and never once stopped to reflect that it carried with it the seeds of municipal and national destruction.

The moment that people begin to *buy* protection, democracy is abolished and an oligarchy founded. Democracy is consistent with the wildest kind of fluctuations; but absolutely inconsistent with that stability which is guaranteed to the big business interests of paying money into the coffers of the gang.

The second of these fatal ideas is this,—that "graft" is a legitimate profit in all sorts of business transactions. It seems incredible that the acceptance of any kind of *reward for service* can produce disastrous results, for is it not upon the principle of reward for service that business of all kinds rests? But, everything depends upon the *kind* of reward! Tips have turned the servants of Europe into flunkies and are fast corrupting those in America. And *commissions* (!) have made scoundrels out of salesmen in every line of business.

Whenever and wherever men take gratuities for duties for whose performance they are already obligated, dry rot sets in, whether in politics or business.

Under the system established by Mr. Cox these gratuities (this graft) have become legitimized in the popular mind and immeasurable demoralization has ensued.

In a public speech in Akron during the campaign of 1905, William H. Taft summed these evils up in the following eloquent language, and with them we shall close this chapter.

"Today the Cox machine operates as smoothly, to control the nominations and elections in the city and county, as a nicely adjusted Corliss engine. The whole government of both city and county are absolutely under Cox's control, and every republican political convention nominates the men whom he dictates.

"The government under the machine is constantly described as a very corrupt one. Such a government generally begets corruption. The importance of suppressing open and notorious graft in order to prevent defeat at the polls is known to the engineer of the machine, and he has perhaps exercised his power to suppress the inevitable tendency in such a machine.

"But the power secured by the boss and his assistants under the machine has undoubtedly inured to their pecuniary profit, and it is seen in the large fortunes which they now have. How their money was made has not been disclosed. The large public utility corporations seem to regard the boss as a conserving influence, and are content to have the control of the machine continue as it is, because they regard themselves as thus insured against disturbance in their franchises.

"The condition is one of absolute helplessness on the part of any independent republican seeking to take part in politics and to act independently of the machine, and the distressing effect is now seen upon all the young men ambitious

politically, as it either drives them out of politics and deprives the public of their probably valuable services, or if they go into politics, they must subordinate themselves to the tyranny of the boss.

“If I were able, as I fear I shall not be, because public duty calls me elsewhere, to cast my vote in Cincinnati at the coming election, I should vote against the municipal ticket nominated by the republican organization, and for the state ticket.”

CHAPTER XVI.

1888-1911 CONTINUED.

CIVIC BETTERMENT—IN CONTRADISTINCTION TO GEORGE B. COX IS WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT THE "FIRST GENTLEMAN OF AMERICA"—A GREAT WAVE OF REFORM—CINCINNATI ROUSED TO DUTY OF SELF IMPROVEMENT—RESULTS.

It is a relief, indeed, to turn away from the study of those influences which have done so much to coarsen and degrade our city to those which, during the very same period of time, have been operating for its purification and betterment.

In order to enjoy and comprehend a phenomenon so vast as a great city, it is necessary to remember all the time how wheels revolve within wheels; how eddies and counter currents conflict with the general flow of the stream; how the forces for evil breed forces for good; how the general equilibrium is maintained by counter balances.

One must correct the despair engendered by the study of such men as Mr. Cox, through contemplating the *noble* lives that have been lived and *beautiful* characters that have been produced in the midst of the very evils where they had *their* origin and growth. He must not forget that the same social system which produced a George B. Cox, for example, has also produced a William H. Taft. Playing together in the same streets, educated in the same schools, breathing the same air, these two men grew up side by side—the one to regard the city as a storehouse to be plundered and the other as a sort of living personality to be loved and served. To those eloquent words just quoted from our illustrious citizen, we cannot refrain adding these which he uttered to the members of the Commercial club on the 25th anniversary of his wedding.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP.

"Mrs. Taft and I esteem the coming of the Commercial club here to attend our silver wedding as the chief pleasure of the occasion. It is an indication that you men of affairs have been willing to take the time to come here to give an expression of good-will and of fellowship which the objects of it ought to value most highly."

The president then said that he had been away from Cincinnati for twelve years and that during that time much had happened to him, but that he fully expects to go back to the Queen city to spend his remaining days when he is out of public office.

"And now, my friends," continued the president, "there is nothing in life, aside from domestic affections and the family interest, that compares with the friendships that one retains through life and that one earns by association, and nothing could give stronger testimony of my good fortune than the presence of this company about this board.

SON GOING BACK.

"It will be now, (when my son Robert comes back to Cincinnati to practice law) four generations that have lived there, and while it has been pressed on him and on me to have him go to some place where possibly his emoluments would be larger, I am determined, and he sympathizes with me, that he shall go to the home that knew his great-grandfather and his grandfather and his father, and that there he shall work out his life under the influence that I hope will be favorable to his success—at least, in restraining him within the path and the limitations of an honorable life."

There vibrates in those words, we think, the true spirit of *philopolism*. The love of his home town tugs at the heart of the "First gentleman of America," even when occupying the highest position of honor and trust in the world. He dreams of the time when he can go back to mingle with his old friends and neighbors and take up the humble duties of citizenship. He wants his son to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors, to cherish their traditions, to pick up the burdens they lay down; to repay the gifts of success and honor bestowed upon them by the city where he lived, no matter if he suffers loss thereby.

These sentiments are noble; but they are not isolated. Mr. Taft is only one of innumerable loyal and devoted Cincinnatians over whose lives these evil influences have rolled as water rolls over the stones in a brook. While many were being corrupted, more were being purified. While the evil influences were working like a virus, the good were leavening like a yeast.

During all these ill omened years of gang rule, little springs of unselfish love and effort began to burst up in the desert and to form green and beautiful oases. There were men and women whose souls were stirred to heroic action by the needs and the opportunities of municipal life. A conception of the city as an object to incite *love* and stimulate *effort* somehow got abroad. In the stagnant sea of bad government there were little agitations set a going which have finally developed into great waves of reform.

To trace these movements accurately we should have, of course, to go far afield, for they do not, ordinarily, originate in a single locality; but must be looked for in other and often widely separated localities. In a country so vast as our own they are all but certain to spring up in a thousand different cities, and so, a study of the phenomenon of civic improvement (grown now to such vast proportions) would carry us into the nurseries of a hundred great municipalities where infant reforms were being rocked in cradles. A quarter of a century or more ago people everywhere began to waken up to the idea that cities could not safely be left to themselves to grow in accordance with the laws and forces which *happened* to be most potent. The fact that their growth must be dominated by intelligence and will was, here in America, a sort of revelation. But wealth had

been accumulated on a large scale; leisure had been acquired and travel had disclosed to astonished eyes, the achievements of people in the cities of other lands.

In addition to these and many other influences, the World's Fair at Chicago had produced a revolution in the minds of people about the possibilities of municipal improvement. The fairy scene that art had produced there (in 1893) opened the eyes of visitors to what intelligence, wealth and determination could do in the way of creating groups of buildings that should be not only useful, but beautiful even to sublimity. Everywhere people began to wonder why all cities could not be made as attractive as that "White City" of dreams and enchantments. A new vision had come to men and women. A new science—the science of city building had been born. What citizens could do to improve their own home towns became an absorbing problem and multitudes of people in every state of the Union began to set themselves to solve it.

That Cincinnati was roused but slowly to the possibility and duty of self-improvement is too well known to need new proof. The business set-back which it had suffered through the growth of its rivals, had cooled the enthusiasm and the pride of its inhabitants. In the early nineties, strangers entering Cincinnati after living in such towns as Boston, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, could not comprehend the mental attitude of its citizens. They never heard a boast about the beauties or possibilities of the metropolis of the Ohio Valley. Nobody *apologized*; but nobody *bragged*! It seemed to be taken for granted that Cincinnati had dropped behind in the race for pre-eminence, for good and sufficient reasons, and that its inferiority was predestined. These things, together with a feeling of helplessness in the hands of a political ring, had produced an almost universal apathy. Nobody seemed to care that the city was enveloped in a pall of smoke; or that the drinking water was muddy, or that the parks were not adequate, or that the streets were poor, or that business was being stolen away. People were making a good living; they were friendly to one another; their manners were charming; they enjoyed life gloriously and, if they wanted to see anything better than they had themselves, it was easy to go East or slide across to Europe! The idea of developing in their own home town the facilities and beauties which existed elsewhere had, seemingly, never entered anybody's head.

But those fertile seeds that had been planted in the seventies had already commenced to germinate. Another renaissance had actually begun. What its principal causes were will be more clearly seen by those who come after us than by ourselves. Those of us who have lived through the days of mingled hopes and fears; success and failure; darkness and daylight in which so many opposing forces have conflicted with each other, will not be able to judge men and movements, institutions and organizations, without prejudice. We are too close to them to discriminate with accuracy. Too much of the dust of the arena is in our eyes. And yet, there are after all, some great outstanding men and women, some deep and genuine movements; some vital and regenerative forces which we have felt or perceived so clearly that we cannot be wholly mistaken about them. To point them out and to indicate their relative values, as they seem to us today, may assist posterity to a better comprehension of our times than they could attain, perhaps, by reasonings of their own. Conscious of the difficulty of the undertaking, we

may not shrink from its attempt, and begin by setting forth the influence of the Business Men's Club upon this revival of civic interest.

Business Men's Club.

In 1892 a number of young men, all of them at that time quite inconspicuous, were spontaneously seized by a desire to know more about their city and to do something for its improvement. In order to gratify this wish and purpose, they organized a club and began holding monthly meetings, at which they listened to addresses by people who were able both to enlighten and inspire them upon the subjects of their investigations. For a time they made but little, if any, impression upon others, although they were themselves profoundly moved. In 1896, however, there came a period of enlargement and the organization was reincorporated under the name of "The Young Men's Business Club" and its purpose was declared to be "to promote the best interests of Cincinnati." Its numbers began to grow, and, under the presidency of George M. Verity (now at the head of the great American Rolling Mill of Middletown) it reached a membership of 500. Gradually it enlarged the scope of its activities and began to make its influence felt in ever widening circles. The new sense of personal responsibility for the welfare of the city thus so vigorously developing, found expression in efforts to eliminate the smoke nuisance; to develop the park system; to improve the Ohio river, and a hundred others of similar character. Among these efforts was the publication, during the presidency of Mr. Verity, in book form of a series of fugitive essays which had appeared in the *Commercial Tribune* under the caption "The Philopolist." These little essays, crude as they were, gave some sort of expression to the new affection for their home town which was stirring in the breasts of these vigorous young men.

With the passing years these young men increased in numbers, in wealth and influence. A series of hustling and ambitious gentlemen filled the office of president, one after another, and vied with each other in efforts to promote business, art, education and every other phase of the city's life. Gradually their sentiments crystallized and finally they found expression in the now famous motto "For the honor and glory of Cincinnati."

The spirit which animated the members of the club was so contagious that the membership increased by leaps and bounds, until it grew beyond the thousand mark and a need of increased conveniences drove the Club from one housing to another, until at last it appropriated the two upper stories of the Chamber of Commerce, where it fitted up commodious and even magnificent quarters. In that generous banquet-hall meetings were frequently held which affected the welfare of the whole city. Representative men from every sphere of life and every state in the Union have plead with eloquence for every cause and for every movement by which the higher interests of humanity were promoted. But, over and above every other interest, stood that of "the town they lived in." To promote its growth, to increase its wealth, to advance its reforms, has been the keynote of those gatherings, some of which have been memorable indeed; and none more so than those which have been held to honor the Cincinnatians who have distinguished themselves by accomplishing some great and lasting good for the city. Such banquets have been given to Dr. J. M. Withrow for his effective work as a member of the school board; to Dr. Holmes for similar exertions in behalf of

the City hospital and to Lee Ault for his gift of a magnificent tract for a park and his unselfish service on the board of park commissioners. This beautiful custom possesses the flavor and boasts the sanction of antiquity, having been borrowed from the ancient Athenians who had learned the deep lesson that no other incentive to noble conduct has ever been more powerful than the appreciation of one's fellow citizens.

The Business Men's club has now become an institution of great proportions and, of course, has gained and lost by this expansion in numbers, wealth and influence. As its membership increases its activities are more than likely to lose their unity. That original homogeneity which gave it driving power has been sacrificed, in some degree, perhaps, to size; but, on the whole, it has clung to its original purpose of making the town a better place to live in and has widened and deepened the meaning of the phrase "good citizenship" to an immeasurable degree.

The Woman's Club.

It certainly cannot be a mere coincidence that the Woman's club came into existence so nearly at the same time as the Business Men's, but must rather be another evidence of the universal stirrings of the new life, in the soul of the city. The latter was organized in 1892; the former in 1894 at the suggestion of Mrs. T. P. Mallon, Miss Annie Laws, Mrs. J. J. Gest, Mrs. H. C. Ferguson, Mrs. H. B. Moorehead, Mrs. Fayette Smith and Miss Clara C. Newton. Miss Laws was elected president and the full limit of membership (150) was speedily attained. The meetings were held at first in the rooms of the Society of Natural History, then in the Perin building; afterwards in the Mercantile library and now in a beautiful building on Oak street, the property of the club.

The origin and growth of the club are a part of that great upward movement in the evolution of womanhood which set in during the last century and is still proceeding with ever increasing momentum. It has already been pointed out that in our own city its agitations were early felt and revealed themselves, primarily, in artistic efforts. Undoubtedly, the Woman's club was a phase of this same unfolding life. The consciousness of a new place in the world and a new value to society was certain, sooner or later, to crystallize into a desire for organization. When the critical moment arrived, the organization was quickly and easily effected. From the first meeting, almost, the club became a potent factor in the struggle for civic betterment. These serious minded women threw themselves whole heartedly into every movement which contemplated a cleaner, better, nobler city. One of their earliest efforts was to secure playgrounds for children and the enthusiasm with which they swept away all obstacles and carried out their purposes, foretold the zeal and success which were to attend their efforts in a hundred other fields of endeavor. They have kept out of politics; but in every other domain, almost, have struck the most fearless, telling blows for righteousness. Nor has their influence been confined to the club itself, for innumerable other organizations of a similar character have either sprung from the parent stem or found their inspiration and moral support from it. In fact, the present social life of our city consists, to a great degree, of these organizations among women for literary, artistic, religious, or social purposes. What this fermentation will result in when the whole lump is leavened by the yeast of

this new movement, no one is wise enough yet to foretell. The right to vote in the election for the school board was early secured by the energy of the most aggressive advocates of women's rights and already a movement has been launched to elect Miss Edith Campbell to a position in that honorable body.

Whatever this tendency of women to enter into all the various spheres of human activity may lead to in the future, up to the present moment its influence has been wholly good. The life of the city has been purified and uplifted by what they have hoped and planned and achieved, and it is to the Woman's club that much, if not most, of the recent accomplishments must be traced. For a single example, the establishment of kindergartens in our city schools is directly and almost solely attributable to the influence of its members.

There is something astonishing (to one who has been poring in vain over the pages of past history to discover woman's influence upon public life) to stumble upon this sudden and prodigious output of energy. An institution like this Woman's club in the thirties and forties, would have been as anomalous as Mrs. Trollope's bazaar! And yet today it has taken its place in the scheme of things as quietly and seems as much at home in the modern world as a tree in a landscape.

City Club.

A third organization typical of the times and expressive of the unfolding of a higher civic life is the "City Club." Its birth was an evil omen to the gang and to all who fattened at the public crib, for it has set itself resolutely to study the problems and overthrow the evils of municipal government. It was started in 1906 and its organization is of so informal a character that any one interested in the sort of work it does, finds hearty welcome. At noon, on Saturdays, it assembles for lunch at one of the hotels and by essays, addresses and debates goes thoroughly into all the problems whose solution is of such tremendous importance. More than one reform has had its origin in this club and many will yet be traced to its activities, for its members are in the main the rising young men of the city. It is their youth, their enthusiasm, their conscientiousness that impresses the student of these modern movements and augurs so much for the future.

Society of Municipal Research.

Another of those institutions which have sprung almost magically into existence during these fruitful years, is the Society of Municipal Research, the purpose of which is to investigate every phase of the machinery of city government. It goes upon the assumption that no department is safe from the temptations to extravagance and to dishonesty. A corps of trained experts supported by the contributions of public-spirited citizens, give all their time to turning the searchlight upon employees; upon contracts; upon methods. Over and over again they have demonstrated the necessity of this new wheel in our democratic system. In every organization, institution and movement there are inherent tendencies to deterioration. The best society, the best institution, the best people need watching and there is not any single determination of American citizens more hopeful than that of which this society is an expression—to scru-



MASONIC TEMPLE, THIRD AND WALNUT STREETS, 1897



SCOTTISH RITE CATHEDRAL, 1905



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tinize the machinery and the officials of government, national and municipal, with a never sleeping eye.

Improvement Societies.

Another hopeful symptom of the resurgent tide of civic betterment has been the organization of civic improvement societies. Within the past few years they have sprung up spontaneously in every part of the city, until at last as many as thirty or forty have organized a representative body in which their delegates can exchange the ideas and impart the enthusiasms generated in local societies. To attend a meeting of these delegates from associations representing every suburb and natural division of the city from Westwood to Madisonville and from the river to Wyoming is to be made profoundly certain that a civic consciousness of some kind is actually being born; that the soul of the city is awakening to a new and nobler life.

Such an awakening is unprecedented in our history. There have been individual men who have loved the city as well perhaps, as any who are living now. There have been great efforts put forth to develop and improve it. But they were individual and sporadic. They did not spring out of a widely diffused and increasingly serious and intelligent comprehension of the obligation of all the citizens to do something to make their town a better place to live in. Today that comprehension is penetrating the minds of men, women, children and institutions in an amazing manner.

To suppose for a moment that the societies which have been named as especially growing out of or embodying this movement were the only ones concerned, would be to possess a false and unworthy conception. There is scarcely a single important organization that is not inoculated with this spirit.

Churches—Clubs.

The churches have taken up the crusade for civic betterment. Such clubs as the Queen City, the Optimist, the Literary, the Commercial and scores of others, have their committees and departments which contemplate the discharge of their duty toward the greater organization in which they begin to feel themselves but single, little wheels in a vast machine.

Public Library.

The public library has sent out lecturers with lantern slides to inculcate the ideas of a nobler municipal life.

Individual Men.

Individual men like A. O. Kraemer, for example, the illustrator of this book, have gone out upon their own hook, as missionaries and apostles to exhibit the beauties of our city pictorially and to awaken a deeper consciousness of obligation of citizenship.

Public Schools.

But the most important and the new consciousness of personal

festations of that in our

public schools. For several years there have been rapidly multiplying signs that the teachers have seen a new light. There has come to their minds a clarified consciousness of the fact that their principal business is to *produce good citizens!* It is not enough simply to educate boys and girls into a cultivated manhood and womanhood! They must be turned into lovers of the town they live in!

How strange it is that this conception has not always been the *dominant one*, in public school education. What do we pay the educational tax for? Simply to produce educated *individuals?* By no means! But—to produce good citizens! For no other reason can it be right to impose this tax upon us than that by its use men and women can be trained to love the city and to labor for its welfare. There can be no ethical obligation in your being compelled to pay money to train another man's child into a good *man*; but there can in your being compelled to pay money to turn him into an intelligent and unselfish *voter!*

The teachers are beginning to see this and to feel it. Our great and successful superintendent, F. B. Dyer, sees and feels it. And it is because he does that he has encouraged Prof. F. H. Goodwin to formulate a systematic course of training in civics, founded upon an actual familiarity with the history of our city. These far sighted educators know that all appreciation and interest and devotion grow out of knowledge and that until children *know* about the city they live in, they cannot love it intelligently and will not serve it devotedly.

But what effort has ever been made (until recently) to familiarize our embryonic citizens with the great characters, the great events, the great crimes and the great virtues of our city? They have been drilled in the history of Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Athens, Jerusalem, Rome, Paris and London; but have been permitted to grow up in ignorance about Cincinnati—the town they live in; the town about which it is more important that they should know than about all the others combined!

Is it strange, then, that so few people really love the towns they live in, when so few know anything much about them? Scarcely one person in a hundred could outline the story of our city's foundation and development, even in the baldest way. As few could name the illustrious men and describe their characters and mission. The masses know but little even of its topography; its government; its industries; its parks; its advantages and disadvantages for trade and so forth. The most of us fall into a rut which we travel until the day of our death, from our homes to our places of business and to the homes of a few of our neighbors and friends. We settle down in a narrow circle and revolve about it like a straw in an eddy. All that we know is that which lies in this narrow environment, and what a little fragment of the great city it really is! What we have lacked is enlarged observation, enlarged horizons; enlarged visions of the immense and complicated and fascinating phenomena that are the component elements of a great city.

It is a fact well worthy of attention that the recent increase of interest in our city's welfare is coincident with the development of the bicycle and the automobile. Now, if our philosophical principle is true (that such interest is proportioned to a true knowledge of the object contemplated), it is easy to see the relation between the two. Thousands of people who never knew anything about Cincinnati outside of their narrow beaten pathways have recently ransacked it from center to circumference and discovered its almost matchless charms. They know

it now and therefore love it! But they only know its topography! Suppose that they knew its history as well! Suppose that they had become familiar with the lives and characters of its great men and women; with its great successes and failures, virtues and vices! Would not their interest and devotion be increased a thousand times?

If this is a true conception of the importance of knowledge to good citizenship it follows that we can scarcely make too much of the study of our city in our public schools. We must come to see that it is as important that our children should know their city as their country, even; that they should be as familiar with the lives of its great men as those of the nation.

The early settlers in the Miami Valley made paths to school houses by harnessing a horse to a log and dragging it through the underbrush. It is a far cry from those days and the old log school house to Hughes and Woodward buildings and the electric cars by which the children are carried to their doors fifteen or sixteen miles in almost as few minutes! We have improved the equipments of our schools and the methods of their instruction, enormously; but we have still to learn that these schools exist, primarily, to make better citizens!

This is a long digression and it may have kept us from enumerating other organizations and institutions which have conspired together to make this period notable for attempts at civic betterment. But it would have been necessary to draw the line somewhere and perhaps these few typical examples will serve as well as many.

It is necessary, now that we have seen what forces are effecting these great improvements, to enumerate some of the changes which they have wrought and to point out the lines along which they still are moving.

Parks.

One of the first efforts made by the people who were earliest aroused to this new sense of civic obligation, back in the nineties, was in the direction of improving our parks. At that time Cincinnati was almost at the bottom of the list of cities in park acreage and attractiveness; but the young enthusiasts in the Business Men's club took hold of the project for park improvements with a will. Committees were appointed to investigate; essays were read; public meetings held; bills drafted; delegates sent to Columbus and a vast amount of preliminary work done. But there was a terrible lethargy in the city and the years rolled on with but little progress. In 1906 a commission was appointed and \$15,000.00 appropriated by council and George E. Kessler of Kansas City employed to map out a plan for a great system of parks and boulevards adequate for the city, no matter how large it might become, even in a very distant future. This scheme, when visible on the maps, astonished and delighted the people to such a degree that a general movement in favor of its materialization began. A vigorous attempt was made to secure the money necessary, by bonding the city; but it was discovered that there was still a majority of people who were unwilling to be taxed for this purpose. The promoters of the project were not discouraged by this short sightedness, however, and prepared for another campaign. This one was far more comprehensive and determined than the other even, and, at the election in 1910 the victory was won.

The people, enlightened at last, agreed to bond themselves for a million dollars. A park commission consisting of Lee A. Ault, Julius Fleischman and William Gilbert was appointed and Mr. Fleischman was succeeded after a few month's service by George Puchta. The demand for playgrounds was considered of most importance and to it was given the first attention of the commissioners. In all parts of the city, plots were secured and fitted up for the recreation of the children. Then, the small parks were increased in number and now the opening of the first great Boulevard, through Bloody Run, is under way. In about one year's time the commission has almost trebled the park acreage by expending not much more than three-fourths of the money. But the best result of this new interest has been the sudden development of generosity on the part of some of our wealthy citizens.

Within a few short months Charles E. Perkins has donated "Owl's Nest;" Joseph and Alice Noyes, Woodward park; Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Taft, Sinton park; Mr. Lucien Wulsin, a beautiful corner at the junction of Madison and Observatory roads; and L. A. Ault, a magnificent tract of 150 acres with more (we are sure) to follow.

There is a particular feature of this general movement for park improvement which deserves especial attention, as an illustration of our new determination to secure greater beauty, convenience and health.

In the Kessler plan, the Miami canal (within the city limits) had been treated as a boulevard and its possibilities set forth in such glowing terms as to awaken an irrepressible desire to see the useless ditch abandoned and a magnificent thoroughfare for business and pleasure developed in its place. This desire intensified into a purpose, at last, and an organization with George M. Balch as its president undertook to see that the state's consent to the change should be secured. Immense obstacles had to be overcome; but one after another they vanished before the enthusiasm of one of the most aggressive organizations ever formed in Cincinnati.

The bill was once defeated but afterwards passed, and it is a practical certainty now that this old eye sore (once an asset of inestimable value) will give way to a Boulevard that will rival the greatest thoroughfares of the world in beauty and convenience both.

It is impossible in an essay which aims at calling attention to the deeper significance of events to pass over the change in the old canal without a word of reminiscence and reflection. Perhaps no other incident in the city's history illustrates in a more startling manner the progress of civilization. At the time when this now contemptible ditch was dug, it possessed a value to the city second to nothing but the river. Today it is antiquated and useless. Its channel is choked with mud and its banks are lined with the hulks of rotting boats. *Sis transit gloria mundi!* The world is going at a frightful pace when public works that cost the city millions of dollars can be thus thrown upon the dump!

The Water Works.

The new water works system (which is now our almost chiefest glory) is not, of course, the direct product of this new spirit of civic betterment whose



MAIN ENTRANCE TO EDEN PARK

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development we are now chronicling. So terrible a state of affairs as existed before its inauguration could not possibly have been permanent. Even in the most sluggish state of public feeling something would have had to be done to improve the situation. But it would not have been done so well unless inspired and promoted by this new and growing sentiment for a greater and grander city. Much of the story of the development of the city's water works has, here and there, been told. That story seems to us a poem, a romance. We have watched the people dipping water from springs, carrying it from the river, pumping it from wells, and finally draining it from tanks and little reservoirs, on through various stages of evolution, as the thirst of the vast organism increased. At last the people, conscious now of their ability to satisfy their needs, determined to create a system that should be adequate and worthy. By an act of the legislature of April 24, 1896, the governor of the state appointed a commission for this purpose consisting of Maurice J. Freiberg, Charles M. Holloway, Leopold Markbreit, Dr. Thomas W. Graydon and August Herrmann. In December following Dr. Graydon resigned and William B. Melish was appointed in his place. Their place was not an easy one for the plan was complicated and the expense enormous. Years passed before its completion but when it was finished in 1908 the city possessed one of the most perfect systems in the world and the day when the pure white water first flowed out of the thousands of faucets, was certainly one of the most memorable in the history of the city. There are sturdy little boys and girls playing in our streets today who can no more realize what a bath tub full of the mud we used to bathe in looks like, than we can realize how hard it was for the pioneers to walk a half dozen blocks to Landlord Yeatman's pump, to draw a bucket of water for supper. But those of us who remember the turbid fluid which we drew out of our faucets, and by an almost sacrilegious euphemism, denominated "water," will more frequently measure the progress of civilization by its contrast with our present supply than in any other single way.

Smoke Nuisance.

One of the most ardent of all these recent aspirations has been for pure air (as well as water) and the efforts put forth to achieve it have been determined and sincere. But the problem of eliminating the smoke from the atmosphere is not an easy one. Cincinnati has become a great manufacturing city and soft coal is its natural fuel. To consume the smoke of its combustion is declared by experts to be a possibility although the difficulties which it offers are immense. But the enthusiasm of the reformers was adequate to a thorough trial. An organization was formed, and under the leadership of Dr. Charles A. L. Read, considerable progress has been made. Much remains to be accomplished but those who are deepest in the work are not dismayed. They earnestly believe that the city can be taught to "burn its own smoke" and have made this faith their motto. That something has been accomplished is generally agreed and if the hopes of these sanguine reformers are even half achieved, they will have done so much to increase the beauty of the city and to add to the comfort of life as to be beyond the reach of any adequate reward.

The School Board and School Houses.

Among the opportunities for improvement in civic conditions there was one, in our educational system, which early attracted the attention of the reformers. The public schools had come under the domination of the politicians and for obvious reasons the school board was made to contain as many members as it possibly could hold. Its size, at last, became a public menace, both because so many incompetent men were put upon it and because its responsibilities were too minutely subdivided. Among its members there were some who clearly saw these evils and their remedy. That remedy was a small board instead of a large one and they determined to secure it. For this purpose an agitation was begun which aroused the entire city and resulted in a complete reorganization of the board together with innumerable reforms and improvements.

Under the leadership of Dr. John M. Withrow, supported by confreres, as able and earnest as himself, enlarged appropriations were secured; better salaries were paid; better methods were adopted; and above all, some of the most magnificent school houses in the world were erected. Preeminent among them were Woodward and Hughes high school buildings.

Had it been possible to retain this small board, other improvements upon a still greater scale would probably have followed; but the politicians, embittered over their loss of prestige and patronage, never rested until the old order was once more restored.

The "Nine Foot Stage."

Preeminent among the achievements of this period of progress is the successful effort to improve the navigation of the Ohio river.

As long ago as 1859, that devoted Cincinnatian, Thomas P. Morrison, began to agitate the idea of a "nine foot stage," secured by a dam at Fern Bank, and succeeded in arousing the enthusiastic cooperation of a few of our most progressive citizens.

The story of their patience, their wisdom and their incessant labors is replete with inspiration. In the long struggle some have died, others have grown old and still others moved away; but the ranks have been constantly recruited and there are those, like the heroic leader of the movement, Albert Bettinger, who have been in the game from the beginning and have lived to see it won.

It was only yesterday (September the 5th, 1911) that the end of their toil was reached and the passage of the first boat through the dam successfully achieved. So vast are the interests, so complex the life, so impossible of general comprehension are the phenomena in the life of a great city that there were only a few scores of people there to witness an event which is not unlikely to mark a new era in our history. But there were enough of those who did appreciate the significance of this event to keep it from passing by entirely unproclaimed and they determined to celebrate it in a worthy manner. For this purpose an association was formed to arrange a week of festivities in its honor and the enthusiasm with which the project was received assures a success which will fittingly honor one of the most brilliant achievements in our history.

Now that the work of developing the river has reached a stage where it can be comprehended by the common people, they are more ready to believe

(what seemed at one time preposterous claims of the "nine foot stage" enthusiasts) that this undertaking is second only in commercial significance to the Panama canal and to attach a serious importance to these eloquent words of John L. Vance, perennial president of the association, spoken at the "Ohio Valley Improvement" convention at Cairo in 1905.

"A great statesman from across the Mississippi river, Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, once foretold that there would be a statue on the banks of the Mississippi looking westward, upon which would be the inscription, 'There is the East; there is India.' My fellow-citizens, but a few years will go by until upon the point at Cairo, where the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers mingle on their way to the gulf, I predict that a statue will be erected with three fronts. Upon one of these, facing the Upper Mississippi river, will be inscribed: 'There are the granaries of the world. There in one city you will find 80,000 barrels of flour manufactured in a day, enough to feed 20,000,000 people.' On another face, looking up the Ohio, la belle riviere, the stream we love so dearly, will be inscribed: 'This road leads you to the workshops of the world.' And on the face that looks down the Father of Waters will be inscribed: 'There lies the Orient. There lie the markets of the world; and Cairo will give you free passage to all of them.'"

It looks to the uninitiated as if the great task was destined to be accomplished in another decade; but J. F. Ellison, so long the able secretary (and so soon, to the regret of every one, to go and do for the Amazon what he has done for the Ohio) warns us that "we have only just begun the fight for government appropriations and must not even sleep upon our arms."

University.

The rising tide of interest in the higher life of the city has, among the innumerable other things which it has elevated, lifted our university to a more honorable position of usefulness. For a number of years after it started upon its new career in '69, its progress was slow. There being no president, many important matters were neglected and, unconsciously to the faculty, no doubt, the machine began to travel in a rut. Something had to be done and the trustees felt themselves compelled to resort to heroic measures. For the purpose of bringing about a general housecleaning Prof. Howard Ayers was brought here from the university of Missouri and installed as president. With a firm and, as some thought, a remorseless hand, he made an almost clean sweep of the faculty,—Professors Porter, Benedict and Myers alone being left in their places. As a protest against this treatment Professor P. V. N. Myers handed in his resignation and left the university impoverished by an irreparable loss.

So radical a reform, however necessary it might have been, was certain to bring about a reaction and in a few short years President Ayers was removed almost as summarily and Charles W. Dabney of Knoxville, Tennessee, installed in his place. Under his efficient management the university has made amazing progress until in some respects, at least, it stands among the best educational institutions in the world. A single feature, the happy inspiration of one of its faculty, Herman Schneider, has gained it an international reputation. At his suggestion, the students in technical courses are enabled to work in their class

room one week and in the shops of the great manufacturers the next,—an alternation of theoretical and practical study which has proven of the greatest value and created an epoch in education.

Hospital.

The ever widening wave of reform swept over another domain, also, the hospital service of the city. Old buildings erected at one time or another had served the needs of a primitive state of affairs until 1867, when they were displaced by the present structure, at a cost of \$800,000. To the people of that day it seemed impossible that these buildings could ever become antiquated; but they did, in four short decades, and some of our most distinguished physicians under the leadership of Dr. C. R. Holmes, determined that our city should not stand disgraced among her sisters by this inadequate structure. With resolute purpose they began to demand an appropriation for a truly modern plant. Their path has been long and steep and rugged; but they are rapidly approaching the goal and already the first buildings of a group that will scarcely be second to anything in the world are standing upon a matchless location on Burnet avenue, Avondale.

The Union Station.

The topography of our city has made the problem of a great, central station for all railroads very difficult of solution; but for years the need of it has been profoundly felt, and one attempt after another has been made at solution, but lamentably failed. Within a year or two, however, another and far more promising effort has been made. Slowly, quietly and patiently some of our most energetic citizens have been at work upon elaborate and comprehensive plans for a colossal structure which will be located in the very heart of the city and furnish accommodations to the traveling public, second to none in any other American city. At the present moment, all signs point to the ultimate success of this great and noble undertaking.

Benefactions.

The movements for civic betterment which we have thus briefly and most inadequately recorded (together with many others which it is utterly impossible to mention) belong to the class that are accomplished by *common endeavors*, but there have been others which have issued from *individual hearts*, alone. All cities have been indebted to private benefactions for many of their greatest and best institutions, buildings and assets of various kinds, and among them Cincinnati has not been the least. From that first benefaction of Captain John Kidd (whose gift for education was gotten away from the city by disgruntled heirs) a long list has stood to the credit of our generous men and women; but it was in the '70s that these gifts began to be colossal.

This flow of benefactions has been rather intermittent, like a geyser, than constant, like a river; but its spurts have become hopefully frequent of late.

"A great number of Cincinnati's citizens have builded monuments to themselves more lasting and more beautiful than mere marble, by founding educational and charitable institutions; building orphan asylums and hospitals, and

erecting temples of art and music. The love and loyalty of such persons for their fellowmen and to their city can not be doubted.

"For the University we are indebted to Charles McMicken, Henry Hanna, Joseph Longworth, John Kilgour, Julius Dexter, Rev. Samuel J. Browne, and Matthew Thoms; for the Art Museum and Academy, to Charles W. West, Joseph Longworth, David Sinton, James A. Frazer, and others; for the College of Music and Music Hall, to R. R. Springer, John Shillito, David Sinton, and others; for the Fountain, to Henry Probasco; for the Good Samaritan Hospital, to Lewis Worthington and Joseph C. Butler; for the Young Men's Christian Association and the Union Bethel, to David Sinton; for the Bodmann Widows' Home, Mrs. L. B. Gibson; for the Widows' and Old Men's Home, to A. M. Taylor, and others; for the Deaconesses' Home, to Jas. N. Gamble; for the Children's Hospital, Mt. Auburn, the Colored Orphan Asylum, and the Fresh Air Fund for Children, to the Emerys; for Laura Memorial Medical College, to Alexander McDonald; the Children's Home has received the aid of Murray Shipley and Robert Burnet; the Ohio Mechanics Institute, that of Timothy C. Day; to Thomas Hughes and William Woodward for our High Schools. The Public Library has been aided by Timothy Kirby and Mrs. Sarah Lewis. F. D. Lincoln did not forget the Young Men's Mercantile Library; for free music in our parks we are indebted to the Groesbecks and Schmidlaps; to L. C. Hopkins for Hopkins Park; and Mr. John L. Stettinius has been a universal giver to all charities."

There are many others who should appear upon this list, of course, and many of these gifts *deserve* especial mention, but there are two which *demand* it. One of them is that of Mrs. Thomas Emery to the "Ohio Mechanics' Institute" by means of which that remarkable technical school founded in 1828 and incorporated in 1829, is now housed in a building and equipped with appliances which put it in the list of the world's greatest institutions of the kind.

Another of them is the "Schmidlap fund" (established by J. G. Schmidlap and administered by Miss Edith Campbell) for the purpose of assisting young women of exceptional promise, to develop those natural gifts which an unfavorable environment might permanently repress.

It is impossible to read over this list of benefactions without being stirred again by the eternal wonder "why is it that more of our wealthy men and women do not follow these illustrious examples?" We have scores of them who have never lifted their hands to improve the city.

Sometime, public opinion will make every town on earth "too hot" to hold the man or woman who can take everything out of and put nothing back into it! Our cities are starving for the lack of two classes of men. In the first place, those who give *money*, and in the second place, those who give *time* to the public service. Perhaps it is the latter which is needed most. Now and then, in Cincinnati, men like William Christie Herron, James N. Gamble and George H. Stearns have stopped when they "had enough" and devoted all their time to the management of charitable organizations and the promotion of reforms and, in one instance, (that of Elliott H. Pendleton) one has consecrated himself to the publication of a *moral-purpose* paper "The Citizen's Bulletin."

That there is a perfectly limitless sphere for such activities in a great city everybody knows. Nor is it only the rich men who are called to fill them. We have, in our annals, the sacred story of a poor man, almost the poorest of the poor, whose life was a sublime sacrifice for "the people." If ever in the history of the world there was an ideal *philopologist* it was Joseph Heberle, whose career is eloquently and truthfully summed up in this memorial inscribed on the title page of a remarkable pamphlet about the Bible and the working man, written by Edward L. Hitchins, a type setter on the *Times Star*.

"JOSEPH HEBERLE—IN MEMORIAM.

This man came to America a friendless lad, and took up his abode in Cincinnati. He loved animals, so he became a teamster; a good one. He studied horses, their ways, and how to care for them humanely. He saw his fellow teamsters, that they were unorganized, and to get them their rights he organized them. He had little or no education, but he had seen glimpses of beautiful things in the world, and his soul loved justice. He saw the children, many of them like himself poor in knowledge; though education was free, poverty hindered many of them from getting the benefit of it. So he started a campaign for free textbooks in the public schools. He saw the little ones, clouds of them, pouring out of the factories at nightfall, and that they might have their rights he organized a crusade against child labor. It took years for all this. Public opinion had to be created. He created public opinion. He did it all by personal appeal to bodies of organized labor, to teachers, clergymen, philanthropists, physicians, everything and everybody that could help. He spoke English poorly; to understand him was sometimes a matter of time and patience; but no one misunderstood his persistent zeal and tireless energy.

"He cared not for himself; food, raiment, shelter—these were trifling things. At an age when men should be in the prime of life he died, literally of exhaustion. Friends and comrades buried him, for he had not even provided for himself in death. He lies in beautiful Spring Grove, in a spot that he would himself have chosen, close by the roadside, within easy sight of his 'boys' who drive thereon.

"The children of the schools have now free textbooks. The babes of the factories toil there no more. And many there are who labor for decent pay and under fair conditions who would not be doing so but for him. He did more with what was given him than perhaps any other man of his time. May his name endure with his works."

It is right and it is essential to found great businesses and to increase the material wealth of the city; but one such man as Joseph Heberle is a greater honor and a greater blessing to Cincinnati, or any other city in the world, than all its buildings and all its dollars.

We have just said that it is *right* to increase the wealth of a city and now we affirm that it is a *duty*. In a city as in a tree, growth is the sign of life. If it does not go forward it will go backward and, therefore, it is as necessary to promote its commercial as its spiritual, ethical and aesthetical progress.

There has come to the business men of Cincinnati a new vision of commercial possibilities. The so long cherished idea that she was predestined to business inferiority has grown to *seem* what it is, in fact, a delusion and a snare. From this delusion our great commercialists are awakening as from a night-mare. Already the suspicion that our pre-eminence was lost through the incompetency or, at best, the apathy of our predecessors has agitated our leading men profoundly, and they have determined that they will not, themselves, rest under such a stigma. If what has been lost can be regained, they have started out to get it back. If not, they do not propose to loosen their hold on what remains.

Upon subjecting the whole situation to a more careful analysis than had ever been given it, such bodies as the Chamber of Commerce, the Business Men's club, the Commercial club, the Advertisers' club and scores of others began to cast about for ways and means to accomplish a new era of expansion. Systematic efforts to promote immigration began to be made. Greater publicity was given, through ingenious forms of advertisement, to the striking advantages of our situation for business of every kind and particularly for manufacture. Inducements were offered to companies seeking new locations. Such attractions as the fall festivals were devised. The holding of conventions was encouraged and more was done than had ever been dreamed of to turn back the reflux tide of business to our shops and stores and mills.

But it remained for the revelations of the census of 1910 to communicate the final shock that wakened us from our slumber. In the statistics of that most recent tabulation of the growth of great cities, it was discovered that our own was down almost at the bottom of the list. To a degree that our stolidity did not permit us to suspect our rivals have outstripped us in the race, Kansas City, St. Louis and Cleveland had left us so far behind that we could not see them for the dust.

It was a painful but wholesome shock which the census gave us and has probably produced a reaction which will bring us a new era of business prosperity. There certainly are many encouraging symptoms of such a recovery and among them one which has excited the astonishment and hope of many who had settled into an apathy or despair about the future. In the spring of 1911 a number of young and hustling men, most of them comparatively "unknown," formed an organization called the "Commercial Association" and set to work to secure a large fund of money to suitably advertise the claims of Cincinnati upon the attention of individuals and corporations who were seeking locations for the establishment of new commercial enterprises. They proposed to find one thousand and five hundred men who would give twenty-five dollars a year for three years, to bring such enterprises to Cincinnati and to boom the town in any other legitimate way. So pretentious an undertaking excited the amazement and incredulity of the conservative; but the enthusiasts, under the inspirational leadership of men like E. R. Blaine, George F. Dieterle, W. L. Finch and L. D. Sampson, plunged ahead. They were young, enthusiastic and determined men. They were imbued with the new spirit of achievement. They loved the town they lived in and were ready to work for its prosperity, and so while the wiseacres and skeptics were shaking their heads, they succeeded!

The *direct* effect of their campaign will certainly be immense; but nothing to that which will come by indirection. It will excite a new sense of the possibilities that lie before us. It will create a new faith in the response that awaits an earnest appeal. It will help to demonstrate the fundamental law that the human mind, the human heart and the human will, (after all is said and done) are the supreme builders of a city. What obstacle can successfully oppose such men? "No power exists which can conquer the determined will of a peasant!" or of a philanthropist or of a philopologist.

This single movement is instanced only that it may stand as a type and illustration of countless others in our business world. On every hand, organizations like the Business club, the Chamber of Commerce, the Advertisers' club, etc., etc., are waking up to the fact that municipal growth is a matter of intelligent calculation and indomitable purpose.

In all these movements there is, no doubt, no inconsiderable amount of froth. There is also a melancholy oversight of the fact that the *moral tone* of a city is its greatest asset and that the surest way to attract population and capital both is to make the city a safe and delightful place to live in.

It has been a thousand times regarded as an evidence of the lack of a full realization of the actual laws of town building that the motto "For the honor and glory of Cincinnati" should not have added—*virtue*, also.

"For the honor, glory and *virtue* of Cincinnati" surely completes the conception.

We must clean up this city politically; must get a more truly free and representative government; must repress grafting, gambling, intemperance and lust; must set up higher ideals of personal and commercial honor; or all our hurrahing and jollifying and advertising will be in vain.

It was with a distinct and avowed purpose to try and reveal the beauty and mystery in the life of a great city for ethical purposes that its author undertook this history. The most saddening and discouraging fact about life in any great city is that so few people realize their duty to improve it. By some almost incurable obliquity of vision a city seems to an individual only an *opportunity*, when it is in reality an *obligation*. It appears to ninety-nine out of a hundred only a feeding trough out of which to eat; a ship to be scuttled; a treasury to be plundered. It is what it can do for *us* and not what *we* for it that gives it value in our eyes. It is necessary, therefore, to awaken the sense of civic responsibility; to arouse the municipal conscience. The city must be pervaded by a common sense of what is needed to be done. A universal consciousness of its mission must be felt.

But, who knows what the mission of Cincinnati is? What is its destiny? For what does it *exist*? By what right does it hold its place on the map? Does it *stand* for anything? Is some great end to be marked out by its people? In what does it differ from a hundred other cities? In something great? Or, is it one of innumerable ant hills; or bee hives where human beings breed and die? Does it *mean* nothing? Has it no significance of its own? Can it ever become anything "worth while" if its citizens do not possess some common conception of what it can and ought to be?

Undoubtedly many cities never attain self-consciousness; but that such self-consciousness is possible to cities, Athens, Rome and Paris prove. And so, for that matter, do Boston, New York and Chicago. The people of Paris are as clear and united in their idea that their city is meant to be the metropolis of art and fashion as the proprietors of a department store are clear and united in their consciousness of what the nature of their business is. And it is this clarity of consciousness which gives to those great metropolises their conscious power! "Know thyself" is perhaps as primary an obligation of a city and a country as of an individual.

Who, then, knows what is the central principle; the vital purpose; the essential law; the supreme end of our existence as a city?

Not infrequently, this self-consciousness is best revealed in a nick name. Boston was called the "Hub" because her people believed her to be the center of the universe. A little oil town in Pennsylvania was known as "Hell on Wheels!"

At the time when men like Drake and Mansfield were leaders of thought and when literature was cultivated as a vocation Cincinnati was called "the Athens of the West." At another time, when material interests had risen to preeminence and great fortunes were being made in "hogs" it was known as "*Porkopolis*." At still another (when, in almost all the spheres of life she could claim some excellence), she was christened "The Queen of the West."

"This greeting of mine
The winds and the waves shall deliver
To the Queen of the West
In her garlands dressed
On the banks of the beautiful river."

—Longfellow.

In its period of cocksureness when liberty had become license it flaunted in the face of the world its presumptuous title "*The freest city on the earth!*"

If it is not commercial supremacy, then, what should be the dominant motive of our life? Shall it be to become in reality "the freest city on the earth?" If this title described that true freedom of thought and action which was once so rare a thing on earth, no ambition could be nobler. If it means, however, a sort of license to ignore the ideals of the average American city; to get as far away as possible from the restraints that were put upon the passions by our Puritan forefathers, the sooner we repudiate it, the better.

For many years, relaxation of old fashioned restraints was not unpleasing to the majority of Cincinnatians. They took a natural pride in that sort of unrestrained life which excited the wonder and even the praise of travelers. But the day has past when a reputation of this kind gives satisfaction to the best element of a genuinely American city. It may tickle the present fancy of a half baked metropolis like San Francisco to be known as the "Paris of America;" but when, like the prodigal, she "comes to herself," she will blush at the name.

We have seen how liberty of that kind becomes looseness and then license. The political evils of our two last decades can be traced only too easily to the lax system of ethics which grew out of the false conception of city life. Its effects

upon commerce, society and religion, are alike becoming only too recognizable. The extensive manufacture and use of intoxicants have produced their logical results in loose Sabbath customs; in open gambling; in winked-at prostitutions; in indifference to the worship of God until, at last, we have come to resemble a European city almost as much as an American.

Sooner or later we must decide whether that is gain or loss; and whether it is desirable to abandon those ideals which differentiated the New World from the Old.

For years, we have dodged these questions. There has been a tacit recognition of the fact that it would create antagonisms and divisions to discuss the fundamental problem as to whether Cincinnati was to follow the ideals of New England or of the continent; but any one who knows life at all knows well enough that sooner or later we must face the issue and *lay out* our course, unless we finally decide to *drift*!

It is true that cities live and grow without deciding this momentous question. They neither know nor care for what they exist. Their inhabitants permit the exigencies of each new situation to decide in what direction the life of the town shall grow. But does any one need to be told that this is not the principle by which the greatest cities of the earth have attained supremacy? They did so by seriously choosing their line of development in the great crises of their being. A certain method of life was deliberately accepted. Fixed principles were adopted. It is by this method that Washington, for example, is being developed into the most beautiful city on the globe.

If it is necessary, then, that Cincinnati should thus attain to self consciousness, what career shall she choose? The logical one, we cannot doubt, is revealed in the name that clings to her so tenaciously through all her ups and downs. She ought to be "the Queen city of the West." The ambition which her citizens ought to cherish is to see her develop commercially, in order that she may develop aesthetically, intellectually, ethically and religiously; develop until she is a Queen indeed in all the higher realms of life.

For this career her situation fits her and to it her entire history points. It is a platitude to affirm what has been a thousand times repeated that the topography of this town site is as perfect for the building of a beautiful city as any in the inland world. And so it is to affirm that the arts and the sciences have found a congenial soil in which to flourish, here. It is as well known that the social life of the city has possessed peculiar charm. Composed as it has been of a mixture of the northern, eastern and southern elements of our countrymen, together with a favorable mixture of the peoples of Europe, we have developed a type of character which is capable of receiving and maintaining the highest culture. We need only, then, a fixed purpose to succeed in building here upon the high banks of the Ohio, a city of genuine culture, a regal, queenly city; a city embodying the highest ideals of municipal existence.

Somewhere or other we have seen a new translation of an old Bible verse that offers a tempting theme upon which to hang the conclusion of this essay.

"Our feet are standing within thy gates, O Jerusalem; Jerusalem that art builded as a city that is compact together, whither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord, for a testimony unto Israel to give thanks unto the name of

the Lord," said the *old* translation; but the *new* declares—"thou art builded as a city that is at unity with itself!"

"A city that is at unity with itself!"

There lies the fundamental prerequisite of municipal greatness, or else we have not comprehended the phenomena we have been investigating. Unity in diversity! Of how many problems is this the only real solution. What is the trouble with most American cities? A lack of unity, of course! Our populations are too heterogeneous to enable us to come to any agreement upon the problems which confront us.

Consider the racial diversities with which we have to contend in Cincinnati. Right in our midst we have the representatives of every great nation in Europe, Asia and Africa with their incompatible physical and mental and moral characteristics. Upon how few fundamental questions can we expect to unite the Negroes, the Chinamen, the English, the Scotch, the Irish, the German, the Italians, the Polanders, the Hungarians and the original American stock?

And besides the racial diversities we have to consider the religious. What right have we to hope that Jews and Gentiles; Roman Catholics and Protestants are to find a common ground to stand upon? Our points of view are far apart, indeed. One single motive appears to be common to them all—the love of money; but upon every other subject they disagree. It sometimes seems that, if ever we make a progressive movement it will be like that of a parallelogram of brute forces pulling in different directions but compelled by the nature of things to go somewhere. A common purpose, a great, solid, compact, united, intelligent determination to achieve a definite end, is all but inconceivable *yet!* But, in the progress of the years, this needed homogeneity is bound to come. We shall see eye to eye, sometime. The true conception of what a typical American city ought to be is becoming all the time more clear and more general. And each American city is coming to perceive more and more clearly what its own, *individual* mission is. We are nearer to this today than we were twenty years ago, by an almost immeasurable distance. The ideal is far more definite. The vision of "the city that is to be," "the city at unity with itself" is seen by an ever increasing multitude. It will be a wonderful day when a general agreement about the kind of city that Cincinnati ought to be is reached; when great classes no longer oppose their selfish interests to the general welfare; when all determine to put aside their little narrow plans and unite in all great movements to promote the happiness and the prosperity of the greatest number.

The world has never yet seen "a city at actual unity with itself" but it is a good deal more likely to do so in the future than in the past because of the greatest idea that has ever been evolved in connection with city building. This idea is, of course, the drafting of a definite plan of development by municipal architects. Cities have grown up haphazard. Thousands of individuals have worked out their own conceptions, undeterred and unguided. The result has been a hodge-podge; a veritable pot-pourri. But today, the conception that cities ought to build along preconceived lines and after a scheme evolved by experts has taken a firm possession of the minds of people everywhere. There is scarcely a great city in America that has not already secured at least a preliminary sketch of its ideal self. What the effect of that vision which is thus pre-

sented to the minds of the citizens is to be, nobody can even guess, as yet. But that it will be something tremendous, nobody will for a moment deny. Suppose that in every schoolhouse in Cincinnati a large and beautiful plat of the park system as designed by Mr. Kessler was exposed, year after year to the impressionable minds of the children. Can it be doubted that the rapidity of its materialization would be tremendously hastened?

And now suppose that a great artist should evolve a model of Cincinnati as it ought to be; a city constructed according to the highest conception of convenience, healthfulness and beauty and that it were placed in every school; that the teachers should explain it to the pupils and that countless little eyes should feast upon the vision!

Vision! That is the word we are groping after! What every city needs is a *vision* of its nobler self! We want four hundred thousand people to see, not the Cincinnati of today; but tomorrow! We want them to cherish a brilliant, beautiful dream of a metropolis of inconceivable grandeur, where the smoky, grimy city stands today. When our young men and maidens go round the town, imposing the vision of the ideal city upon the real one, something is bound to happen!

For one, I do not see the canal when I cross its bridges; but the boulevard that is to be. I do not behold their ragged, ugly hill sides; but the gardens of shrubs and flowers, the beautiful roads and paths that are to replace them. I have builded a city "in my mind's eye" and it is this I see in the place of the real and actual one which lies around me. We must needs have our young men see the visions and our old men dream the dreams. It is an old but never wearisome or meaningless tale that the Grecian mothers used to fill their rooms with the statues and paintings of Gods and Goddesses in order that their unborn children might be molded into the image of those great ideals.

Why should not "ideal" cities be exposed to the view of the citizens in order that the ones they are actually building should conform to those glorious types?

Something of this kind must be done to create in the minds of that class (particularly) which Professor Goodnow of Columbia College describes so accurately in his great book on "Municipal Government."

"Most emigrants (into cities) are young people, so that about 80% of adult population is of outside birth. Two-thirds of the emigrants have lived in 'the great city' less than fifteen years. In urban populations we have a population who for the most part, have no important historical traditions *and no local associations which take their root in childhood.*"

"No local associations which take their root in childhood!" This lack is tremendous! Is there any other power like that of local associations rooted in childhood? How easy to love a town in which you were born; whose buildings were the first objects to greet your eyes when you toddled to the nursery window and looked out of doors; whose streets were the first pathways in which your childish feet began their wanderings; whose citizens were the first human beings whom you ever knew; whose churches were the temples in which you learned to worship God; whose schools were the educational institutions in which you acquired the rudiments of knowledge! It was your natural habitat; your original environment; your native heath! Every stone in its streets is dear to your heart.

But how hard to love the town into which you came, a stranger from a strange land, ignorant of its traditions, its customs, its people, its history! If we wish to inspire these strangers with a love for Cincinnati, in order that they may help to make it a grander place to live in, we must put it before them in an *idealized form*.

Of one fact we never ought to be unmindful—the fact that great cities are the most formative forces or factors in the progress of civilization. What other influence has ever affected the souls of men and the destinies of races like great cities?

We expatiate upon the influence of great rivers, great mountains, great deserts, great forests, great lakes and great oceans in the formation of character, individual and national. But it is a question whether all of them together can equal the influence of a great city. Stop for a moment to think of the immeasurable influence of Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Athens, Jerusalem and Rome upon the generations of men, living and dead! Reflect upon the influence of Paris, London and New York today! There is no possible way to estimate it. Not a year passes in which thousands and thousands of lives are not wrecked in them with a suddenness and thoroughness that fills the spirit with horror. And, on the other hand, the greatest and most ennobling influences of existence are generated in their midst and by them men and women are elevated to the highest point of culture and of power.

As go the cities, so go the nations and the world.

"By sheer force of numbers cities are assuming natural leadership. As centers of trade, culture and intelligence their influence far surpasses what would be expected of them by reason of their population. They are predestined to assume leadership and to dominate life. Modern progress in its fundamental and enduring aspects must depend upon the civic ideals and civic power of Paris, Glasgow, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, and other communities of a distinctive character, than upon any but the most notable individuals. It is possible that Bismarck, Tolstoi, Henry George, Roosevelt and a few others may through their accumulated world wide influence count more in the sum of progress than some of the great cities; but after all, there is something ephemeral about the works and influence of the individual man that make them seem cheap and transient compared with the enduring force of a great city."

What we must all of us do is to strive with all our might to purify these cities; to make them the centers of an influence that shall uplift and not debase; ennoble and not degrade. We must keep them from going the way of those great cities of antiquity which have justified the writing of "The Vampire City," by Reginald Wright Kauffman.

"Come with me into Babylon! Here to my woodland seat,
Over the miles she lures and smiles—the smile of the bittersweet.
I hear the distant cadence, the siren song she sings;
I smell the incense burning where the great red censer swings.

"Out of the night she calls me, the night that is her day;
I see the gleam of her million lights, a thousand miles away;
As the roar of a mighty army, I hear her pulses beat
With the tramp of the restless vandals, the rush of the wearied feet.

"Ever and ever onward, a white procession goes;
Youths with the strength of lions, maids with the breath of the rose
Toward her; but never from her, throned on her armored isles;
They give her their lives for homage; but the city never smiles.

"They know that her breasts are poison; they know that her lips are lies
And half revealed is the death concealed in the pools of her occult eyes;
Yet still she is calling ever and echo is never dumb;
'Follow us into Babylon!' 'Mistress of life, we come!'"

As to our duty to Cincinnati it can be summed up in a single word. We must consecrate ourselves to the task of giving the lie to the most terrible indictments ever brought against a city of the modern world:

"Cincinnati stands for cynical civic degradation."—Delos F. Wilcox.

"Cincinnati is the worst governed city in the world."—Lincoln Steffens.

In a little city of Vermont, not long ago, a movement for civic betterment produced a summary of hopes and aspirations known as "The Brattleboro Platform" upon which, if we could all unite, we could not only give the lie to these terrible indictments but build up the finest city in the world.

"We believe that a community as well as an individual should have an ideal; and that its citizens by continued and united action should resolutely work for the realization of that ideal. We seek a community in which nothing shall hurt or destroy, but in which everything shall bless and build up.

"1. A community of high private and public morals, where all institutions and agencies that degrade individual and community life are excluded, and where boys and girls may grow to strong and true manhood and womanhood.

"2. A community where every citizen shall receive an education which will fit him physically, mentally and morally for the work in life that he is best suited to perform, and for the sacred duties of parenthood and citizenship.

"3. A community whose government is strong and beneficent, built on the intelligence, integrity and cooperation of its citizens, free from every taint of corruption, whose officers serve not for private gain but for the public good.

"4. A community of business prosperity, where leadership and capital find full opportunity for profitable investment, where business is brotherhood, conducted for the service of the many rather than for the profit of the few.

"5. A community for opportunity for every man—and every woman who must—to labor; under conditions of physical and moral safety, reasonable hours, a living wage as minimum and the highest wage each industry can afford, and where there is the wisest restriction of child labor.

"6. A community where adequate facilities are provided and leisure secured for every man, woman and child, to enjoy wholesome recreation, and to obtain the most thorough physical development.

"7. A community where the health of the people is safe-guarded by public inspection, securing pure food, pure water, proper sanitation and wholesome housing.

"8. A community where the strong bear the infirmities of the weak, the aged and the sick, and where thoughtful provision is made for those who suffer from the hardships of industrial change or accident.

"9. A community where welcome waits every visitor, and where none shall long remain a stranger within its gates; where there shall be no class spirit, but where all the people shall mingle in friendly interest and association.

"10. A community where the highest manhood is fostered by faith in God and devotion to man, where the institutions of religion are cherished, and where the public worship of God with its fruitage of service to man is maintained in spiritual power.

"Conscious of our shortcomings, humbled by our obligations, trusting in Almighty God, we dedicate ourselves to labor together to make Brattleboro a city beautiful and righteous, a city of God among men."

At the very beginning of this essay it was distinctly described as an attempt to "interpret the life of Cincinnati" and two principal ideas were advanced as dominant. The first of these was the wonderfulness of a city considered as a mere phenomenon and the second, the awakening of the reader to a love for the town he lived in and a desire to serve it, somehow.

A natural termination of the undertaking, therefore, would be a final effort to achieve these ends by revision and reiteration.

Let us try, then, in the first place, to sum up and revivify these awe inspiring and wonder producing elements which we have seen, as our thoughts have ranged over the eleven decades of the life of our great and beautiful metropolis. For everything depends upon our getting the right point of view and seeing the right things! What do *you* see in a great city? John Burroughs, standing on one of the busiest corners of New York, had his attention attracted to a bee stealing sugar from a candy store! But most likely not another pair of eyes than those of the great naturalist (out of all the millions) even caught a momentary glimpse of the little thief! Each was absorbed with the objects which appealed to him or her.

That phenomenon in our city's life which excites the deepest wonder in a contemplative mind is—*complexity*. The very first and the most impressive discovery a careful observer makes is that every organization, every event, every movement is composed of so many elements as to constitute a sort of cosmos, in itself. Take the clubs of Cincinnati, for example. It is an easy task to learn their names and to know the objects of their existence. But just as you lump them together and pass them by (as if in this summary way you were doing them justice), each one suddenly bursts upon you with an individuality and a history so interesting and so important that you find yourself transfixed.

How few words have been said in this long essay about clubs—the Literary club, the Queen City club, the Optimists' club, the Cosmic club and a hundred others! Is it because there was nothing vital in them, do you think? At the very moment of penning these words an evidence of the vast interest which an intimate knowledge would discover in every one of these organizations was

startlingly disclosed by a morning paper's revelation of the richness and largeness of the life of a single one (the Woman's Press club).

WOMAN'S PRESS CLUB.

"The Cincinnati Woman's Press club is the only purely literary club in the city, as well as one of the oldest and most conservative in the state. It was organized in 1888 and federated in 1890. Miss Sara M. Haughton, past president, has compiled data for the scrap book of the club's library, that is interesting for its accuracy and for reference. According to the constitution of the club no person is eligible for membership who has not written for publication poems, essays, lectures, and has to present to the committee on credentials one or more articles, according to these specifications, that have been published in standard publications and been paid for. These are criticised by the credential board and if not up to highest standard are rejected and the applicant is not accepted.

"Consequently all members now belonging have done something worth while. A partial list is interesting. Miss Sara Haughton is the author of three Christmas booklets, 'The Christ Child,' 'The World Doth Not Forget' and 'Yet Hath the Starry Night Its Bells.' She was for some years editor of *The Children's Record* of the Children's home and has been a contributor to several magazines devoted to children's interests and several papers.

"Miss Mary E. Thalheimer, secretary of the Young Women's Christian association, and officer of the Woman's Press club, is the author of a manual of ancient history and of a manual of ancient and medieval history, a history of England that was used for years in this city in the public schools, an eclectic history of the United States and outline of general history. During a year spent in Europe she was a regular contributor to a Boston paper and four New York papers.

"Miss Florence Wilson, now in Japan, collaborating with Mme. Sugimoto in writing stories of the Japanese and their customs, writes Japanese articles for American syndicates that sell to 100 newspapers. In America she lectures on Japan, in Japan she lectures on America and also writes poems.

Mrs. Mary Watts of Walnut Hills has written two books, 'Nathan Burke' and 'The Legacy,' which have at once brought her fame. Her special line is fiction and reviews.

"Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton has written many years and so is regarded as the nestor of the press club. Her specialty is poems, but she is especially fine in Shakespeare lore, lecturing before schools and clubs. She is one of the few poetesses who can write to order from a limerick to an epic.

"Mrs. Amoretta Fitch is a versatile writer of poems, essays, lectures or character sketches, or feature stories and motto cards. At present she conducts the 'womans interests' column and women's club department in one of the leading daily newspapers in Cincinnati.

"Miss Pearl Carpenter conducts the children's page in a magazine and tells stories at clubs and kindergartens, and is president of the Story Tellers' league and officer of the National Story Tellers' league.

"Mrs. Gail Donham Sampson writes children's stories, Miss Alice A. Folger has a volume of poems on the market, Miss Anna Rossiter edits a trade journal, Miss Clara Jordan has a text book on the study of Latin that is the standard now in use in the Cincinnati schools; Mrs. James C. Ernst writes articles and recently made her debut as a monologist with success; Miss Alma S. Fick writes ethical and historical articles and is an authority on literature; Mrs. Frances Gibson writes poems in Scottish dialect as well as in pure Anglo-Saxon; Miss Berta Harper is a poet as well as an editor of a Sunday school paper; Miss Catherine Winspeare Moss has written a book, 'The Thousand Ledgers,' as well as many poems; Miss Margaret Nye has the distinction of being an able German translator, while Miss Martha Allen writes and plays interpretations of the most classical music; Miss Alice Hallam has the same musical gifts and knowledge, and their afternoons are always a treat to the literary members as well as the musical ones.

"Miss Julie C. O'Hara writes of the unique and unusual things she sees while abroad for newspapers; Miss Emma Parry shines as a brilliant lecturer on classical subjects; Mrs. Elizabeth Seat is a writer of stories and also a lecturer; Mrs. Warren Ritchie is also a lecturer; Mrs. Florence Goff Schwartz writes in a humorous vein for a New York magazine; Mrs. Laura Turpin is a superb illustrator and writer; Miss Julia Walsh writes poems; Mrs. Eve Brown is another poetess of note; Mrs. Wulff is an essayist.

"Mrs. Lura Cobb is valued for her special articles; Miss Harriet Baldwin is the editor of *The B. & O. S. W. Magazine*; Miss Edith Niles has a department in a Cincinnati magazine, while the only playwright is Miss Rachel Butler, who also writes poems.

"Miss Helen Kendrick is an authority on English literature and is also a versatile writer. The list is so long and the merits of the members so great that they can only be touched upon in this article.

"Being a purely literary club no question of politics or philanthropy is entered into by the club as a club. Moreover, nearly every individual member is doing philanthropic work in other clubs and in various places, so it is entirely superfluous to bring these things into the literary work of the club. The club has been a stepping stone for many aspiring authors, for it exists only for the purpose of aiding by experience and example those who are young in literary life. The loyalty of the Woman's Press club to one another is proverbial and their programmes are widely commented upon for the themes and the professional handling of the same. Every number on a programme being strictly original and new makes the meetings full of excited interest as to what is to be heard, like a 'first night' in the theater. Character is the first requisite, then ability and no feeling of jealousy exists, each being proud of one another's success in their chosen line of work."

What have you to say, now, as to the importance and interest of every individual organization in this great city—clubs, schools, hospitals, asylums, churches, shops, stores, mills?

There are two wonders: first, that of *all* the stars in the heavens, all the flowers in a garden, all the people in a crowd and second, that of the *individual* star,

the individual flower, the individual person and, in the same way, the individual organization, movement, and event, in a great city.

Multiply the interest excited by The Woman's Press club by all these other clubs, then, and realize the complexity of a great city.

Or, take another illustration. How little has been said about the great businesses of our city! No casual reader could gather from our brief references to them a conception like that which another clipping from a morning paper gives:

"Cincinnati has the largest soap factory in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest playing card factory in the world.

Cincinnati has the largest theatrical poster printing plant in the United States.

Cincinnati has the largest trunk factory in the world.

Cincinnati has the largest tannery in the world.

Cincinnati has the largest compressed yeast factory in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest tube and pipe works in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest printing ink establishment in the United States.

Cincinnati has the largest harness and saddlery works in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest theatrical publishing house in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest ladies' shoe factory in the country.

Cincinnati has the largest desk and office furniture factory in the United States.

Cincinnati has the largest piano factory in the Middle West.

Cincinnati has the largest electrical supply house in the Middle West.

Cincinnati has the largest coal business in the entire country.

Cincinnati is the greatest coal-distributing point in the United States.

Cincinnati is the greatest ladies' shoe manufacturing center.

Cincinnati is the greatest art and music educational center.

Cincinnati is the greatest wholesale city in Ohio.

Cincinnati is the greatest diamond-cutting center in the country.

Cincinnati is the greatest pig iron market in the country.

Cincinnati is the greatest clothing manufacturing center in the West.

Cincinnati is the greatest whisky-distributing center in the country.

Cincinnati is the greatest hardwood market in the Middle West,"

If you could realize such facts as these would it do nothing to fill your mind with wonder, as you survey this city from the summit of Mount Adams?

It is almost impossible to dwell too long upon this complexity. While adducing these other instances the author heard a loud tooting of horns and the shouts of happy children and, rushing to his window, beheld a long procession of automobiles filled with the boys and girls (1,500 of them) from the various Orphan Asylums of our city! Fifteen hundred orphan boys and girls tenderly cared for by human sympathy! Before his inner eye there arose a vision of all the other asylums in this city; for the deaf and dumb and blind; the poor; the feeble minded; the incurable, the flotsam and jetsam of our common humanity, hundreds upon hundreds, yes, thousands upon thousands, warmed, fed, nursed, comforted by human love. Enumerate them; and reflect upon the marvellous exhibition of human sympathy.

Bodmann German Protestant Widows' Home, Highland Avenue, Mt. Auburn.

Children's Home of Cincinnati, north side Ninth street, between Plum and Central Avenue.

Christ Hospital, Mt. Auburn.

Cincinnati Hospital, Twelfth Street and Central Avenue.

Cincinnati Newsboys' and Workingboys' Home, 526 Sycamore Street.

Cincinnati Relief Union, City Hall, Post Office address, 120 West Fifth.

Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, corner Wellington Place and Auburn Avenue, Mt. Auburn.

Cincinnati Union Bethel, 306 East Front.

City Infirmary, Hartwell, Ohio, office, City Hall.

Colored Orphan Asylum, Beach Street, Avondale.

Convent of St. Clara, Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, northwest corner Lytle and Third Streets.

Convent of the Good Shepherd, north side of Bank Street, between Baymiller and Freeman Avenue.

Convent of the Good Shepherd, 371 Baum Street.

Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, south side of Fourth Street, between Central Avenue and John Street.

Convent of Sisters of Mercy, 1413 Freeman Avenue.

Convent of Notre Dame, 321 East Sixth Street.

Convent of Notre Dame, southwest corner of Court and Mound Streets.

Day Nursery, 1514 Race Street.

Deaconess Home, Elizabeth Gamble, Wesley Avenue.

Deutsches Altenheim (German Old Men's Home), northwest corner of Burnet Avenue and Elland Avenue.

St. Joseph's Children's Home, 222 West Liberty Street.

St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Cherry Street, Twenty-fifth Ward.

St. Mary's (Betts Street) Hospital, corner Betts and Linn Streets.

St. Patrick's Convent, 718 West Third Street.

Widows' Home, northeast corner of McMillan Street and Ashland Avenue, Walnut Hills.

Young Women's Christian Association, 26 East Eighth Street.

Young Men's Christian Association, northwest corner Seventh and Walnut Streets.

Home for the Friendless and Foundlings, 431 West Court Street.

Home for the Aged Poor, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, Florence Avenue, near DesMoines Street.

Home for the Aged Poor, Riddle Road, Clifton Heights.

Home for Incurables, 2380 Kemper Lane.

Home for the Jewish Aged and Infirm, northeast corner of Burnet Avenue and Union Street, Avondale.

Little Sisters of the Poor, Florence Avenue, near DesMoines Street.

Magdalen Asylum, north side of Bank Street, between Baymiller and Freeman Avenue.

Old Men's Home, northeast corner of McMillan Street and Ashland Avenue, Walnut Hills.

Then go into the educational world and the religious world and afterward plunge down into the deep, dark under world of sin and crime!

What you will see and feel (until the city grows upon you and overpowers your senses and your spirit, here, there, and everywhere) will be complexity. It is, in itself, a *world*.

And if *complexity* is the first and most profound of those characteristics that produce the feeling of wonder, *growth* will be the second. We have persistently asserted that a city is an organism; a living thing. All growths are in some fashion or other produced by the addition of cell to cell. In this way a lump of protoplasm; the body of a hippopotamus; the trunk of a tree and a great metropolis each and all are built up. In every case, that hidden life and its silent expansion is a mighty and insoluble mystery. The growth of the little hamlet on Yeatman's Cove into the Cincinnati of 1911 is something to subdue the spirit with awe.

As to population, at first, there were some thirty individual men, and, now, there are 360,000 (approximately) men, women and children—to say nothing of 80,000 lying dead in Spring Grove!

As to *area*, originally, when incorporated (in 1819) there were three square miles, but there have been annexed:

	Square Miles.
April 14, 1849	2¼
March 22, 1850	¾
December 27, 1854	1
September 10, 1869	3½
November 12, 1869	2½
March 5, 1870	1¾
September 21, 1870	5½
December 13, 1872	1½
March 12, 1873	2¾
March 29, 1873	1
December 7, 1888	¼
December 31, 1895	11
Total area, January, 1, 1898	35¼

Observe the monstrous organism stretch out its tentacles and embrace acre after acre; village after village; township after township, not only appropriating, but absorbing them into its enormous selfhood! It is a process so slow and covering so immense a territory as to go forward almost unobserved. Vast changes are wrought in this region and that which we do not discover until years after they have taken place. But suddenly, a new automobile ride, or a climb to some lofty tower reveals to our astonished gaze the new fringe of buildings all around the outside edge of the old city!

What makes it grow? By what mysterious affinity does it attract these thousands of immigrants from all over the world? Who gives it its direction? Is the whole stupendous process going on under the direction of a Divine Mind? Has it a real soul; a true self; an actual personality?

We think it has. We think it is something to be wondered at, revered and loved.

NOTE.—Since the writing of the last chapter, two notable events have happened. At the November election, Henry T. Hunt was elected Mayor and Miss Edith Campbell member-at-large of the Board of Education.

Sacred Heart Home for Homeless Young Working Girls, 414 Broadway.

St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum, junction of Reading Road and Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern Railway, Bond Hill.

Suppose you turn for a moment to the most prosaic of all the features of life in a great city, commerce, and reflect upon *its* myriad aspects. Here are great establishments doing business with the whole world, for there is not a country on the globe with which they are not connected by the slender filaments of trade. But single them out, one by one, and give attention to the complications and to the immensity of its affairs. Here is a shoe shop with two thousand operators! There is a piano factory whose instruments are solacing the sorrows and kindling the aspirations of young girls from Kamchatka to Alaska! With the soap from this factory, mothers are washing their children's faces in Europe, Asia and Africa. And what romances, what poems, are every one of these establishments! In each, there is an *Illiad* or an *Odyssey*; a *Paradise Lost* or *Regained*! What struggles did their founders go through to establish such stores as Almes & Doepke; the John Shillito Co.; the McAlpin's; the Mabley & Carew; the H. & S. Pogue! The Pogue brothers came here from Ireland, poor boys and worked for a few dollars a week. Two other young Irishmen started a little soap factory; one boiling the ingredients in a kettle, and the other peddling the products in a cart, and both lived to see their business capitalized for \$5,000,000.00!

Consider the newspapers of the city and learn what subtle and powerful influences they are for good or evil.

Give attention to the interesting individual men and women in this city, whom you have never met and of whom you have heard only a few brief, casual stories. On every street, in every block, you would find some one whose life story written by a Balzac or a Thackeray would have become immortal.

Only a few weeks ago died Benn Pitman, a figure as romantic, as fantastic, as individual, as notable, as impressive as you could find in an *Encyclopedia*. World famous as one of the perfecters of a system of shorthand writing, he was as celebrated in his home city for innumerable other accomplishments and, especially, for expertness in the art of carving woods.

Not long afterwards Charles T. Webber passed away, another character not less individual and impressive, of whom a writer in the *Post* said eloquently:

"There died in Cincinnati Wednesday a singularly sweet and lovable character—Chas. T. Webber, the veteran painter.

"As the world rates success, Mr. Webber's life was a failure—a pitiable failure, as one of his fellow-artists put it.

"The recognition to which his distinguished talents entitled him never came to him. He never made very much MONEY by his paintings.

"Yet his life was anything but a failure.

"He was a Dweller in the Land of Dreams. The life he lived was a Dream Life.

"The world is always better for its dreamers. Its greatest men have been Dreamers who, fortunately, have had their Dreams come true. But even if the Dream does not come true, who can say that Mr. Webber lived in vain?

"Perhaps we need more of just such Dreamers—men whose souls are like poems and whose thoughts are far removed from the sordid struggle that goes on all around. Their souls are the little cloisters where pure thoughts and noble ideals may have their being. Some of the sweetest of earth's flowers, as we know, 'blush unseen.'

"Mr. Webber has left a masterpiece which represents a life achievement. It is a painting of 'The Underground Railroad,' full of sympathy for the fugitive negroes of the South, who sought escape into a land of freedom.

"Cincinnati would be richer if this painting could be purchased and hung in the Art Museum, not only as a valuable historical lesson and work of art, but that the world might not altogether forget this Dreamer of Dreams."

And what charming literary people are still alive, any one of whom it would be a liberal education to know. There are John Uri Lloyd, the founder of the Lloyd library and author of "Etidorpha" and "Stringtown on the Pike"; Professor W. H. Venable, author of "The Beginnings of Literary Culture in the Ohio Valley" and of novels and poems that have made him a national figure; Prof. P. V. N. Myers, the historian; John James and Sarah Piatt (hidden away on their little farm in North Bend in the summer time), authors of poetry whose recognition in "Stedman's Anthology" puts them in the front rank of American writers; Mary S. Watts, whose two novels, "Nathan Burke" and "The Legacy," have lifted her into national recognition.

And then there are the artists, who dwell in their own little world apart.

The atmosphere of Cincinnati seems to be conducive to the development of genius in every direction. Her artisans are distinguished for their cunning; her scholars for their profoundness; her public benefactors for their munificence, and the works of art of her galaxy of painters and sculptors command the admiration of the world.

Here have painted such artists as A. W. Corwine, A. Hervieu, James H. and Frank Beard (father and son), Miner H. Kellogg, William H. Powell, Thomas Buchanan Read, painter and poet, W. L. Sonntag, W. W. Whittredge, Joseph O. Eaton, John R. Johnson, John R. Tait, Charles R. Soule, A. H. Wyant, J. E. F. Hillen, Fabronius, G. Rossi, Henry W. Kemper, Dwight Benton, George Sharples, John Aubrey, Theo. Jones, C. T. Webber, Thomas C. Lindsay, William P. Noble, E. D. Grafton, Franz Duveneck, Henry Mosler, John Twachtmann, Henry F. Farney, Kenyon Cox, Thomas S. Noble, Eastman Johnson, E. F. Andrews and others.

Go up to the Art Institute and find Clement J. Barnhorn, Frank Duveneck and L. H. Meakin up under the skylight carving or painting, in quiet abstraction as if there were no hurly-burly and strife; no blood and sweat in the great metropolis below them; or, climb the dingy staircases to the studio of H. T. Farney and commune awhile with a man to whom nature is an open book and who can make Indians live upon canvas.

If you would penetrate another world, unknown to most of us (and so discover how every great city is a nest of worlds; worlds within worlds) gain an entree into musical circles and dwell awhile with those mysterious souls which are forever haunted with the divine harmonies; the eternal concord of sweet sounds.

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BOOK II



CHAPTER I.

CIVIL WAR—CONTINUED.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DRIVEN FROM THE STAGE OF PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE BY A PRO-SLAVERY MOB—ABRAHAM LINCOLN PASSES THROUGH THE CITY ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON AND HIS INAUGURATION—ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION GIVEN THE NEWLY ELECTED PRESIDENT—CINCINNATI'S PART IN THE CIVIL WAR AND THE MEN WHO ROSE TO DISTINCTION—MORGAN AND HIS RAIDERS.

Cincinnati had seen slavery only in its mildest form across the river in Kentucky. The citizens generally did not believe in slavery, but on the other hand abolitionism was not popular here. The general sentiment was that it would be unwise, socially and financially, to interfere with it.

Wendell Phillips was driven from the platform of Pike's Opera House by a mob, because he was considered a dangerous fanatic and disturber of the peace. There were several riots against anti-slavery meetings, anti-slavery printing presses, anti-slavery orators, and these again probably meant little more than a desire to let existing conditions alone. On the other hand, William L. Yancey was allowed to deliver speeches disloyal to the Union, but he was considered harmless.

But in all public acts the city was loyal. When Lincoln passed through Cincinnati on his way to Washington, February 12th, 1861, he received a royal welcome. A committee of Cincinnati citizens had met him in Indianapolis. As he entered the depot of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati railroad cannon boomed and the vast throng cheered. Mayor Bishop accompanied Mr. Lincoln as a procession formed before the station. Miles Greenwood, the grand marshal, Major-General Lytle and Brigadier-General Bates were there with their staffs. Then came the Steuben Artillery under Captain Annis, and the Cincinnati Battalion under Major Kennet. The First Battalion was composed of the Lafayette Guards, German Yagers, Rover Guards and the Cincinnati Zouaves. Captain Pendery had charge of a company of the Second Battalion. Colonel Jones had command of the Continental Battalion and Major Bosley of the Guthrie Greys.

Mr. Lincoln was seated in an open carriage, drawn by six white horses, and a special guard from the Washington Dragoons, under Captain Pfau, accompanied him. In this carriage were also Mayor Bishop and the mayors of Covington and Newport.

Along the line of march many houses were decorated. At several points on the way, children sang patriotic songs. Mr. Lincoln appeared on the balcony of the Burnet House and was welcomed by the mayor whose address he fol-

lowed in a speech. Two thousand workingmen appeared in the evening at the hotel and one of their number made an address to Mr. Lincoln.

Friday evening, April 12th, word came to Cincinnati that Fort Sumter had been attacked. The news was posted on bulletin boards. Few had really believed that threats of war would be carried out. Perhaps there were not many except army officers who realized the conditions beforehand.

Whitelaw Reid, in "Ohio in the War," wrote: "The first note of war from the east threw Cincinnati into a spasm of alarm. Her great warehouses, her foundries and machine shops, her rich moneyed institutions, were all a tempting prize to the confederates, to whom Kentucky was believed to be drifting. Should Kentucky go, only the Ohio river would remain between the great city and the needy enemy, and there were absolutely no provisions for defense.

"The first alarm expended itself in the purchase of huge columbiads, with which it was probably intended that Walnut Hills should be fortified. There next sprang up a feverish spirit of active patriotism that soon led to complications. For the citizens, not being accustomed to draw nice distinctions or in a temper to permit anything whereby their danger might be increased, could see little difference between the neutral treason of Kentucky to the government and the more open treason of the seceded states. They accordingly insisted that shipments of produce, and especially shipments of arms, ammunition, or other articles contraband of war, to Kentucky should instantly cease.

"The citizens of Louisville, taking alarm at this threatened blow at their very existence, sent up a large delegation to protest against the stoppage of shipments from Ohio. They were received in the council chamber of the city hall, on the morning of April 23rd. The city mayor, Mr. Hatch, announced the object of their meeting, and called upon Mr. Rufus King to state the position of the city and state authorities. Mr. King dwelt upon the friendship of Ohio for Kentucky in the old strain, and closed by reading a letter which the mayor had procured from Governor Dennison, of which the essential part was as follows:

"'My views of the subject suggested in your message are these: So long as any state remains in the Union, with professions of attachment to it, we cannot discriminate between that state and our own. In the contest we must be clearly in the right in every act, and I think it better that we should risk something than that we should, in the slightest degree, be chargeable with anything tending to create a rupture with any state which has not declared itself already out of the Union. To seize arms going to a state that has not actually seceded, could give a pretext for the assertion that we had inaugurated hostile conduct, and might be used to create a popular feeling in favor of secession where it would not exist, and end in border warfare, which all good citizens must deprecate. Until there is such circumstantial evidence as to create a moral certainty of an immediate intention to use arms against us, I would not be willing to order their seizure; much less would I be willing to interfere with the transportation of provisions.'

"'Now,' said Mr. King, 'this is a text to which every citizen of Ohio must subscribe, coming as it does from the head of the state. I do not feel the least hesitation in saying that it expresses the feeling of the people of Ohio.'

"But the people did not subscribe to it. Even in the meeting Judge Bellamy Storer, though very guarded in his expressions, intimated, in the course of his stirring speech, the dissatisfaction with the attitude of Kentucky. 'This is no time,' he said, 'for soft words. We feel, as you have a right to feel, that you have a governor who cannot be depended upon in this crisis. But it is on the men of Kentucky that we rely. All we want to know is whether you are for the Union, without reservation. Brethren of Kentucky, the men of the north have been your friends, and they still desire to be. But I will speak plainly. There have been idle taunts thrown out that they are cowardly and timid. The North submits; the North obeys; but beware. There is a point which cannot be passed. While we rejoice in your friendship, while we glory in your bravery, we would have you understand that we are your equals as well as your friends.'

"To all this the only response of the Kentuckians, through their spokesman, Judge Bullock, was that Kentucky wished to take no part in the unhappy struggle; that she wished to be a mediator, and meant to retain friendly relations with all her sister states. But he was greatly gratified with Governor Dennison's letter.

"The citizens of Cincinnati were not. Four days later, when their indignation had come to take shape, they held a large meeting, whereat excited speeches were made and resolutions passed deprecating the letter, calling upon the governor to retract it, declaring that it was too late to draw nice distinctions between open rebellion and armed neutrality against the Union, and that armed neutrality was rebellion to the government. At the close an additional resolution was offered, which passed amid a whirlwind of applause:

"Resolved, That any men, or set of men, in Cincinnati or elsewhere, who knowingly sell or ship one ounce of flour or pound of provisions, or any arms or articles which are contraband of war, to any person or any state which has not declared its firm determination to sustain the government in the present crisis, is a traitor and deserves the doom of a traitor.'

"So clear and unshrinking was the first voice from the great conservative city of the southern border, whose prosperity was supposed to depend on the southern trade. They had reckoned idly, it seemed, who had counted on hesitation here. From the first day that the war was opened, the people of Cincinnati were as vehement in their determination that it should be relentlessly prosecuted to victory, as the people of Boston.

"They immediately began the organization of home guards, armed and drilled vigorously, took oaths to serve the government when called upon, and devoted themselves to the suppression of any contraband trade with the southern states. The steamboats were watched; the railroad depots were searched; and wherever a suspicious box or bale was discovered, it was ordered back to the ware houses.

"After a time the general government undertook to prevent any shipments into Kentucky, save such as should be required by the normal demands of her own population. A system of shipment-permits was established under the supervision of the collector of the port, and passengers on the ferry boats into Covington were even searched to see if they were carrying over pistols or other articles contraband of war; but, in spite of all efforts, Kentucky long continued to be the convenient source and medium for supplies to the southwestern seceded states.

"The day after the Cincinnati meeting denouncing his course relative to Kentucky, Governor Dennison, stimulated perhaps by this censure, but in accordance with a policy already formed, issued orders to the presidents of all railroads in Ohio to have everything passing over their roads in the direction of Virginia or any other seceded state, whether as ordinary freight or express matter, examined, and if contraband of war, immediately stopped or reported to him. The order may not have had legal sanction; but in the excited state of the public mind it was accepted by all concerned as ample authority. The next day similar instructions were sent to all express companies."

From the first signs of war, flags were flung out over the whole city. When on April 15th came Mr. Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand soldiers this city responded promptly. April 15th, the first Union meeting assembled at the Catholic Institute hall. Addresses were made by Judge Storer, T. J. Gallagher, Judge Stallo, E. F. Noyes, Judge Dickson, Judge Pruden and Dr. M. B. Wright. Rutherford B. Hayes offered resolutions, pledging loyalty to the government and these were adopted with enthusiasm and unanimity.

April 17th there was held at the office of John D. Caldwell a meeting to organize Home Guards. From each ward a committee was selected. Mr. Caldwell was chosen president and Edward Crapsey secretary. Many of the best known citizens of Cincinnati were among the members. Next day arrangements were made for the organization of ten companies of eighty men each, to be drilled for the protection of the city. This organization was in about a month superseded by troops under state authority.

The existing militia companies came forward with offers of services. Among the earliest of these to offer their services to the governor of Ohio were the Guthrie Grays and the Rover Guards. The Zouave Guards, the Highland Guards, the Continental Guards, the Lafayette Guards offered themselves.

These became companies in the Second, Fifth, Sixth and One Hundred and Thirty-Seventh regiments of Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

The chief of police of Cincinnati, Colonel Lewis Wilson, resigned his office and became commander of the Second Regiment.

The first volunteer from Hamilton county was Thomas L. Young. Seeing the approaching struggle, he, twenty-five days before Sumter was fired on, offered himself to General Scott to assist in organizing volunteers.

So numerous were volunteers in this city that the whole contingent of troops asked at the first call from Ohio, two regiments, could have been filled, and far more, from Cincinnati alone. The state answered the call within twenty-four hours.

The Rover Guards, uniformed with bear-skin shako, scarlet coat and trousers faced and trimmed with buff, blue and gold, left this city on April 17th for Columbus, with the Zouave Guards and Lafayette Guards.

The Guthrie Grays and the Continentals marched with them to the depot, amid cheers and wild enthusiasm.

On the 18th these became companies A, D and E of the Second Regiment, under Colonel Wilson.

The then major general of militia, W. H. Lytle, speedily called his staff together at the Burnet House and recruited the Guthrie Grays to full numbers at

once. It became part of the Sixth Ohio Infantry. This regiment was mustered into service at Camp Harrison on the 18th.

The Montgomery Guards and the Sarsfield Guards, including many of the same individuals in both companies, became part of the Tenth Ohio Infantry.

Two companies of Zouaves, consisting of young men of Cincinnati, were raised and organized by Major Henry G. Kennett.

Colonel A. E. Jones got together almost a complete regiment.

Colonel Leonard A. Harris took command of a company which was sent forward to defend the city of Washington.

Colonel R. L. McCook raised a regiment of more than a thousand Germans, known as the Turner Regiment. General Lytle took this regiment to Camp Harrison, where General Joshua H. Bates was placed in command over this and four other regiments. The Turner regiment became the Ninth Ohio, and at Mill Springs made the first charge with bayonets of the Civil war.

W. H. Lytle now gave himself to the organization of an Irish regiment, which became the Tenth Ohio, of which he became the colonel.

The Continentals, with part of the membership of the Zouave, Rover and Highland Guards, composed to a considerable extent the Fifth Ohio.

The city council voted for the equipment of troops two hundred thousand dollars.

The list of the illustrious Union generals from Cincinnati is imposing. Among natives of the city were Major General Godfrey Weitzel, Brigadier Generals William H. Lytle and A. Sanders Piatt; Brevet Brigadier Generals Israel Garrard, Charles E. Brown and Henry M. Cist.

Residents of the city were Major Generals McClellan, Rosecrans; Brevet Major Generals R. B. Hayes, August Willich, Henry B. Banning, Manning F. Force and Kenner Garrard; Brigadier Generals Robert L. McCook, Eliakim P. Scammon, Nathaniel McLean, Melancthon S. Wade and John P. Slough; Brevet Brigadier Generals Andrew Hickenlooper, Benjamin C. Ludlow, William H. Baldwin, Henry V. N. Boynton, Henry L. Burnet, Stephen J. McGroarty, Granville Moody, August Moor, Reuben D. Mussey, George W. Neff, Edward F. Noyes, Augustus C. Parry, Durbin Ward and Thomas L. Young.

William Dennison, first governor of Ohio during the war, was a native of this city. John Brough, a war governor, practiced law and journalism for a time in Cincinnati.

Several of the more distinguished colonels of Ohio regiments were from Cincinnati, as Minor Milliken, John F. Patrick, Frederick C. Jones, William G. Jones and John T. Toland.

Salmon P. Chase lived a long time here and was appointed secretary of the treasury from this city.

The medical men of Cincinnati were conspicuously serviceable to the government during the war. Dr. George H. Shumard was appointed surgeon general of Ohio at the opening of the war. Dr. John A. Murphy was a member of the state board of examiners. It has been declared that more than half the entire number of "United States Volunteer Surgeons" who entered the service independently of special commands, and whose addresses are given in "Ohio in the War," were Cincinnati men.

Dr. W. H. Mussey was a member of the board of medical inspectors, standing next to the surgeon general and his assistant. Dr. William Clendenin became assistant medical director for the army of the Cumberland. Dr. Robert Fletcher gained reputation as medical purveyor at Nashville. Dr. James, Fourth Ohio Cavalry, became chief medical inspector of the cavalry of the whole army.

Camp Harrison was speedily established near Cumminsville. The Guthrie Grays were the first regiment to camp there April 20th.

A large number of ladies of the East end engaged in gathering materials and making underwear for soldiers, in the parlors of the Gibson House. Ladies of the West end employed themselves in like work at a private house. The Cincinnati Aid society was organized to aid families of soldiers. The Daughters of Temperance also organized an aid society.

The first company to receive arms was the Storer Rifles; their equipment was Sharp's rifles, owned by the men themselves.

By the 19th of April one or two companies were drilling in each ward, the whole number being estimated at ten thousand.

A committee of safety, consisting of Rufus King, Miles Greenwood, William Cameron, Joseph Torrence, J. C. Butler and Henry Handy, was appointed to forbid vessels passing the city from above with arms and supplies for the South.

Another committee, consisting of Col. A. E. Jones, C. F. Wilstach and Frederick Meyer, was chosen to cooperate with the city authorities in preventing supplies being sent to the southerners.

One man from each ward and nearby township formed another committee to cooperate with the city and military authorities in emergencies.

April 18th a meeting of patriotic citizens of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington was held, and similar joint meetings followed from time to time.

The uncertainty as to what Kentucky would do added to the alarm. The governor of Kentucky, Magoffin, declined to raise troops at the call of the president. Governor Dennison of Ohio, declared "If Kentucky will not fill her quota, Ohio will fill it for her." The early Kentucky regiments were made up to a considerable degree of men from Cincinnati.

Governor Dennison sent Thomas M. Key of Cincinnati to confer with the governor of Kentucky and learn what Cincinnati had to fear. Magoffin told him Kentucky would do nothing to endanger Cincinnati.

Sunday, April 21st, a conference of prominent citizens was held at the Burnet House. Among these were Rutherford B. Hayes, three republicans, a few Bell and Everett men, while the majority were democrats. They laid aside their party feelings and discussed the matter of the protection of the city. They agreed that it was essential to find a trained military man to organize troops. They were reminded that one Captain George B. McClellan, president of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway Company, was living in Cincinnati. He was then about thirty-five years of age, had received military education, had won a reputation in the Mexican war and later in other parts of the service. He had resigned in 1857 as captain of artillery, and became chief engineer of the Illinois Central Railway. In 1858 he had been chosen vice-president of that road and in 1860 had been chosen president of the Ohio and Mississippi Railway. His headquarters were in Cincinnati.

A committee of the Burnet House meeting sent a telegram to Washington saying: "People of Cincinnati wish Captain McClellan to be appointed to organize forces and take command at Cincinnati." But before action had been taken at Washington, McClellan was commissioned as major general by the governor of Ohio and he was put in command of the troops of Ohio, thirteen regiments of militia enlisted for three months. This appointment was approved April 30th by General Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the army.

May 3rd the military department of the Ohio, embracing Ohio, Indiana and Illinois was created and McClellan was given command. Very shortly afterward McClellan was made major general of the United States Army, Missouri, and parts of Western Pennsylvania and Virginia were added to his department.

Out of the Cincinnati Literary Club was formed the Burnet Rifles. This club had been organized in 1849 and was composed of many of the most cultured men of the city. April 17th, 1861, Rutherford B. Hayes presided at a special meeting of the club; a committee of three was appointed to consider the forming of a military company; it reported favorably to such an organization; the report was accepted, and thirty-three of the men present began at once to drill. The commander named was Robert W. Burnet, who was a graduate of West Point. John Pope was appointed drill master. Richman, a sergeant from Newport barracks, took Pope's place a few days later and drilled the company thrice daily. A beautiful silk flag was presented this company by the ladies of the city.

Fifty members of this Literary Club held commissions as officers during the war. These ranked from second lieutenant to major general.

In the latter part of April, 1861, Camp Dennison was established at Madisonville, seventeen miles from the city limits of that day. This became the chief camp in this vicinity. W. S. Rosecrans, engaged at that period in business in Cincinnati, was put in command of the camp. The camp consisted of wooden huts, flooring and bunks being allowed since the huts could not be struck and dried as in the case of tents. The men were as yet without arms, and marching drills were at first their only military maneuvers. Both men and officers were set to work to learn the elements of war in schools established in the camp for this purpose.

On the 20th of May, General Joshua H. Bates, arrived and being senior officer took command of the camp. His brigade included the Fifth, Sixth, Ninth and Tenth Ohio regiments.

This camp was at first the scene of much discomfort and sickness, whereupon the women of the city ministered to the soldiers as nurses, the Sisters of Charity under the leadership of Sister Anthony taking a beneficent part therein.

There was a camp in Hamilton county during the war called Camp Clay, at Pendleton. The Camp John McLean was near Cincinnati; it was named for Justice McLean, and the 75th Ohio Infantry, which was commanded by Colonel N. C. McLean, son of Justice McLean, was quartered there. Camp Colerain was ten miles north of Cincinnati. Camp Corwine was called for Major Richard M. Corwine.

"The Cincinnati Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission" did an immense amount for the improvement of the sanitary conditions of the

soldiers, as did the various branches of this valuable organization in many cities. A volume of nearly six hundred pages giving the "History of the Great Western Sanitary Fair" was published in Cincinnati in 1864, and contains an account of the Cincinnati branch and its workings.

"Soon after the surrender of Fort Sumter, the President and the Secretary of War were induced by certain gentlemen to issue an order authorizing them and their associates to cooperate with the government in the relief of sick and wounded soldiers, and to prosecute such inquiries of a sanitary character as might further the same end. Under this authority these parties organized the United States Sanitary Commission, and have since elected to that body a few others not originally acting with them. They also construed their powers as enabling them to create a class of associate members, several hundred in number, residing respectively in almost every loyal state and territory. The duties of these associates, and the extent to which they share the power committed to the original members have never been precisely defined.

"Appointments were made as early as May, 1861, of several such associate members, resident in Cincinnati; but no organization of a branch commission was effected until the succeeding fall.

"Through the instrumentality of Dr. W. H. Mussey, the use of the United States marine hospital, an unfurnished building originally intended for western boatmen, was procured from Secretary Chase, a board of ladies and gentlemen organized for its management, and the house furnished by the donations of citizens and opened for the reception of sick and wounded soldiers in May, 1861. This institution was carried on without cost to the government, all necessary services of surgeons and nurses, and all supplies, having been supplied gratuitously until August, 1861, when the success of the enterprise induced the government to adopt it and it was taken charge of by the medical director of the department.

"The western secretary of the sanitary commission having given notice to the associate members resident in Cincinnati of their appointments, the Cincinnati branch was formally organized, at a meeting at the residence of Dr. W. H. Mussey, November 27, 1861. Robert W. Burnet was elected president, George Hoadley, vice-president; Charles R. Fosdick, corresponding secretary; and Henry Pierce, treasurer. The body thus created was left almost wholly without instruction or specification of powers. It had no other charge than to do the best it could with what it could get. It was permitted to work out its own fate by the light of the patriotism and intelligence of its members. If any authority was claimed over it, or power to direct or limit its action, it was not known to the members for nearly two years from the date of its organization.

"The steps actually taken, however, were from time to time communicated to the United States Sanitary Commission at Washington, and by them approved. Delegates more than once attended the sessions of that body, and were allowed to participate in its action. The branch were requested to print, as one of the series (No. 44) of the publications of the commission, their report of their doings to date of March 1, 1862; and two thousand copies of the edition were sent to Washington for distribution from that point.

"Previous to the organization of this branch, an address had been issued by the United States Sanitary Commission to the loyal women of America, in which the name of Dr. Mussey was mentioned as a proper party to whom supplies might be sent. A small stock had been received by him, which was transferred to the Branch, and circulars were at once prepared and issued appealing for the means of such useful action as might seem open. A Central Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society for Cincinnati and vicinity was organized, and the cooperation of more than forty societies of ladies in Hamilton county thus secured. This society, it is proper to add, continued its beneficial connection with the Branch in vigorous activity, furnishing large quantities of supplies of every description for nearly two years, and until the dispiriting effect of the change, hereafter to be noticed, in the relations of the Branch to the work of distribution, paralyzed its efforts, and resulted, finally, in a practical transfer of the labors of the ladies to other fields of no less patriotic service.

"The camps and hospitals near Cincinnati were subjected to inspection, and all necessary relief was furnished. Concert of action was established with the Volunteer Aid Committee, appointed at a public meeting of citizens in October, 1861, of whom Messrs. C. F. Wilstach, E. C. Baldwin and M. E. Reeves were elected members of the branch. Their rooms, kindly furnished, free of expense, by the school board, became its office and depot, and finally, in the spring of 1862, a complete transfer was made of all the stock in the hands of that committee to the Cincinnati branch, and the former body was merged in this.

"Under the stimulus of constant appeals to the public, and by the wise use of the means received, the confidence of the community having been gained, large quantities of hospital and camp supplies, and some money were received, and the members entered with zeal upon the duty of distribution. The force which the United States Sanitary Commission then had in the West consisted of the western secretary and a few inspectors, who were engaged in traveling from camp to camp, without any fixed headquarters. That body was not prepared and did not profess to undertake this duty.

"A serious question soon presented itself to the mind of every active member of the branch,—whether to prosecute the work of distribution mainly through paid agents, or by means of voluntary service. At times there have been differences of opinion upon the subject, and some of the members have had occasion, with enlarged experience, to revise their views. The result of this experience is to confirm the judgment that the use of paid agents by such an organization, in such a crisis, is, except to a limited extent, inexpedient. It has been clearly proved that voluntary service can be had to a sufficient extent, and such service connects the army and the people by a constantly renewing chain of gratuitous, valuable, and tender labors, which many who can not serve in the field esteem it a privilege to be permitted to perform in the sick room and the hospital.

"The members of this branch felt at liberty to pledge publicly, in their appeals for contributions, that the work of distribution should be done under their personal supervision, subject of course to the control of the proper medical officers of the army; and, until late in the autumn of 1862, they faithfully kept this pledge, and were able to effect, as they all believe, a maximum of benefit

with a minimum of complaint. Fault finding never ceases while the seasons change; but the finding of fault with the gratuitous services of men well known in a community has no power to injure.

"While their labors were prosecuted under this plan, nearly every member of the branch was brought into personal contact with the work of distribution. They were present on the battle field of Shiloh. They were first at Perryville and Fort Donelson, at which point they inaugurated the system of hospital steamers. They called to their aid successfully the services of the most eminent surgeons and physicians, and the first citizens of Cincinnati. They gained the confidence of the legislature of Ohio, which made them an appropriation of three thousand dollars, and of the city council of Cincinnati, who paid them, in like manner, the sum of two thousand dollars, and of the secretary of war and quartermaster-general, who placed at their control, at government expense, a steamer, which for months navigated the western waters in the transportation of supplies and of the sick and wounded. They fitted out, in whole or part, thirty-two such steamers, some running under their own management, others under that of the governor of Ohio, the mayor of Cincinnati, the United States sanitary commission and the war department.

"The relief at Fort Donelson by this branch constituted a marked, and, at the time, novel instance of their mode of management, which may properly receive more specific mention here, as it elicited high praise from the western secretary and the compliment of a vote of encouragement from the United States sanitary commission. In this case a handsome sum was at once raised by subscription among the citizens, and the steamer *Allen Collier* was chartered, loaded with hospital supplies and medicines, placed under the charge of five members of the branch, with ten volunteer surgeons and thirty-six nurses, and dispatched to the Cumberland river. At Louisville the western secretary accepted an invitation to join the party. It was also found practicable to accommodate on board one delegate from the Columbus, and another from the Indianapolis branch commission, with a further stock of supplies from the latter. The steamer reached Donelson in advance of any other relief agency. Great destitution was found to exist; on the field no chloroform at all and but little morphia, and on the floating hospital *Fanny Bullitt*, occupied by three hundred wounded, only two ounces of cerate, no meat for soup, no wood for cooking, and the only bread, hard bread,—not a spoon or a candlestick. The suffering was corresponding. Happily the *Collier* bore an ample stock, and, with other parties on a like errand, who soon arrived, the surgeon's task was speedily made lighter and his patients gained in comfort. The *Collier* returned, after a short delay, bringing a load of wounded to occupy hospitals at Cincinnati, which this branch had meanwhile, under the authority of General Halleck, and with the aid of that efficient and able officer Dr. John Moore, then post surgeon at Cincinnati, procured and furnished.

"This was but the beginning of very arduous and extensive services personally and gratuitously rendered by members of this branch. They travelled thousands of miles on hospital steamers on their errands of mercy, and spent weeks and months in laborious service on battle fields and in camps and hospitals. They aided the government in the establishment of eight hospitals in Cincinnati



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and Covington, and suggested and assisted the work of preparing Camp Dennison, seventeen miles distant, as a general hospital, for the reception of thousands of patients. They bought furniture, became responsible for rent and the pay of nurses, provided material for the supply table, hired physicians, and in numberless ways secured that full and careful attention to the care and comfort of the soldier, which, from inexperience, want of means, or the fear of responsibility, would otherwise, during the first and second years of the war, have been wanting.

"During the period to which allusion has been made, the United States sanitary commission had few resources, and those mostly employed in proper service at the east, where the members principally reside. This branch was called on to aid that body, and, to the extent of its means, responded. At one time (early in 1862) it was supposed impossible to sustain that organization, except by a monthly contribution from each of the several branches, continued for six months; and this branch was assessed to pay to that end the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars per month for the time specified, which call was met by an advance of the entire sum required, viz: two thousand, three hundred and seventy-five dollars. This sum, small as it now seems, in comparison with the enormous contributions of a later date, was then considered no mean subsidy by either of the parties to it.

"In May, 1862, the Soldiers' Home of the branch was established, an institution which, since its opening, has entertained, with a degree of comfort scarcely surpassed by the best hotels of the city, over eighty thousand soldiers, furnishing them three hundred and seventy-two thousand meals. It has recently been furnished with one hundred new iron bedsteads, at a cost of five hundred dollars. The establishment and maintenance of the home the members of the Cincinnati branch look upon as one of their most valuable works, second in importance only to the relief furnished by the 'sanitary steamers' dispatched promptly to the battle fields, with surgeons, nurses, and stores, and with beds to bring away the wounded and the sick, and they may, perhaps, be permitted, with some pride, to point to these two important systems of relief inaugurated by them. The necessity for the last mentioned method of relief has nearly passed away; we hope it may soon pass away entirely, never to return. The home still stands in our midst, offering food and rest to the hungry and way-worn soldier, and reminding us of the kind hearts and loyal hands whose patriotic contributions and patient toil, supplementing the aid furnished by the government through the quarter-master and commissary departments of the army, have enabled them to establish it. To this aid of a generous and benign government, dispensed with kindness and alacrity by the officers who have been at the heads of these departments in this city, this institution is indebted, in great measure, for its existence and usefulness.

"May we not hope this aid will be continued, and that so long as the necessity for a soldiers' home exists, it may be able to send forth its invitation, open at all hours, free to all soldiers; and that the efficient superintendent, G. W. D. Andrews, Esq., who, under the supervision of a committee of the branch, has managed its affairs from its birth, may, when the necessity for it shall cease, be there to bid God speed to its last guest?

"The importance of perpetuating the names of all soldiers whose lives had been or might be sacrificed in the defense of our government, being an anxious concern of many of the members of our commission, and regarded by them as of so much importance, they early resolved that so far as they could control this matter, not only should this be done, but that their last resting place should be in our beautiful city of the dead, Spring Grove Cemetery. An early interview was had with the trustees, who promptly responded to the wishes of the commission, and gratuitously donated for that purpose a conspicuous lot, near the charming lake, of a circular shape, and in size sufficient to contain three hundred bodies. In addition thereto, this generous association have interred, free of expense for interment, all the soldiers buried there. This lot having become occupied, the commission arranged for another of similar size and shape, near by, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. The subject of the payment of the same having been presented to the legislature of Ohio, the members unanimously agreed that, as a large proportion of those who were to occupy this ground as their last home were the sons of Ohio, it was the proper duty of the state to contribute thereto. In accordance therewith, an appropriation of three thousand dollars was made for the purpose, subject to the approval of his Excellency, Governor Tod. A third circle, of the same size and shape, adjacent to the others, was, therefore, secured at the same price. The propriety of this expenditure was approved of by the governor, after a careful examination of the ground and its value. Two of these lots have been filled, and the third is in readiness for occupancy, should it become necessary. A record is carefully made, on the books of the cemetery, of the name, age, company and regiment of each soldier interred there, that relatives, friends and strangers may know, in all time to come, that we, for whom their lives were given, were not unmindful of the sacrifice they had made, and that we properly appreciate the obligations we are under to them for their efforts in aiding to secure to us and future generations the blessings of a redeemed and regenerated country.

"In view of the work of this branch, from the commencement, we can not but express our heart-felt gratitude to that kind Providence which has so signally blessed its efforts, and made the commission instrumental in the distribution of the large amount of donations which have been poured into their hands by full and free hearts, for the benefit of sufferers who are bravely defending our country and homes.

"It will be seen that one and a half per cent on the cash receipts, from the commencement, will cover all expenses for clerk hire, labor, freight, drayage, and other incidental matters; and this comparative small expense is, in great measure, owing to the extreme liberality, which should here be gratefully acknowledged, of the free use of the telegraph wires, and the free carriage of hundreds of tons of stores by the several express companies, railroads and steamboats.

"With all this liberality, our supplies would long since have been exhausted by the constantly increasing requirements of our soldiers had not the sagacity and enterprise of a number of energetic and patriotic gentlemen suggested the idea of, and inaugurated the Great Western Sanitary Fair of this city, the wonderful result of which realized (to the commission) over a quarter of a million dollars,

which will enable us to relieve the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers for some time to come.

"The following statement shows fully the receipts and disbursements of money from the treasury to August 11, 1864. A detailed account of the variety of stores and supplies which has passed through the store room of the branch would cover many pages. The value can not be accurately estimated, but the donations alone exceed one million of dollars.

RECEIPTS.

From the state of Ohio (part of \$3,000 appropriated).....	\$ 1,000.00
City of Cincinnati, donation.....	2,000.00
Citizens of Cincinnati, donations.....	38,265.73
Citizens of other parts of Ohio.....	14,423.43
Sale of unconsumed rations at Soldiers' Home.....	2,175.52
Sanitary fair (per committee).....	235,406.62
Citizens of California, through the United States Sanitary Commission	15,000.00
Interest and premium on securities.....	5,655.00
	\$313,926.30

DISBURSEMENTS.

For purchase of medicines.....	\$ 1,412.37
For three sets of hospital car trucks.....	3,108.00
Expenses at rooms (for salaries of clerks, porters, laborers, freights on receipts and shipments, etc.).....	16,402.18
Ladies' Central Soldiers' Aid Society.....	3,104.65
Charter of hospital steamboats.....	13,272.31
Disbursements on account of Soldiers' Home.....	5,502.49
Supplies for distribution to hospitals, camps, etc.....	146,215.40
Remittance to United States Sanitary Commission.....	2,003.75
Balance on hand, eighty five-twenty bonds.....	\$ 80,000.00
Thirty-eight one-year certificates.....	37,184.45
Cash in bank	5,720.70
	\$122,905.15
	\$313,926.30"

The Great Western Sanitary Fair arose in emulation of a similar fair held in Chicago. After interviews between members of the Sanitary Commission and the National Union Association and several public meetings, plans were made for the holding of the fair. Whitelaw Reid wrote: "Presently the whole city was alive with the enthusiasm of a common generous effort. To the best knowledge of the usually staid and undemonstrative Queen City, that she was never before so stirred through all the streets as on that fore so warm and glowing, for any cause or on any associations, business men, mechanics, took hold of

appointed, embracing the leading men and the best workers in every walk of life throughout the city; meetings of ladies were held; circulars were distributed; public appeals filled the newspapers.

The fair was opened December 21st, with a speech by its president General Rosecrans, who for the time was not in active army service. Five halls and structures were used. Two of these, in the Fifth and Sixth street market places, were specially constructed for the needs of the fair. The Palace Garden, Greenwood and Mozart Halls were utilized during the existence of the fair. The earnings of this fair were larger than those of any similar fair, except the ones at Pittsburg and St. Louis.

Whitelaw Reid wrote of the Cincinnati branch of the United States Sanitary Commission: "The largest and most noted organization for the relief of soldiers was, of course, the 'Cincinnati branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.'" This body, throughout its history, pursued a policy little calculated to advance its own fame—admirably adapted to advance the interests of the soldiers for whom it labored. It had but one salaried officer, and it gave him but a meager support for the devotion of his whole time. It spent no large funds in preserving statistics and multiplying reports of its good works. It entered into no elaborate scientific investigations concerning the best sanitary conditions for large armies. It left no bulky volumes of tracts, discussions, statistics, eulogies, and defences—indeed it scarcely left a report that might satisfactorily exhibit the barest outline of its work. But it collected and used great sums of money and supplies for the soldiers. First of any considerable bodies in the United States, it sent relief to battle fields on a scale commensurate with the wants of the wounded. It was the first to equip hospital boats, and it led in the faithful patient work among the armies, particularly in the west, throughout the war. Its guardianship of the funds committed to its care was held a sacred trust for the relief of needy soldiers. The incidental expenses were kept down to the lowest possible figure, and were all defrayed out of the interest of moneys in its hands before they were needed in the field—so that every dollar that was committed to it went, at some time or other, directly to a soldier in some needed form. In short, it was business skill and Christian integrity in charge of the people's contributions for their men in the ranks.

"The Cincinnati branch of the Sanitary Commission continued to devote its moneys sacredly to the precise purpose for which they were contributed. At the close of the war many thousand dollars were in the treasury. These it kept invested in United States bonds, using the interest and drawing on the principal from time to time, as it was needed for the relief of destitute soldiers, and specially for their transportation to their homes, in cases where other provision was not made for them. Three years after the close of the war, it still had a remnant of the sacred sum and was still charging itself as carefully as ever with its disbursement."

The accounts of this organization are in the keeping of the Historical Society of Ohio and reveal throughout conscientious disposition of all moneys in its charge.

The war had been closed for a year before all Ohio troops had been mustered out. Numerous appeals to the commission were made for aid after that date.

The commission contributed ten thousand four hundred and fifty dollars to the help of the two hundred and nine orphans of soldiers in the orphan asylum. Contributions were also sent to the Soldiers' Home at Columbus and to that at Dayton. Other funds were sent to sufferers in the south. It was not until 1880 that the last moneys in the treasury of this organization were expended.

The Cincinnati branch of the United States Christian Commission operated along similar lines and accomplished a vast amount of good. It utilized funds to the extent of \$117,000 and handled stores worth \$292,000.

The churches and the religious people of the city in general manifested active patriotism. A number of clergymen were among the first volunteers. The Rev. Granville Moody became a brigadier general. In June, 1861, the Evangelical Ministers' Association passed vigorous resolutions pledging their support to the government. Archbishop Purcell raised the national flag over the cathedral of St. Peter's in Cincinnati and over the Catholic churches generally in his diocese.

There were in Cincinnati during the war and in the immediately succeeding period numerous organizations for the relief of soldiers and their families. The National Soldiers' Historical Association had for its president T. Buchanan Read. Dr. William Sherwood was president of the National Union Association. Judge Bellamy Storer was president of the committee for the Cincinnati testimonial to soldiers families.

James Edward Murdoch, a distinguished actor living in Cincinnati at that time, gave a large portion of four years to the welfare of the soldiers. When the war opened he was at the height of his fame. April 21, 1861, he closed a very successful engagement, declaring he would not again appear as an actor until the war was over. Following upon this vow he gave the next four years to reading without remuneration to sick and wounded soldiers and for the United States Sanitary Commission. He visited all the cities of the North and gave readings to raise funds for the cause of patriotism. October 31, 1864, he read Buchanan Read's poem "Sheridan's Ride," and from that day it became widely popular. Murdoch was elected a companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States as a recognition of his services.

Early in 1862, the name of John Morgan and his Kentucky cavalry was becoming one of terror in both Kentucky and in southern Ohio. Morgan first carried off the artillery of the Lexington company of the Kentucky state guard. Then followed raids by a few cavalymen within the Union picket lines on Green river. There were sudden dashes, such as that when Bacon creek bridge was burned. There were captures of supply trains and droves of army cattle.

Later, Morgan's men broke through the Union lines at Nashville. Night attacks were made. Whole squads of guards were seized within sight of Union camps. Gallatin was seized. Telegraph operators were forced to give out news passing over wires in regard to Union armies.

There were raids upon the rear of Mitchell's forces after he entered northern Alabama. Cotton was burned in spite of guards. Citizens who had declared for the Union were plundered.

Morgan was a native of Alabama but had lived from childhood in Kentucky, on the plantation of his father near Lexington. He had been a first lieutenant in the Mexican War. After the war, he became a manufacturer. Having

been the boon companion of the young men in and around Lexington, these had followed him to the war. His clientage was made up of expert horsemen, daring and independent men, connected by family with a large number of the people of the Blue Grass country.

In Ohio the business of raising its quota of three-year men was slowly going forward. News of both defeats and victories had become familiar. Kentucky was chiefly in the care of her home guards. Volunteers for the Union army were being gathered under the oversight of a state military board.

Then came the terrifying news that Morgan and his men were in Kentucky. Word came July 11, 1862, that Morgan had taken the garrison at Tompkinsville and had paroled his prisoners. He advanced at once to Glasgow. He sent out a summons to Kentuckians to rise in behalf of the Confederacy. Communication between Louisville and Nashville was cut off. On Saturday it was said Morgan was moving upon Lexington. General Boyle, then commanding in Kentucky, telegraphed Mayor Hatch of Cincinnati to send militia to aid in protecting that city.

July 13th, a public meeting was held in Cincinnati and several thousand people gathered in the Fifth street market place. The dispatches of General Boyle were read and addresses were made by Mayor Hatch, Judge Saffin and others. One of General Boyle's messages declared that Morgan had twenty-eight hundred men, while another stated that with fifteen hundred men he had burned Perryville and was marching on Danville. Boyle declared he required the forces he had to defend Louisville and he called upon Cincinnati to protect Lexington.

A committee was appointed, consisting of Mayor Hatch, George E. Pugh, Joshua Bates, Thomas J. Gallagher, Miles Greenwood, J. W. Hartwell, Peter Gibson and J. B. Stallo to act for the defence of the city. Almost at the same time news arrived that Governor Tod had sent a thousand stand of arms and ordered the convalescent soldiers from Camps Chase and Dennison to come to the rescue. Two hundred men of the Fifty-second Ohio soon arrived.

The excitement was great and crowds were upon the streets throughout the night. At nine o'clock in the morning a large meeting was held in the Fifth street market place, where addresses were made by Ex-Senator Pugh, Thomas J. Gallagher and Benjamin Eggleston. It was stated that a battalion of police would be started for Lexington that evening. The organization of volunteer companies began. Charles F. Wilstach and Eli C. Baldwin were commissioned to procure food supplies for these troops.

The city council held a session, appropriated five thousand dollars, and resolved to be responsible for necessary expenses of the committees appointed by the public meeting. On the afternoon of that day, eleven hundred men, from the Eighty-fifth and Eighty-sixth Ohio, arrived and passed on for Lexington. The city's police force, under Colonel Dudley, and an artillery company with one gun, under Captain William Glass, of the fire department, started for Lexington by special train. Covington was at the same time witnessing similar scenes. The fact that a brother of John Morgan was stopping at a hotel in this city caused some excitement. He produced a pass from General Boyle and he was only detained.



EX-GOVERNOR R. M. BISHOP

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GEORGE H. PENDLETON



MURAT HALSTEAD



DR. W. H. MUSSEY



While Morgan was thus engaged the minds of Cincinnatians continued in a state of agitation. A large popular meeting had been held in the market place on Court street. Here an appeal was made by Hugh J. Jewett, who had been the democratic candidate for governor; he delivered a strong appeal for speedy enlistments, to aid Kentucky and to forestall Morgan from recruiting in that state. Like sentiments were uttered by other speakers. As certain parties had questioned the loyalty of the city council, it proceeded to take the oath of allegiance in a body. Council was asked by the chamber of commerce to make an appropriation for bounties to volunteers. Mayor Hatch and others requested that Colonel Burbank be appointed military governor of the city and this was done. There was much agitation in favor of bounties that might increase the number of volunteers. Newspapers urged the governor not to wait for authority in this matter but to offer twenty-five dollars as bounty for each recruit. More than five thousand dollars was subscribed by private citizens for this purpose. Two regiments, called the Cincinnati Reserves, were formed to serve in emergencies.

As Morgan made no further advances at that time, the apprehensions of the people of Cincinnati grew quiet. Yet the raid of Morgan through Kentucky was but a precursor of other serious happenings.

July and August of 1862 were months of depression for the nation and Cincinnati shared this gloom. McClellan was recalled. Pope had fallen back under the defenses at Washington. Bragg had arrived at Chattanooga.

Word came that Kirby Smith had broken camp at Knoxville with twelve thousand men and thirty or forty pieces of artillery and had struck out for the center of Kentucky. Smith went through Big Creek and Roger's Gap without hindrance. He went by the Union forces at Cumberland Gap. He marched into Kentucky, within fifteen miles of Richmond and less than fifty miles from Lexington before he met any noticeable opposition. There he charged a Kentucky regiment of cavalry under Colonel Metcalf and drove it before him. These fleeing troopers carried to Richmond and Lexington the first authentic messages of the advance of the Confederates.

Raw recruits from Indiana and Ohio, sent shortly before into Kentucky, were now hurried to Richmond. On August 29th Smith flung his advance column against this line and broke it into pieces. General Manson, commander of the Union forces, had not had time to drill his men, yet he strove to form another line and stop the flight, but Smith again charged and the retreat was renewed. Almost within the borders of the town another stand was made, upon which there was hard fighting. But the raw soldiers had no chance before the disciplined men who attacked them. The rout became complete. Smith's cavalry captured whole regiments, which were at once paroled. Fugitives thronged into Lexington with the tale of their defeat.

General H. G. Wright, commander of the Department of the Ohio, hastened to the scene and quickly recognized that with the troops left him it would be impossible to hold Lexington. He at once evacuated the place and hastened to Louisville. Railroads hurried their stock toward the Cincinnati end. Union men fled. The large numbers of Confederate sympathizers who had concealed their sentiments thus far, openly took the Southern side.

September 1st, Kirby Smith entered Lexington and was welcomed enthusiastically. September 4th, Morgan joined Smith, Lexington received the Confederates with ringing of bells and every sign of joy.

It was late on Saturday night, August 30th, when news came to Cincinnati of the rout at Richmond. Excitement was great, though the full consequence was not apprehended. It was assumed that there were soldiers enough to repel an invasion if experienced officers were provided. The Sanitary Commission hurried its stores to the battle field. The authorities of the state prepared to send relief to the wounded. Newspapers voiced the popular feeling as to mismanagement of the battle and criticisms of Buell.

On Monday afternoon it became known that there was no adequate force between Smith and Cincinnati to protect this city, and that Smith was in Lexington. It seemed as if the dreaded calamity was almost at hand and that Cincinnati would fall into the hands of the Confederates. The panic was indescribable. The city council met at once and pledged the city to pay such expenses as the military authorities might incur. Council authorized the mayor to suspend all business and to summon every man in the city, alien or citizen, to aid in the defense. Council assured General Wright of its confidence and asked him to call for men and money.

At that time there was in Cincinnati the man for the emergency, in the person of Lewis Wallace. He was a young officer of volunteers. He had been among the first from Indiana to enlist at the opening of the war. He had risen rapidly. He was a man of energy, resources and bold plans. Having led a raw regiment from his state into the field, and having been in charge of the troops around Lexington for a brief time he had been relieved by General Nelson and had come to Cincinnati.

The commander of the department first called him to Lexington to consult with him, and then, when he himself was hurrying toward Louisville, he sent Wallace back to Cincinnati to take command and defend the city and its environs across the river.

At nine o'clock in the evening, General Wallace arrived and was met at the Burnet House by the mayors of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. After consultation with the mayors and with the few army officers in the three towns, a proclamation of martial law was sent at two o'clock A. M. to the newspapers.

Citizens read in their morning papers the order which played a great part in the saving of Cincinnati:

PROCLAMATION.

"The undersigned, by order of Major General Wright, assumes command of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport.

"It is but fair to inform the citizens that an active, daring and powerful enemy threatens them with every consequence of war; yet the cities must be defended, and their inhabitants must : in preparations. Patriotism, duty, honor, self-preservation, call them to t be reformed equally by all citizens.

"First. All business must be suspended. At nine o'clock today every business house must be closed.

"Second. Under the direction of the mayor, the citizens must, within an hour after the suspension of business (ten o'clock, A. M.) assemble in convenient public places ready for orders. As soon as possible they will then be assigned to their work. This labor ought to be that of love, and the undersigned trusts and believes it will be so. Anyhow, it must be done. The willing shall be properly credited, the unwilling promptly visited. The principle adopted is, citizens for the labor, soldiers for the battle.

"Third. The ferry-boats will cease plying the river after four o'clock A. M. until further orders.

"Martial law is hereby proclaimed in the three cities; but until they can be relieved by the military, the injunctions of this proclamation will be executed by the police.

LEWIS WALLACE,
Major General Commanding."

New spirit entered into the people. A newspaper the next day said: "From the appearance of our streets, a stranger would imagine that some popular holiday was being celebrated. Indeed, were the millenium suddenly inaugurated, the populace could hardly seem better pleased." The order was universally obeyed. All business houses were closed. Even street cars stopped running. Teachers closed their schools and reported for duty. Buchanan Read, who was a volunteer aide under General Wallace, said the people rose to swell the ranks and crowded into the trenches with alacrity.

Working companies had been ordered to report to Colonel J. V. Guthrie, and citizen soldiers to Major Malcolm McDowell. Every ward had public meetings. Numbers of military organizations were formed. By noon of that day thousands of citizens were drilling.

Back of Newport and Covington, breast works, rifle pits and redoubts had been traced, guns mounted and pickets thrown out.

Hammers and saws were busy toward evening and when the night had ended a pontoon bridge reached from Cincinnati to Covington and wagons carrying lumber and materials for barracks and fortifications were going across.

Howe, the historian, states that on the morning after the city was put under martial law he found the streets full of armed police in army blue who forced all to report to the headquarters of their respective districts for enrollment. There was a sentinel at every corner and no one could walk the streets without a pass.

Governor Tod hastened to Cincinnati for consultation. From this city he telegraphed to his adjutant general to send all available troops at once. "Do not wait," he said, "to have them mustered or paid—that can be done here—they should be armed and furnished ammunition." He telegraphed to his quartermaster: "Send five thousand stand of arms for the militia of the city, with fifty rounds of ammunition. Send also forty rounds for fifteen hundred guns (sixty-nine calibre). He said to the people of this region, through press and military committees: "Our southern border is threatened with invasion. I have therefore to recommend that all the loyal men of your counties at once form themselves



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MURAT HALSTEAD



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into military companies and regiments to beat back the enemy at any and all points he may attempt to invade our state. Gather up all the arms in the county, and furnish yourselves with ammunition for the same. The service will be of but few days' duration. The soil of Ohio must not be invaded by the enemies of our glorious government."

The governor wired Secretary Stanton that the force moving against Cincinnati would be successfully met. He directed the commander at Camp Dennison to protect the track of the Little Miami railroad as far up as Xenia.

Response from the counties was prompt. Prebel and Butler counties wired offers of large numbers of men. Warren, Greene, Franklin and others sent in their offers in rapid succession. Late in the afternoon the governor sent out a general answer:

"CINCINNATI, September 2, 1862.

In response to several communications tendering companies and squads of men for the protection of Cincinnati, I announce that all such bodies of men who are armed will be received. They will repair at once to Cincinnati and report to General Lew Wallace, who will complete their further organization. None but armed men will be received, and such only until the fifth instant. Railroad companies will pass all such bodies of men at the expense of the state. It is not desired that any troops residing in any of the river counties leave their counties. All such are requested to organize and remain for the protection of their own counties.

DAVID TOD,
Governor."

Before daylight of the third of September there began to pour in from the rural regions the advance stream of that picturesque and remarkable body of men known as the "Squirrel Hunters." From morning until night these men tramped into the city. They came from every part of the state; and they carried every kind of arms. Some came in homespun, with powder horn and buckskin pouch. Some had uniform and some were without it. Some were on foot and some on horses. Many carried the deadly long rifle. The scene reminded on-lookers of what they had read and heard of the "Minute Men" of the Revolution. One writer said, "It seemed as if the whole state of Ohio were peopled only with hunters and that the spirit of Daniel Boone stood upon the hills beckoning them into Kentucky."

The "Squirrel Hunters" were taken to the Fifth street market-house where arrangements were made to supply them with food at public expense. Halls and warehouses were turned into barracks. From these the Hunters were sent to the front.

September 5th, the governor sent out word that no further volunteers would be required. Governor Tod announced to General Wright on the 4th that he had sent him twenty regiments and that twenty-one more were being formed. It is said that about fifteen thousand men had now gathered for the protection of the city. The governor now issued the following announcement:

"COLUMBUS, September 5, 1862.

"To the Press: The response to my proclamation asking volunteers for the protection of Cincinnati was most noble and generous. All may feel proud of the

gallantry of the people of Ohio. No more volunteers are required for the protection of Cincinnati. Those now there may be expected home in a few days. I advise that the military organizations throughout the state, formed within the past few days, be kept up, and that the members meet at least once a week for drill. Recruiting for the old regiments is progressing quite satisfactorily, and with continued effort there is reason to believe that the requisite number may be obtained by the fifteenth instant. For the want of proper accommodations at this point, recruiting officers are directed to report their men at the camp nearest their locality, where they will remain until provision can be made for their removal. Commanding officers of the several camps will see that every facility is given necessary for the comfort of these recruits.

DAVID TOD,
Governor."

The work of those already enlisted went forward. Among other workers were many colored people, the black brigade, the first organization of colored people of the North actually employed for military purposes. When the war was opening colored citizens had held a meeting to organize a company of home guards for the defense of the city. The proposal of colored people to take part had been resented. But when Wallace issued his call upon citizens for labor and soldiers for battle, the colored people felt themselves included. Yet the authorities did not give them a chance to volunteer but the guard for this purpose forced them to work. A colored writer, Peter H. Clark, states that houses of colored people were searched and that "old and young, sick and well, were dragged out, and amidst shouts and jeers, marched like felons to the pen on Plum street, opposite the cathedral." The *Gazette* said: "Our colored fellow citizens should be treated civilly, and not exposed to any unnecessary tyranny, nor to the insults of poor whites. We say poor whites for none but poor-spirited whites insult a race which they profess to regard as inferior. It would have been decent to have invited the colored inhabitants to turn out in defense of the city. Then there would have been an opportunity to compare their patriotism with that of those who were recently trying to drive them from the city. Since the services of men are required from our colored brethren, let them be treated like men." On September 4th, Judge W. M. Dickson was put in command of the colored men of Cincinnati laboring on the fortifications near Covington and Newport, and he treated them with the utmost kindness. They were allowed to visit their families to quiet their fears and to get ready for camp life. Provost-guard duty was taken from the police. Volunteers for the black brigade were called for. Recognizing that Judge Dickson and the acting commandant of the camp would treat them well, large numbers volunteered. Having formed in line, they were presented by Captain Lupton with a flag, inscribed "The Black Brigade of Cincinnati." Lupton addressed them saying, "Slavery will soon die. The slaveholders' rebellion, accursed of God and man, will shortly and miserably perish. There will then be, through all the coming ages, in very truth, a land of the free,—one country, one flag, one destiny."

For three weeks, the black brigade worked on the fortifications at Covington and Newport. With the exception of three officers, all officers and men were colored. Judge Dickson saw to it that they were fairly and justly treated.

These men were especially engaged between the Alexandria road and Licking river along the cemetery ridge and Three Mile creek in making military roads, digging rifle pits and trenches, felling trees and building forts and magazines. Judge Dickson reported, "There was no occasion for compulsion, and for discipline but a single instance. Some displayed a high order of intelligence, and a ready insight into the work they were doing, often making valuable suggestions. Upon one occasion, one of them suggested a change in the engineering of a military road ascending a steep hill. The value of the change was obvious when named, and admitted by the engineer, yet he ordered the road to be made as originally planned, and deprecated further suggestion.

"They committed no trespass on private property. In one instance, upon changing the camp, a German asked me, if they could not remain longer, as they protected his grapes. They were not intimidated by any danger, though compelled to labor without arms for their protection."

The courage of these men is shown by the fact they worked almost a mile in front of the soldiers in line of battle, and that where they had no protection except cavalry scouts. They worked the first week, as did the rest of the force, without pay. In the second week, they received, as did the white laborers, a dollar a day. The third week they received daily one dollar and a half. September 20th, they stood in line, before returning to their homes, while Marshall P. H. Jones thanked Colonel Dickson, Captain Lupton and others for their interest and kindness. The brigade presented Colonel Dickson with a sword and promised their services if needed in the future. In an appropriate reply Colonel Dickson accepted the sword. With banners and music, their commander marched them through Covington to the pontoon bridge to Cincinnati. Colonel Dickson made a farewell address to these men at Fifth and Broadway stating that they had "made miles of military roads, miles of rifle pits, felled hundreds of acres of the largest and loftiest forest trees, built magazines and forts. The hills across yonder river will be a perpetual monument of your labors. You have, in no spirit of bravado, in no defiance of established prejudice, but in submission to it, intimated to me your willingness to defend with your lives the fortifications your hands have built. Organized companies of men of your race have tendered their services to aid in the defense of the city. In obedience to the policy of the government, the authorities have denied you this privilege. In the department of labor permitted, you have, however, rendered a willing and cheerful service. Nor has your zeal been dampened by the cruel treatment received. The citizens of both sexes have encouraged you with their smiles and words of approbation; the soldiers have welcomed you as co-laborers in the same great cause. But a portion of the police, ruffians in character, early learning that your services were accepted, and seeking to deprive you of the honor of voluntary labor, before opportunity was given you to proceed to the field, rudely seized you in the streets, in your places of business, in your homes, everywhere, hurried you into filthy pens, thence across the river to fortifications, not permitting you to make preparations for camp life. You have borne this with the accustomed patience of your race, and when, under more favorable auspices, you have received only the protection due to a common humanity, you have labored cheerfully and effectively.

"Go to your homes with the consciousness of having performed your duty,—of deserving, if you do not receive, the protection of the law, and bearing with you the gratitude and respect of all honorable men. You have learned to suffer and to wait; but in your hours of adversity, remember that the same God who has numbered the hairs of our heads, who watches over even the fate of a sparrow, is the God of your race as well as mine. The sweat-blood which the nation is now shedding at every pore is an awful warning of how fearful a thing it is to oppress the humblest being. Until our country shall again need your services, I bid you farewell."

To return to the situation while Cincinnati was under military law. Fortunately for Cincinnati, Kirby Smith, as is now known, had never been ordered to attack this city but only to make a demonstration against it. In any case, his delay of a few days had given time for the city to make ready its defenses. As the attack did not come, certain citizens grew restless under military restrictions. The closing of schools, drug stores and bakeries had been a blunder. The stopping of business now seemed a burden. General Wallace authorized the mayor to issue an order relaxing to a degree the conditions.

"First. The banks and bankers of this city will be permitted to open their offices from one to two P. M.

"Second. Bakers are allowed to pursue their business.

"Third. Physicians are allowed to attend their patients.

"Fourth. Employes of newspapers are allowed to pursue their business.

"Fifth. Funerals are permitted, but only mourners are allowed to leave the city.

"Sixth. All coffee-houses and places where intoxicating liquors are sold, are to be closed and kept closed.

"Seventh. Eating and drinking houses are to close and keep closed.

"Eighth. All places of amusement are to close and keep closed.

"Ninth. All drug stores and apothecaries are permitted to keep open and do their ordinary business.

GEORGE HATCH, *Mayor of Cincinnati.*"

September 6th, General Wallace was relieved of the command of Cincinnati and was sent across the Ohio to take charge of the defenses. On this date another order appeared, allowing lawful business to be resumed, except liquor selling, until 4 P. M. each day.

This order was as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE OHIO,

"CINCINNATI, September 6, 1862.

"General Order No. II.

"The resumption of all lawful business in the city of Cincinnati, except the sale of liquor, is hereby authorized until the hour of four o'clock P. M. daily.

"All druggists, manufacturers of breadstuffs, provision dealers, railroad, express and transfer companies, persons connected with the public press, and all

persons doing business for the government, will be allowed to pursue their vocations without interruption.

"By command of Major General Wright.

N. H. McLEAN,

Assistant Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

Details of white citizens were at work. Three thousand each day handled the spade. There were judges, lawyers, clerks, merchants and day laborers, artists and artisans.

The trenches across the river were manned nightly. Some scouting went on. Wallace was active.

On the evening of September 9th there came another alarm. A rocket rose from a signal tower in the city. Word spread that Kirby Smith was advancing and that the troops were to muster on the landing at sunrise. On the morning of the 10th Governor Tod announced to the people of northern Ohio that General Wright had sent him a telegram at two o'clock that morning, and he ordered that all armed men that could be raised be sent immediately to Cincinnati.

At six o'clock that morning the militia began crossing the river. Crowds of armed citizens were at the public landing. Steamboats, some of which had been changed into gunboats, were being piled with hay for bulwarks. Wagons and troops were passing over the pontoon bridge.

The sun was hot; roads were dusty, and water was lacking on the march. The regiment halted on the top of the Kentucky hills. Officers galloped ahead, and in a few minutes returned and ordered the men into line. The colonel shouted, "You are going into battle. The enemy are advancing. You will receive sixty rounds of cartridges. Do your duty, men. Do your duty."

They went forward to the line of earthworks, with Fort Mitchel on the right and rifle pits hundreds of yards to the left. Armed citizens and a few raw recruits in uniform were in the forts and pits.

About a mile away was a forest, and in it was supposed to be the thousands of foes. The men passed hours in waiting for an attack. At night the camp fires were put out, and the men slept on hay, with loaded guns by their sides. Guards and pickets were doubled.

At four o'clock in the morning reveille sounded. From that hour they lay behind defenses. There were regiments reaching to right and left, some in rifle pits and far beyond the artillery in Fort Mitchel.

There was from time to time picket firing in front. This continued throughout the day. A few men were wounded and some were killed. An occasional skirmisher could be seen near the forest. A storm came up and the soldiers were forced to take refuge under tents made of blankets and brushwood. The rain soaked the men and destroyed a large portion of their cartridges. As the storm was passing, there was heard to the right a furious firing. Officers summoned the men to arms as the enemy was coming. This was, however, a false alarm.

The expected attack was never made. General Wallace slowly drove the pickets of the Confederates back. On the 11th it was plain to those in command that the peril was past. It was discovered on the 12th that the foe had

retreated. The Squirrel Hunters began their march back on the 13th. There had arrived by this time thousands of regular soldiers and the militia were not required for further service.

As the Squirrel Hunters came back to the city they were received by vast crowds, with cheers and enthusiasm.

Monday, September 15th, General Wallace sent out a farewell proclamation and complimented the citizens. Wallace at that time was much censured, but time has made plain the obligation the city owes him for his prompt action.

For eight days the Confederates, about twelve thousand in number, had remained before the city. General Heath was in immediate command of the enemy. Years later, Kirby Smith declared that he could have entered Cincinnati readily at one time "but all hell could not have got him out again."

Wallace's proclamation was as follows:

"To the people of Cincinnati, Newport and Covington:

"For the present, at least, the enemy has fallen back, and your cities are safe. It is the time for acknowledgments: I beg leave to make you mine. When I assumed command, there was nothing to defend you with, except a few half-finished works and some dismounted guns; yet I was confident. The energies of a great city are boundless; they have only to be aroused, united and directed. You were appealed to. The answer will never be forgotten.

"Paris may have seen something like it in her revolutionary days, but the cities of America never did. Be proud that you have given them an example so splendid. The most commercial of people, you submitted to a total suspension of business, and without a murmur adopted my principle 'citizens for labor, soldiers for battle.'

"In coming time, strangers, viewing the works on the hills of Newport and Covington will ask, 'Who built these intrenchments?' You can answer, 'We built them,' If they ask, 'Who guarded them?' you can reply, 'We helped in thousands.' If they inquire the result, your answer will be, 'The enemy came and looked at them, and stole away in the night.'

"You have won much honor. Keep your organizations ready to win more. Hereafter be always prepared to defend yourselves.

LEWIS WALLACE,
Major General Commanding."

For some time the work of fortification continued as a measure of prudence. As Buell and Bragg were engaged in watching each other further south, the soldiers of the Confederacy who had been before Cincinnati were summoned to the aid of Bragg. This withdrawal of troops to a distant point dispelled further fears as to Cincinnati until the summer of the next year.

Of the whole number of the Squirrel Hunters, 15,766, there were 504 from Hamilton county. A telegram of compliment to these men was sent to Secretary Stanton, and the retreat of the Confederates was attributed to their appearance. The next year the legislature authorized the governor to prepare proper discharges for these men. "The Squirrel Hunters' Discharge" was issued by the state and approved by the governor.



SOLDIERS' MEMORIAL BUILDING



Governor Tod in his letter accompanying each discharge advised that it would be well to keep the old gun in order, the powder horn and bullet pouch supplied and a few days' rations cooked for future contingencies.

In the summer of 1863, John Morgan, with about two thousand soldiers, crossed Ohio from west to east. General Burnside was at the time at Cincinnati trying to gather men to serve in Eastern Tennessee. General Rosecrans was at Stone river, July 8, 1863. Morgan entered Ohio at Brandenburg. He gave out the impression that he was about to enter Indiana and burn Indianapolis. In fact he hastened in the direction of Cincinnati. He marched twenty-one hours in each twenty-four. He made from fifty to sixty miles daily.

Morgan burned bridges and cut wires and made it impossible to follow his movements accurately. In Indiana, martial law was proclaimed, as he crossed into that state. In Ohio it was at first thought that the soldiers who were chasing Morgan would force him back across the Ohio before he reached this state.

On July 12th it was plain that Morgan would enter Ohio and it was believed he aimed to enter Cincinnati. Martial law was proclaimed by General Burnside. Business was suspended by the mayor. He ordered the citizens to gather in their wards for defense. Navigation was stopped.

Governor Tod summoned the militia of the southern counties, ordered such as were near Cincinnati to report to General Burnside, and others to report to Camps Dennison, Chase and Marietta.

July 13th at one o'clock, Morgan entered Ohio at Harrison. Morgan tried to mislead Burnside to think he was aiming at Hamilton, but in fact he was striving to get past Cincinnati.

General Cox, under orders from Burnside, divided the city and county into military districts. These preparations were designed to force Morgan to do just what he wanted to do, go around Cincinnati instead of through it. Burnside wished to avoid a battle in the suburbs as this would entail destruction of property and needless suffering. As Morgan wished to avoid the place where his men would be overwhelmed, the plans of both generals succeeded.

At one o'clock in the morning a report came that Morgan had crossed the Colerain pike at Bevis at nightfall, and was going towards New Burlington or Springdale. Less than an hour afterward a message came from Jones' station that the enemy had gone into camp between Venice and New Burlington. Word arrived at two o'clock that a detachment of Morgan's men was coming towards Glendale and aimed to destroy a bridge over the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton railroad. Another message at the same time declared Morgan's main force was making eastward but might change direction and make for Cincinnati through Walnut Hills or Mount Auburn.

Morgan indeed was trying to get past Cincinnati. He passed through Glendale and over the main roads to the Little Miami railroad, passing over this the next morning. In sight of Camp Dennison they halted to feed their horses. They speedily started again and at four o'clock the next morning they reached Williamsburg, twenty-eight miles east of Cincinnati. They had travelled ninety miles in thirty-five hours.

Morgan was now a day's march beyond Cincinnati and danger to the city had passed. In Hamilton county little property was destroyed except the burn-

ing of a bridge over the Little Miami at New Burlington. Morgan changed his horses at the homes of farmers. His soldiers did some pillaging, carrying off bolts of calico, in one case a bird cage with three canaries, in another a chafing dish, while one man slung seven pairs of skates around his neck.

Hobson led the pursuit, and more than fifty thousand militia were on his trail. Having aroused so much excitement, Morgan aimed now to escape. At Buffington Island, in the Ohio river, Morgan was overtaken and a large part of his following was taken. The leader with twelve hundred men got away temporarily. Above Buffington three hundred of his men crossed the river.

On the 26th, Morgan was taken near Salineville in Columbiana county. He and some of his officers were shut up in the Ohio penitentiary, but escaped by night, November 27th. Morgan took a train on the Little Miami road for Cincinnati. Before the train reached this city he jumped off and escaped across the river.

Morgan's men who were taken at Buffington were shipped down the river to Cincinnati. The private soldiers were sent to Indianapolis, and the seventy officers were landed at Main street and put in the city prison.

In the fight at Buffington Island, Major Daniel McCook was killed. His body was brought to Cincinnati and buried with military honors.

There was considerable excitement in Cincinnati in 1864 over the trial by court martial of a young relative of Jefferson Davis, Lieut. S. B. Davis, who had been arrested as a spy. This young man, who was about twenty-four years of age, intelligent and handsome, had been sent by the president of the Confederacy into Ohio on a secret errand. He had been on the staff of General Winder in charge of the prison at Andersonville, and had become known to Union prisoners there. He had passed in citizens clothes and with his hair dyed and bearing a British passport, from Richmond, Virginia, to Baltimore and from there to Columbus, Ohio. Thence he had gone by railway to Detroit and from there to Windsor, Canada. Spending several weeks in Canada, he returned to Detroit and then to Columbus. Taking the railway from Columbus, intending to go to Baltimore, he was recognized at Newark, Ohio, by two Union privates who had been prisoners at Andersonville. When addressed he at first denied his identity, but finally admitted it. The provost marshal at Newark took him in charge and placed him in the Newark jail. Such search as was made of his person revealed nothing to convict him; but when left alone he took from the lining of his coat dispatches and drawings on white silk and burned them in the stove.

After a time young Davis was brought to Cincinnati and placed in the prison known as McLean Barracks. The court martial which was to try him as a spy met in an old building opposite the National Theater on Sycamore street. Major Lewis H. Bond acted as judge advocate. Davis asserted that he was not a spy but acknowledged that he had carried dispatches. He did not explain his conduct in regard to the documents he had burned nor did he make clear just what his errand in the north was. He claimed that he could get proof from the president and the secretary of state of the confederacy that his mission had been to carry dispatches and that he had not been sent out as a spy. The court martial would not wait for the reception of the testimony

offered and held that such testimony, if received and proved true, could not alter the facts which were admitted.

The young prisoner made an address to the judges, all of whom were veterans of the Union army. He said: "I fear nothing on this earth. I do not fear to die. I am young and would like to live, but I deem him unworthy who should ask pity of his foemen. Some of you have wounds and scars. I can show them, too. You are serving your country as you best may. I have done the same. I can look to God with a clear conscience; and whenever the chief magistrate of this nation shall say 'Go' whether upon the scaffold or by the bullets of your soldiery, I will show you how to die."

As the members of the court martial were retiring for their decision, young Davis shook hands with each one, stating that he did not expect to meet them again in this world. The sentence was that he was guilty of being a spy and he was sentenced to be hanged. The court announced the date of his execution and he was sent to Johnson's Island to wait the day.

This trial and the courage of the words Davis had uttered interested many in his fate. Prominent citizens, especially W. T. McClintick, president of the Cincinnati & Marietta Railroad Company, appealed to President Lincoln to suspend the sentence. The senator from Delaware, Saulsbury, compared the speech of Davis to that of Robert Emmet and made a plea on behalf of Davis. The commandant on Johnson's Island received a message from President Lincoln the night before the day set for Davis' execution ordering suspension of the execution and the removal of the prisoner to Fort Warren. He was kept in Fort Warren until the end of the war and was then released.

In 1863, there was a clash between the civil and military authorities that seemed for a time to promise serious results. Instructions had been sent out by the war department, based on the decision of the United States Supreme court, that officers of the army should pay no attention to the writs of habeas corpus issued by any courts except those of the United States. A writ was issued by the probate judge of Hamilton county to the commanding officer at Kemper Barracks in Cincinnati, ordering him to bring before the court a prisoner who was held as a deserter from the army. This officer, according to his instructions from the war department, wrote that the man was held under the authority of the United States as a deserter and that the prisoner could not be delivered to the officers of the state court. This officer accompanied his letter by a copy of his instructions and the order of Major-General Burnside.

The probate judge had already held in similar cases that such answers were not adequate and he was now notified by counsel that if he followed these other decisions he had made the matter would be taken to the higher courts. He was advised that on this account there need be no collision between the military authorities and himself.

The judge then sent out an attachment against the officer and Major-General Burnside was made a party to the record. The major-general filed a reply like that of his officer. The judge ordered the sheriff to arrest the officer and bring him before the court. At the officer's quarters the sheriff was told that the military authorities would not permit him to make the arrest. The sheriff returned to the judge with this reply, and he was ordered to enforce the writ at all risks.

The sheriff wisely consulted Major-General Cox, then in command at Cincinnati, asking him what he would do if he should raise a posse comitatus to enforce the writ. General Cox told him that the writ could only be enforced by battle with the United States troops. He warned him that this would be war against the federal government. He advised that the sheriff notify the judge that he could not execute the writ without levying war against the United States. That was the end of the affair.

As a curious sequel of the "Squirrel Hunters" experiences, it became known in August, 1911, that the discharges issued by Governor Tod to these men had been mislaid and so have been but recently received by such members of that famous company as are still living.

On March 4, 1863, were signed by Governor David Tod, the famous war executive of Ohio, the honorable discharges of the members of the famous "Squirrel Hunters" and of the First Regiment, an affiliated troop. Put aside at the time, evidently by a clerk in the war department, the discharges were never received by the men who so valiantly upheld the honor of the Union by their timely defense of the city of Cincinnati at the time of the threatened raid by Kirby Smith.

Recently the papers were discovered in the state department, and arrangements were made at once to forward them to the surviving members or to their families. The first of these discharges to reach Cincinnati has been received by John Riley of 742 Purcell avenue, Price Hill.

Along with the papers sent out were checks for all members, for \$13 each, in payment for the salaries allowed during their services.

A copy of the discharge signed by Governor Tod is as follows:

"THE STATE OF OHIO,
"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

"Columbus, March 4, 1863.

"To John Riley, First Corp., Esq., of Hamilton County, O.:

"The legislature of our state has this day passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, by the senate and house of representatives of the state of Ohio, That the governor be and he is hereby authorized and directed to appropriate out of his contingent fund a sufficient sum to pay for printing and lithographing discharges for the patriotic men of the state, who responded to the call of the governor, and went to our southern border to repel the invaders and who will be known in history as the 'Squirrel Hunters.'

"And in obedience thereto I do most cheerfully herewith enclose a certificate of your service. But for the gallant services of yourself and the other members of the corps of patriotic 'Squirrel Hunters,' rendered in September last, Ohio, our dear state would have been invaded by a band of pirates determined to overthrow the best government on earth, our wives and children would have been violated and murdered and our homes plundered and sacked. Your children and children's children will be proud to know that you were one of this glorious band. Preserve the certificate of service and discharge herewith enclosed to you as evidence of this gallantry. The rebellion is not yet crushed out



BANQUET OF LOYAL LEAGUE AT GRAND HOTEL, 1895



and, therefore, the discharge may not be final; keep the old gun, then, in good order; see that the powder horn and bullet pouch are supplied, and caution your patriotic mothers or wives to be at all times prepared to furnish you a few days' cooked rations so that if your services are called for (which may God in his infinite goodness forbid) you may again prove yourselves 'minute men' and again protect our loved homes.

"Invoking God's choicest blessing upon yourself and all who are dear to you.

"I am very truly yours,

DAVID TOD, *Governor.*"

April 22, 1911, the survivors of the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry gathered in Cincinnati to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their enlistment. The *Enquirer* said:

"Eleven hundred and fifty-five of Cincinnati's sturdy sons, most of them natives of Germany who had previously seen military service in the fatherland, were mustered into service April 22, 1861, in response to President Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. Saturday night, just a half century after they began service under the stars and stripes, the survivors of this regiment, the Ninth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, gathered to celebrate that event at Memorial Hall. There are now but ninety survivors.

"Among the leaders of the volunteers were August Willich, Gustav Tafel, Robert L. McCook and Judge J. B. Stallo. The staff officers chosen after the regiment was mustered into service were Robert L. McCook, colonel; Karl Sondershoff, lieutenant-colonel; Frank Link, major; Charles Krause, surgeon; Rudolph Wirth, assistant surgeon; August Willich, adjutant; Joseph Graeff, quartermaster.

"This regiment saw three years' heavy service, and during that time 481 of its members were killed, died of sickness and accidents or were permanently disabled. June 7, 1864, 674 men were mustered out, and since that time 584 have died. The present officers of the survivors' association are: President, Frank E. Kaiser; vice-president, George F. Feid; corresponding secretary, Fred Wendel; financial secretary and treasurer, Joseph Pische; librarian, Gerhard Ferber; color sergeant, Peter Miller."

Memorial Day, 1911, fifty years after, was naturally of special significance. The *Times-Star* account will convey its pathos to the reader:

"A living panorama of the Then and the Now marched through the streets of Cincinnati Tuesday to the music of bands. The Then was fifty years ago. The Now is to-day. The former day was represented by torn battle-flags, and the present by the bent and white-haired veterans who carried them.

"The Memorial Day parade had a special meaning this year. It was fifty years ago that Sumter was fired upon. A young man who was twenty years of age then is seventy to-day. A man born on that eventful day is a half century old to-day. These thoughts came vividly to mind Tuesday when the memory of those who wore the blue and perished on the battlefield, or who have been laid under the sod since the dove of peace was substituted for the screaming eagle marched through the streets to remind the republic of its obligations. There were younger veterans present, too, younger men who have fought in other wars of more recent memory. There were children from the public schools, youths who have learned

their lessons of patriotism from the deeds of their elders, and whose minds are still fresh, and less given to forgetfulness than those who were older. There were the citizen-soldiers of to-day marching with those who had borne the brunt of battle.

"Each year the line of veterans grows a little thinner, a little whiter. It will not be long before the Memorial parade will not be a parade of survivors, but a parade of their descendants. There will be additional mounds of green in the cemeteries before another year has passed over those who have gone to battle for their country; yet those who marched on Tuesday will be as jealously looked after as those whom they themselves honored."

"And yet," said the circular calling the Sixth together again fifty years later, "they were a hard lot to kill, and it required an extra quantity of lead to do it. In the battle of Stone River, Comrade Davis, of Company B, was shot through the lungs by a 58-caliber minnie ball, which went clear through his body and killed another man. How about Davis? We buried him a month ago, aged seventy-four years, and when the death angel took him he was on his feet."

"MINGLE OUR TEARS."

The call for the reunion read: "Come and mingle our tears, when, in respectful silence, our battered and torn battle-flags are tenderly unfurled and our thoughts go way back to the times when so many of our brave comrades shed their blood and gave up their lives under those flags."

The officers of the Sixth Regiment association are: George W. Cormany, president; W. A. Clark, secretary; Charles B. Russell, treasurer; B. P. Critchell, Thomas Burnett, and A. B. Clement, reunion committee.

CHAPTER II.

CINCINNATI AND THE CENSUS.

ADDRESS READ BEFORE THE LITERARY CLUB OF CINCINNATI—"UNCLE SAM" TAKES STOCK THROUGH THE CENSUS—SCHOOLS—HEALTH DEPARTMENT—STREET RAILWAY FARES—STREET PAVING—GRADE CROSSINGS—PARKS—CONSERVATION—STREET LIGHTING.

BY RALPH R. CALDWELL, OF CINCINNATI.

This address on "Cincinnati and the Census," written by Mr. Caldwell, was read before the Literary Club of Cincinnati, Saturday evening, January 14, 1911; and was also read by him before the City Club of Cincinnati, on Saturday, January 21st. The facts and argument therein set forth are considered of such force and far-reaching importance for the welfare of Cincinnati, and so deserving to be read and considered by the electorate of Cincinnati, that members of the two organizations named have individually constituted themselves a committee to publish the address and give it the widest possible circulation, with the consent of the author.

With the approaching of each new year, custom has ordained that each of us should spend a few hours in reflection over the happenings of the year, over the many things undone which we ought to have done, and more particularly over things we have done which we ought not to have done. This is the personal stock-taking period. When we look over the inventory we remember Mark Twain's remark, "Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to." Uncle Sam, through greater experience, has arranged that his periods of penitence shall come at longer intervals. He takes stock, through the census, but once in ten years, and judging from the complacency with which the members of his household, namely the cities, receive and forget the lessons shown by the national ledger, we conclude that their consciences are even more elastic or callous than our own.

It is because the census just completed presents a special lesson to Cincinnati that I direct your attention to some of its most significant features. Its revelations, if taken to heart, will do for our city that which years of shouting about Cincinnati's honor and glory have not accomplished. In the race of the American cities Cincinnati has been a laggard, due to the fact that it has run the race handicapped and out of condition.

The census returns so far received for the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Iowa, and Missouri show a startling desertion of the farm for the city. The movement is conspicuous in Ohio. Thirty-eight counties out of e show an actual loss in population. These invariably are the rural co

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Counties containing cities have compensated for the loss in farming localities. Cities of Ohio have all gained, but while Youngstown was growing 76.2 per cent., Canton 63.7 per cent., Cleveland 46.9 per cent., Columbus 44.6 per cent., Dayton 36.6 per cent., and Toledo 27.8 per cent., Cincinnati brought up the rear with but 11.5 per cent. gain. Its showing with reference to cities in other states is equally deplorable. At the time of writing this paper the census bureau had published the returns of forty-four cities of the country having a population of 100,000 or more. Of all this list, Cincinnati's rate of growth during the last ten years is fourth from the last. Baltimore (9.7 per cent.), Louisville (9.4 per cent.), and Albany, N. Y., (6.5 per cent.), made a worse showing than our city. Baltimore's position is to be explained by the great fire it experienced but recently. Nor can we take comfort in the statement that Cincinnati's showing is due to the fact that its neighboring cities and villages, really part of it, have grown at its expense. Including all of Hamilton county, Newport, and Covington as one community, the result is equally distressing, showing a gain of but 13.2 per cent., compared to 11.5 per cent. for Cincinnati alone.

	1900	1910	Per Cent Increase.
Hamilton county	409,479	460,732	12.5
Covington	42,938	53,270	24.0
Newport	28,301	30,309	7.1
Total	480,718	544,311	13.2

During the same interval, Cuyahoga county, in which is located Cleveland and its suburbs, has grown 45 per cent.

	1900	1910	Per Cent Increase
Cuyahoga county	439,320	637,425	45

The publication of the foregoing facts comes with great reluctance, in view of the certainty that they shall be received in certain sources with the charge of "knocking our fair city," hurting business, etc. An individual suffering from consumption would hardly seek means of recovery by keeping the situation secret from his doctor. Consumption is classed as a wasting disease. In view of the courthouse janitorship revelations we can safely say that Cincinnati is suffering from a wasting disease, from a consumption which is exhausting its resources, and daily leaves it weaker and weaker, less able to take its part in the great struggle of the cities. If Cincinnati is to recover, it is time that it tells its troubles, without reservation, to a doctor. In this instance the only doctor that can do good is the voting public.

A writer in one of the great periodicals in reviewing the census returns had the following to say about Cincinnati:

"There can be little doubt that the declining importance of the water route on which Cincinnati is situated is one explanation of the failure of that city to keep pace in growth with Cleveland. It may not be without significance either, that Cincinnati is one of the worst boss-ridden cities of the country, offering a marked contrast in that respect to Cleveland, which has much better municipal government, and gives evidence of considerable political independence.

"Live cities, like Chicago and Cleveland, are fighting political corruption vigorously, and prospering in no inconsiderable degree by reason of the determination of their citizens to have honest and progressive government."

The statement that "The administration of our cities is the most conspicuous failure in the governmental institutions of America," because of its frequent use has become a platitude. The curse of party politics and party regularity has collected heavy toll from our municipalities. They have prospered and expanded not because of, but in spite of, their methods of administration.

In a recent German paper the following appeared:

"The place of mayor of Magdeburg is vacant. The salary is 21,000 marks (\$5,250) a year, including the rental of a dwelling in the city hall. Besides his salary the incumbent will receive 4,000 marks (\$1,000) for his official expenses. Candidates should apply before September 1st."

"Can anyone imagine an American city advertising for a mayor?" Private corporations seek only the most skilled specialists for their presidents, and they retain them so long as they make good. Our cities choose as their mayors totally inexperienced men, selected for party reward or expediency, and then, because of party necessity, remove them before experience in office can bring any degree of efficiency.

In choosing city officials, the Germans place their confidence in specialists. We Americans each election are concerned in giving a vote of confidence to birds, the eagle or the rooster.

A study of various activities of our city, contrasted with those of other municipalities of our country, shows that the law of the survival of the fittest applies to cities as well as to men; that after making necessary allowances for advantages accruing to cities because of fortunate location on trade routes or at trade centers, those cities prosper most which are wisely administered; that while inefficiency, incompetency, waste, and dishonesty in the management of private corporations and individuals produces bankruptcy, the same causes with cities produces stagnation.

In testing our rule, New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco, because of their exceptional trade locations, cannot fairly be used as a basis of comparison. New York, Chicago, and San Francisco are so located that under any conditions of administration they would be bound to grow. Denver, being the converging point of the transcontinental railroads and the center of supply for the whole Rocky Mountain country, is subject to the same comment. Omitting these cities, in seeking to apply our rule to the test, we will all admit that of the large cities of the country, those reported to have the worst conditions of misadministration are Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. The recent census returns indicate that a municipal growth during the last ten years of 39 per cent. for cities having a population between 100,000 and 500,000, represents the average; from 40 per cent. to 45 per cent. is nothing unusual. Over 45 per cent. represents exceptional development, while any rate less than 20 per cent. represents comparative stagnation. During the decade, Ohio cities of over 25,000 inhabitants averaged 36.2 per cent. growth. In proof of our contention, we find that Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and St. Louis have 1 der the 20 per cent. margin, and our own city brings up the rear c

per cent. It is significant that the three cities near the 20 per cent. level have experienced lapses toward reform, while in Cincinnati, with its 11.5 per cent. rate, no such condition exists.

Contrasted with these cities are those in which municipal honesty, efficiency, and beauty have paid great dividends in increased population. Los Angeles, famous for its efficient and advanced methods of government, has had the astonishing growth of 211.5 per cent. Cleveland, which ten years ago was about the same size as Cincinnati, has had the great benefit, during that period, of a successful fight against corruption and for efficiency. Cleveland has grown 46.9 per cent., or four times as much as Cincinnati.

For many years Mayor Pingree fought to make Detroit free from the domination of franchise grabbers and inefficient partisan politics. He planted ideals which still survive and which have made Detroit a beautiful and good city in which to live. This attracted manufacturers in the automobile industry when the latter was in its infancy. Detroit has reaped the benefits and shows a growth of 63 per cent., almost six times that of Cincinnati. Toledo, with Golden Rule Jones, and later Brand Whitlock, to fight its battles for better conditions, shows a growth of 27.8 per cent. Kansas City, which has won its long fight for emancipation from franchise company government, and which for years has been building a wonderful system of boulevards and parks, shows a gain of 51.7 per cent. Des Moines, which has made itself a model, shows a growth of 39 per cent. Galveston, almost extinguished by a great catastrophe, found it necessary as a first step in its rebuilding, to turn out the politicians from its government. A new form of municipal government, a model for excellence which is rapidly being copied throughout the United States, was the result, and with this splendid equipment, little Galveston has performed the astonishing feat of regaining all that it lost through the flood. Surely such examples as these go far to prove that good government and public honesty pay and are the best assets a city can possess.

Let us now turn to an analysis of some of those governmental activities of our city which have the closest relationship to the people—those which promote the health, beauty, and education of the community, which facilitate business by cheap and efficient transportation, and let us see if results show the causes of Cincinnati's stagnation.

Our city is nearer the center of population of the United States than any other great city of the country. It is the natural gateway to the great South, which in recent years has shown astonishing development. It has cheap coal and the advantage of cheap river transportation. Its favorable position is second only to those of New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Pittsburgh. The declining river trade is more than compensated for by natural advantages of location. In making our analysis we should keep in mind that Cincinnati is rich in opportunity, that we may fully appreciate to what extent she has taken advantage of the same.

SCHOOLS.

In a government "by the people" we should expect in different communities an efficiency in self-government, varying directly in proportion to the intelligence



of the various communities. In a self-governing locality the fruits of ignorance are misgovernment. That this relationship exists and is fully appreciated by the political harpies of our city, is shown by the activities at such places as the "Silver Moon" and Healy's lodging house around election time. These plague spots of misery and ignorance are invaluable assets each election in the hands of those political ward leaders whose interests are always opposed to an honest, intelligent, and efficient government of our city. The general ignorance of a community is no less an asset of the evil politician than is the more concentrated ignorance of a little locality such as the "Silver Moon." If our theory be correct, we would expect that those cities which have shown the greatest civic intelligence and aroused public conscience would be those in which educational facilities are the most advanced. Educational conditions in Cincinnati as they existed up to a few years ago go far to vindicate the foregoing conclusions. In 1906 a new era dawned in school matters in Cincinnati. A few strong men, not animated by political party purposes and not elected under our evil system of ward representation, were placed upon our school board. Since then, thanks to their efforts, a tremendous revolution for the better has happened in our school management. It is far too early to appreciate the significance of this grand work in educational uplift of the community, but if these efforts are not throttled by the pernicious, large, ward school board, which has been forced upon us by the politicians interested in maintaining the future voters in a state of ignorance, by the time of the next census we may expect a corresponding improvement in the civic conscience of our city. For a generation before 1906 our school system was systematically starved. I cannot better describe this scandalous condition of affairs than by quoting from the annual report of the president of our school board for 1908-09.

"It seemed to be a matter of pride that Cincinnati's public school education was carried on for less money than anywhere else. In 1870 Cincinnati's tax levy for public schools, including the suburbs which are now part of the city school district—Walnut Hills, Cumminsville, and Clifton—was thirty per cent. above the average tax levy for all of the cities of the state.

"The average tax by boards of education for Cincinnati and its environments above noted in 1870 was 8.5 mills, while the average for the entire state was 6.42 mills. In 1880, ten years later, Cincinnati's tax levy fell to 4.25 mills. In 1890 Cincinnati's levy was 4.00 mills, and the state had still further advanced to 7.50 mills. In 1900 Cincinnati's levy was 4.30 mills, while the state maintained its record for increase, and its levy was 8.72. In 1905 our tax levy was 3.83 mills, while the average for the state was 9.18, and Cincinnati's levy, therefore, was only 41 per cent. of the average of all the cities of the state."

The tax rate in 1904-05 for the Cincinnati School District was the lowest in the state.

Thus we see from 1880 to 1906 a rapid deterioration and starvation in our schools. During the same period, as our schools declined and Cincinnati fell back step by step in standing among the cities, the Cox political organization grew more powerful. In 1870 Cincinnati was the eighth city in size in the country. To-day it is the thirteenth, with Newark, N. J., threatening to pass us inside of two years.

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During the last ten years the five largest cities of Ohio have grown almost exactly in proportion to the relative tax levies for school purposes during 1904-05.

	School Levy	Rank	Rate Growth	Rank
Cleveland	\$10.40	1	46.9	1
Columbus	8.00	3	44.6	2
Dayton	9.40	2	36.6	3
Toledo	7.70	4	27.8	4
Cincinnati	3.82	5	11.5	5

In 1904-05 Cleveland's school levy was about three times as large as that of Cincinnati, and its growth in ten years four times as great. In the ten years, from 1896 to 1906, while all other of the first twenty-seven cities in size in Ohio showed gains in school attendance, Cleveland gaining 22,197, Cincinnati showed a loss of 577, and it is estimated that the loss during the last ten years in day attendance in the elementary schools is close to 5,000. The phenomenal growth in high school attendance with the opening of the new Hughes and Woodward schools, proves the umbilical relation between bad, unattractive, and unsanitary school buildings and poor attendance.

1904.

Expenditure per scholar enrolled:

Toledo	\$36
Cleveland	35
Dayton	35
Columbus	32
Cincinnati	24

Report Committee on Schools Associated Organizations, December 4, 1906.

Cincinnati is essentially a manufacturing community. Our commercial prosperity depends upon the industrial efficiency of our laboring men. Cincinnati, with the opening of Hughes and Woodward, is obtaining at this late date facilities for manual training and industrial education that our more rapidly growing neighbors, such as Cleveland, Indianapolis, Toledo, and, I believe, Detroit have had for a generation. The same sad contrast exists with reference to Cincinnati's public kindergartens. Of the great cities of our state, Cincinnati has spent the least on her schools, and has grown the least. Thus we find improper school facilities, civic misgovernment, and stagnation going hand in hand in Cincinnati, whereas the converse in all respects is the story of Cleveland.

HEATH DEPARTMENT.

The same conditions of starvation and consequent misadministration that have existed in our school affairs have also dominated our health department, and for the same political reason—to keep down the tax rate. To the politicians the education and the lives of the people appear of little moment compared with winning of elections and staying in office. According to the United States census

reports, the total appropriations for health departmental work, for the year 1907 in Cleveland, was \$123,308; in Cincinnati about half that amount, or \$65,080. The relative death rates of the two cities shows the effect of the starvation policy. According to statistics published by the Ohio state authorities, the average death rate for cities in Ohio for the year 1909 was 14 per 1,000. Cincinnati's rate was 16.9 (which is reported to be increased to over 17 for 1910), while Cleveland's rate was but 13.8. According to the report from the census department at Washington, Cleveland's rate for 1909 was but 12.8, and was the second lowest in the United States, while Cincinnati ranks far above the average for Northern cities. Typhoid fever and consumption, by proper care, can be cut down to a low minimum. Both are preventable. A high death rate from either indicates that the city authorities are derelict in their duty. Typhoid fever claimed but twenty-two lives in Cincinnati during 1910, as opposed to two hundred and thirty-nine in 1906, the last year of unfiltered water and the old water-works—two hundred and seventeen lives saved each year. What was done with typhoid can and should be done by the city for consumption. Yet, when our health department, under an efficient non-partisan board and health officer, asked this year for a small increase of \$23,340 in funds to enable it to extend its work, the city fathers granted but \$2,660. This action becomes doubly significant in arriving at a conclusion as to the efficiency and quality of the administration of our local government, when it is known that over \$35,000 each year is wasted at the courthouse on salaries of unnecessary janitors, engineers, and firemen. A request of \$20,000 to further the causes of public health is refused, while nearly twice the amount each year is squandered to find soft berths for useless ward heelers. As a result, to the perpetual disgrace of our city, we have just witnessed the activities of a group of self-sacrificing men and women neglecting their private affairs to collect, through private subscription, funds to perform the work neglected by the city. I refer to the work of the Red Cross Society in collecting funds to combat consumption.

A study of public hospital conditions reveals much the same story, of able men and doctors striving to give the city good results under starvation conditions. Excellent medical service cannot work first-class results with funds for necessary running expenses on a starvation basis. According to figures obtained some years ago, covering gross cost per day per hospital patient, Cincinnati's figure of 93 cents was the lowest of any large city in the country (estimated to be \$1.10 for 1910); Cook County Hospital in Chicago next, with \$1.11; while standard hospitals, like the Presbyterian in New York city, spent daily \$2.50, Johns Hopkins in Baltimore \$2.19, and the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, \$2.35 upon their patients.

I have taken the cities of Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati, and collected the figures for the death rates from consumption for the years 1902 to 1907 inclusive, death rate all causes year 1909, and rate of growth, and, with the exception of the fact that Cleveland's general death rate is slightly less than Detroit's, we find the cities to have grown in inverse ratio to the size of the death rates, first from consumption and second from all causes, Cincinnati in all cases is at the bottom, Pittsburgh next, and Cleveland and Detroit at the top.

CINCINNATI—THE QUEEN CITY

CENSUS FIGURES.

	Death per 100,000 Consumption 1902-1907.	Rate Growth 1900-1910.	1909, General Death Rate per 1,000
Detroit	111.8	63.0	14.0
Cleveland	126.1	46.9	13.4
Pittsburgh	143.2	18.6	15.8
Cincinnati	240.6	11.5	16.4

The state authorities have grouped the cities of Ohio according to death rate for consumption, and Cincinnati is alone in the class making the worst showing. Although the administration of our health department has been taken out of politics, its efficiency has been impaired by lack of funds, the dispensing of which is controlled by politics. In health matters, as with schools, we find city misadministration keeping pace with municipal stagnation.

STREET RAILWAY FARES.

Consider the relative street railway fares of Cincinnati and neighboring cities. Cheap service, if efficient, tends directly to promote the city's expansion and commercial prosperity by cutting down living expenses, particularly of the laboring man. Cleveland and Columbus have practically three-cent fares. Detroit has fares below five cents. Cincinnati alone in this group, in comparative stagnation, is burdened with a straight five-cent fare. The answer to Cincinnati's bad plight is government by the politicians in partnership with the public utility companies. Evil politics in the past has kept the interurbans practically out of the heart of the city. Compared with the growing cities, such as Detroit, Indianapolis, Columbus, Dayton, and Toledo, Cincinnati's interurban facilities are insignificant. How potential a factor this is in the prosperity of a city is shown by the statement of ex-Mayor Bookwalter of Indianapolis, that more people come into that city each year on the interurbans than on all the steam roads combined. As a result of the deficiency in our interurban system, and consequent disadvantages in the quick delivery of merchandise, many small towns and farming communities naturally tributary to Cincinnati are buying their requirements in Columbus, Dayton, and Indianapolis. A municipal administration, efficient and laboring for the people's interest, would have solved long ago the problem of removing Cincinnati's handicap in this regard.

STREET PAVING.

Efficient street paving is vitally important to the welfare and prosperity of a city. The recent criminal trial at the courthouse, and revelations in the wood-block paving conditions, have shown how public officials sleep while all competition in bidding is stifled. Recent investigation has shown that our specifications for brick paving are so worded, that all brick used on Cincinnati's streets for several years has come from a single concern, officered by certain conspicuous local public contractors. There is the suspicion that many city authorities are more interested in making contracts for new improvements than they are in

spending money to keep those improvements in repair when once made. Where dishonest conditions surround public improvement contracts, the reasons for the suspicions are obvious. Without comment, I will give the comparative United States census figures for cities covering the period from 1903 to 1907, both inclusive. Of the first fifteen cities in the United States according to population, Cincinnati was a little below the average in per capita expenditure for new street construction, and third from last in per capita expenditure for repairs. The average expense per one hundred square yards of improved streets for supervision and repair was \$6.69. Cincinnati, third from last, spent \$3.57.

GRADE CROSSINGS.

With reference to grade crossing elimination, Cincinnati's administrative record is equally poor. In 1902 a department was formed for the exclusive purpose of doing away with these dangerous conditions. Since then, this department has spent in salary and expenses (including the estimate for 1910), \$64,631, with no grade crossings eliminated to show for it. Defective laws were urged as the excuse. During the same interval, and under the same laws, while Cincinnati was busy drawing plans and salaries, Cleveland eliminated thirteen grade crossings.

PARKS.

During recent years there has been an awakening of the public to the value of parks and playgrounds to the health, beauty, morals, and general attractiveness of cities. Many of our cities, such as Boston, did not need this awakening. Others, like Kansas City, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Newark, Denver, and Detroit, have made great progress. Kansas City's park and boulevard movement has revolutionized the city in ten years; Newark, just below Cincinnati in size, had in 1907, 3,637.4 acres, while Los Angeles, much smaller, had 3,768.4 acres. While these five cities have been making great progress in parks, they have been among large municipalities the most conspicuous examples of rapidly growing cities. Los Angeles, with 3,768.4 acres, gained in population in the decade 211.5 per cent, while Cincinnati, with 565 acres, gained 11.5 per cent. According to the United States census for 1907, Cincinnati, though twelfth in population, was thirty-eighth in park area. In Ohio, Cincinnati, though second in population, is fourth in park area. The relation between park area and municipal growth is exceedingly significant.

	Park Area, 1909	Acres per 10,000 inhabitants, 1907	Rate Growth 1900-1910
Cleveland	1,800	49.0	46.9
Toledo	1,200	71.4	27.8
Youngstown (2-9 size Cin.)	600	76.0	76.2
Cincinnati (1910)	565	15.5	11.5

The foregoing figures for total park area (except Cincinnati, which is brought down to date) were those published by The Greater Park League of Cincinnati prior to the last election. In the above group of cities, except for Toledo, the

rate of growth is almost identical with size of park area for each 10,000 inhabitants.

Regarding playgrounds, Cincinnati's showing is equally painful. According to the census figures covering the year 1907, Cleveland had twenty to Cincinnati's eight playgrounds. Fortunately, Cincinnati now has a capable non-political park board, fully awake to our urgent needs, with a recently voted fund of \$1,000,000 with which to start the great task of placing our city's park affairs on a basis commensurate with other municipalities. The labor will require the united efforts of the board and all civic bodies in order to awaken the public to the necessities of the situation. By virtue of natural topography, no city in the country has such great park possibilities as has Cincinnati, and no city has taken so little advantage of the same. Once again we find starvation has worked the natural result.

CONSERVATION.

Of recent years we have been hearing much of conservation. We are awakening to the enormity of waste in the use of our great resources, our forests, coal, and water power. We are learning that our past prodigal methods can not continue long if this nation is to continue in prosperity. What has been wasted or given away in recent generations we now recognize may be needed to support the generations soon to take our places. Carelessness in thought of the present we now realize may lead to poverty in the future. Methods of conservation are as important to cities as to the nation. Conservation means the substitution of efficiency for prodigality. In many cases, efficiency, or conservation of resources, calls for the expenditure of large sums of money. The same amount of money spent today to secure additional park area for Cincinnati would probably purchase less than one-half as much ground as could have been obtained twenty-five years ago with the same funds. In this instance, starvation in expenditure has resulted in a failure to conserve the best interests of the city. Much money well spent is often the truest economy. The more general conception of conservation is the elimination of extravagance and waste. In this form of conservation our local officials have not been conspicuous. The \$214,000 illegal gratuities paid secretly to county treasurers for the use of the county funds during a few years, represented a waste of public resources. This belonged to the public, and if properly spent, would have relieved starvation conditions in our school, park, and health departments.

STREET LIGHTING.

Much waste is to be found in various departments of our city government. The lighting of our streets is a good example. Efficient street illumination is essential in making the city safe to its citizens, and attractive to outsiders, who may be seeking a new location. Parks, good streets, and good lighting go far in the formation of a stranger's estimate of a city. Any one who has traveled is aware that Cincinnati is not one of the well lighted cities of the country. Here again the figures tell an interesting story. The census for the year 1907 shows

that out of 158 cities in this country, but six have as great a per capita expense as has Cincinnati for street lighting. During that year Cincinnati spent \$418,034 for this purpose, and the much larger city of Cleveland, with a small municipal plant to set the standard, paid \$122,190 less. During this year, while Cincinnati's per capita cost was \$1.20, Cleveland paid \$0.62, Toledo \$0.66, Dayton \$0.59, and Columbus \$0.41. Detroit secured its fine and inexpensive service by refusing to further mortgage its prosperity by continuing to pay excessive rates to private companies with dropsical capital, and built a municipal electrical plant. By so doing, in ten years Detroit saved over the best price offered by a private concern *two and one-half millions of dollars*, and reduced the cost per year per arc light from \$128 to \$59.34. Cincinnati is about to enter into another ten-year contract for lighting our streets. If our city officials are as efficient in the interests of the public as were Detroit's, in the next ten years we can save on lighting bills enough, which, if spent properly in other directions, will provide many new schools, funds sufficient to kill consumption in our midst, and reduce the death rate to where it should be. The growing cities of Detroit, Cleveland, and Columbus have made great progress in solving the vital problem of the public utility companies. No longer does the arrogance of power cause them to dictate the policies of government in these cities. Service from them is paid for upon a fair basis, and the public receives the benefits. In inert Cincinnati the contrary is the story. Her vitality and resources are drained, through excessive charges, to pay dividends upon oceans of watered stock of these companies. Again we find inefficiency and municipal stagnation going hand in hand.

A most flagrant example of waste of public funds is furnished by the court house-city hall janitorship exposure. During the year ending August 31, 1909, there was spent for janitor and engineer service in all of our public schools \$86,798.73. This provided for about sixty buildings. The expenditure of these funds was reduced to a scientific basis, and units of costs for each class of service were established. Under this system, the new Hughes and Woodward high school buildings, each much larger than the court house, are properly cared for at the cost of \$7,297 and \$6,999 respectively. Figured upon the same scientific basis, the janitor, engineer, and fireman service at the court house should have cost \$4,636, as contrasted with \$42,168.84 actually spent—a clear loss to the community of \$37,532.84 for the care of one building. Covering the same services in each case, there was spent on the court house alone, one-half as much as was spent on all the schools of our city for the year ending Aug. 31, 1909.

	New Hughes.	New Woodward.	Court House
Floor space square feet.....	223,458	204,026	105,079
Cost	\$7,297.33	\$6,999.62	\$42,168.84

The cost for the same service at the custom house or United States government building was \$11,560, and the cost of maintenance and care of the Union Trust building and First National Bank building are in proportion. Janitors' wages alone at the court house, thirty-three men for one year, amounted to \$28,485. At the Union Trust building, which is much larger than the court house, the same item amounted to \$10,390.

Conditions of waste at the city hall are reported to be as flagrant as at the court house. Fifty thousand dollars per year wasted in janitor and engineer charges at the court house and city hall is a very conservative estimate of existing conditions. While this great drain was being made upon the public's resources, in order to keep satisfied and care for a large number of ward heelers between election periods, the city fathers, in their great wisdom, were able to devote during the year 1909 but \$71,878.79 toward the support of the health department, and \$85,988.17 toward the maintenance of our parks. Here we find waste in the care of two buildings equal to one-third the total amount spent in the maintenance of the two great departments of public health and parks. Further illustrations of waste are unnecessary to show the principle which apparently for a generation has governed the expenditure of public moneys in our community. The primary object was the perpetuation of a political organization. To accomplish this, two requirements existed; a low tax rate, and berths for an army of political workers. At the same time the public utility companies, which in the past have contributed heavily to campaign funds, had to be cared for through opportunity to make excessive charges for services rendered the public. With the political machine, its workers, and corporation allies thus cared for, under a low tax rate, comparatively little was left to provide for those great functions of municipal government, such as schools, parks, hospitals, and health, which go farthest to promote the intelligence, health, beauty, and prosperity of a community. Such a policy long continued could have but one result—the inevitable partnership between bad government and municipal stagnation. This, in large part, is the explanation of Cincinnati's failure to grow, while its neighbors, like Detroit and Cleveland, are astounding the country by their progressive ideas, clean government, and expansion. It is time that the substantial citizens of Cincinnati should study and appreciate this lesson of the census. Further concealment of these shameful conditions will be fatal to the real and future honor and glory of Cincinnati.

A bad reputation, for cities as for individuals, is a bad asset. For years Cincinnati has had the reputation of being one of the worst governed and boss-ridden cities of the country. In many ways it has deserved this bad name. Before Cincinnati can expect to attract to itself any important part of the constantly increasing population seeking new homes in the cities, it must conduct a house-cleaning of its governmental household, so that it will deserve a reputation above reproach.

Development during very recent years of a more active civic intelligence, great improvements during the same interval in our schools, the anticipated revival of our river traffic upon the completion of the nine-foot stage, the securing of independent and able park, health, and hospital boards, the improved water supply, and the invaluable services obtained from the Bureau of Municipal Research; all are hopeful signs of the dawning of an era of betterment for Cincinnati. Whether or not our city is to take its proper place among the municipalities of our country, whether these signs of better times are to develop into accomplishment depends entirely upon the awakening of the public to an understanding of true conditions, so that in the future the people demand that our public offices be administered and public funds be spent in the conservation of the interests of the public, and not of party organizations.

The cumulative effects of a generation of misgovernment have made the task a difficult one for Cincinnati to retrieve itself and catch up to the progress of other cities. What has been accomplished toward this end in recent years is but a small though hopeful start in the right direction. It is essential that all who have the true welfare of Cincinnati at heart should take active part in fostering the excellent work under way in our schools, and just started in our park and health departments. Further, the more active and enlightened civic intelligence which is beginning to assert itself in this community should be encouraged, to the end that all will appreciate the necessity for good government before Cincinnati may take her proper place among the cities of the country.

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CHAPTER III.

POTPOURRI.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ENTERTAININGLY WRITTEN—WOMEN OF CINCINNATI—BENEFRACTIONS—OLD INNS AND WAYFARING—TOUR OF THE CITY—PARKS—FAMOUS HOMES—THEATRES—CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS—EMINENT DEAD IN SPRING GROVE CEMETERY.

WOMEN OF CINCINNATI—MARY MACMILLAN.

No, romance is not dead in the world—not while there are women. And even a modern American city may have its legendary romance or its romantic legend like Sparta and Troy and Rome of old. Cincinnati has a quaint story of her origin but then Cincinnati, of course, is essentially picturesque in her history and topography and everything else. Whether the tale is true or not nobody can prove but there is significance in the fact that it was believed by the early settlers themselves, among them Judge Burnet who tells it in a style of jocoseness and gallantry peculiar to his time. Of the three new settlements, Columbia, Losantiville, and North Bend, which were struggling for the breath of life, North Bend had the advantage of being the residence of the patentee, John Cleves Symmes. He demanded, begged and cajoled the government for military protection until a rather thin detail of troops was sent out. The young officer in command, Ensign Luce, true to military practice immediately fell in love. The Helen of the settlement was the wife of a small merchant who proceeded to move from North Bend to Losantiville in order to have his spouse away from the officer's enchanting presence. But the ensign forthwith followed and decided of course that where his inamorata dwelt was the proper location for an army post. With the fort came military protection and the supremacy of Losantiville over the other settlements. And so, if the story be true, Cincinnati owes her origin, her life, to the charms of a woman. Whatever sort of siren she was, however, who sang the young Ensign Luce up the river from North Bend, Cincinnati women have been pre-eminently mothers, nourishers. The name of the Indian tribe who lived in this land of old was Miami, which is said to mean mothers. Whether or not the element of it, the quality of motherhood and all that it denotes, existed in the forests and the soil and the virtue of it was taken in by the women who came here, who can say? The women of Cincinnati have always been of that quality, mothers, nourishers. The history of the city with, of course, the sporadic exceptions of the very unusual, is exactly the history of her womanhood. It has changed and developed in hopes and ambitions and qualifications as the women have changed. But through every change they have

kept and possess still most strongly of all the essential quality of womanhood, the mother, the nourisher.

Of the pioneers in Cincinnati there was a preponderance from New Jersey and Pennsylvania. This meant an ancestry of English, Scotch, and Scotch-Irish. They were people of endurance, pluck, mettle. A great many of them were Revolutionary soldiers or the sons of Revolutionary soldiers come west after the impoverishing war to retrieve their fortunes in the rich primeval lands. The women were the wives, daughters, sisters, of such men. They, too, had passed through the war. These women had in them, moreover, the element of the pioneer—that element which we who dwell in walls and upon pavements see little of. They loved the open country, the free life. They loved the silence of the forest and its teeming animation. They were willing to endure privations, hardships, danger, for the sake of these and of the glory to come. They were women of bravery and decision. A story is told of one of them who fired a gun to signal the men to come from their work in the fields. The women were in the block-house and while the Indians were not especially hostile at that time, it was feared that they might come to steal horses and the women were to fire a gun in that event. The red thieves came, surely enough, and the woman who shot off her musket decided coolly that she might as well aim at an Indian. That she hit him was evidenced by the blood on the snow in the track of the Indians who fled when the white men came running from their work.

Another story showing the mettle of the women, is that of Mrs. Pryor of White's Station where Carthage now lies. Indians were besieging the block-house and Mrs. Pryor was alone with her children, cut off from the other inhabitants of the Station by the creek. Her first intimation of danger was the crack of a rifle and an Indian had shot her wee four-year-old girl in the yard. Mrs. Pryor ran out and carried in the little body. She had no time for grief or thought, for in a moment an Indian was approaching the house and she realized that if she stayed there she and the other two children would be killed. She was not strong enough to carry them both and so, praying that the Indians might spare the baby because it was so very little, she caught up the two-year-old boy and ran, plunging waist deep into the cold waters of the creek. She made her escape to the block-house, but when the siege was raised and a return made for the baby, the Indians had dashed out its brains against a stump near the cabin. This was in October 1793 before Wayne's victory at Fallen Timbers which was the first and only thing to secure safety to the pioneers from the Indians.

The early history of Cincinnati buds, like Aaron's rod, with romantic tales which could be woven into novels. Still another is that of Louisa St. Clair, the governor's daughter, who was a dashing, rollicking, fascinating girl. When her father was appointed governor he was also commissioned to make terms with the Indians but failed to win over one chief, Captain Brant. Louisa, dressed in Indian fashion, mounted a pony and rode with a communication supposed to be from her father, to the camp of young Brant, who had been to college and was a man of some education and refinement, and had met her before. The girl failed in her mission but the young chief fell in love with her, followed her back home, was introduced to her father and proposed for her hand several times.

Unfortunately there is little of what is considered actual record, which is in reality the very questionable record, of ink, of the women of the early days of Cincinnati. After General Wayne's victory over the Indians at Fallen Timbers in 1794 and his subsequent treaty of peace with them, there were no more massacres nor even small dangers from the savages. The great Mad Anthony had cut their claws, poor, pathetic, untamable creatures that they were. And the women of Cincinnati were left to their necessary duties of a new settlement. There was spinning and sewing and the ordinary occupations of household and garden, and the care of the poor and the sick.

The woman who seems to be the example and at the same time the acme of early Cincinnati womanhood, was Charlotte Chambers Ludlow. Her husband, Israel Ludlow, was one of the three original proprietors of the place. When the lots were parcelled out, he preferred to take his share in a farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres seven miles from town rather than in town lots. This farm was where Cumminsville now stands.

Charlotte Chambers was of Scotch descent, being the grand-daughter of Benjamin Chambers who was the founder of Chambersburgh, Pennsylvania. Her father was James Chambers, a general in the Colonial army in the Revolution and afterwards a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. Her mother was a daughter of Captain Robert Patterson of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Charlotte is described as more than ordinarily beautiful in her personal and mental endowments. She was above medium height, with pleasing contour and graceful, with fair complexion, rich brown hair, hazel eyes, aquiline nose, and lovely mouth. To these charms add characteristics which were particularly admired and desired in her time—or in any time, for that matter—wit, amiability, cheerfulness. Very evidently she possessed social tact and it is related of her that she was given to harmless "raillery"—a beautiful word so completely lost sight of nowadays—and could tell anecdotes with delightful vivacity. She seems to have been a joyous girl with much sense and good judgment and a rare poetic appreciation. Her philosophy and descriptions even in her earliest letters, are picked out in words that give them verve and grace.

She portrays with quaintness and artlessness a levee or drawing-room at President Washington's mansion in Philadelphia. She writes her mother that she wore a white brocade silk, with white high-heeled shoes embroidered with silver, a light blue sash with silver cord and tassel tied at her left side. Her watch was suspended at her right side and her hair was in natural curls, surmounting all was a white hat with white ostrich feather and brilliant band and buckle. To Mrs. Washington's courtesy Charlotte returned a courtesy, "calculating my de-cension to her own with critical exactness." She seems to have made a hit with the president and his lady and small wonder—the sweet young girl in all her fair white finery—and was entertained at their home and table intimately afterwards.

In 1796 Charlotte Chambers married Israel Ludlow and started for the west on horseback through the vast forests and over the Alleghenies. They made several visits by the way and came down the Ohio in a boat from Pittsburgh. When she arrived at her new home Major Ziegler told her that the ladies of Cincinnati were not gay but extremely affectionate one to another. The wife of John Cleves Symmes, Miss Livingston of New York, and his daughter who was the

wife of William Henry Harrison, the future president, called upon Mrs. Ludlow. She describes the former lady as fine looking with dignity and mental ability, and the latter as delicate with sweetness of disposition and goodness of heart.

The Colonel built a house for his young wife on their farm at Ludlow's Station and here she lived happily with her "beloved Ludlow" as she called him, and wrote letters home and much in her journal. Her letters are delightful even while they are regrettably in the style of the time, a style of ornate primness. She tells her father of the unutterable richness of the country. She speaks of the Ohio river as very beautiful—they all do—calls the Miami river beautiful, too, and says the Mad river country is the garden spot of Ohio. Despite the literary style, or rather when she gets a little the better of it, she rises now and then to a description that is exquisite for charm and clearness as, for instance, when she tells how she was awakened one midsummer's night by distant dreamy music among the hills which proved to be the post-boy's horn as he wound his way in to town. Her description has all the emotional quality of music itself.

Mrs. Ludlow was a capable husbandman of the farm in her husband's absence and was ever thoughtful and bountiful to the sick and poor at Ludlow's Station. She always possessed religion but a severe illness seemed to turn her life wholly to that. In this illness she was attended by Dr. Allison, the earliest physician in Cincinnati, coming as he did an army surgeon with the troops. He was with Wayne in the war against the Indians and his horse received a bullet in its skull which could never be extracted. So the doctor would say as he rode the animal through the streets of Cincinnati, that his horse had more in its head than most doctors had. It was doubtless this same horse which he rode one night out to Ludlow's Station for, with a strange foreboding born of no actual knowledge on his part that she was in mortal danger, he got up and rode the seven midnight miles out to find her almost dying. He stayed and worked with her, bringing her back to life. It is a curious incident, making one breathe deeply and believe tremblingly that spiritual communion is not so far away from those who are fit for it.

In 1804 Israel Ludlow died and Charlotte received every kind attention at that time from her friends among whom were Mrs. Gano, Mrs. Findley, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. Ziegler. This was the Major's wife, the "Lucy Ziegler" whom she loved and mourned so deeply later as "faithful and candid and dear." She was left with a little family, one of them born after his father's death, and she moved from the distant Ludlow's Station into town. Here she lived six years when she married the Reverend David Riske and went back to the Ludlow house.

Beside the ordinary work done in those days as the lady of the most important landlord of the neighborhood—the squire's dame was a chatelaine and lady bountiful—Mrs. Ludlow and afterwards when she was Mrs. Riske, was most active in religious work. In 1816 she organized an association of women as an auxiliary to the American Bible Society of New York and was a most zealous worker for the African association of Cincinnati, sympathizing in her broad mentality with the race which at that time was so utterly despised. She wrote a letter for the association of women of which she was a member, to the Mayor of the town



MADAME TROLLOPE

Who made Cincinnati famous in her letters of manners of Americans during the period of 1830.



MADAME TROLLOPE'S BAZAAR

The first home of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute

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and the town council for an amelioration of jail conditions which then were very fearful. She also started a missionary society.

In 1818 her second husband, David Riske, died. And in 1820 in failing health she started with her young children and her servants on a driving journey to visit her son in Missouri, where in May 1821 she died.

Charlotte Chambers had in her the fine, rare, strong temperament of which the best pioneers are made. She loved the freedom, the open air, the freshness of life in new lands better than white brocades and high-heeled shoes of presidential drawing-rooms. Some of the women who were her associates in Cincinnati at the time were: Mrs. Burnet, Mrs. Gano, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Lytle, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Symmes, Mrs. Mansfield, Mrs. Goforth, Mrs. Longworth, Mrs. Piatt, Mrs. Yeatman, Mrs. Baum, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Wade, Mrs. Burgoyne, Mrs. Ruffin, Mrs. Cary, Mrs. Meigs.

Truly, what is one man's meat is another man's poison and the piety which seemed so admirable to these ladies became an object of criticism only a little later to one who would scorn to be called a Cincinnati but, sojourning in the town only a few years, had a personality vivid enough to create the strongest impression perhaps ever made here by any woman. This was Mrs. Trollope of the caustic tongue and fearlessly humorous pen. She came to Cincinnati from England in 1828, an endless journey of water by way of New Orleans, to establish her son in business. Her book written after her return to England, is called "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and a preponderance of it both in bulk and spleen is dealt to Cincinnati.

Mrs. Trollope was English. She was Anglican to the marrow-bone, and it annoyed her that American women did not take their religion quietly like a necessary dose of Epsom salts before breakfast. That was the refreshingly unemotional English way of doing it and Mrs. Trollope found everything annoying that was not done precisely after the English way. In her opinion American women turned a religious service into a social function, going to church of a Sabbath morning in their best silk gowns and Sunday bonnets and getting as much excitement out of their clothing and the extemporaneous prayers of the unestablished preacher as possible, or else they threw restraint to the winds and had revivals and camp-meetings. Either course was in extremely bad taste in Mrs. Trollope's opinion; feeling, Mrs. Trollope firmly believed, was a thing to be kept entirely out of religion.

She came to this country with a proper prejudice against slavery which was very evidently mitigated by a closer acquaintance with the South. On her way up from New Orleans she writes that all Kentuckians, a noble race of men, are either colonels or judges and thus puts herself on record as the first to discover this now admittedly prevalent condition. She speaks of the raging crocodiles in the Mississippi river which go about devouring babies alive, but when her steamboat enters the waters of the Ohio she finds "La Belle Riviere" all that her fancy painted it. She uses the old-fashioned phraseology of elegance, speaking of lofty forests and pleasant prospects, but she is unerringly entertaining and she does not split her infinitives. Her interest is not in the grand openness and wild beauty of the new land but it foreshadows the great novelist, her son Anthony Trollope, and is exactly what one would expect in his mother, an interest in humanity, in

the manners and customs of people. After the habit of every true Englishman, she carries English standards with her like a correct time-piece, and if the sun reaches the meridian six hours later at Cincinnati than at London, then it is morally certain that Cincinnati is altogether wrong.

It seems to have been her expectation to find Cincinnati, a town thirty-five years old, with full-grown amusements and luxuries, like a little chunk of London transferred to the American backwoods. That things have to grow and can not be set up whole on the carpet of a new civilization like a baby's blocks, did not seem to strike her. "In America," she says, "where women are guarded by a seven-fold shield of habitual insignificance," and we gasp as our thought jumps forward to the great Biennial convention of Women's Clubs held in Cincinnati in 1910. She complains bitterly that there are no amusements here, no dinners, none of the uplifting delights of social life. Life here was not merely rude and crude, but dull. The ladies had rich gowns but no place to wear them except to stupid tea-drinkings and to church. Even at an evening tea-party where both gentlemen and ladies were present there was an abundance of nothing but heavy food and lack-lustre entertainment. The gentlemen herded together at one end of one room and the ladies flittingly sat elsewhere, alone and unhappy, and exchanged whispered remarks upon the preserving of fruit or the latest case of measles. She comments rather objectively, as though she might be talking of the habits of buffalo, upon the tobacco-chewing practices of the American gentlemen.

The subject of their tobacco-chewing meets us on tender ground. We would rather shut our eyes to it and turn and run the other way. Mrs. Trollope is quite right, they chewed, and that seems to prove them unalterably barbarians. We feel weakly that we should rather not discuss it, dismissing it as altogether unconnected with the Women of Cincinnati, but unfortunately it is *not* unconnected with them. We wonder why they permitted the men to do it—those men who were our grandfathers and who were, in other respects, gentlemen! We wonder faintly if perhaps Mrs. Trollope was not nearly right in her scornful criticism indicating that the women of Cincinnati in that day were merely the submerged tenth.

There was only one theatre, she says regretfully, and it was hardly considered the proper thing for ladies to attend it. But the little Englishwoman went to it with huge pleasure. At this theatre Mr. and Mrs. Drake acted and acted well. Unfortunately we know nothing of this Mrs. Drake though it would seem that she is one of the most notable women who ever lived in Cincinnati. All references to her acting are equally commendatory. Mrs. Trollope says that she is hardly surpassed by anyone and places her in rank with the famous Mrs. Siddons.

Mrs. Trollope lived while in Cincinnati in the village called Mohawk in the neighborhood of McMicken avenue below Mount Auburn—and though she acknowledges gracefully that she has not the magic power of her admirable friend, Miss Mitford, to describe village life and character, she *does* describe most delightfully her home and the life about. There is an entertaining detachment in her writing. She is always the observer, caustic frequently but always with

humour and never the bitter propagandist that our later visitor, Charles Dickens, was.

That her book aroused the hot indignation of Cincinnatians was altogether proper; but that she gave a pretty true account of affairs here is also true. There is something to be said on her side. She was married to an ineffectual man—the worst fate that can befall a woman—who was constantly shiftless and in debt. For twenty years she bore this life and then she began to make her living with her pen. She wrote, like Harriet Beecher Stowe and the Carys and other women, while she nursed sickness and kept house and did the thousand things the woman of the house must do. Her son's business venture in Cincinnati was unsuccessful and she was not in a frame of mind while here to tell polite white lies and say things were all lovely when they were distinctly not lovely. There was one man in Cincinnati whom she unreservedly admired, Timothy Flint, the wonderful old literary man and missionary. Yet we know very well that he was only one of a coterie of people with education and culture. It is very patent that Timothy Flint, Dr. Daniel Drake, Edward Mansfield, Mrs. Ludlow, and Judge Burnet, did not use the illiterate English Mrs. Trollope invariably puts into the mouths of her Cincinnatians. There creeps up the suspicion that our grandfathers were not wholly vindictive when they said that Mrs. Trollope did not get into the best social circles in Cincinnati. There were people who used mahogany furniture and fine white china and silver candlesticks—we know because some of it has come down to us—people who lived in brick houses led up to by long flights of steps at the top of which were pannelled front doors with solid silver door-plates. And these things were here even before the advent from England of the little critical lady.

There was a coterie then which came to be called the Semi-Colon Club. They met in the evening and after the serious mental business was over, had delicious things to eat and the sweet diversion of dancing. Into this club came the Beechers, when the Reverend Lyman Beecher came from Litchfield, Connecticut, to Cincinnati as president of Lane Theological Seminary in 1833. Harriet Beecher was young then and in the meetings of the Semi-Colon Club she was rather silent, though when she did speak it was to say something worth listening to, and she seems to have been gay-hearted enough.

The bare facts of her life are briefly told. She was born in Litchfield and taught with her sister there before coming west. She was married at twenty-four, three years after coming to Cincinnati, to the Reverend Calvin Stowe, who was a professor in Lane Seminary. In 1850 she returned with her husband to the east where he became divinity professor in Bowdoin College. Later he accepted an appointment as professor of sacred literature in Andover Theological Seminary. She had written for many magazines and published a number of Sunday-school stories and a book of sketches before "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came out in serial form, published weekly by the *National Era*, an anti-slavery organ of Washington. She published several novels afterward, but of course "Uncle Tom" overshadows everything else.

Mrs. Stowe came of Puritan stock and a famous family of preachers. Her father was a man of originality, with an enormous fund of life and religion and humour. He preached splendidly and played the violin execrably and enjoyed

doing both. He was strongly interested in politics and the entire family seems to have engaged blithely and healthily in the hottest argument upon religion and politics and everything else. To a young man who desired to read for the ministry but who had more zeal than ability, Dr. Beecher said, "A great many people answer who were never called; before you enter the ministry be sure you are called."

They lived the still New England life, without ornament in their homes or art in their natures. The pleasantest times of the little Harriet's life were at the home of her grandmother, Nut Plains—called so, she says, because it was very hilly and no nuts grew there. To this house came her uncle, Sam Foote, a jolly roving sailor, bringing shells and shawls and wonderful things that turned life into a fairy tale. The little girl was like her father in peculiar genius, like him in her affectionate disposition and strong conscience. When she grew up she had gentle manners, was retiring and modest. She was fond of flowers and, busy as she was teaching school and writing, she would go to the woods and bring flowers home to plant. Everything grew for her. It was said that Miss Beecher could make a hairpin grow. Lacking beauty herself she was an ardent lover of it. There is a curious vision into her character suggested by the fact that she would have given anything to be beautiful.

People do not read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" nowadays and it is the fashion to consider it a foolish overwrought thing that was much overestimated. The novel was dashed off, says a friend of hers, in poverty and sickness, at white heat on a portfolio in the kitchen while she was taking care of her babies and cooking. After it came out serially, it was published in several editions and over four hundred thousand copies were sold in this country. It was pirated in England and five hundred thousand copies were sold. It was translated into every European language and some of the languages of Asia, and from two to twelve translations made. It was dramatized in this country and is played even yet. It was put on the stage in England and, garbled and strange, it was acted in German and French and almost every language in almost every country on the continent. Let no one think that this extraordinary popularity was due to the great moral message of the book. Ethical propaganda may be never so living, if it be not clothed in the fig leaves of a vivid tale it will not be read, much less dramatized. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" may be melodramatic and very faultily written, but it grasps the interest of the reader with a hold few books have ever had and it is one of the great forces that have changed the face of this country. While it was not actually written in Cincinnati, but immediately after Mrs. Stowe moved east, yet all her materials were gathered here and probably it never could have been written if she had not lived here in this borderland of beauty and terrible seriousness of gathering war.

Women who have done creative work in the past have almost invariably had a labour like that of Sisyphos, rolling their stone up against the hill of opposition. There has been almost always poverty, illness, the consuming duties of family and home. The ancient theory is still current that severe strain against odds brings out ability, but the other course has never been given a fair trial with any woman we know of. It is to be remembered that much washing will wear away a stone—it has worn away many a woman, and that all work and no play



LYMAN BEECHER



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE



HOME OF LYMAN BEECHER, WALNUT HILLS
Exactly as it was when he occupied it



makes Jack a dull boy—it has created many a dull little Jill. A race track is usually made as progressive as possible, yet a woman with poetry in her soul to sing used to be expected to cook potatoes and sweep a house. Alice and Phoebe Cary are a notable case in point. It is hard to write of these two women because the meaning of their life comes upon one with such inexpressible fulness.

Though their father was poor they came of aristocratic lineage, carrying in their blood a strain of British royalty. Phoebe had much family pride and took great pleasure in their coat-of-arms which she had hanging in a frame upon her wall. They were born upon their father's farm which lay between College Hill and Mount Healthy and is now the Clovernook Home for the Blind. They were of a large family consisting of two boys and seven girls, born in rapid succession. Their father seems to have been robust in health but their mother was delicate, dying early, and the children almost all of them, inherited her weakness. The father, Robert Cary, was a man of gentle, fine, poetic temperament, and Alice was like him. They all had deep spirituality and while the sisters did not lead an especially churchly life their daily breath was silently religious. Just before they moved into their new home which they called Clovernook, one day at sunset immediately after a summer storm, some one saw an elder sister with the little sister in her arms standing in the doorway of the new house. All of the family saw them, when it was discovered that they were upstairs in the old house. The father went over to investigate but found no one. Shortly after the family moved into the new house these two girls died. It was the beginning of death in the family. The mother died and the father married again with a woman of plain, workaday, bromidic temperament totally at variance with the disposition of his motherless little brood. Then the struggle began in earnest.

Alice and Phoebe wanted to read and write poetry and their stepmother kept them busy all day churning and ironing and doing the necessary work of a farming household and at night she would not allow them a candle. So they surreptitiously put a wick in a saucer of oil and worked by that. They read and wrote and sent verses to newspapers and magazines. Many of their things were published and finally the editor of the *National Era*, the Washington paper which published "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sent Alice a check for ten dollars. Otway Curry, a forgotten literary man, and Edgar Allan Poe encouraged her and Poe was ardently enthusiastic in his admiration. But of course Poe was always violently that or the extreme opposite. Then Rufus Griswold took her up and extolled her work in his book, "The Female Poets of America." Through his good offices a volume of poems by Alice and Phoebe was brought out in 1850. From that time their progress to popularity and fame was straight and sure and easy, though they never remitted their intense and overtaxing labour. It had become habitual.

Alice and Phoebe and another sister moved to New York and by means of their writing they were able to buy and furnish a comfortable house at 53 East 20th street and live in what was to them luxury. Here they dwelt for twenty years when Alice died and Phoebe followed her in a little over a year. Followed her seems the right and only way to put it for Phoebe was always following Alice even to the death, and her life was like a crushed rose after Alice was gone. She seemed to have nothing left to live for and veritably pined away.

Their home was the centre for literary people in New York. Their friends were the most famous intellects of the time, the most intimate among them being perhaps John G. Whittier and Horace Greeley. They had a little salon every Sunday evening when their friends gathered in their pleasant parlors. One terribly stormy night no one came but Horace Greeley and he got out a new volume of Tennyson and while the real storm raged outside he read the "Passing of Arthur" with its glorious description of the white storm of symbolism. It is easy to picture the house, its deep red velvet carpets and rosewood furniture, the ideals of elegance and comfort at that time. It is pleasant to think that they took joy in it, but the pity is that they could not have breathed their life a little more easily and saved themselves for a larger space of it. When she came to die, Alice was not ready to relinquish her life. She clung to it with all the strength of her strong will, but the overtaxed body could do no more. That is the pity of it, that early necessity should have made the habit which overpowered better judgment. And the fact reaches to another point: if these two women had had a life a little richer physically and a little more repressed mentally their work might have been of a deeper, finer quality.

They gained in their time a marvelous popularity. Their verses were read and loved by every one, yet today Edmund Clarence Stedman includes only one poem from each of them in his most excellent American Anthology. "The Pictures of Memory," by Alice is lovely, full of all her eerie touching beauty, and Phoebe's hymn, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" has been sung by many a devout heart, but one feels the lack of strength and originality in one after another of their poems. It is rather the personality of the poets themselves that is appealing. Their story touches one as that of the Brontë sisters does. With their cheerful striving, their charity, their devotion to beloved ones in all daily life, their spirituality, their essence of the Ohio country that has a sweet tang like a wild plum's fragrance, they appeal with a captivating pathos and romance.

We go back and picture amusing little Mrs. Trollope standing on a little hill and flinging, gracefully and adroitly, batches of muddy ridicule at little Cincinnati beneath. Yet Mrs. Trollope built a bazaar which combined or rather did not in the least combine but added one on top of the other, Greek, Egyptian, Gothic, and Mohammedan architecture. Some Cincinnatians considered the thing a monstrosity, but of course Cincinnati as a whole had little sense of art then—it was too young, too busy in the making. But there was some art life and an organization of artists as early as 1826. A little later came one who must be considered the pioneer patron of art in Cincinnati, a woman, Mrs. Sarah Worthington King Peter.

Mrs. Peter was a beautiful and attractive woman. She was of medium height, with gray eyes, fine complexion, and soft light brown hair with a touch of gold in it. She is described as lovely when she was old, with gray eyes that had a glint of blue and were merry, challenging, alert. She was a blue-blooded aristocrat, descended from the Van Schwearingens and Worthingtons of Virginia, her father being United States senator and then governor of Ohio. She was born in 1800 in Chillicothe, where, a girl of sixteen, she married Edward King, a youth of twenty-one and himself a son of a United States senator and governor of the state of New York. Some time after the death of her first husband, she

married again with a Mr. Peter, the English consul at Philadelphia, whom also she survived. She lost several children, the one remaining well-known citizen of Cincinnati being the Honorable Rufus King. Mrs. Peter was incontestably a Cincinnati though she sojourned in other cities and made many trips to Europe. She loved Italy and during her second visit there she was received into the Roman Catholic church. She was a devoted disciple of the Faith and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the Pope. She knew French, German, Italian, played the piano and organ, had a pleasing presence and a happy wealth of physical health and strength with plenty of money and mind, so it was only natural that she should have been a leader among women. She was one of the founders of the Protestant Orphan Asylum on Mount Auburn, she worked during the Civil War in the Sanitary Commission and under Dr. George Blackburn in his floating hospital, and afterwards in the cholera epidemic of 1866 like any Sister of Charity. She was instrumental in founding hospitals and homes for Catholic Sisterhoods. But Cincinnati owes most to her for germinating the idea of an art collection and academy.

In 1854 there was formed under the inspiration of Mrs. Peter an Academy of Fine Arts, to advance the cultivation of taste and to teach the arts of design by which women might earn their living. Mrs. Peter gained the influence of prominent Cincinnati women in the work and the association was to found an academy of design. Mrs. Peter made a trip to Europe, traveling at her own expense, with five thousand dollars to buy copies of the old masters, for the art enterprise at home. Then came hard times, financial troubles, and the Civil war was brewing. The women of the association were not able to interest the community and elicit the support they needed. Becoming discouraged, they disbanded and gave over the collection of pictures and plaster casts to Mr. McMicken who had presented them with a thousand dollars for their original enterprise, and these possessions became a part of McMicken University, now the Cincinnati University. It is a most interesting fact to be remembered that this association in Cincinnati antedated the movement which led to the South Kensington museum in London. And the studies and paintings collected by these women and most of them actually bought by Mrs. Peter came into the possession of the museum association when the academy came from the university to the control of the former, and are now within the walls of our Art Museum.

Mrs. Peter and her associates did not expect to accomplish stupendous things. They were cultivated women and seers into the present and the future. They hoped to plant merely a little thing which might grow into something great. And though their society had no ostensible connection with the later movement among Cincinnati women which led directly to the Museum and Academy in Eden Park, yet what they planted really bore the germ of all art life which centres now in those buildings.

Along in the early seventies art life among women of Cincinnati began again to burgeon like the first austere life in spring. All life seems to beat in rhythm. It is a curious circumstance that about seventeen years seems to be the usual distance between the waves of endeavor among Cincinnati women. It was this length of time from the lapse of the first movement led by Mrs. Peter to this second wave just referred to. Now women began to carve in wood—and though

it seems an unheard-of, impossible, and almost outrageous thing for a lady to do, they took to their tools like ducks to water and became utterly engrossed by their new-found sport. Mrs. Jameson tells with a smile that whenever her mother, Mrs. William Dodd, could not be found, she was always "carving." To anticipate a moment, Mrs. Dodd carved a table which took the silver medal at the Philadelphia Centennial exposition. Down in the Masonic temple at Third and Walnut streets was an art school, all that was left at that time of the McMicken University. Here a few Bohemian students gathered. It was a dusty, dirty, attic sort of place, but here in 1873 Benn Pitman began to teach wood-carving to women—married women with half-grown children some of them were. The next summer he invited Miss McLaughlin, Mrs. Dominick, and perhaps a dozen others to meet him and opened a box which, he said, contained colors for painting on china. He acknowledged that he knew as little about it as they did, but they and he were all beautifully enthusiastic and he was acquainted with a little man who fired names on barbers' mugs and would fire their china for them. That was the naive conception of ceramic art in Cincinnati which has developed into as beautiful a ware as the world has ever known, Rookwood Pottery.

1876 was the year of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. In the meantime Cincinnati had gone mad over china painting. What was called a Martha Washington Tea-party was held in the old Lookout House at the head of the hill where the inclined plane used to descend from Mount Auburn. Women had their decorated china for sale, the particular objects of interest being the Martha Washington cups. Many of these sold for fabulous prices—one of them exhibited at the Centennial, is now with the pottery collection at the Museum. The tea-party, continued several nights, was the fashionable thing and an enormous sum of money was made from it.

Thus these women carved wood and painted china and raised money, so that when the Centennial came they had something to show. Of all the exhibits by women theirs was far-and-away the best. It was not merely the best exhibit but it was a surprise and wonder to the world.

It is impossible to detail all the art impulses at work among Cincinnati women in this period. Down in a little funny dirty shop on Fifth street between Elm and Plum, worked the Frys, old English people. Here the women came and begged to be taught wood-carving. Mr. Fry at first refused but was finally induced to take them and upstairs in this tumbled-down place they worked.

In the old house where Mrs. Trollope had lived on Hamilton road was the little commercial pottery of Mr. Dallas. Over the wagon-shed here worked Mrs. William Dodd, Mrs. Storer, and others. Through the cracks in the floor horses could be seen below and heard stamping and switching flies, but that did not matter. The women experimented here until Joseph Longworth, Mrs. Storer's father, bought an old schoolhouse in the east end of town where the Pennsylvania railroad crosses the street car tracks. In this little building Mrs. Storer established a kiln and called it Rookwood after her father's home. The pottery was afterward moved to Mount Adams where it can be seen now, picturesque and attractive, on its promontory jutting out over the city. It was not until its experimental stage was passed and Rookwood Pottery on a good paying basis



PHOEBE CARY



ALICE CARY



THE OLD HOMESTEAD OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY, COLLEGE HILL

that Mrs. Storer turned it over to the present management, she retaining the right to use the pottery for her own private work whenever she chooses.

Miss M. Louise McLaughlin, who has written several books on china painting and worked most successfully in metal, pottery, every sort of artistic handicraft, is the true discoverer of the method of decorating under the glaze which is still the foundation principle of the work at Rookwood Pottery. Miss McLaughlin's name is connected with almost every activity in art life of the city for the last twenty-five years and more, and she is still experimenting in glazes and decoration of pottery and porcelain. It was she who organized the Pottery Club, formed in 1879 under her presidency. It lived a beautiful and useful life for eleven years when it was disbanded. Before the Chicago World's Fair it was revived in order to furnish an exhibit and many women not before members were invited to join. So that the ceramic exhibit by Cincinnati women was almost altogether from this club and made a most creditable showing. The club is still in existence.

Mrs. Bellamy Storer's name has occurred in this paper several times. The daughter of Joseph Longworth, she was brought up in an atmosphere of art and her first husband was George Ward Nichols, the promoter of Cincinnati's May festivals and the great patron of art. Mrs. Storer was interested in every art enterprise of the city. She experimented with remarkable success in different forms of handicraft and has just recently done very finished and lovely metal work, but her name stands pre-eminently with Rookwood. She is the founder of the pottery and managed it till it grew into a flourishing business.

One goes back and takes up another and perhaps the most important thread of the art movement of the seventies. After the Centennial at Philadelphia the Cincinnati women who had worked for that decided to form an association for the furtherance of art. Mrs. Aaron F. Perry was the president, and Mrs. John Davis, Mrs. John Shillito, Mrs. O. J. Wilson, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Dodd, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Noyes, Miss Appleton, Miss Vattier (Mrs. John Gano afterwards) and many other prominent women entered ardently into the work. Under their auspices a course of lectures was given and a loan exhibit of pictures held, which gave an impetus to the movement so that the association was incorporated as the "Women's Art Museum Association of Cincinnati." The trustees were as they signed their names: Elizabeth W. Perry, Jane P. Dodd, Elizabeth K. Whitman, Sophia P. Mallon, Eliza J. Davis, Caroline Hulbert, Mary F. Huntington, Sarah C. Perry, Mary Shillito, Ellen Stanwood, Laura Vallette, Susan L. Winslow. Their purpose was definite and high but they were wise enough to go slow. They opened small rooms on Fourth street at the corner of Home street and had classes in china painting, water color painting, and artistic embroidery. In 1879 they moved to the south wing of the Exposition building. On the evening of September 8, 1880, at the opening of the exposition it was announced that Charles W. West would give \$150,000 for an art museum if an equal sum could be raised within a year, and on the evening of October 9, the closing night of the exposition, the announcement was made that the entire sum had been raised. The purpose of the association had been splendidly accomplished and the Cincinnati Art Museum on Walnut Hills was finally dedicated in May, 1886. The women gave to the Museum all of their belongings, including paintings, pottery, tapestry, rich

lace, a collection of Etruscan pottery (52 pieces) a gift to them from Signor Castellani of Rome, and deciding that pottery ought to be their particular province, they made a rare collection of it which they presented as their special gift.

It has been said that life goes in rhythms. It is also to be noticed that a large efflorescence is followed by another product, an aftermath. The Centennial at Philadelphia, exhibiting women's skill, stimulated their interest and led directly to the building of the Art Museum. So, also, the work and success of the women who had charge of the Cincinnati exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair had a prosperous continuation in the Cincinnati Woman's Club. In the winter of 1893-4, Mrs. Sophia P. Mallon, Mrs. J. J. Gest, Mrs. Fayette Smith, Mrs. H. B. Morehead, Mrs. H. C. Yergason, Miss Annie Laws, and Miss Clara Newton came together to talk over a woman's club. This was the little nucleus. From it grew a club limited in membership to one hundred and fifty. For a number of years they had their club rooms in the Mercantile Library building, and cramped and busy rooms they were. It was not an unusual thing for them to give an entertainment at which many people stood and many more were turned away. In 1910, seventeen years after the little beginning—another seventeen years—they moved into their own house on Oak street, a spot that is the borderland of Walnut Hills, Avondale, and Mt. Auburn. The club has a membership of over six hundred with a waiting list. The club house is completely satisfying, which, after all, is the highest test of art and of comfort. It is colonial in architecture and, within, the blending of color and furnishings give one's artistic soul a sense of rare harmony and beauty and rest. The clubhouse is known not merely to Cincinnatians but to thousands of women who were here at the great Biennial Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States which met in Cincinnati in the May of 1910.

Sister Anthony is a name of reverence to all old soldiers. She was born in Ireland and brought to this country as a child by her parents. In 1837 she came to Cincinnati and worked in various orphan asylums and hospitals. After the war she continued her work of mercy and charity in Cincinnati, starting the Foundling Home in Norwood where she spent her declining years. The Sisters of Charity have all done splendid work in Cincinnati which is the home of this typically American sisterhood. It is significant that their work began here in 1852, the year Dr. Daniel Drake, the great and good physician died. But it is for her work during the Civil war that Sister Anthony is specially eminent and beloved. After the bloody battle of Pittsburgh Landing a hurry call came for nurses and she was the first to respond. This was the beginning of her ministrations. She was nurse, attendant, everything that was human and self-sacrificing and capable to the sick and dying soldiers, from that time on to the end of the war. She was called the "Angel of the Battlefield," and to this day in the little cemetery of Mount St. Joseph where she was laid in 1898, the old soldiers strew her grave with flowers on Decoration Day, paying to her a reverence tenderer even than they would give to a great commander.

Miss Georgia Trader possessed the beauty of sight until she was eleven years old. Then she lost it and she and her sisters, surrounded by affection and material advantages, developed a vast sympathy for the blind who are poor. In the summer of 1899 Miss Georgia was reading the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. The book made her wonder, first about the blind who have no books

to read, and, second, about Franklin's ingenuity, perseverance and pluck. She consulted with her sisters and, after going to Mr. Hodges, Mr. Goss, and Dr. Robert Sattler for advice, they put a notice in the paper asking for the names and addresses of blind people in Cincinnati. Soon they had a list of one hundred and eighty-one names; then they advertised by another notice in the paper, for people to come to read to the blind at the public library.

As the library is for the benefit of the majority and the blind are so small a minority, Mr. Hodges, the librarian, cannot buy books for them, but Misses Georgia and Florence Trader started a library which has been amassed into 13,031 volumes. It is not the largest library for the blind in the world but it is perhaps the best, for it contains many modern books and few duplicates. By an act of Congress which permits these books to be circulated through the mails free of charge, the Traders send them all over the country, only four states in the Union having so far not availed themselves of the opportunity of borrowing. The Traders started classes to teach blind children the elementary branches of education; at last they persuaded the school board to take up the subject, though they themselves raised the money for its support. Now there is a regular department for blind children supported by the city through the school board; it is held in the Third Intermediate school building. There are two teachers and twenty blind pupils recite their lessons with the normal children.

Through the good offices of these young women, the Traders, much work is carried on at the public library, and Mr. Hodges gives a room and bears all the expense of caring for the books. Here there are five regular readings a week and one entertainment a month. Every Friday the Traders have a large class, teaching the blind to read, write, crochet, knit, make bead baskets and rafia work.

When Clovernook, the home of Alice and Phoebe Cary, was for sale, Georgia Trader longed in her heart for it as a home for the blind. The sisters applied to Mr. Procter, but he refused them because, he said, it would be so enormous a care to them. Then they went out to see it one dripping day in spring. Clovernook stood there quietly and quaintly by the roadside, with its soft hillslopes behind. It was too altogether desirable and they went again to Mr. Procter. They were crazy for it, they told him. He turned to his real-estate man. "These little girls think they want Clovernook," he said, "so I wish you to go out and buy it for them." In May, 1903, Clovernook Home for the Blind was opened. Since then ten women and one man have lived there, though the man has recently married and moved to Mount Healthy from where he comes every day to make the famous Clovernook brooms. The weaving shop was started through the gifts of Professor P. V. N. Myers and Mrs. Mary M. Emery. This and the broom shop are self-supporting, the home is not and never will be, says Miss Georgia Trader cheerfully. She and her sister Florence support this home and all other enterprises for the blind through the subscriptions they solicit.

Sometimes things seem to happen altogether properly. It is a thing beautifully fitting that Clovernook should now be the home for the blind conducted by these ardent-souled sisters. It would seem that Alice and Phoebe Cary with their deep spirituality must know and smile quietly over the present use of their beloved home. And between those sisters and these, both devoted to each other and to

the high and lovely things of the soul, there is in thought a connection as strong and beautiful and real as the home that has passed from the one to the other.

Mrs. Alice Williams Brotherton is loyally and essentially a Cincinnatian. She tells one with a smile as she works away at her knitting, that her birth at Cambridge, Indiana, was a mere accident due to the fact that her grandfather, a doctor, lived there, and that she is a Cincinnatian and has always lived in Cincinnati—has lived in Cincinnati for generations back, and expects to live in Cincinnati till she dies. She went to Woodward high school, where also William Ernest Brotherton went; the two became sweethearts and married, being perhaps the first match made at Woodward. They owe their married happiness to old Woodward and are devoted alumni. Mrs. Brotherton began to write early and has contributed to all of our best magazines, the *Century*, *Scribner's*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Poet Lore*, the *Independent*, *St. Nicholas*. She has published two volumes of verse, "Beyond the Veil" and the "Sailing of King Olaf," and one of prose, "What the Wind Told the Tree-Tops." Many of her lyrics have been set to music. She is an active member of the Cincinnati Woman's Club and of the Press Club—indeed, she gives one the impression that she would inevitably be active anywhere. She herself believes that her best work has been done in her study of Shakespeare which has gone through her entire life and resulted in essays and lectures, but it seems more likely that she will be best known in future by her poetry. There is a strength and individuality in her poem, "The Blazing Heart," for instance, which Mr. E. C. Stedman has included in his American Anthology, that make one wish she had given herself more exclusively to poetry. Perhaps she has scattered her resources too much, but in so doing she has evidently got much joy from life and rounded out her own character. Outside Mrs. Brotherton's house are tangled old rose bushes and inside there is a flavor of old American verse—she shows autograph letters from Whittier and many another poet—yet she herself has grown on and is today the modern capable woman.

Back in the first years of the last decade of the last century there was nothing in Cincinnati worthy the name of orchestra. Michael Brand had a band, doing the best he could with local material, and Tuchfarber gave "pop" concerts in the old Pike opera house. But there was a large, lively, capable woman's musical club which met in the old Lincoln Club building on Garfield place. They brought Maud Powell and other celebrities here and furnished a concert by the Boston Symphony Orchestra which aroused so much enthusiasm that Mrs. Taft, the present lady of the White House, who was then president of the Musical Club, called a meeting to consider the possibility of establishing an orchestra here. The origin of the orchestra was really at a dinner party given at Mrs. Taft's Pike street home, where the subject of a permanent orchestra came up and was pleasantly and ardently discussed over the good things to eat. Some of the women who were interested in the project were Mrs. Taft, Mrs. Billing, Miss Roedter, Mrs. Eckstein, Mrs. Forcheimer, and Mrs. Chatfield. Soon the orchestra association was incorporated. In 1893 an open meeting was held at which stock was offered for sale to the members and to the outsiders present. One hundred shares of this stock were sold at ten dollars a share and this thousand dollars still lies as a nest egg, never changing hands, never paying a dividend, just accruing interest. The board was formed with Mrs. William Howard Taft as president;

Miss Sallie Wooley, recording secretary; Mrs. Louise Anderson, vice president; Mrs. Joseph Wilby, corresponding secretary, and Miss Isabel Jelke, treasurer. Mrs. Taft was president for six years when she went to Manila. And Miss Jelke was treasurer all the seven years she was a member of the board. The present officers are: President, Mrs. Christian R. Holmes; vice-president, Mrs. J. Walter Freiberg; second vice-president, Mrs. Clifford Wright; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Joseph Wilby; recording secretary, Mrs. Louis N. Stix; treasurer, Mrs. Frank Jameson.

In the fall of 1894 the association canvassed the town for musicians and the orchestra formed was very naturally made up of the old band which had played under Michael Brand. Three conductors were brought, Seidl, Schradick, and Van der Stucken, and in the winter and spring of 1895 nine concerts were given, three under the leadership of each of the conductors. Mr. Van der Stucken was chosen and in the fall of 1895 the Cincinnati Orchestra, a permanent organization, was in full swing under his leadership. He had been engaged for six years and at the end of this period he was re-engaged for another six years. During these twelve years twenty concerts were given each season, the order being every other week, a matinee on Friday afternoon and the program repeated the following Saturday night. The concerts were in Music Hall and there were no tours made. In 1907 Mr. Van der Stucken resigned from the leadership of the orchestra to return to Europe and devote his time to composition. The following winter there was no Cincinnati Orchestra, but the association brought here the Boston Symphony, the Damrosch, the Pittsburgh, the Thomas, and the Russian orchestras. Of course it was splendid music, but there were only five concerts and the music lovers of Cincinnati were hungry for their orchestra back again. So when in the late autumn of 1909 the season opened with a rehabilitated orchestra under the leadership of the young Leopold Stokowski, there was joy in the hearts of many. Interest in the orchestra grew with the orchestra's growth and achievement. Successful tours were made to large cities as well as to small towns, one journey being as far west as Kansas City in the season of 1910-11.

The only platitude about the future is the platitude that the future is sure not to be platitudinous. It will be as violently sulphuric as the New York Stock Exchange. What the Cincinnati Orchestra may become is the toss of a coin into the air. But the fact now is that the orchestra is the most significant element in the musical life of the city and is one of the leading orchestras of the country. It is beautifully satisfying to be able to say this—to be able as an unprejudiced outsider, to say that amid petty bickerings and jealousies, a thing of absolute artistic ability, the Cincinnati Orchestra, has been achieved.

The Art Academy is indirectly, perhaps even directly responsible for the development of a number of artists among women. Not only in the semi-arts of wood-carving, metal work, jewel designing, and leather work, have many students spent their time profitably, but in the pure arts of painting and sculpture some women have become famous.

Miss Zoe Dunlap and Miss Melva Wilson studied as girls at the academy. They afterward went abroad together and, returning, opened studios in New York. Miss Dunlap's forte is in miniature painting and her exhibitions at the Fifth avenue galleries have run through an entire season, something never granted

before to a woman painter. Miss Wilson is a sculptor. Her most important achievement so far is a heroic figure of the Christ, done in marble and standing on the mortuary chapel in Calvary cemetery, Long Island City, New York. She has recently been given an order for a frieze in the new Catholic cathedral in St. Louis. The frieze, two hundred feet long, extending round the body of the church and representing the fourteen stations of the life of Christ, is to be carved in white marble. It is a monumental, a life work, and, says Herbert Corey, is the greatest undertaking in ecclesiastical art of the century. Miss Wilson and Miss Dunlap are both ardent souls and faithful believers in their art. Miss Wilson gives one the sense of the unencumbered devotion of the mediæval artist.

Miss Dixie Selden painted so perfectly and so long the American girl that her art became associated in the mind of the public with that type alone. Since her recent study abroad her canvasses show her to be equally deft in whatever she may attempt. She does most entertaining humorous sketches, full of the artist's humor and temperament. Her more serious labor goes into portraits which have delightful character and are always easily distinguishable as hers. Miss Selden's pictures have a brightness that is expressive of her own character.

Miss Mendenhall, too, has shown wonderful growth since her study abroad. Italy particularly has given her the joyful breath of inspiration. Miss Mendenhall is regarded by many people as the young woman among artists from whom most may be expected.

Miss Lord has studied abroad as well as at home and is teaching in the Art Academy. She is modest and retiring, true-souled and a truly able artist. She has studied at the Julian school in Paris and is one of the worthy few Americans whose work has been exhibited in the Paris Salon. She won a medal at the Chicago world's fair, has had many honors. Her pictures are accepted by judges for exhibits.

Among the other artists are Mrs. Sykes, who does remarkably good water colors and has exhibited in many places, and Miss Laura Fry, the daughter of the celebrated old teacher of wood-carving, and herself pre-eminent for her work in wood.

The work of these women has all been admitted and hung in various notable exhibits, including those at the Cincinnati Art Museum, the Pittsburgh Carnegie Institute, the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and the Chicago Art Institute. But the Cincinnati artist who has won international fame and the highest honor that can be given to a living artist is Miss Elizabeth Nourse. Her international reputation is shown by the one crucial thing that she lives in Paris among the greatest artists of the age who regard her as one of themselves; and her highest honor is in the fact that the French government has just purchased a picture of hers to be hung in the national gallery of the Luxembourg. This picture is called "Les Volets Clos" (Closed Shutters), and a French paper in commenting upon it says that the artist has a "profound capacity of feeling" and that in her picture is a glorification of sunlight and shadow.

Miss Elizabeth Nourse is of ancient and aristocratic lineage, her ancestors having come to America with the Puritans. Indeed she is a lineal descendant

of Rebecca Nourse of witchcraft memory, who was dragged from her home in Orchard Farm and put to death on Gallows Hill in Salem.

Miss Nourse studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy and at the Julian School in Paris. She was a pupil of Boulanger and of Carolus Duran. Millais said to her, "You paint like a man six feet tall." She was advised by these artists to open her own studio. Her first spring in Paris was made happy by the acceptance of her salon picture which was hung on the line, an unprecedented honor for a newcomer. Since then her work has never been refused. Her exhibit of oil paintings at the Chicago world's fair won her the first medal and one of the judges remarked that her two paintings, "The Peasant Women of Borst" and "The Pardon," were the best pictures in the exhibit. She has won many medals since and in France has had the honor to be elected a member of the Société des Beaux Arts.

Miss Nourse paints chiefly peasant life and is particularly sympathetic and successful in portraying motherhood. She will paint only what appeals to her, though that means pictures—not too readily sold—of hard and ugly peasant life. She is a zealous and ascetic laborer, working eight hours a day when the light permits and staying outdoors till the freezing weather drives her models in. She is very sympathetic and her models tell her all their woes. She is personally uninfluenced by French art, but has gained much inspiration from the personal friendship of such men as Pulvis de Chavannes, Rodin, and Dagnon Bouveret. She is gentle, fragile, and beautiful, Vance Thompson says, and adds of her art, "No American woman artist stands so high in Paris as Miss Nourse."

Away back in 1869 when Miss Nourse—the other and older Miss Nourse under whom such a multitude of Cincinnati women have got their lessons—had her school downtown, a little girl of sixteen came to her and said, "I want to start a conservatory of music." Miss Nourse laughed at her, but the little girl persisted, persisted ardently and hopefully and convincingly, and finally Miss Nourse gave her one room. She gained pupils and took another room, and then opened a house of her own. Her work grew and she moved to Broadway, then to the big house on the corner of Lawrence and Fourth, and at last to the old Shillito place on Oak and Highland and Burnet avenues. The little girl was Miss Clara Baur and her one room was the beginning of the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, with its three acres of land in the core of the city, its big buildings, its faculty of nearly fifty, and its student body of over a thousand. It is an enormous leap from the little girl in her teens in her one room to the present magnitude of the conservatory. It represents what has been accomplished by a woman. Not in a miracle was it done, but, like everything of permanent worth, through a generation of time with patience, determination, and faith to an ideal. Miss Clara Baur was born in Germany and studied music in Stuttgart, where at that period was the most famous method of voice culture. She came to this country when she was sixteen years of age and immediately started her school of music, which was the first conservatory west of Boston—the Boston conservatory preceding it by only a very short time. Miss Bertha Baur came down from her home in Ann Arbor to study music in her aunt's school and, the school losing its secretary at that time, she dropped into the place and has ever since conducted the business of the conservatory. Between Miss Clara and Miss

Bertha Baur are the qualities of wise dreaming and executive sense; the former was possessed of the vision and the latter possessed the wisdom. Miss Wanda Baur is added to the staff in this family of capable women. These elements in their success are to be noted especially: their wisdom in bringing great artists to the conservatory—men like Frederic Shailer Evans, Theodor Bohlmann, the Sturms, and Tirindelli; the many educational recitals they have given to the public; and the ideal they have constantly pictured to their students that not merely musical technique but a rounded development in education is necessary to the artist.

Two things are inevitable where real success is. There can be other qualities that make it better, stronger, easier, surer, but the two things that may not be absent are charm of personality and a passion for one's ideal. In addition to ability in their particular musical spheres and to patience and sapience, these two gifts of the gods are held by Miss Clara and Miss Bertha Bauer. They themselves would say that they have succeeded because they have insisted upon the highest ideals in musical art. And one is pleased and smiles, for it is better to have ideals than ideas—though naturally these women have both—and it is greater to believe in one's art than in one's self.

Robert Louis Stevenson says that a happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. And, though Robert Louis had a penchant for vagabonds and thieves and was visibly embarrassed in the presence of ladies in his stories, one is willing to wager one's last Lincoln penny that he would have reveled in the acquaintance of Miss M. Cora Dow. Till one knows her, the name "Dow" carries with it only the sense of business, of full-stocked crowded drug-stores—one smells toilet soaps and Seidlitz powders and mentally drinks foaming soda-water. But after one has talked with her the enormous business this one woman has built up seems but a detail in her fine, strong, hopeful character. Again a quotation from Stevenson comes to mind, "It is better to travel than to arrive." Miss Dow is always traveling in her journey of cheerfulness and purpose, and her achievements are the wild-rose covered milestones.

She is one of the multitude of examples of the fact that the person who achieves the best success is the person without academic education. She was an only child and her life was one of vicissitude because whenever her father was ill or their place of residence was moved she was taken out of school. Much with him, she was his right-hand man from the earliest. He was a retired wholesale druggist and at last, because he needed to, he opened a little retail store on West Fifth street, where he caught the commuters' trade of the C. H. & D. It was necessary for the young girl to help him so she studied pharmacy, taking the gold medal in her class. She then started a little store up on Seventh street. This was her beginning. She was not backed up by any corporation, as it has been asserted by the inefficient who are always ready to sigh about luck and to try to attribute the success of their fellows to anything but the one thing which produces it, native ability. She has keen business sagacity, pluck, idealism. She is altogether decided—that, very evidently—hard-headed even, and one would better keep one's finger off the nail she has determined to drive in. She is utterly open and honest and kind, and there is a childlike simplicity about her when she sits pondering some big question, her brown eyes fixed upon a pap-



MOUNT ADAMS FROM EDEN PARK



MOUNT ADAMS INCLINE, 1895



ticularly shiny place on her mahogany desk, her thin feminine hands dropped in her gown that is always a little strange and always becoming. Delicately made, finely tempered, still she is what Olive Schreiner would call a virile woman. The female parasite is as far from her as Louis XIV was from Julius Cæsar. As she looks at one quietly and says, "I have always been happy, every bit of my life, even when I was passing through the greatest trouble anyone can have,"—one feels a thrill and the wonder if, after all, the person of real capacity is not always at bottom happy.

She has now ten retail drug stores, a great warehouse, employs about one hundred and seventy people, a big automobile and forty-six horses. She has always been an omniverous reader and her chief delight is in music and has been ever since a little thing only high as the table she heard her first grand opera and planned to lose the family and hide under a seat and stay for the evening performance. She did not mind going without food and being shut in the big hall all by herself through the night, but the thought of frightening her mother smote her heart and she gave up the intention. That is it—she does not want anyone or anything to be hurt. She says with utter modesty,

"I want to make the world a little better, a little kinder."

The slogan "Dow" has adopted and which appears on every bit of their stationery is "A square deal for the horse." Every bill and letter going out from the house contains a prayer for the horse and dog. The horse folder has been translated into Spanish, is being set up in Turkish, and millions of copies will be sent out this year from all corners of the world. Miss Dow has influenced large manufacturers to use the horse slogan and to give their horses a vacation in the heat of summer of at least two weeks, until even the United States government has adopted her measure. Tacked up in innumerable stables is a placard pleading for the horse. All this she has done not at all for advertising purposes, but quietly through the Ohio Humane Society. Her broad sympathy is with all life, but she has worked particularly for dumb creatures because she thinks, very truly, that they cannot make their own misery known and that humanity more surely gains the sympathy of humanity. No, this work is not to advertise her business, but rather she uses business to advertise benevolence. "To help a little to lessen the suffering of the world—that is so much more important than 'Dow's,'" she says humbly, with decision. And one feels joyfully that one is in the presence of the soul of a practical dreamer of truths.

Mrs. Mary S. Watts is a "Buckeye" born and bred, as the patriotic old Dr. Daniel Drake would say. She came into existence in the soft fertile Scioto valley and lived there long enough to know it well and devotedly. Since her marriage her home has been in Cincinnati on Walnut Hills, not so very far from where Harriet Beecher Stowe worked at her material for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" over a half century ago.

Mrs. Watts, like all writers, has been a great reader. She has always desired in a more or less desultory way to write, but it is only a few years since her first short stories were accepted and creative work became a thing of active and earnest intent. She has succeeded rapidly and solidly. From short stories she proceeded almost immediately to the novel and her third book, "Nathan Burke," at once placed her in the inner circle of the few who must be considered seri-

ously and permanently. She has a broad grasp of things, a lively mode of thought, and a charm of intimacy, which causes the bromidic variety of critics who must always be judging by comparison, to whisper, "Thackeray;" and there is a contented cheer and virility in her writing which causes those who believe that no good can come out of Nazareth or from women writers, to exclaim about its extraordinary and masculine vigor. One of the largest cable orders ever received from England for an American novel was sent for "Nathan Burke." Her new novel, "The Legacy," has its setting in the fictionally unused and beautiful valley of the Scioto in Ohio. This book deals with the old yet ever new theme of heredity, and proves beyond a doubt that Mrs. Watts has gained complete control of the medium of her art, that she has gained artistry.

She is still young, purposeful, bright, buoyant. That, together with the fact of her quick and healthy development indicates the certainty of rich attainment. She has laurels, but it is probable that her masterpiece is yet to come.

Possibly no woman who has ever lived in Cincinnati has been so active in so many interests of the very life of the city as has Miss Annie Laws. Descended from good English and Swiss stock through colonial New England and Virginia, Miss Laws is born and bred a Cincinnati. She is one of the fortunate women who were educated in Miss Appleton's school.

Miss Laws is a charter member of the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association and was one of the group who organized the first kitchen garden in Cincinnati. She was one of the organizers of the first training school for nurses. She was acting president of the Columbian Exposition Association of Cincinnati, was one of the organizers of the Ladies' Musical Club and for long a member of the May Festival Chorus. She is a member of the D. A. R. and a founder and member of the Cincinnati Woman's Club, is on the Orphan Asylum board, was a founder of the Visiting Nurses' Association, has been vice-president and president of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs, an organizer of the Folk-Lore Society and of the Story Tellers' League, has been identified with the Archaeological, the Natural History, and the Municipal Arts societies, was one of the organizers of the mothers' clubs and of the Hospital Social Service Association, is in the Cincinnati chapter of the American Red Cross Society, and a member of the recently formed committee to consider the co-ordination of Cincinnati's Social Welfare Work. She has been an officer, in many instances the head, of almost all of these organizations and has been in many others besides.

One may say, not in the least with levity, that Miss Annie Laws could easily carry on the affairs of a great municipal or business corporation of the country, so remarkable is her constructive and executive ability.

The Cincinnati chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was established in 1893 with Mrs. Brent Arnold as regent. She was succeeded by Mrs. Morehead, Mrs. William P. Judkins, Miss Annie Laws, Mrs. John A. Murphy, Mrs. Herbert Jenny, Miss Hollister, Mrs. Kite, Mrs. Adam Gray, Mrs. Pierce J. Cadwalader, Mrs. Bechtel, Mrs. J. R. Murdoch. The work of the chapter here as elsewhere has been the usual commendable effort of the society to preserve relics, pursue historical research, and cherish and foster patriotism.

It is a far cry from the old methods of medicine to modern hygiene and therapeutics and yet it is less than twenty-five years ago since there were no trained

nurses in Cincinnati. In 1888 some thoughtful and broad-visioned women held a meeting to consider the founding of a training school for nurses and in 1889 the Cincinnati Training School was started—the first school for nurses west of the Alleghenies. The beginning was small and simple, naturally. Miss Annie Murray, graduate of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, was the superintendent; there was one assistant, a trained nurse; five pupil nurses; a little flat in the neighborhood of the city hospital was the headquarters; and the school had one ward in the hospital as a laboratory. From this initiatory work the school grew until it had entire charge of the nursing at the hospital, had nurses in the Soldiers' Home, and did much work in private families and district nursing. The women who founded this school were Miss Annie Laws, Mrs. F. G. Huntington, Miss Keys, Mrs. W. H. Taft, Mrs. A. Howard Hinkle, Mrs. John A. Gano, Miss Scarborough, Miss Wooley, Mrs. R. M. W. Taylor, Mrs. Stettinius, Miss Carson, Mrs. L. C. Wier, Miss Davis, Mrs. J. D. Brannan, Mrs. John R. Holmes, Mrs. Sachs, Mrs. Bellamy Storer. The school as an organization was finally disbanded when the various hospitals all began having their own schools, but to the women who started it is due all honor for their initiative in this very vital form of new social work.

Just recently—in 1909—another branch of this great system of the care of the sick, has been started, the Visiting Nurses' Association. There are fifteen nurses and the city is divided into nine districts each, with well equipped headquarters. It would seem that this is in reality the most elemental and systematic way of philanthropic and social reform so far possible, for the nurse may be not merely a nurse but a friend and teacher, getting into the homes and hearts of the people and instructing them as to proper living in a way that no doctor or priest or charity worker ever could. Again it is women who started this work, its first officers and trustees being Dr. Elizabeth Campbell, Mrs. Charles F. Goss, Dr. Frances Hollingshead, Mrs. Hodges, Miss Greenwood, Miss Annie Laws, Mrs. T. H. C. Allen, Miss Bayler, Miss Elsie Field, Miss Thatcher, Miss Edith Campbell, Miss Golder, Miss Josephine Simrall, Mrs. John M. Withrow, Miss Fisher, Mrs. Jenny, together with a few men, Dr. Alfred Friedlander, Frank Miller, Dr. Fackler, Cecil Gamble, Mr. Hubbard, Wallace Miller.

Back in 1833, when so many little children had been left orphans by the frightful visitation of cholera in the preceding year, a meeting of the citizens was held in the First Presbyterian church to plan for an orphan asylum. A board of managers was elected, consisting of the following women: Mrs. Clarissa H. Davis, Mrs. Jared Mansfield, Mrs. John Morehead, Mrs. Louis Stoughton, Mrs. Garrard, Mrs. Rebecca Burnet, Mrs. Sarah Peter, Mrs. G. R. Gilmore, Mrs. Catherine Bates, Mrs. Philip Young, Mrs. James Johnson, Mrs. Elizabeth Hall. In June of that year twenty-six ragged little boys were taken from the city hospital and in a poor building in the pest house lot in the lowlands of Milcreek the orphan asylum was opened. A few years after it was moved to a building on Elm street, and a second moving in 1861 brought it to the present site on Mount Auburn. It is an appealing philanthropy and has had devoted adherents all through its history. The early records of the names of the trustees and other supporters were not kept, but a list of life members shows such well-known names as Baum, Burnet, and Bates, Beecher, Davis, Groesbeck,

Wade, Kemper, Mendenhall, Shillito, and Taylor. In the seventy-eight years of its existence the asylum has had only four presidents, Mrs. Clarissa H. Davis, Mrs. Rebecca Burnet, Mrs. Catherine Bates, who served fifty years, and the present head, Mrs. A. D. Bullock. And to the list of twenty-six ragged little boys whom the devoted women took from the hospital and put into a home have been added so many other little boys and little girls as well that the number now has mounted up to something like twenty-six thousand.

One summer, a good many years ago, three young married women, Mrs. Patrick Mallon, Mrs. C. D. Robertson, and Mrs. Benedict, found it best because of their young children to spend the season at home. They got together and studied Froebel kindergarten work, becoming intensely interested in it, and this, perhaps, was the embryo of the kindergarten movement in Cincinnati. The actual history of it begins with December 13, 1879, when a group of women met to establish formally a kindergarten association, and on December 19, a constitution was adopted and Mrs. Alphonso Taft, the president's mother, was elected the first president. Before that there had been some few private kindergartens, but from that time on the kindergarten idea grew strongly and beautifully in the hearts of the community and to greater perfection in itself.

The names of Mrs. Patrick Mallon, Miss Fanny Field, Mrs. Fleischmann, Mrs. Charles Kellogg, Mrs. Eckstein, Mrs. Goodman, and, above all, of Miss Annie Laws, are abidingly and in great honor connected with the name "kindergarten" in Cincinnati. Through the efforts of these women and others the movement in Cincinnati has grown enormously. In the very inception of the work it was decided to multiply kindergartens as fast as possible and to keep them, however they might be supported, closely affiliated with the main organization. The association was incorporated in 1894.

The Kindergarten Training School has its own building, a large frame house which was formerly Mrs. Westendorf's school, on Linton street, in Avondale. A connection is established with the University of Cincinnati whereby after their sophomore year students may elect a kindergarten course leading to the degree of B. A. In the training school a department of household economics has been added and the most modern methods of kindergarten training are used. It is difficult to state psychic or even physical growth and gain, but to those for whom figures mean anything one may tell the story that the Cincinnati Kindergarten Association now numbers sixty-three kindergartens to its credit with about an even number of mothers' clubs.

Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, Julia Reeve King, and Geneva Johnston Bishop have all lived in Cincinnati, and Clara Morris served her stage apprenticeship here and may almost be regarded as a Cincinnati product, while Mary Anderson began her stage career in the old Wood's theatre on Sixth and Vine. Julia Marlowe, the talented, the charming, the purposeful actress, while not born here, is veritably a Cincinnati woman, having spent all her girlhood in Cincinnati until she began the itinerant theatrical life to grow into the great artist who is inevitably a citizen of the world.

One of the important influences in Cincinnati forty years ago was that of a teacher, Miss Elizabeth Haven Appleton. She was born in New England in 1815 and the various branches of her family in New England—Adams, Havens, Ap-

pletons—are all notable names. She gave lectures in Cincinnati and wrote, was especially interested in books and art, a member of the Ladies' Academy of Art, librarian and secretary of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio, but her importance lies chiefly in her success as an educator. She was a woman of vigor, energy and system, a hater of shams, a keen humorist whose interest was in the individual rather than in institutions or works of charity. She had a school here from 1855 to 1875, educating more than four hundred girls, and she is regarded by her old pupils who have become the leading women of Cincinnati, as the greatest educator the place has ever known.

Kate Chase Sprague, the beautiful, sparkling daughter of Salmon P. Chase, who was perhaps the greatest man next to Lincoln of his time, certainly the most brilliant, was born in Cincinnati and now lies by the side of her father in Spring Grove. The scene of the active years of her life was Washington, where her entertaining rivalled that of the White House. She had the social and political prestige belonging to great women of the world and many were the affairs of state arranged under her hospitality.

A woman whose name is linked with almost every movement for good within her lifetime is that of Mrs. Patrick Mallon. She had cool executive ability as well as goodness of heart, and to her the Widow's Home, the Kindergarten Association, the Associated Charities, the Mount Auburn Presbyterian church, the Woman's Art Museum Association, and many other institutions owe a debt of gratitude. Mrs. Alphonso Taft, the wife of the judge and mother of the President, is another name connected with good works in Cincinnati, and her daughter-in-law, the lady of the White House, as long as she lived in Cincinnati was very active in all artistic and philanthropic work. Mrs. Lawrence Maxwell, Mrs. Morehead, Mrs. McLean Blair, and a dozen others who have done splendid work in local institutions are likewise known far and wide through their connection with women's club.

Two early writers among Cincinnati women were Caroline Lee Hentz, who was among the literati of the time of the Beechers, Dr. Drake, Mrs. Peter and that circle; and "Belle Smith," who at a later date wrote entertaining books of travel. Mrs. Mary Wright Curwen was another eminent Cincinnati woman who wrote and gave lectures and was in the advance guard of thought of the generation just passed.

Miss Edith Campbell has gained prominence and we prophesy will in future be a very strong influence in Cincinnati life. Essentially a Cincinnati woman, she has taken her B. A. and her M. A. from the university and was associated in the economics department there before becoming director of the Schmidlapp fund. She was on the state board of charities and corrections and is a keen investigator and sympathetic worker in every sort of social activity. She was elected to the school board in the fall of 1911, being the first woman ever elected in Cincinnati. In the limitless possibilities of the wide new social work, Miss Campbell's beautiful capacity may lead her far.

One goes back to a woman who seemed to have no connection with anything in Cincinnati and yet lived here for years, was one of the foremost women of her time and was more world-famous than any woman who has ever lived here. Frances Wright is called "Fanny Wright, reformer," in Appleton's en-

cyclopædia. Born in Scotland, she was an orphan, adopted the philosophy of the French materialists, and became a propagandist of her faith. She traveled in America in 1818-20 and, returning to England, published a book about her travels. She came back to this country in 1825 and bought 2,400 acres of land in Tennessee, at Nashoba, now Memphis, where she established a colony of emancipated slaves. Nashoba was held in trust for her by Lafayette, who was her intimate friend, but her plans for elevating the state of the negro were given up when it was discovered that they were in flagrant conflict with the laws of the state of Tennessee. It was Fanny Wright with whom Mrs. Trollope came to this country and whom the latter little level-headed woman described as having an enthusiasm like that of the religious fanatics of old. Mrs. Trollope found Nashoba unpleasant, water-soaked, unhealthy, and felt loathing for the place and lack of sympathy for Miss Wright.

Later Fanny Wright made a lecture tour through America and, of course, met the greatest opposition. She was a free thinker, a free lover, a free-tongued reformer, and could scarcely find a hall, never a church, in which to deliver her lectures. She was a friend of Robert Dale Owen and was associated with him in his socialistic community at New Harmony, in Indiana. Later she went to France, where she became the mate of M. D'Arusmont, whose system of philosophy was like her own. She separated from him and came to Cincinnati and continued to live here with her daughter till her death, and now lies out in Spring Grove. She wrote books and gave lectures and is perhaps the pioneer of woman's rights in this country. She is said to have been benevolent, unselfish, fearless, and eccentric.

Thus do the lives of the women of Cincinnati tell their own story. First it is that of the pioneer when the women were mothers, nourishers, defenders. After that for over three-quarters of a century they led the quiet life, the life that was essentially the feminine ideal, of work and duty. With this came religious and philanthropic activity when the exigencies of the spirit in the growing city demanded it. And occasionally the unusual woman blossomed, the poet, the novelist, the religious enthusiast or social reformer. Then in the renaissance of the seventies women began to band together and assume the generating and directing influence which in all social and artistic life they have kept since. At that time and ever more increasingly since, their lives have had such multifarious interests that it is impossible to include all the women who ought to be mentioned in a paper about their history. Still more impossible is it to make such a paper chronological in its sub-topics, and so, purely for personal pleasure, a poet is chosen to end it.

Out near North Bend at her country place, which is "a quaint and picturesque affair, with spacious grounds full of fruit and forest trees and of roses and all manner of flowers in their season," lives the poet whose soul is as sweet as honeysuckle and whose mind is as bright as a will-o'-the-wisp. It is very difficult to describe Mrs. Piatt. One despairs of downright English and flies to the lovely things of nature for comparison. She confounds one in the very first place by laughing that she is not an eminent woman and is not a Cincinnati and does not belong in a history. But though one realizes that real gods and

fairies and poets are never merely local, yet one believes that she intrinsically belongs to Cincinnati.

Mrs. Piatt was born in Kentucky, the descendant of a family of famous pioneers, and was educated there. She married Mr. John James Piatt, of the far-famed Indiana and Ohio family of Piatts, himself a poet and literary man of wide reputation. This union reminds one of that other ideal marriage of poets, the Brownings—it is as devoted and congenial. The Piatts lived in their country house at North Bend which Mrs. Piatt's own words have sketched enticingly, until Mr. Piatt received an appointment as United States consul in Europe. His residence at Cork and afterwards at Dublin and their sojourns in various cities of Great Britain comprised nearly fifteen years. And though it is no longer than the period since their return to this country, with winters spent in Cincinnati and summers at North Bend, yet it seems longer, for that was their golden age when they were producing and publishing their work and meeting the choicest literary people of the English-speaking world.

It is perfectly delightful to listen to Mrs. Piatt tell in her quiet, whimsically humorous way of Clement Shorter and Andrew Lang and Edmund Gosse, of George Bernard Shaw and William Sharp and "Willie" Yeats. William Sharp, she says, was the handsomest man she ever saw, and then in the next breath she tells you how handsome Willie Yeats is—and it is discovered that the dear little lady has an adorable weakness for handsome men. She acknowledges it blandly and one feels sorry for the brilliant grizzled Andrew because he is *not* handsome. Mrs. Alice Meynell and Jean Ingelow were the literary women she knew and liked best. Miss Ingelow at that time gave garden parties which were altogether the thing, at her home in London, and out among her grass and roses the most delightful literary people in this center of the world came to play. It is easy to imagine that the "handsome men" gladly paid their compliments to the witty and charming American woman.

England has shown good taste in the choice of American writers she has been pleased to honor, and we, too, love our poet, but it is to England's credit that Mrs. Piatt is better appreciated there than here. In addition to being on terms of intimate friendship with the greatest literary people of the age, she has appealed there to a wide public. Yet the best critic America has, has given her due credit for all her genius. Edmund Clarence Stedman includes eleven of Mrs. Piatt's poems in his American Anthology of poetry, which is high praise in consideration of the lesser space he has given to older and wider known poets.

It is difficult to characterize Mrs. Piatt's poetry as it is to capture her personality in words, and one comes gladly to the conclusion that the woman and her poetry are one. When one asks Mr. Piatt for information about his wife he remarks:

"You want definite facts."

And then she retorts, smiling in that charming way she has of teasing him, "but there is nothing definite about me." That is the hopeless and the delightful part of it. One can tell facts about a locomotive or Mr. Herbert Spencer, but a spring shower or a poet like Mrs. Piatt does not present concrete points to be described. One sees that she has brown eyes and is little, that she has the intelligence of a great imagination, and wit, and that human compensation

which the gods lack—the sense of humor—and a rare courtesy. But it is the combination of all these and so much more that produces an interesting, ineffable personality and makes one want to seek her again and again. And so one goes back again and again to her poems. They have the rarest of all poetic virtues, individuality. They are written about unusual things in the simplest way, catching the actual phraseology of people and children. They are beautiful and sweet and touching and have an eerie flavor that reminds one a little of Christina Rossetti, and may have been nourished by Mrs. Piatt's life in Ireland. And yet after all one has not characterized them. They are as appealing as a little night wind among the leaves or an unexpected tint of green in the sunset sky. One goes again inevitably to nature for comparison because only in the simplest things of nature does one find likeness for a charm that hides even while it gives itself, and for an appeal that is as vital as it is ineffable.

BENEFACTIONS

Mary MacMillan.

Benefactions is a beautiful, big, gracious word like the smile of the good brown earth, rich and fostering, in the sunlight of early spring. It is derived directly from the Latin *bene*, meaning well, and *factus*, meaning done, and our Anglo-Saxon expression "good deeds" would be the literal equivalent for it. But if it were used strictly in that sense everything worth while in the entire history of the city would come under its head. The city charities have been exhaustively treated elsewhere and for the most part will not be referred to here. Only the early benefactions which, small as they may seem through the diminishing glass of the years, but important in the history of the growth of the benevolences of the city and those benefactions which are not philanthropies strictly speaking, but are rather large and important gifts for the public good and chiefly of an educational or aesthetic nature—the gifts, in other words, that are not for bread alone, but for the spirit—those will be considered under this title.

A Yankee and a man of education, Edward Mansfield became a Cincinnatian by preference and adoption and his judgment therefore is to be considered with deference when he says that though Cincinnati had natural advantages in position and resources the city owes her great growth as much to her citizens as to natural causes. "It has derived its greatest success from the sagacity, labors, zeal, enterprise, and patriotism of citizens," says Mansfield, writing in the prime of his life of the city which was just in the prime of hers. At the very earliest and then on through the years when she was gaining her sobriquet of Queen City of the West, Cincinnati had good citizenship. Full-hearted men of beneficent deeds and feelings lived here, and if they lacked the prophetic vision which alone could have forearmed the city for the care of her present miles upon miles of inhabitants they could not perhaps be to blame for that. Their deeds were equal to their day and its needs. In the beginning when they did not dream of our modern words "slum" and "graft," their churches and schools seemed the only beneficent institutions or foundations necessary and toward them almost every citizen, however poor, contributed in goods or money or real estate. When

their only houses were little log cabins they also built little log cabins for schools and churches.

A few years later when the actual necessities for living had been builded, when Cincinnati was "one of the dirtiest little villages" the Honorable Edward Mansfield ever saw, even then in 1806 there was an effort made to raise money for a "Cincinnati University." It was a very high-sounding name, but the dirty little village took itself seriously and had among its citizenship men like Martin Baum, Jacob Burnet, Daniel Drake and others who had high hopes of halls of learning among the western forests. In 1814 another effort was made. And in 1815 Captain John Kidd left the proceeds from rents of a perpetual lease which was the first gift to the cause of education on record here. It was given to the Lancaster Seminary and afterward came to the Cincinnati College, but ultimately the city lost the bequest because of an adverse claim. There were efforts made to elevate this old Lancaster Seminary into what would be considered by the learned citizens of that day a reputable college and large amounts were subscribed by General William Lytle, Oliver M. Spencer, John H. Piatt, Ethan Stone, William Cory, General James Findley, David E. Wade, Andrew Mack and others. But the real Cincinnati University must wait its building and launching till the advent of Charles McMicken many years later.

However, these good men are to be considered benefactors as are also those who were overseers of the poor, members of the volunteer fire brigade and others who, a little better equipped for life in money or physical strength or mentality, gave of their abundance to the benefit of their neighbors.

At an extremely early date, still when it was a "dirtiest little village," money was subscribed for libraries. Her public schools, of which Cincinnati is so justly proud, owe their very existence to a Yankee with the attractive name of Nathan Guilford, who came to Cincinnati from Massachusetts in 1816. A Yale man and evidently possessed of the New England faith in learning, he managed to get through the legislature an act by which a tax could be levied for educational purposes. This was in 1825, a year that marked about the centre of a period of much growth and movement in the educational zone of Cincinnati.

Elnathen Kemper—another name for an old-fashioned story—gave part of his farm on Walnut Hills and Ebenezer Lane—still another name which makes one smile and wonder if all those astute old Yankee patrons of Minerva had names fit for fiction—Ebenezer and his brother offered to start a school for indigent young men who desired to become ministers. This resulted in Lane Seminary, which was incorporated in 1829 and still stands upon its original site on Gilbert avenue in Walnut Hills.

In 1820 Dr. Daniel Drake organized the Medical College of Ohio which, nearly a hundred years old, now forms the medical department of the Cincinnati University. Benefactions, like charity, usually begin at home, and the public frequently benefits financially by the absence of a family or the loss of one. Dr. Drake, never a rich man, had a family to support and leave his money to, but he had his finger of interest and work in almost every beneficent pie cooked up for Cincinnati in all the fifty-two years of his life here. Railroads and canals, hospitals and medical colleges, literary societies and libraries, every direction of the multifarious life of the city attracted and made active the broad, scientific, busy

and brilliant mind of this man, who, though his name is not yet carved upon any museum or hospital or college of this city, must yet be considered one of the first and ever greatest benefactors that have blessed Cincinnati.

In 1824 a curious character died in Cincinnati. His name was Thomas Hughes and he was a Scotchman, though born in England very near to the border of Wales. He came to Cincinnati and lived in the northern part of the town, as a shoemaker, a life of peculiar seclusion with his dog and pony and hen. It was known that he had had some great sorrow and the neighbors guessed that he had been unhappily married, but nothing definite was known by them about the patient, sensitive man. Perhaps his dog could have told them. Hughes and William Woodward had talked together of educational matters and when the quiet uncomplaining Thomas was found sick in bed by a neighbor and taken to the neighbor's home where he died, his will revealed that he had left his property to the cause of education. His farm covers about ten squares, extending from Schiller street up to Mount Auburn, between Main and Sycamore, with two lots below Schiller. From this small golden egg has grown the beautiful new building of Hughes high school, which stands not upon the original property, but in Clifton. One cannot help wishing that the gentle spirit of this simple kindly man could come, some moonlight night, upon the Clifton promontory and look at the vast building of the present school. He would go back to his grave in Spring Grove in a vast peace and gladness over what his benefaction had begun.

The friend of Thomas Hughes, William Woodward, married his ward, the youthful heiress, Abigail Cutter. In 1819, that pregnant year in Cincinnati's history, Woodward began to think about the cause of education. He was a tanner and trader and general business man—a Yankee from Connecticut—who made money and died leaving an estate of \$230,000 in realty and \$28,000 in personalty. In 1826 he began to plan what in the beginning was called Woodward college and he had the pleasure of hauling away the first cartload of earth from the excavation for his new building. He lived to see the opening exercises of the school in 1831. And he was buried with his wife, Abigail Cutter, in a vault in the schoolyard over which his statue was erected. When the present handsome Woodward high school was built the memory of William Woodward was respected and the statue moved around to the east front and in a vault beneath repose now all that remains of the earthly part of William and Abigail. Woodward gave not only the property upon which the high school stands but other valuable land, and his name belongs with those of Kemper, Lane, Drake and Hughes as among the benefactors of education of that period.

In 1802—what must the dirty little village have been at that time—a meeting was called at Yeatman's tavern to start a library. Nothing is known of the fate of this literary activity, perhaps it was merged into the Circulating Library Society started in 1808. The library history of Cincinnati is varied, up and down, and complicated. There were no great gifts to it. But it has finally culminated in our notably excellent public library on Vine street and the various branch libraries in the East End, Norwood, Walnut Hills, Mount Auburn, Cumminsville, Price Hill, and to be built in Avondale and Hyde Park, which are the benefactions of that wonderful short, stinky, little Scotch angel of the library, Andrew Carnegie.

Another early benefactor to Cincinnati who gave of his zeal, strength, and mentality, for money he had none, was General Ormsby M. Mitchel. Just Ormsby Mitchel he was then when he planted the Cincinnati Observatory here. It is interesting to Cincinnatians to know that General Jared Mansfield, surveyor-general of the United States, managed to have the government import from England a little telescope which was set up in the old Ludlow house at Ludlow's station in Cumminsville, where the general was then living in 1806 and that same little telescope is now on exhibition at West Point as the relic of the first observatory in the United States. In 1842 the Cincinnati Astronomical Society was founded and soon the almost chimerical vision of founding a telescope here was born in the brain of Ormsby Mitchel. He was a young man and full of indomitable enthusiasm and he hied himself off to Europe in search of a glass for his telescope. He found what he wanted in Munich, and though its price was \$10,000 and he had not that amount in sight, he made a contract for it and came home to get the money, as so many people have done ever since for foreign treasures.

The story of the building of the observatory, of Ormsby Mitchel's labor, is like a romance of whole-hearted devotion. He gathered together the money by his own individual effort and paid for the lens. He watched over every detail of the work, for, finding that he could not trust the ordinary workman in so important a construction, he gave himself the added duty of overseeing every department. Finding the expense of hauling lime so great, he had a lime-kiln built on Mt. Adams. He gave up the idea of building of brick, because of its cost, and decided to make the observatory of limestone, of which there was abundance on the spot only waiting to be quarried. Exorbitant charges were made for sand, so that he had sand-pits dug nearby. He dammed up a brook and supplied himself with water. He found no master-workmen would contract for the job under circumstances so adverse, so he became master-workman himself and superintended the building personally. And all the while he was performing the full work of one man in superintending the proper construction of this building for science, he was carrying on a man's full work as professor of mathematics and philosophy in the Cincinnati college, teaching five hours a day, from eight o'clock till one.

The land for the observatory, four acres, was given by Nicholas Longworth and in 1843 the corner-stone was laid by ex-President John Quincy Adams on the hilltop that has ever since been known by his name. Later, when the air about became so polluted by smoke that the usefulness of the observatory there was ruined, John Kilgour gave land valued at \$10,000 and \$10,000 more for the construction of the present building whose corner-stone, laid in 1873, is the original one laid by John Quincy Adams. To the new observatory Julius Dexter added the gift of \$1,000. And with the erection of the new building the observatory passed into the control of the University of Cincinnati. Up to the time of the Civil war our observatory was the finest in the United States and Ormsby Mitchel one of the greatest astronomers in the world. He made over fifty thousand observations. But with the breaking out of the war he went into the army, where he rose to the rank of general. His name, known to so few Cincinnatians, ought to be revered, rather, as one of our very greatest benefactors.

The Cincinnati University, dreamed of in the dirty little village of 1806, is now a fact, owing to the great good will of Charles McMicken.

McMicken was born in Pennsylvania in 1782 and came to Cincinnati in 1803, owning his clothing, his horse and saddle and bridle, and not much else. He worked and thrived, became a merchant and finally lived in Bayou Sarah in Louisiana, but always retained his summer home in Cincinnati. He died in 1858 and at that time was supposed to be worth a million. Some time before this he had subscribed \$10,000 to endow a professorship in Farmer's College, College Hill. And his will left an estate giving to Cincinnati the possibility of a great university which Cincinnati ought to have had the grace to name for him. His will, interesting to lawyers, was a curious one. He provided that none of the property in Cincinnati should be sold and that only the income from it should go to the university. He directed that the college buildings should be erected from the income of the estate and he even planned exactly where they should be built and how much land should be left around them. Doubtless the old gentleman saw in his imagination his western hillside and the buildings of his university rising from among the trees of it. He went into all sorts of small details, some of them strange and interesting, but his dream was to be beclouded and darkened before it attained any sort of realization years later. For much of his property was in Louisiana and Cincinnati's claim to that was protested by his nieces and nephews and finally lost. An effort was made even to gain the property in Cincinnati and the case was argued by Aaron F. Perry, George E. Pugh, Alphonso Taft and, ultimately, having been carried to the supreme court of the United States, settled in favor of the city. In spite of the loss of about a half million, the Cincinnati university still owes about \$700,000 to Charles McMicken, and it would seem only the least courtesy on the part of Cincinnati, to say nothing of gratitude, that the institution should have been given his name.

The university has had its vicissitudes. Its properties for a time depreciated in value. The Civil war broke out, hurt business in Cincinnati and gave the university a painful setback. The ladies of the Cincinnati Academy of Fine Arts presented to it their collection, which Mr. McMicken had given them, and a school of design was carried on down in one of the old McMicken buildings in town and for a time this dusty garret was all there was of the great Cincinnati University. In 1874 the academic department was fully organized. Two years later Joseph Longworth gave \$59,000 to the art department on condition that the university add \$10,000 more. But, of course, this later came finally to the art museum. The observatory must be considered a benefaction belonging to the university, having come under the latter's control in 1873. But there were no further gifts of any importance from the foundation laid by Charles McMicken up to the time the institution was moved to Burnet woods. The dedication of the new building was in 1895 and in the same year Henry Hanna gave \$50,000 for the erection of the north wing, called Hanna hall. He also provided \$20,000 more for the equipment of his building. Now the benefactions followed fast. In 1898 Briggs S. Cunningham gave \$60,000 for the erection of Cunningham hall, the south wing corresponding to Hanna hall on the north, in memory of his wife, Anna Evans Cunningham. And in the same year Asa Van Wormer, that richly beneficent old citizen, gave one thousand shares of Cincin-

nati street railroad stock, the par value of which would be \$50,000 for the fire-proof stone building which was erected a little apart from and to the south of the main building and is known as the Van Wormer library. Still in the same year W. A. Procter gave the Robert Clarke library of 6,759 volumes. In the next year, 1899, another splendid collection, the Enoch T. Carson Shakespeare library of 1,420 volumes, was added, and in 1900 the chemical library of Professor Norton numbering 992 volumes. The books of the university library and of the Ohio Historical Society are all safely, comfortably and neatly housed in the Van Wormer building.

If the everlasting human craving for personal possession of property did not and would not forever obtain, the university and other institutions would be the richer. But in spite of socialism the war between the individual and the institution goes merrily on, and in the case of inheritance the individual is not always the loser. The Reverend Samuel J. Brown bequeathed \$150,000 to establish a university. His will was set aside and his heirs gave \$1,000 to the orphan asylum, \$1,000 to the widows' home, property to Lane seminary, and \$20,000 to the university. Matthew Thomas left the university an estate valued at \$130,000. His heirs, belligerent at first, compromised upon receiving \$20,000 in money, and from his benefaction the professorship in civil engineering is established.

The David Sinton chair of economics and political economy is from a gift made by Mr. Sinton in 1899 of \$100,000.

Other benefactors of the university are Professor Lilienthal of New York, Mrs. Nancy Fechheimer, Professor A. G. Weatherby, Frank J. Jones, Laura Seasongood, Christian Moerlein, Charles Windisch.

There have been no very large benefactions to the university recently except the fund bequeathed by the Misses Mary P. Ropes and Eliza O. Ropes to endow a chair in comparative literature, a gift amounting to over \$76,000. Also a gift from Mrs. Hanna of about \$10,000 for a fellowship in the physics department, and a bequest from Dr. Francis Brunning for the medical college, the amount not known.

Asa Van Wormer, who died in 1909, left an estate valued at \$450,000, and securities valued at \$140,000 to charities. He left the following gifts:

Children's Home—Forty shares Gas Stock and 300 5th-3rd National Bank.
Colored Orphan Asylum—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Deutches Altenheim—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Protestant Home for the Friendless and Foundlings—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Old Men's Home—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Union Bethel—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Y. W. C. A.—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Clovernook—Ten shares Gas Stock.
Home for Incurables—Ten shares Gas Stock.
Widows' Home—Ten shares Gas Stock.
Associated Charities—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Evangelical Protestant Deaconess Verein—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Bodmann Widows' Home—Forty shares Gas Stock.
Trinity M. E. Church—Forty shares Gas Stock.

Christ Hospital—One hundred shares Gas Stock to endow free beds, in memory of his deceased wife, Julia Anna Van Wormer.

Cincinnati Orphan Asylum—Ten shares Gas Stock.

Fresh Air Fund—Forty shares Gas Stock.

The Ohio Mechanics' Institute owes its being, perhaps, to one Dr. John M. Craig, a citizen of Cincinnati, who delivered a series of lectures on experimental philosophy in as prehistoric a year for science as 1828 and had in his kindly mind the intention of improving the qualifications and conditions of the young mechanics of the city. The O. M. I. is, then, unbelievably old, one of the oldest institutions of the city, having been founded in 1829. It led almost a peripatetic life for years, sojourning at one time even in the Trollopean bazaar down on Third street. But finally Miles Greenwood, whose name ought to be mentioned always with honor, took hold of things, made a large donation and obtained other subscriptions so that the trustees were able to buy the lot on the corner of Sixth and Vine and put up the building in 1848 where the school found its home from that time on down to the present day. How many people know that Greenwood Hall, where so many rehearsals and entertainments have been given, means Miles Greenwood, the sturdy, aggressive, wholesome, good citizen?

But after a busy growing life of eighty years the O. M. I. found itself terribly cramped and root-bound in its old encompassing crotch. With funds from the old property a tract of land on Walnut street along the canal was purchased and in 1908 Mrs. Mary M. Emery agreed to erect a building on the site. The splendid work the O. M. I. had done and was doing increasingly, appealed to Mrs. Emery strongly. To give this work a permanent and advantageous home seemed to her a fitting memorial to her husband, Thomas J. Emery, who believed that it is right to help youths to fit themselves for useful careers. In the old building last year there were over one thousand, one hundred and eighty-four students. The new building will be able to take care of between three and four thousand. It virtually covers its enormous lot of one hundred and eighty by two hundred and thirty-two feet. It contains a gymnasium and shower-baths. The library is there also, the gift of Timothy C. Day, which amounts to an endowment now of \$50,000. The assembly hall which, of course, is primarily for the uses of the school, is also by Mrs. Emery's bequest to be available for the Symphony Orchestra concerts and for other musical and lecture purposes, the charge for the musical performances to be merely enough to defray expenses. This hall will hold two thousand two hundred and six people. The building is an adaptation of English Gothic architecture. It, together with its equipment, and the ground upon which it stands, represents \$1,000,000.

But all these statements and figures give little idea of the healthful, buoyant, useful work carried on by the O. M. I., or the completely satisfying effect of the new building. It stands there today plain, simple, dignified, perfectly fitted to its purpose, altogether pleasing to the eye and imagination, even in its newness picturesque and bound to grow more so with the grace of the weathering years. It is, too, capitally located. For, according to Cincinnati's present plan for parks the canal will some day be a broad driveway and the land below it down to Court street will be a green park stretching out to the westward.

Out in Spring Grove is one monument on which are carved the names of two men who related by law could still be devoted friends. Down on Fountain square occur again the names of those two men, Tyler Davidson and Henry Probasco.

The fountain represents the culmination of two stories. Back to Germany one of them goes and has nothing whatever to do with Probasco or any of his family. It goes to Germany in 1840, when Munich was the fairy revelling place of art. Ferdinand von Miller was the head of the great bronze foundry and he and other young artists were accustomed to gather together and discuss all sorts of art questions with all the verve and impetuosity common to artists. One summer evening they had gone to get a drink of cool water from the well in the garden at von Miller's. The subject of drinking fountains came up and August von Kreling declared his opinion that the old mythological emblems constantly used for fountains throughout Europe were worn out, that a fountain ought to be designed to represent the beneficent uses of water to mankind. The other artists stated their opinions, the discussion waxed warm, Kreling became excited and in the twilight of the summer night drew design after design of fountains with his lighted cigar upon the polished garden table to the immense consternation and perturbation of the good mistress of the house. After this evening Kreling designed a fountain embodying his ideas of the meaning and suggestion in artistic form of the benison of water. But the model called for great expense in its execution and Germany became involved in war so that von Miller, though he tried again and again to dispose of Kreling's model and erect this great bronze fountain somewhere in Europe, was never able to do so.

In the meantime over in America, Tyler Davidson and Henry Probasco talked of fountains. To give one to the city, a beautiful one not of mythological character, but representing the beneficent uses of water, that became their intention. But here, too, a war broke out, the Civil war, and Mr. Davidson died. Much later, in 1867, Henry Probasco, traveling in Europe, went to the Royal bronze foundry of Bavaria. He wanted to order a fountain to be erected in Cincinnati to the memory of his brother-in-law, Tyler Davidson. He told Ferdinand von Miller his purpose and of his idea in regard to a fountain. Miller showed him one thing after another, nothing suited, and Probasco, talking of stained glass windows, was about to depart when Miller suddenly remembered the long-forgotten model of Kreling. He brought it out and Probasco forthwith accepted it.

Then comes the most interesting point of the story, the pugnacious phase, the climax of the third act. Cincinnati, with some apathy which she has been known to affect at various times, finally accepted Mr. Probasco's gift. After considering the square on Fifth between Walnut and Main, the city fathers finally—again finally—decided to place the fountain on the square to the west. Here stood an obstacle in the shape of an ancient market-house. It was a flimsy, wooden, rotten affair, but it was defended by a resolute company of butchers and hucksters who guarded it and regarded it as their own particular stronghold. Mr. Probasco had invited the fathers out to his mansion where, with extreme taste and tact he gave them an elegant collation before showing them the model of his fountain. In that grateful and exhilarated condition following a

feast they vowed almost to a man to vote for the fountain. But afterwards the butchers got hold of them. Whether the butchers were a hardy set as is their reputation, and intimidated the fathers, or whether they wheedled them with the promise of innumerable roasts of beef, no one knows. At least they were frowningly victorious. So the bronze fountain stood aside for the decayed market-house till the question of supremacy was carried to the supreme court and there decided in favor of the fountain. Even then it was necessary to proceed with great caution, as art must inevitably do in its contest with utilitarianism. The butchers still zealously guarded their citadel. But at last the moment was seized. Ninety men with a guard of fifty policemen stole to the castle of the butchers when those unsuspecting ones were not at hand. The rotten old frame shell of the castle of beef gave way before the valiant pick-axes. The poor flocked in and carried the debris away as sparrows dispose of garbage. And the butchers were conquered.

The laying of the corner-stone was a gala occasion. There were speeches by celebrated people. At the auspicious moment Mr. Probasco and his friends stood with glasses of ice-water of which they drank a little, then he struck the corner-stone with a hammer and they all threw the pure water upon it. The fountain was formally opened to the public and presented to the city on October 6, 1871. There were seats for four thousand people. Speeches were made by Archbishop Purcell, Governor Hayes, Honorable William S. Groesbeck, and Dr. Lilienthal. At night all the buildings in the vicinity were illuminated and it was estimated that up to ten o'clock in the evening not fewer than ten thousand people were on the square. Probably nothing has ever been given to the city that has excited so much enthusiasm and civic pride as the Tyler Davidson fountain.

The buildings of the art academy and the museum, standing upon a high hill in Eden Park, visible from innumerable points about the city as an attraction and inspiration to innumerable people, represent an unfinished series of benefactions. Mrs. Sarah Peter was the first benefactor back in the early fifties of the preceding century. Charles McMicken, founder of the university, gave money for the purchase of casts when an academy was started. This nucleus of our Museum is within its present walls. Later in the seventies some progressive and art-loving women formed and pushed along an art movement until they gained the allegiance of some rich business men. At the opening of one of Cincinnati's famous expositions on a September evening of 1880, a formal announcement was made that Charles W. West would give \$150,000 for an art museum on condition that an equal amount should be raised within a year. On the closing night of the exposition, only a month later, on an evening in October, when this corner of the land wakens from her summer drowsiness and is at the full height of her strength and beauty, the announcement was made to a crazily enthusiastic public that the full amount had been raised.

Mr. West proposed another \$150,000 for an endowment fund. He gave in all \$313,532, which, with the exception of McMicken's gift to the university, is the largest single benefaction in money to the city.

The Longworth family were ever very much interested patrons of art. Joseph Longworth was particularly so and in his lifetime gave to the amount of about \$100,000 to the school of design, which was under the control of the university.



BELLEVUE HOUSE AND ELM STREET INCLINE PLANE IN 1883



It was apparently his intention to endow the school, but his death intervened. His son then proposed to endow it as a memorial to his father if the school should pass from the control of the university over to the control of the museum association. This was done and the Longworth endowment now amounts to \$371,631.

David Sinton, who came to Cincinnati the first time perhaps even a trifle poorer than Charles McMicken, for it is not recorded that he had a horse and saddle and bridle, had in his young Scotch blood all the resolution and capacity of the most successful captain of industry. When he had heaped up his millions he began to dispense much money in wise benefactions. One of these, his gift of \$100,000 to the university, has been spoken of in this paper. Others of his gifts are noted elsewhere. But one of the most valuable of his benefactions is the art academy for the building of which he gave \$75,000 at one time and more later.

Another in the series of benefactions to the museum is the Emma Louise Schmidlapp building added to the main structure by Mr. Jacob G. Schmidlapp in memory of his daughter. This wing, finished only a few years ago at a cost of \$150,000, extends out over the winding roads of the park, is a massive, dignified, still structure in stone. It is of Greek Doric architecture and contains chiefly the hall of sculpture and the library of the museum. Mr. Schmidlapp gives annually \$1,500 for the maintenance of this building.

Other endowments to the museum are that of Reuben R. Springer of \$40,000 to the museum and \$11,371 to the academy, A. L. Harbeson \$500 and Sallie Harbeson \$500, Elizabeth H. Appleton \$500, A. T. Goshorn who for years was director of the museum and one of the greatest friends to art that Cincinnati has ever known, \$5,000; Clara Hunter, \$200; and the Louise Ingalls endowment to the academy of \$10,000. Other bequests are those of Mary P. Ropes, \$17,200, and the Eliza O. Ropes bequest of stock of par value of \$17,000 (worth \$33,540), and the very recent bequest of the John J. Emery collection of pictures and of \$200,000 to the museum fund.

Many gifts of rare and valuable articles have been made to the museum, the very latest of which is one of the most valuable and interesting. It is the large collection of rare old silver by Judge John S. Conner. The collection is made up of exceptionally beautiful pieces and is rich in ecclesiastical and ceremonial silver and old Dutch articles.

But perhaps the most thoughtful and beneficent gift to the public generally is that of Mrs. Mary M. Emery, who established the Emery Free Day endowment of \$100,000 in memory of her husband, Thomas J. Emery. The income from this money goes to pay the expenses of the institution on the one day of each week when no admission is charged. So since 1907, Saturday has been free. This is a particular largess to school teachers, school children and all workers who have a half-holiday on that day.

Cincinnati has been so rich in public-spirited citizenship that it is impossible even to name all the men and women who have made gifts to the public good. A group of men did much for the artistic life of the city in what was, as it were, the reconstruction period after the war. Joseph Longworth, John Shillito, George Ward Nichols, Julius Dexter, A. T. Goshorn, Reuben R. Springer are

names written in gold in the city's history. Mr. Springer gave to many things, his largest lump gift being for the erection of Music Hall. Cincinnati's expositions, virtually started many years ago by the O. M. I., had become famous and very large, and Cincinnati's May music festivals were becoming brilliantly artistic events when in 1875, realizing that there was no adequate home in Cincinnati for either of these, Reuben R. Springer offered to give \$125,000 for a music hall if an equal sum should be raised by the citizens. This was accomplished, but the hall eventually cost \$300,968.78, the exposition wings \$235,000, and Mr. Springer gave, first and last, \$235,000. He contributed largely to the great organ, too, which cost \$32,695. And Springer hall, the main hall of the building—in the foyer of which his statue stands—where so many splendid concerts and operas have been given and so many great conventions held that it has won for Cincinnati the sobriquet of the convention city, still remains one of the largest and finest halls in the country.

Music, of course, has had many practically-minded friends in Cincinnati. Near Music Hall on the south stands the College of Music. This, too, received a small endowment from Reuben R. Springer, but its chiefest benefaction is that of recent years from Jacob G. Schmidlapp, who built the dormitory as a memorial to his wife.

Perhaps no gift in the name of art has ever given so much wholesome joy to so many people as the free concerts in the open air in the parks. These were initiated by William S. Groesbeck, who in 1875 gave \$50,000 for band concerts to be given in Burnet woods on Saturday afternoons through the summer. More recently Jacob G. Schmidlapp and Mrs. Charles Schmidlapp, who did this in the memory of her husband, endowed a fund for free concerts on Sunday afternoons through the summer in Eden park. The latest gift, though it is not endowed, is that of Mrs. Charles Fleischmann and her son, Julius Fleischmann, for free concerts on summer evenings in the parks down town. So that altogether in the summer of 1910 there were forty-three concerts given in the parks down town (Fleischmann), thirteen in Burnet Woods (Groesbeck), and nineteen in Eden Park (Schmidlapp).

The vision of the people sitting there in quiet delight by the hundreds upon the benches and in the grass of the sloping hillside, breathing the sweet air and listening to the music they love on a summer afternoon, is a "benison on the giver." Mothers go there and rest while the wee toddlers run so perilously to and fro on the greensward before the grandstand; young girls go there with their sweethearts; old men go there for whom even many weary years of toil have not killed their love of music—you see them all sitting silent on the benches. And you wish for more parks and more band concerts.

It is a difficult thing to write of the good deeds of the living. One seems to them, if they are retiring and they generally are, perhaps to be dealing out fulsome flattery; to others one seems like the foolish or paid tool of a rich man's ambition. There is so much ambition and flattery in the world that it is hard for people to take a simple honest statement in simplicity and good faith. Yet it is impossible to write a paper like this without some such statements for the sake of historical fairness. Moreover one would have to be an emotional impossibility in writing of the great benefactions of the last few years without feeling some

enthusiasm. The thought of the gifts of Hanna, L. A. Ault who has promoted the park interests and just given a park worth about \$100,000, the work of George R. Balch and others who pulled the canal bill through, are kindling firebrands not merely to civic patriotism but to the deeper broader feeling of human kindness.

No woman has ever done more good in Cincinnati than Mrs. Mary M. Emery has done. Perhaps no citizen, man or woman, has ever given so much money away in different benefactions. The Free Day endowment at the Art Museum and the building of the O. M. I. have been spoken of. Another large gift is that of the parish house of Christ church. The practical philanthropic work of Christ church was initiated by the Reverend Alexis Stein, a memory dear still to the hearts of many Cincinnatians, only about a dozen years ago. It grew so rapidly and was so cramped that Mrs. Emery bought property adjoining the church and erected a large, adequately appointed building, whose tower is a perfect piece of architecture full of grace, meeting the eye with the joyful satisfaction which perfect things give. This tower can be seen from many places—looking down Fourth street it is particularly attractive—and together with the steeple of the old First Presbyterian church and the tower of the Scottish Rite cathedral, it makes a pleasing bit of architectural effect in the city's very heart. The work of Christ church, one of the greatest parish house activities in the country, is practically due to the advantages of this building. There are now two thousand five hundred individuals organized there in clubs and classes. There are twenty organizations, with twenty-two regular meetings and many more occasional meetings weekly. There have been as many as fourteen meetings in one day. The baths are particularly beneficial and prosperous and are used to the extent of two thousand eight hundred a month.

Mrs. Emery has personally contributed to the Anna Louise Inn, the Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, Home for Incurables, Newsboys Home, Salvation Army Rescue Home, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, and through her husband's interest, to the Colored Orphan Asylum, the Episcopal Hospital for Children on Mount Auburn, the Fresh Air Farm at Terrace Park, the Girls Friendly Society Vacation Home at Clermontville, Ohio, the Childrens' Home, and the Home for the Friendless.

Mrs. Emery's latest gift is the Mary M. Emery Bird Reserve. And this to some of us seems the most delightful philanthropy possible. In 1900 Mrs. Emery bought a tract of wood containing two or three acres, built a boy- and-cat-proof high fence about it and turned it over to the biological department of the university, whose head, Professor Benedict, is so much interested in birds. A very practical object of the gift is to furnish a model to municipalities to follow in creating reserves for bringing back wild birds to the cities. Birds are a material good, as any biologist or forester knows, but they are, too, a potent element in the love of nature without which man is little better than beast and without which there is no art. For beauty is as necessary to good living as bread.

The most unique benefaction to the city is the Schmidlapp fund, an invention of the active brain of Jacob G. Schmidlapp. The fund is distinctly his original idea, there having been nothing just like it in the world before. A gift to working girls, it is a memorial to his daughter, Charlotte R. Schmidlapp.

It combines the purposes of a scholarship and a loan association and adds that most advantageous element of all, personal interest and sympathy. In 1907 Mr. Schmidlapp set aside certain properties the income only from which was to be used. According to the trust agreement \$3,000 of the interest from these properties was to be distributed the first year and increased every year by \$500 until the amount distributed should reach \$6,000 a year, after which it was not to be increased till the principal reached \$400,000 when \$10,000 should be distributed, and after that as the principal increased by \$100,000 the income to be distributed should be increased by \$2,500 until the principal should reach \$2,000,000, when, at the discretion of the executive committee, all the income might be distributed. That is to say, part of the income will be dispensed each year, the rest accruing to the principal till that becomes \$2,000,000. And the sum dispensed will range from \$3,000 a year to the income from \$2,000,000, which will be a very large sum of money, among the hundred thousands, if the property be well invested as it assuredly will be. The administration of the money is under the control of five directors of the Union Savings Bank and Trust company, together with the mayor of the city and the president of the university. Mr. Schmidlapp reserves the right to change the conditions of this agreement and provides that if by the laws of the state of Ohio, the fund becomes taxable, it shall revert to his estate.

The thought was in the donor's mind that a great many girls who are compelled to work outside of their homes, find their labor in surroundings uncongenial and often harmful to them, when, by a better education they could obtain employment not detrimental to them physically or morally but making rather for strength and beauty both then and in the domestic life—they would lead later on. Miss M. Edith Campbell is the sympathetic, wise, and judicious director of the fund. So many girls and women applied to her that it was decided to limit the age of the applicant to between fourteen and twenty-five years. Money is given to a girl, when the director deems it proper, whereby she may acquire proficiency in stenography, or music, or academic education, or whatever she may feel herself best fitted for. This is regarded as a loan which she will repay when she becomes self-supporting. And by repaying it she herself becomes a part of the scheme for helping others. The establishment of the fund has led to the establishment of the Vocation and Employment bureau, the business of which is to investigate the conditions surrounding girls and women who work, and to help them in any way possible.

Mr. Schmidlapp's next benefaction and the one in which he is perhaps more interested than in anything he has done so far, are model tenement houses for workingmen. The first of these he is beginning to construct in South Norwood in the autumn of 1911.

It is a strange and touching thing that most benefactions are the fruit of sorrow. The desire to pay tribute to some one passed into the silence, the longing to perpetuate his name and memory has led thousands of people to make priceless gifts to their fellow men. And those beneficiaries, unmindful, wander delightedly in free art galleries or study in their young enthusiasm in free schools, or enjoy bountiful comforts, or listen to the gay notes of music, because of the long sleep of some one beloved.

OLD INNS AND WAYFARING.

Mary MacMillan.

"There be three things which go well, yea, four are comely in going: A lion which is strongest among beasts, and turneth not away for any; a greyhound; an he-goat also; and a king against whom there is no rising up."

So sang the Maker of Proverbs in his poetic series of three, yea four things that were to him full of strange wonder and interest past finding out. Today he might have added, "There be three things of romantic allurements, yea four, that entice the imagination: A road that windeth on over the hill; a sail at sea; a train that glideth away into the night; and an ancient inn that hath given shelter to wandering souls."

Travel, the movements of human beings, has had in it a romantic interest even from the times of the migration of the races on down to latter day jauntings into foreign lands. It has always charmed poets and story-tellers and almost every one of them has used it with joy and cunning wisdom, because the millions of others who can not make poems or tell stories, do nevertheless love adventure, movement and life, strange lands and the interest of new people with stories looking out of their eyes. From pleasant Dan Chaucer on down through the sweet prosiness of Longfellow to the wild vitality of Kipling, there have been pilgrimages, and from Omar through good Sir Walter to Stevenson, there have been caravans and inns. We like it, for, though we English-speaking people have not the word for "wanderlust" in our language, we have the feeling in our blood; and even while we sit at home under our own vine and fig-tree, we travel in our fancies. And we like to read about the curious wayfaring of others.

Material comforts have so far developed in the last few years, we travel with so much ease in fast-running electric cars or taxicabs, over smooth streets, or we glide across plains and over mountains in quiet, great easy-rolling Pullman coaches, breaking our journeys at hotels so luxurious that in the future hotel will take the place of the word palace as a synonym for elegant comfort; we set out from home in fact to find more splendid conveniences than we leave behind, compared to which travel in the old days meant such torture that we wonder how our ancestors ever had the courage to go away from home at all. Then we remember that the spirit of change and adventure has been rife in animal life ever since the first oyster began to wriggle in his ancestral bed. To the spirit of change and adventure we owe our present home as much as to anything else. What more could have prompted and upheld that austere romantic old soldier of fortune, the Sieur de la Salle, to paddle his solitary canoe round the Great Lakes or plunge down through the forests to discover the Ohio river? It was that quite as much as anything else which led our ancestors out to homes in the wilderness. And it was that as much as it was necessity that lured them to travel later, on horseback and in bungling stage-coaches—that spirit which then and now and forever will be the smooth butter to the bread of necessity and will get the race along with pleasure into new prospects.

We think of those times of our grandfathers and imagination pictures the old stage-coaches and the wayside inns of the thirties and forties. If it should really come down to practice we know full well that we should prefer going thirty miles an hour in an automobile, but the wayfaring of the past arouses all romantic interest. We see top-boots and long blue coats with brass buttons, post-boys winding their horns, tavern kitchens with hams and red-peppers hung aloft, and tavern tap-rooms with their wide chimney corners. Our minds revel in a multitude of pictures, we are overwhelmingly filled with the romantic spirit of the past, words push and crowd for utterance of its description, and the bare facts of history lie fairly lost sight of in the bewildering richness of fancy. Dickens and Washington Irving are responsible for much of this and we are thankful to them for it. We wish that Dickens when he visited Cincinnati had written more fully of his discomfort, for he is so immensely entertaining and picturesque even when he is most spiteful.

One other thought comes into our minds about the days of our grandfathers: the dear old people—who were not old at all then, but forever possess a sort of pathetic ancient grace in our thought of them—the dear old people did not know they were uncomfortable any more than they knew they were picturesque. The breaking down of a stage-coach was only an accident all in the day's work, like the puncture of an automobile tire today, and their Lion or Dragon inn were hostleries merely of delightful accommodation, picturesque not to them but only to us as the Waldorf will seem an antiquated concern some day to our grandchildren.

There is of course no trace left in Cincinnati of her ancient taverns. Romance can not hold land that is worth thousands of dollars a front foot. Beside, it is not necessary, for romance can easily live in the air. Out in the country some old roadhouses still exist in the wood and stone and brick of their original being, but Yeatman's tavern stands only in the fancy of our grandparents who have heard their fathers talk about it.

Griffin Yeatman was a Virginian who came to Cincinnati in the very earliest days. On the northeast corner of Front and Sycamore streets he built his public house. There, at that spot, was an inlet in the river where the very first boatload of pioneers landed about Christmas time of 1788, and this inlet, below the tavern, became known as Yeatman's cove. The north line of the river at that particular spot in those days nearly reached Front street. At the foot of the road which led up the hill were two sycamore trees overhanging the river and so the street came to be called Sycamore street. Yeatman's tavern was a large frame structure of two and one-half stories facing Front street. There were six windows to each of the full stories and four dormers above them. Along Sycamore street was an extension of about one hundred feet of two stories. In the front of the house the tavern parlor and bar must have been, and behind were the kitchens where Mistress Yeatman doubtless presided and where mine host probably entered to see that everything was right. For Griffin seems to have been an eminently capable, careful and prudent person, who looked after his own interests with zeal, and yet was a genial and popular landlord. Probably there were bedrooms downstairs and likely a yard behind it all, and stables after the usual fashion. The tavern was new and rough, the

little village itself being only six years old when Judge Jacob Burnet came to Cincinnati in 1795. Probably the entire house was redolent with the odor of lumber, the newly sawed boards from which it was built, and much resembled the rough, new hotels of the freshly built wilderness villages of Canada. Our wee backwoods village had nothing in it then but log cabins and rough unfinished frame houses. Factories were unbuilt and the difficulty of getting things over the mountains almost prohibitive—but not quite to those stanch souls of our forefathers. We wonder again how they lived and how they had the bravery to start out to a place so remote and so far removed by the actual mountains of difficulty from the base of supplies in the east. Then we remember that old spirit of adventure. They came with some feeling of seriousness, to be sure, but not the smallest sign of timidity, and with their wagons and boats laden with enormous quantities of goods and provisions.

Judge Burnet—not a judge then, but a very young man just out of an eastern college and come west to the scarce habitable little village—was ill while staying at Yeatman's tavern. The ground round about the new settlement was undrained, there was much stagnant water and doubtless myriads of mosquitoes. Ponds were everywhere and for years later there was a large one up in the neighborhood of Fifth and Main streets, called the Frog pond. Dr. Drake tells humorously that when he was a medical student of fifteen and carried powders and pills for his preceptor, Dr. Goforth, he found the shortest way to run was directly through a ditch and consequently he was in a chronic condition of muddiness. There was naturally a great deal of what was called autumnal fever, malaria. And when young Jacob Burnet lay sick at Yeatman's tavern in August, sixteen other men were lying ill in the same room. It was a great room, a sort of large central dormitory, rough, unlathed, unplastered, and there were no dainties, hardly comforts even for the sick men, yet the judge said that he heard never a complaint. All of them knew that the best possible was being done for them. They had the submissive, patient pluck of the soldier, the explorer, the pioneer, the sort that Kipling writes about and of which we see so little today, perhaps only because our modern enervating conditions do not call it forth. Moreover, Judge Burnet was a gentleman and probably the other men were, too, and took the roughness of their abode and their vexations with the quietness of good breeding.

That Griffin Yeatman was a thrifty soul appears from an advertisement inserted in a newspaper of the day, the *Spy*, in 1799. "Observe this notice," says Mr. Yeatman. "I have experienced the many expenses attending my pump, and any family wishing to receive the benefits thereof for the future may get the same by sending twenty-five cents each Monday morning."

Yeatman was one of the prominent citizens of the village and his inn was a center of both the civic and social life of the place. Most of the business was done on Main street below Second—Columbia, it was called then—and on Front street, facing the landing and on Sycamore, a short distance from Front. Major Ziegler kept a store right next door to Yeatman's. So the tavern was in the thick of things and a convenient meeting-place for various activities. On the 4th of July, 1799, there was a gloriously patriotic celebration. In the morning there was a salute from the guns of Fort Washington and later the

militia paraded. An outdoor dinner was given to the governor and the officers of the army and other great men, with toasts and speeches and music. "In the evening, the gentlemen joined a brilliant assembly of ladies, at Mr. Yeatman's, in town; it is impossible to describe the ecstatic pleasure to be enjoyed by all present."

Another notice published in 1800, advertises to all gentlemen who wish to join a volunteer light infantry company to meet at Mr. Yeatman's tavern at the certain specified time. This was the first organization of a military company in Cincinnati. In 1801 the attention of the progressive people was drawn to the discovery of the use of steam. It was proposed to organize a company to investigate the power of those machines "capable of propelling a boat against stream with considerable velocity," and even "equally applicable to mills, and other mechanical works," and persons who "felt a disposition" to patronize the above undertaking were politely invited to meet at Mr. Yeatman's place on a stated evening at six o'clock. This movement was a full decade before Fulton's discovery was first used on the Ohio river and shows how wide open were the eyes of the early business men of Cincinnati.

At the beginning of 1801 Griffin Yeatman became recorder, an office in which he served for twenty-seven years. In the same year contracts were offered at four o'clock one afternoon at Mr. Yeatman's for the building of a market-house, "the under story to be built of stone and lime, and the upper story to be built of wood." And in the fall of the same year a very important meeting was held at the tavern one evening to consider the question of the propriety of having the town incorporated. The meeting evidently accomplished something—probably there was plenty of enthusiasm and plenty, too, of Monongahela rye, that beverage which flowed so freely in those days—for the little town was incorporated the following year, 1802. In the very earliest days the population of Cincinnati like that of every other new settlement on the outposts of civilization, must have consisted largely of young men, most of them unmarried. And probably the majority of these young fellows boarded at Yeatman's. That they were rather inclined to have as gay a time as the heavy stumbling-block of backwoods life permitted is not only quite in keeping with the nature of young men, but is made patent by the various references in early records to the festivities of the army officers and their friends who gave the flavor to early society. Youth has ever taken kindly to the footlights and these young men, lacking the more ornate and intricate mechanism of modern theatrical performances gave their plays in Griffin Yeatman's stable with a primitive simplicity that would have delighted the followers of Ben Greet. The leading men of the village took part, Major Ziegler in cocked hat and knee breeches and sword in hand was the door-keeper, and General Findley made the address.

In 1806 the French infidel philosopher, Volney,—*"the ingenious Mr. Volney"* Dr. Drake calls him in deep satire—having tramped his way through Kentucky with his clothing carried in an oilskin cloth under his arm, crossed the river to Cincinnati and took up his abode at Yeatman's. Judge Burnet was stopping at the tavern then, and he and others endeavored with all their skill to find out the purpose of the Frenchman's visit, but that person was entirely inscrutable.

He seems to have excited the curiosity of all the good and orthodox citizens, for he is referred to again and again by them.

The Supreme court was held at Yeatman's. Judge Symmes being the presiding judge. The house must really have been very large to have accommodated so many interests and occupations. Dr. Drake in a pleasantly reminiscent address he delivered before the medical association just before his death, alludes to the old inn as the "Hotel de Ville." It was on Front street, he observes, which was nearly built up of log and frame houses from Walnut street to Eastern row, now Broadway, and occupied by people of wealth and men of business. At the foot of Sycamore, quite near the hotel, was a wooden market-house built over the cove, into which pirogues and other water craft were poled or paddled. Front street had even a few patches of sidewalk pavement, says the doctor. Forty years later this lot on which Mr. Yeatman kept his tavern and which originally cost \$2—less than we pay nowadays for a night at a comfortable hotel—rented for \$2,860 or at the rate of \$286,000 for the original premises. No wonder Nicholas Longworth and others of the early investors in land in Cincinnati got rich. When Aaron Burr, in 1806, was pursuing his devious way of political adventure and intrigue, he came down the river and had his Kentucky boat moored at Yeatman's cove and, introduced by United States Senator John Smith, took lodgings with mine host Yeatman, to partake of his best viands washed down by genuine importations from Oporto and Bordeaux. General Richard T. Yeatman of Glendale, still possesses the punch bowl that was used in the tavern. It is a beautiful old English ware and of generous capacity, for it would hold ten gallons. General Yeatman says that according to tradition many great men have been served from this bowl, among them Aaron Burr, General Andrew Jackson, and George Rogers Clarke, "the neglect to honor whose name," adds the general, "is a cause of everlasting shame to the middle west."

Other inns have given as great comfort as Yeatman's in those very earliest days, and others are spoken of in the first years of the nineteenth century as being the leading hotels of the place. Perhaps they were, considered merely as hostleries, but it is plain to be seen that Yeatman's was *the* place, the central meeting-ground, for all sorts of pleasure and enterprise, a sort of clubhouse.

There was a cow-path up Broadway and a very steep wagon road up Sycamore, and these were the only ways of ascending the hill. Matthew Winton kept a tavern on Front street opposite David E. Wade's house, a little to the west of it. Joel Williams and Isaac Felter kept the first taverns, both houses being on Water street. Joel also ran the ferry to Kentucky and his inn was a very celebrated one on a spot afterwards called Latham's corner. This was at the foot of Main street, where there was another cove. And this inlet and Yeatman's cove were the principal landings, Yeatman's being used extensively for crossing into Kentucky. On Front street was also the Green Tree inn with its beautiful great green tree in front, kept, until he moved out to his farm in Butler county, by Isaac Anderson, who had been a young lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. George Gomer kept a tavern above Resor's place, and William McCann another on what was called Liverpool's corner.

Judge Dunlevy writes that when he was in Cincinnati in 1804 he stayed at a hotel on the corner of Main and Fifth, kept by a gentleman named James Conn or rather,—the discriminating judge qualifies his first statement carefully—by his wife, for she “was the most efficient of the family.” This inn seems to have been well out of town for he says that forest trees stood all about it to the south and east and north, and all the land north of Fifth street, with the exception of one or two houses, was in woods or enclosed lots. Most of the way from Lebanon to Cincinnati lay through deep woods, and from the tavern kept by John Cummins in Cumminsville, there was never a settlement or habitation, except for two residences, one being that of General Cary, until the traveler reached Conn’s hotel. At this inn stopped all the judges who were holding court in Cincinnati—the court itself was at Yeatman’s tavern, it will be remembered. These judges were Luke Foster, James Silver, and Dr. Stephan Wood. Judge Goforth lived in town. Here also stopped Judge John Cleves Symmes, the mighty tea-drinker, surpassing Dr. Johnson, perhaps. For a certain very little boy, the writer’s grandfather, in round eyed dismay counted the cups one evening as the Judge emptied them and finally shouting, “That’s sixteen!” was hustled from the room and severely punished in the good old fashioned method.

It is a very ancient and tiresome but true saying that necessity is the mother of invention. If Cincinnati had not been so deep in the wilderness with access to the conveniences of life so many hundreds of miles away over barriers almost insurmountable as the mountains of the moon, the little place would not have grown and become self-supporting so rapidly. People of all trades and professions came and they soon began to make what they could not bring with them. Brick and stone houses took the place of the little log cabins. Saw mills, woolen mills, flour mills were built. People had all the comforts and conveniences of living that were to any little town anywhere at that period. The country round about was regarded as rich and beautiful as the Promised Land. Men bought farms and made settlements daringly many miles distant from the little metropolis on the river. And then they began to build roads and consequently road-houses sprang up at Lebanon and Oxford and Hamilton and Montgomery. And many a solitary tavern stood at a cross-roads corner to catch the jaded traveler singly on horseback, or refresh the occupants of a stage where it stopped to change horses.

From Cincinnati there were many “dirt roads,” but good macadamized turnpikes, too, ran through the country and over the hills in different directions long before the big lines of steam railroads were ever dreamed of, and were still in use for staging long after some of these latter were in operation.

“Vitas of change and adventure.
Through the green land
The gray roads go beckoning and winding.”

One of these, still smooth and view-bedecked and enticing to our modern going in automobiles, is the Coleraine turnpike. A student from up the state going to Miami University at Oxford, came down by water to Marietta and then to Cincinnati, stopping here perhaps at the Henrie House. The next morning

he took the coach out over the old Coleraine 'pike, bowling along to the northwest over that very beautiful ridge of hills which gives the eye a stretch of country in many places from both sides of the road, the four good nags trotting briskly till they reached Venice, the little old hamlet in the valley of the Big Miami river. Here, about noon they stopped, meeting the southbound coach, to change horses and get dinner at the old inn on the lower corner of the village where five roads diverge, at the corner where even today much the same old public house stands. With fresh horses the coach started on up the road straight toward the north, a beautiful drive almost all uphill to Oxford with one lovely vista after another behind over hills and valleys. When that college student reached his red brick halls of learning at Oxford he remained there till the long vacation of the following summer. The trip had taken him more than a week and was too long and expensive to be repeated for a mere holiday at Easter—there would have been no holiday left—or even at the Christmas vacation which at the happiest going would have meant barely a few days at home. But he had a pretty good time anyway, as college boys usually do. Sometimes dances were given at the country taverns and the Miami students came down and had quadrilles and schottishes and Virginia reels with the country girls. This particular youth remembered many a one. Traveling over the road perhaps a half century later, he discovered the old deserted, crumbling frame house standing back against the hill, where he danced all one night and he recalled with the delight that never dies in a man, that the daughters of the landlord were two very pretty girls. Another time he danced at Venice and remembered walking down the road a quarter of a mile to the river with some other young fellows at daybreak when the dance was over, just as the sun came up over the river hills beyond.

Mr. Venable remembers many a well-known tavern of the forties where he stopped as a boy on his way down to Cincinnati with his father over the broad, white main-traveled road, the 'pike between Cincinnati and Columbus. They made a stop below Lebanon at a tavern bearing the name Indian Queen and advertised by the dusky features and the bright feathers of the royal savage on the swinging sign-board in front. Near Mason they stopped at the Lowe tavern and about two miles further on at the Bates tavern, a very famous hostelry, celebrated not only for its excellency as a hotel but for the landlord's skill in profanity. Here there was a delicious table, clean beds, a great stable where horses were well fed, and a big clean wagon-yard enclosed by a high fence and strong gates. Profanity seems to have been Mr. Bates' redeeming vice for he was extremely popular and generous, a perfect landlord. At a tavern at Pisgah they stopped next and then at Sharon—some devout Bible student must have gone through here bestowing names and blessings as he journeyed. At Sharon the tavern was christened the White Horse and high on its sign-board swung the picture of the prancing white steed. At Reading was the Mills House, and further on down the road the Four-Mile House, and then the last tavern before you actually entered the city proper, just at the metropolitan loose ends, was the Saint George with the knight and his war steed, the dragon and spear and all carefully portrayed on the sign-board. Hotels and restaurants had rare names in those days and "The Sign of the Blue-Tailed Monkey" was a restaurant

famous in Cincinnati at that time and yet of which, searching with avid pleasure, we can learn little.

It was early in the forties that Dickens visited Cincinnati and wrote of it in his vivid cartoon style. We do not know what hotel had the honor of housing him while here, though in Louisville he stopped at the Galt House, where he was as handsomely lodged, he munificently acknowledges, as he could have been in Paris. Though he rather objected to certain forms of our food, shreds of dried beef and pickle, apple-sauce and pumpkin, and hot corn bread almost as good for the digestion as a kneaded pincushion, he seems to have found a comfortable resting-place in his hotel here for he singled it out again on his return from the journey to St. Louis. Perhaps he felt that the place could furnish nothing better. From here to Columbus over the fine macadamized road at six miles an hour Mr. Dickens traveled. "We start at eight o'clock in the morning, in a great mail-coach, whose huge cheeks are so very ruddy and plethoric, that it appears to be troubled with a tendency to blood in the head. Dropsical it certainly is, for it will hold a dozen passengers inside. But, wonderful to add, it is very clean and bright, being nearly new; and rattles through the streets of Cincinnati gaily." He reported—for that is what Mr. Dickens was, an inspired reporter with a genius for fantastic language—that the coachmen were always dirty and sullen and taciturn, that the inns were forsaken and unattractive with the few patrons dull or drunk, and the landlords were inept and inapt, "least connected with the business of the house." All of which is as interesting if as untrue as one of Zola's materialistic pictures. We give Mr. Dickens credit for his gift of exaggeration first, and then for his particularly British aptitude for patronizing and exhaustive curiosity. These latter characteristics probably instantly antagonized every shrewd American citizen and produced a most disquieting social situation. No other traveler, save his disgruntled fellow Briton Mrs. Trollope, found conditions here quite so ugly. Most of them have praised the accommodations in Cincinnati unqualifiedly. Captain Marryatt, Harriet Martineau, Lafayette, all carried away with them pleasant impressions.

Business men know that the business status of a city can be pretty accurately gauged by her hotels. It is a perfectly practical proposition. For if the place is very much to the fore in a mercantile way, people are bound to come there both to buy and sell and the hotels are well patronized. In the period of the very remarkable growth of Cincinnati the more leisurely taverns with their tap-rooms and candles and Monongehela rye began to give place to greater elegance and sperm-oil lamps. In 1831, when the town had about 25,000 inhabitants, there were many hotels. The Broadway, City, White Hall, Commercial, Dennison's, Graham's, McHenry's, Fox's. Griffin Yeatman, still the popular landlord, had climbed away beyond the old tavern and kept in 1834 a hotel called the Pearl Street House. In the directory of 1831 a new hotel is advertised which must have been this one, a very pretentious affair of five stories above the basement and with marble columns. The picture of the Pearl Street House verifies the splendid prediction. The hotel not only had the columns but iron balconies as well and large lamp of artistic iron work in front. At about the same time or a little later there was a spacious comfortable looking building with a very wide frontage down on Third street between Main and Sycamore, called the Henrie

House. Third street, it will be remembered, was a fashionable part of town for residence at that time. Dr. Drake lived in the neighborhood and the Mansfields and Mrs. Peter.

In 1850, the same year in which the Little Miami depot was completed, the Burnet House was formally opened with a grand ball and house-warming. It may amaze Cincinnatians to be told that the Burnet in the glory of its proud days of old was undoubtedly the most spacious and best hotel in the United States and probably in the world. The house contained three hundred and forty rooms. A quaint old steel engraving of the Burnet House with prancing steeds and coaches, with ladies in wide skirts and gentlemen in strange hats in front of it, still exists. The house faced Third street and six big columns stood on the portico at the top of a flight of innumerable steps up from the street. It was five and six stories in height with a great dome in the center, and there was at that time an uninterrupted view from it over the lower town and river and Kentucky hills. The hotel was easy of access to the river and canal which with the coach roads were still the great channels of travel, and when the railroads, then in prospect, should be finished, would be not far distant from the Little Miami depot.

In 1851 the Gibson House is advertised on its present site just opposite the college buildings in which were "the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' Exchange, the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association, the meeting place of the city council and the various city offices." The hotel—we cannot refrain from saying "Mirabile dictu!" for that was in 1851—was heated and the cooking and washing done by steam. One other astonishing feature of the conveniences of the house is noted and we transcribe it in complete seriousness, that, namely, there was no disturbance during the sleeping hours and no more noise than in any private house.

The Henrie House, the long established hospice down on Third street still enjoyed its popularity. The United States Hotel was on the corner of Walnut and Sixth. The Woodruff House was on Sycamore between Third and Fourth, near the old National Theatre then in operation and quite in the business center of town. This hotel had a suggestion of our modern roof garden, for on the top was a pleasant promenade affording a fine view of the river and surrounding country. The Dennison House was one of the oldest hotels in the State, having been established in 1824. The Walnut Street House was on the corner of Walnut and Gano and seems to have been particularly ornamental and fine in its interior furnishings. For its floors in the business rooms were "covered with ornamental cast iron plates"—whatever they were—"tessellated into squares." It sounds magnificent. The remainder of the house was carpeted—oh, the red, deep, elegant, wonderful, stuffy carpets of those old hotels!—and the dining-room which was ninety by forty feet and one of the most splendid dining-rooms anywhere in the world, had its ceiling "enriched with elegantly rich frescoes." It also had what most of the hotels then seemed to make a point of having, the observatory on the top so that the hotels which were taller than the surrounding buildings might have an unobstructed view for the delectation of their guests in the strange city. One other, the Waverly House, in the neighborhood of Main and Court, was interesting because it was said to catch the patronage of lawyers and judges and persons here on legal business, and had the "best share of the

travel from the interior of Ohio and Indiana and, in the winter season, of Kentucky, also." Just why only in the winter season the visitors from the other side of the river patronized it and at no other time, has not been explained.

In 1859 the Gibson House was refurnished at a cost of \$10,000 and Mr. Cist remarks in his book published that year that four hundred and twenty guests sat down to dinner at the Gibson House the day before—to be very exact—his volume went to press.

Mr. Venable in writing of his visit to Cincinnati in the forties, refers to the splendors of the Spencer House. The old building still stands down at the foot of Broadway on the river front and has degenerated into the basest of tenements. But in the flowering period of Cincinnati and of river steamboat travel the Spencer House was very famous and elegant. Overlooking the river and near to the wharves of those great floating palaces of the inland waterways, the old hotel had all the patronage of the travelers by water and much of those in the plethoric stage-coaches, too. Balls were given there, great personages were entertained there, and there in the bygone times, redolent with the sweetest roses of romance, in summer evenings the guests promenaded or sat out on the overhanging balconies spaciouly overlooking the glimmering lights and quietly moving intricate traffic of the great river below.

The Grand Hotel started September 14, 1874, owned and conducted by a stock company of which the late Theodore Cook was the president. It was opened with great eclat and regarded as a most elegant house. Some highly eminent persons have always made the Grand their stopping place, among them General Grant, President Hayes, President Harrison, and President McKinley, Speaker Joe Cannon, and William Jennings Bryan; Edwin Booth and Patti have also been entertained there, though the favorite place with actors has always been the Burnet House. A dinner was given at the Grand to General Grant which was one of the most splendid public functions ever held in Cincinnati. It was given by Cincinnati business men, cost \$20 a plate and was catered by Henry Genila, an Italian chef brought to this country for the express purpose of conducting the cuisine at the Grand. There was always a quiet stateliness of the past in the old hotel, something gone never to return, it is to be feared, into the bustle and victrolas of modern hotel life.

The Grand, the Gibson, and the Burnet are the link between ancient days and the new. Travel by stage-coach and canal boat and even by river steamboat is abandoned, electric lines thread the country and some of us even believe in the imminent utilization of air-ships. The younger generation can not conceive of progress by canal and they have never seen a stage coach even in a museum. One is prone to become sentimental over it all and to quote Latin with a little sigh—"Tempora Mutantur." For a Latin quotation is as proper to the past as an apple to an apple tree. But, to assume the cool mental attitude of the unprepossessed critic, one may realize that while material comforts have flourished and increased like the green bay-tree, there is not now and never will be again a time of more romantic and æsthetic appeal than that of the stage coach, the winding white road, the gentlemen in top boots and long blue, brass-buttoned coats, and the tavern with its great wood fire.

TOUR OF THE CITY.

Mary MacMillan.

Some of us would find life very hard living without poetry and jam, but the truth is it would be harder living without the solid facts of numbers and the bread underneath the jam. Fortunately the majority of people—if they want it—can have the combination of bread and jam, the poetry of beauty and the figures that make the structure of beauty. Applying this sententious statement to the subject in hand, we would beg leave to say that the best way to know a city is to study the map. The rule applies to citizens as well as strangers within the gates. It saves time and is especially advisable in a city like Cincinnati which is so cramped in places, so wandering in others, so intricate almost everywhere. And a map is still to be insisted upon even if you have a good guide, for it fixes places firmly in your mind and then gives the imagination leave to play.

For a tour of the town the proper starting point is the heart of the town. This does not necessarily mean the center, for hearts are usually on the left side. That of Cincinnati is on the south, very far south with miles upon miles of thoroughfares stretching away to the north and east and west. Now that Vine street is the dividing line of the city, the corner of Fourth and Vine might be regarded as the heart of the city's life. So you would get into your automobile in front of the Sinton Hotel, our most elegant hostelry on the south side of Fourth street in the center of the square between Vine and Walnut. And, before you crank up, your guide tells you that here a little over a decade ago occurred the most disastrous fire in the history of the city and that the Sinton stands on the site of the old Pike Opera House—the most splendid theatre of its time in the United States—underneath which was the enormous book store of the Robert Clarke Company, the largest publishing house in the west of the last century. All along Fourth street are places of present interest and historic association. It is, with the notable exceptions of the great stores of Shillito on Seventh and Race, and Alms and Doepke on the Canal and Main, the shopping district. Your guide will tell you that Shillito's used to be on Fourth street and that all the doubting Thomases shook their heads when the firm had the temerity to move so far away from civilization as Seventh street. Here on Fourth street are Pogue's and the McAlpin dry-goods stores, the Methodist Book Concern, Schultze's, also Koch and Braunstein for china, Barton's and Traxel & Maas and Closson's for art, the Woman's Exchange, The John Church Company and Baldwin's and many others for music, Herschede's and Loring Andrew's for jewels—and while Loring Andrew's is not the biggest it is the most beautiful, the rarest jewelry store we know in the world—Baer's flower shop, Mullane's & Huyler's for candy; almost everything to tempt you to buy and the railroad offices, moreover, so that if you do not like the town you may easily get a ticket to somewhere else. A little over a square to the west, on the corner of Fourth and Vine, is the St. Nicholas Hotel whose name a quarter of a century ago was a synonym for quiet elegance and perfect cuisine. And still further to the west on Fourth street just beyond Plum is the Grand Hotel, old in quiet respectability and comfort. And while your guide is still speaking of hotels, he might as well

tell you that the Gibson House is right around the corner from Fourth upon Walnut street and the Havlin, modern and magnificent, is a step away from the Grand Opera House on Vine above Fifth, and the entrance to the Burnet is down on Vine street three quarters of the square from Fourth. Of course there are other hotels, dozens of them but these are the biggest and best.

You roll away in your automobile, not too fast—for a highly inflexible policeman stands at each corner—going to Vine street, where you turn down hill passing the Burnet House on the corner of Vine and Third which, when it was built in 1849, was the most elegant and spacious hotel in this country, perhaps in the world, and has given welcome to Lincoln, Grant, Louis Kossuth, Horace Greeley, Edward VII of England, Edwin Booth, Patti, and Mary Anderson, Sheridan and Burnside, and innumerable other notables. The hotel stands on the site of the old home of Judge Jacob Burnet where later Shire's Theatre stood. On the opposite corner was another famous home, that of Mr. Foote, and on the square on Third street between Vine and Walnut was the post-office before business climbed the hill and the government offices were moved to Fourth street. To all of this way along Third street cling memories of the time when this locality was the center of things and almost all the prominent people lived on this very street or close in the neighborhood. You pass by the spot where stood the famous old Trollopean Bazaar, that curious combination both of architecture and intention, built by the entertaining castigator of Cincinnati society of 1830, Mrs. Trollope, author of "The Domestic Manners of the Americans," and mother of the great novelist. On this same square on Third street east of Broadway, lived Dr. Daniel Drake in the house now occupied by the Salvation Army Settlement, and near him the Mansfields and Rufus King and the latter's mother, Mrs. Sarah King Peter. And there at that corner where Third street bends and runs to the northeast, stands the little stone monument, a facsimile of a block-house, which marks the flagstaff of old Fort Washington. For here is the most historic place of all Cincinnati, the ground on which stood Fort Washington, built both in its ramparts and block-houses entirely of hewn logs, constructed in 1789, deserted by the army in 1804 and torn down in 1808. Before turning back your guide takes you down to the foot of Sycamore street where among the ware-houses along the river front you think of the first boat load of pioneers landing in the wilderness at Christmastide of 1788. Yeatman's Cove it was called afterwards—an inlet of the river and a wharf at the foot of Sycamore street, and upon the corner of Sycamore and Front was Yeatman's tavern, the most famous inn of the village. You go back up Sycamore street to Third, then to Lawrence and there you find Lytle Park and playground. This is another historic spot for here stood the old Lytle House, home of General William Haines Lytle, one of our great generals in the Civil war, and the author of the poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying,"—a man of culture and courage; and of his father, General Robert Lytle and of his grandfather, General William Lytle; and before their time a little house stood here in "Peach Grove," as the rude little estate was called, where Dr. Drake came and lived with the great Dr. Goforth, who succeeded in this house Dr. Richard Allison who, our earliest physician, came to Cincinnati with the army.

Then you run on east a square on Fourth street to Pike and, turning to the right, there in the middle of the square you see the great stone gate-posts and the beautiful old mansion of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, which is the home, too, of Mr. Taft's brother, the President, when he is in Cincinnati. This house is one of the few of the old houses still standing, and was the home of Mrs. Taft's father, David Sinton, who was the richest man in Cincinnati, and before him of Nicholas Longworth, and still before him of Martin Baum, a most eminent man and one of the pioneer Germans, who built the house in 1825.

From there your guide takes you, cutting across narrow dilapidated streets, over to Gilbert avenue and you roll rapidly up the long easy hill past the great stone gateway facsimile of the Elsinore Castle entrance, and turn to your right into Eden Park at the broad beautiful entrance opposite the Baldwin Piano factory which, by the way, does not look like a factory at all but like some art or dwelling place with its quiet and order and window-boxes of flowering plants. You will not need to be told that Eden Park is beautiful. Here are trees and velvet slopes and winding roads and on the top of the hill above the lake are the big stone buildings of the art museum and academy. You stop at the museum and find in it one of the most beautifully arranged halls of sculpture in this country, a most delightful collection of old silver, several art galleries of rare pictures, and quantities of other things that will interest you more or less than these according to your temperament. You may find a special exhibit of pictures, as there is one or another hanging on the walls of the galleries most of the time, Cincinnati being one of the few cities in the United States with galleries adequate to accommodate these great traveling exhibits; or, if not one of these, there might be the loan of a local collection like the extremely rare group of old masters of Mrs. Thomas J. Emery, or the great collection of Charles P. Taft.

From the museum you bowl on through and out of the park and to the extreme point of the hill called Mount Adams ever since Ex-President Adams laid the corner stone of the old Observatory, which stood on the highest tip of the hill where now the monastery raises its square Tuscan tower into the blue sky. Mount Adams is the most picturesque spot to be found outside of Europe, but to see just how picturesque it is you would have to get out of your automobile and go poking about on foot up and down the steep little narrow obstinate streets that unexpectedly disclose glimpses of little back flower gardens or of the town and river deep below, and are so quiet that you believe the inhabitants are all descendants of Rip Van Winkle. At the very jumping-off place on the western side of the hill is Rookwood Pottery, which you really came to see and which every visitor in Cincinnati must see. The building is a most attractive rambling affair, low in effect in spite of its two and three stories, built of concrete and timbers, with red tile roof. Here is made an underglaze ware considered by competent judges to be the most beautiful pottery in the world. The decorators are artists who have most of them received their education at the Cincinnati Academy and then in Europe. You are of a very economical disposition if you leave the pottery without an expensive piece as a memento, and then you drive back through the park, this time circling all of it by its beautiful driveways and coming out on the eastern hillside from which stretches a long view of the curves

of the Ohio, the busy thickly built-up narrow part of the city down below between the hill and the river, the towns and hills of Kentucky across.

You go out of the park into Park avenue and on up to McMillan street and out past the Alms Hotel to your left and then turn up Woodburn. In the corner away ahead stands the beautiful St. Francis de Salles church, growing into greater size constantly as you rapidly approach, its great graceful spire piercing the sky over your head. Madison Road lies beyond with handsome residences on both sides all the way out to Hyde Park. You turn off to the right into a queer little unprepossessing lane and in a moment this has developed into the lovely winding Grandin Road, the most beautiful residence part of the city. You pass the Country club with its enticing green golf course stretching off in the distance, and "Rookwood," the old home of the Longworths. One or two far views appear of the winding great river and its valley. And then from Grandin Road by devious turns over paved streets and some rather rough country roads you seek the new Red Bank park, given to the city by Mr. Ault. From a point of it, the site of the old Linwood water tower, stretches the broad lovely Little Miami Valley below you, with the village of Madisonville lying among its trees, hills away off to the east quiet and dreamy, fair masses of cloud rolled up above them touched with rose-colour, and far down to the south the green garden of the mouth of the Little Miami river. This estuary is the place Dr. Daniel Drake drove Miss Harriet Martineau to see when she visited Cincinnati in 1835—the place she found so delightful that she wondered Cincinnati people did not come to it every summer day. "The unforgotten spot was the level about the mouth of the Little Miami river, the richest of plains or level valleys, studded with farm houses, enlivened with clearings, and kept primitive by the masses of dark forest which filled up all the unoccupied spaces." And, she adds, in a sort of naive consequence, that she would prefer to live in Cincinnati rather than any other city in the United States. There are fewer "masses of dark forest" but the country there has developed and not altered its essential characteristics in the past seventy-five years, and at last the beauty of the mouth of the Little Miami is more generally appreciated and to be included in a great park if the plan for Cincinnati's parks is carried out. The little village of California is down there and the water-works pumping station on the Ohio, just above the mouth of the Little Miami and Coney Island a bit further up. These places you can reach from the city by traction or by driving out over Eastern avenue or, better still by an hour's ride on one of the big river steam-boats up the river, passing the Cincinnati Gymnasium Athletic Grounds and the Boat Club on the way and passing Columbia which was the site of the first settlement down here and was a separate village not at all connected with Cincinnati for many years. Or, being really now at Red Bank, you might take the Eastern avenue or Delta avenue down to the river.

But perhaps your guide would prefer to turn to the west, seeking out Observatory avenue and by way of that to the Observatory. Here is the same corner stone that was laid by President Adams in 1843, relaid out here in 1873, and here is the original glass, reground, which young Ormsby Mitchel went over to Munich to buy. And your guide will tell you the fact, being a little proud of it, that the old Observatory on Mount Adams was the finest in the United States.

The hill on which the present Observatory stands drops sheerly into another broad peaceful valley with hills far away. In one direction you can see Norwood with its water tower from which there is so wonderful a view. Norwood is a big teeming place with long streets full of neat homes, and with one after another big factory. The Bullock Electric Company, the United States Playing Card Company, which furnishes amusement for half the world, the United States Lithograph Company, and many other large works are here. You turn about, leaving the Observatory and follow the road of the street car tracks around the picturesque mountainous-looking horseshoe bend, and out to Madisonville. It is a large pretty village and the country roads beyond lure you, but this is near the city limits and further out is nothing of historic or present day interest having to do with the city except Camp Dennison, perhaps five miles beyond, a sleepy bit of a place now, where in the war time troops were recruited and organized. So you turn to the northwest passing Pleasant Ridge over to Carthage, where stood White's Station, scene of an Indian attack in the very earliest days. Your guide has resolutely passed many smooth 'pikes that lead over the hills and far away into the dear country, among them the Montgomery Road which with its many views Miss Harriet Martineau found so delightful.

Near Carthage is the County Infirmary and the Long View Insane Hospital on a hill that seems rather low but nevertheless has a view that gives ample reason for its name. You come on back through St. Bernard, a very German section of the city and not a very attractive one because of the canal and railroads and factories, the eternal switching of trains, the dust and noise of traffic. Your guide regrets the truth that this region is notably dusty or muddy always. Here to the west are the Globe Soap Works where "Grandma" dwells in a very modern edifice, and Ivorydale, the home of Ivory soap and the largest soap manufactory in the world. The great stone buildings of Ivorydale are good-looking and the place is really picturesque and with as little as one could expect of the evil smell that makes for purity. You proceed on southwesterly and turn into Clifton back of the Zoo.

To a certain class of people—a class that is very small in stature and usually with tow-heads that will regrettably grow darker, a class that is very apt to like all living things just because they are alive—they and the things, too—the Zoo is the most desirable spot in all Cincinnati. Even to bigger and more phlegmatic persons the Zoo must appeal with unusual power. It is so exceptionally pretty a place—kept like an exquisite garden, which it is, and full of unexpected dells and strange corners where beautiful wild eyes look out at you. Beside having its lions and bears and lovely birds, the hippopotamus and giraffes and deer, the Zoo is a pleasure resort where one may eat and drink and be merry and, throughout the summer, where one may listen to the best of music, for here the Cincinnati Orchestra—the real orchestra which gives symphony concerts in Music Hall in the winter—plays both in the afternoon and the evening. Here, too, Indians act their strange rustic play of Hiawatha, and the Ben Greet company play Shakespeare's comedies with trees for scenery to an audience breathing the fresh air of the hillside.

Your inflexible guide does not allow you to loiter at the Zoo this time but takes you spinning over to Avondale by way of Rockdale avenue, where you

pass the Jewish synagogue, perhaps the most costly church in the city, built of great blocks of smooth stone in the Greek style of architecture, and standing there in an all-pervading dignity and peace surrounded by its smooth lawns and high trees. At the corner of Reading road is one of Cincinnati's fine public school buildings, a huge house of red brick and gray stone, built after the manner of English school architecture. A square or so further up Reading road, on the left, is the gray stone Avondale Presbyterian church, of which the Reverend Charles Frederic Goss is the pastor. It is one of the most beautiful churches in the city, pleasing, satisfying, reverential both within and without. You ride northerly all the way of Reading road out to the Avondale limit. Perhaps your guide takes you down some streets that cross it, around a square or two and back again, for you must see as much of this beautiful city of residences called Avondale as you like. You pass the Avondale clubhouse and cross over to Evanston and then back down into Walnut Hills by Gilbert avenue, passing the old Beecher house on the northeast corner of Gilbert and Foraker where Lyman and Henry Ward Beecher lived and where Harriet Beecher Stowe gathered all her materials for "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Opposite Oak street lie the Lane seminary grounds with the old buildings of this Presbyterian Theological seminary, started back in 1833 with Lyman Beecher and Calvin Stowe among the professors. Here you turn to the left on Oak street and soon pass the Cincinnati Woman's club, a beautiful colonial building on the south side of Oak near Winslow, and one of the finest woman's clubhouses in the country. You go on out Oak, not because it is pre-eminently smooth, for McMillan street is better for automobiling, but in order to pass the Conservatory of Music which, in addition to being a fine, flourishing school with over a thousand students, is interesting because it was originally one of Cincinnati's splendid old mansions, built by Truman Handy and lived in for many years by Cincinnati's great merchant, John Shillito. You turn down Highland to McMillan and then on out McMillan—the long cross-town street reaching from hill to hill and named for the good pioneer and gentleman, William McMillan—to Clifton avenue and north on that past the large, new, attractive Hughes high school immediately on the left overlooking the entire Milcreek valley and the top of whose big tower can be seen from innumerable places all in and about the city—past that and the German hospital and then past the Cincinnati University buildings on the right, the large center one, McMicken hall, named for the founder and the others all named for their donors, men who lived in Cincinnati and were great benefactors to their home city. These buildings stand in Burnet Woods, almost at the beginning of it, up toward the Calhoun street and Clifton avenue end. Burnet Woods is the city park your guide loves best of all and if there were time it would be delightful to turn in and follow its winding driveways—looking up over grassy knolls where great beeches drop their golden leaves in autumn and great oaks keep their brown ones the winter through, and down into shadowed dells where Pan may chase the nymphs easily on moonlit summer nights. If you have gone into the park you come out again on Clifton avenue and drive past Ludlow and along the real Clifton avenue, a parkway of elegant homes which even many years ago made Cincinnati renowned for her beautiful suburbs. A rather narrow but smooth and

beautifully shaded street with slopes enough to add greatly to its charm, it passes the old residence of Sir A. T. Goshorn, who was knighted by the English queen for his services in the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876, the Clifton school, one of Cincinnati's many splendid public schoolhouses; Dalvay, the residence built by Alexander MacDonald, and now the home of George R. Balch; and many other homes of well-known Cincinnati families—on out to Lafayette circle where you turn to the left out the beautiful little narrow circling Lafayette avenue to the Bowler place where Edward VII of England danced and which now belongs to the city as a park. Just before reaching the fine iron gates of the Bowler place which have their story, too, there is one of the many matchless Cincinnati views. On another hill across the ravine stands another fine residence, splendid and castle-like, the Schoenberger place, which is now a branch of the Bethesda hospital. Below stretches Milcreek valley, the wide, quiet green spot with its white shafts that mean Spring Grove, the big factory of Ivorydale above, and beyond it all the ridges of hills on which College Hill lies.

Your guide takes you back Lafayette avenue to Clifton and on down the winding hillside of Clifton avenue until by another turn or two you come into Spring Grove avenue. At this point is Chester park, once a famous racetrack and now one of Cincinnati's many popular summer resorts. Below is the entrance of the cemetery which is said to be the most beautiful in the whole world. It seems rather questionable to make so superlative a statement about any cemetery or park, but as a matter of fact Spring Grove did win the medal for beautiful cemeteries over at the Paris exposition. Many illustrious men and women lie in this veritable city of the dead—for it numbers about eighty thousand graves—among them senators, governors, generals, poets, ministers to foreign countries, judges, pioneers, real saints of the Christian church. It was once part of the farm of one of the original proprietors of Cincinnati, who himself now lies in the cemetery, Israel Ludlow. Not far away stood his homestead where all the great men of the time and place were entertained, and near which—probably about Chase street in Cumminsville—General Anthony Wayne encamped with his army both before and after his expedition to the north against the Indians, in which he fought the battle of Fallen Timbers, in 1794, the victory ensuring safety thereafter to the pioneers in this corner of the universe. There is a street in the vicinity of his sometime camp called Mad Anthony street for the daring old general. And that part of Cumminsville is all historic ground, being the original Ludlow's station, established even at the time of the building of Fort Washington, and the first of all these many stations round about.

From Spring Grove you drive south on Spring Grove avenue down to the point that is the old Knowlton's corner, where an old stone house has stood for generations and where the streets branch in five directions. You may look longingly up Hamilton avenue, which is really the old pike through the country to Hamilton, and winds up the hill past one of the old Bates houses to College Hill, one of the oldest as well as one of the fairest and most retired of Cincinnati's suburbs and, says some wit, one of the seventeen highest points in

Hamilton county. College Hill was an active station of the underground railroad, which worked for the escape of slaves before the war.

But your inflexible guide has only one country road in view which he is planning for the end of the journey. So you bowl along on down Spring Grove avenue past the beginning of the Coleraine pike, which would take you on a beautiful drive over one of the finest roads that could gladden the heart of an automobile driver, out over the western hills to the site of Dunlap's station, which was one of the earliest settlements and the scene of a terrible Indian siege in which that white man-devil, Simon Girty, took part. This station overlooked the Great Miami river which formed the western boundary as the Little Miami formed the eastern of the original Miami purchase. You may take this ride which leads out to Venice on the Great Miami some other day, but today you forego it and whirl on down Spring Grove avenue past the stock yards which some years ago before Cincinnati was succeeded by Chicago as the porkopolis, was the favorite gathering place for all stockmen. On down you are taken through the old and narrow streets where are factories and dwelling houses all in a closely built-up heterogeneous mass which comprises the West End of the city. A half century ago, before rapid transit alighted like a blue bird of the imagination and the city began flying up over hills, it was thought the course of growth would inevitably tend to the west end. Property here was held high. Dayton street was to have been the fashionable residence avenue of all the town and many splendid houses stand there now to attest what is called the fickleness of fortune, who perhaps is not so fickle as she is shrewd. Rapid transit and cheaper property took people further afield and the West End today has no fashionable street and remains for the rest what it was a quarter of a century ago. Out there are the House of Refuge and the City Work House, but you come on down as rapidly as possible and find on Twelfth and Central avenue the buildings of the old City hospital. As an institution it was started over ninety years ago. The new hospital is building out on Burnet avenue in Avondale. Further, on Twelfth, you turn up Elm and find Memorial hall and the Odeon and the College of Music, and then the great red brick Music hall where have been heard so many grand operas and concerts and have been held so many great conventions. Opposite is Washington park where once lay the city's old burying grounds. You pass smooth Race street where the automobiles are rolling along and go on out to Sycamore, keeping northwardly by narrow little side streets, and up to the rosy-colored and inspiring great new Woodward high school building, occupying a square. You encircle it and come back to Walnut street and turn to the south. At the corner of Walnut and the canal you pass the splendid new buildings of the Ohio Mechanics institute, a school unsurpassed in this country, whose plant is worth a million dollars. A square below at Court is held still the old market three mornings a week and, as you look over the open square to the east, is disclosed, directly opposite, over on Main street, the handsome facade of the Hamilton county courthouse, which was burned in the wild riots of 1884.

On down Walnut street you proceed and in a moment come to Fifth and Walnut, the busiest corner in town, the terminal of almost every street-car route of the city. To the right, as you approach, on a stone 1 f in the center

and extending the entire length of the square, is the great bronze fountain brought from Munich and set up here forty years ago. It was one of the famous things of Cincinnati and a picture of it adorned all the old school geographies. To your left is the gray stone postoffice and government building extending to Main street and facing the esplanade.

Your guide turns to the right on Fifth, past the splashing fountain, and up Vine. This has for many years been the theatre street, and the Grand and Lyric, the two fine first-class houses, stand almost facing each other just above Fifth. Beyond Sixth on the left is where the Cincinnati *Enquirer* has lived successfully for many years and just beyond that is the public library, a dingy enough old building which nevertheless contains a huge manorial reading room and a splendid collection of books, including a very large library for the blind. At Eighth street is the open space called Garfield park, where meets you the equestrian statue of William Henry Harrison, "Ohio's First President,"—Cincinnati's first president, your guide thinks. Here you turn to the west along the park and on, passing many churches, for in this place the sky-line fairly bristles with spires and towers and minarets. You pass St. Peter's cathedral, a perfect building which is said to have had Sir Christopher Wren for its architect and is the only known example of a spire added to Greek architecture happily. Opposite the church is the City Hall, the erection of which was taken out of the hands of politics and conducted by a committee of citizens.

Out over the Eighth street viaduct you spin and then down, skirting the hills along the river bend on the way to Sedamsville. Behind you lies the busy city, below the river, attractive to watch always, across are the Kentucky towns, and here and there and everywhere are the beautiful Cincinnati hills. At Anderson's Ferry the ferryboat still crosses the Ohio and is still called the "Boone," though it is the third or fourth Boone since the days when runaway slaves fled over by this way and found shelter with Levi Coffin and the Beechers and other friends and proprietors of the underground railroad.

The river road leads on down past one village after another and through Fern Bank where the new government dam has just been completed, and at last reaches North Bend which is the end and shrine of your pilgrimage. For here lived our President William Henry Harrison and here lived his father-in-law, John Cleves Symmes, the patriarch of the Miami purchase, the William Penn of Cincinnati. On a high hill, overlooking the broad bend of the Ohio, stands the tomb of Harrison and in a little old forgotten cemetery as far away as the call of a red-bird, lies the grave of Judge Symmes.

Your guide asks you to pay your homage before you turn away and drive rapidly back to the great city which is the outcome of the Miami purchase and of the sturdy courage of the early pioneers.

PARKS.

Mary MacMillan.

To within a few years Cincinnati has preserved an attitude of palpable stolidity towards parks, as incomprehensible as it has been immovable. Like  has crabbedly refused the elixir that was good for her.

Some of the phlegmatic characteristics of Cincinnati life have been attributed, and are undoubtedly due, to the German element here, but Germany loves her parks and, beside, the strange unholy repugnance to pleasure grounds existed here before the influx from the fatherland began.

Originally there was a purpose of donating to the people for a use like that of the Boston common, the central square between Fourth and Fifth, and Main and Walnut. The jail and courthouse, church and school and burying ground were to have been there in the beginning, but they doubtless would have been removed and the place given over to trees and grass and winding paths as in the Boston common—that one essentially American spot in the whole North American continent. However, this project was never carried out and the relinquishing of it seemed to be the start of that callousness toward the spirit of parks which continued to exist here like persistent anemia, to mix up a metaphor, for over a hundred years. It is hard to believe that our forefathers were completely deficient in foresight or that they were too penurious for public improvements, but the fact remains that they rejected one offer after another for park lands.

The first opportunity was when Fort Washington was abandoned. The government then offered the ground consisting of the site of the fort at \$900 an acre, to the town, to be paid for at the end of thirty years. That was below Third street and above it towards Fourth, and about the little space that is now Lytle park. But the offer was rejected.

In 1811 out-lots between Seventh and Court, Broadway and Central avenue—a little part of which land is now begged for in the plan for Cincinnati's park system—were thought by Nicholas Longworth to be a valuable property to the city and one hundred acres were offered at \$600 an acre. The project was ridiculed and the projector then and thereafter dubbed the "crazy Jerseyman." The astute old Nicholas very likely had his axe to grind then and in later offers. Perhaps he had more real estate than he could manage and needed to unload; perhaps he felt that a town park would enhance the value of his surrounding properties. But for all that his schemes for the municipality were wise and in refusing them the city performed the ungracious act of biting off its nose to spite its face.

In 1818 Longworth offered twenty-five acres on Longworth street beyond Western row (Central avenue), at \$1,000 an acre, at perpetual lease. This was rejected and he then proposed to let the city have the property at a price to be named by three disinterested persons. This being rejected, he offered to give the land outright on condition that the city would improve it, but this still was refused.

The same year another offer was refused. It was that of James Ferguson, who proposed to sell the city twelve acres at a price to be named by disinterested men, at Sixth and Vine, the principal to be defrayed by each year crediting him with his taxes. Later he laid out the squares from the canal west of Vine street and offered to give every other square to the city if the corporation would fence it in. This, too, was refused. Refusal was becoming a habit. Ferguson then, angered, presented the city with certain sections of ground.

Longworth offered any number of lots west of Central avenue and South of Sixth street on perpetual lease at \$2,500 an acre, half of the interest money to go to the poor in the Commercial hospital and half to him either in cash or in receipts for taxes. It is almost unnecessary to repeat that this was refused.

In 1834 William Barr offered fifty acres at \$2,000 west of Mound street. Three years later William Van Horne, Barr's son-in-law, offered to sell twenty-five acres near Seventh and Baymiller at \$3,000 an acre.

The rejected offer that seems the most incredible of all was that of Judge Jacob Burnet. The judge was a large property holder and at various times made generous offers to sell to the city for park purposes. At one time he found himself temporarily financially embarrassed, like many another prominent citizen of that time, and it was then he made the offer referred to, that of his house and the property on which it stood, a whole square, bounded by Third and Fourth and Race and Vine, for the sum of \$25,000. Everybody has mentioned this as a stupendous fact and it comes down to us and makes us blink in consternation.

An action was taken by the council by which an offer was made to the city of the square from Fourth to Fifth between Walnut and Vine, at a valuation of \$350,000 for park purposes, and in 1838 the proposal was put to the people, who carefully voted against it. In the same year the issue of \$100,000 in bonds for park purposes was defeated by the people. Lincoln said that you can fool part of the people all of the time and that you can fool all of the people part of the time; we should like to add the corollary—but the people can fool themselves a long time.

Nicholas Longworth was a great believer in real estate. He gathered it into his own possession in as large quantities as possible and some times even more promptly than he could pay for it. He was anxious to have the city own ground, but minds more stupid than his held both his wisdom and his integrity in ill repute. Because he was flagrantly penurious they distrusted his good intentions. From 1839 to 1847 he made all sorts of offers of land to the city for park purposes, anywhere, and on any terms, and was, with consistent obtuseness, refused. At the end of that period the long-headed old man published a comprehensive article in which he called attention to the mistakes made by the city in the past in regard to parks, and then renewed many of his offers, remarking pungently that he knew they would all be refused, but that he wished to stand on record as having offered to the city ground which would be in time worth five, ten, and twenty times its value then. Rufus King presented this memorial to council with his approval. It was filed and that buried it deeper than any excavation for any of our modern sky-scrapers on ground worth now thousands of dollars a front foot.

At the time of the building of the observatory on Mount Adams, Longworth offered seventy-six acres adjacent to the observatory, to the city, if they would improve it a little, but of course it was refused. Refusal was no longer a habit, but a rule. Later he offered to sell three hundred acres at \$1,000, this including the Garden of Eden, and one-half of the money to go to the poor. It was refused. Then he proposed to sell one hundred acres at \$2,000 an acre, the principal to remain unpaid forever and three-quarters of the interest to

go to charity. It was refused. In 1857 he offered any number of acres above one hundred of the Garden of Eden at \$4,000 an acre, which he considered about half of what it was worth. The rule held good and he was again refused.

In 1851 a committee of the council reported various offers of land for park purposes but they were all refused. One generous offer after another was repudiated with ridicule or distrust. And Cincinnati, the cramped, dirty little city beneath the hills, found herself a plain old maid, having rejected all her park suitors.

Up to 1904 Cincinnati owned only six parks. Of these Garfield is the oldest. It consists of one acre of ground and was given originally by John H. Piatt and Benjamin M. Piatt for market purposes in 1817. It was evidently little or not at all used for a market, but was used as a park as early as 1843, for in that year an ordinance was passed to enclose it from the depredations and injury incidental to unenclosed property. It was formally dedicated as a park property in June, 1868. At the intersection of Race and Eighth stands the impossibly ugly statue of President Garfield by Charles H. Neihaus, and within the park at Eighth and Vine the very excellent equestrian statue of President William Henry Harrison by Louis T. Robisso.

Lincoln park is a ten-acre tract on the west side of Freeman between Hopkins and Kenner. The property was bought originally by the township in 1829, by J. D. and Sarah Bella Garrard for \$2,000. It was later conveyed to the city in exchange for certain out-lots at Twelfth and Elm. This latter property had been purchased by the city from Jesse Embree for \$3,200. After the exchange for the Lincoln park property, the ground on Elm street was used for the Cincinnati orphan asylum. In 1859 the city purchased it again at a cost of \$150,000, and it was owned by the city and used for exposition purposes until 1876, when it was turned over to the Music Hall association and Music hall erected upon the site. In the meantime the building on the Lincoln park property which had been used as an orphan asylum, was retained as a pest house until, in 1857, the rebellion of the neighbors resulted in the removal of this to a spot outside the city limits and the land became known as Lincoln park.

Washington park is almost altogether the site of old burying grounds. The Presbyterian burying ground, removed from about the old First church on Fourth street, extended along Twelfth street between Race and Elm and was purchased by the city in 1858 for \$85,000. The Episcopal burying ground, extending up above towards Fourteenth, between Race and Elm, was purchased in the same year for \$38,000. And in 1863 the land of the Protestant German congregation on Elm street was bought for \$15,050. This total makes Washington park, costing \$138,050, and consisting of five and three-fourths acres. Washington park contains, as we all perhaps know, benches and trees and bushes, a cemented pool and fountain, a huge aerolite punctured and made into a drinking fountain, and statues of Civil war generals Hooker and Robert L. McCook. But, lying as it does, opposite Music hall, it has, beyond these practical objects, some delightful memories for so many of us. So often late, we have hurried breathlessly through it to a concert or an opera in the great hall opposite, and, later—very much later—towards midnight, after listening to the wild ride of the Valkyries or the wonder of Wotan's farewell, we have

wandered back through the park in the magic of moonlight and with the magic music making a dreamland of beauty and thrilling joy where the bare benches and bushes stand deserted.

In 1866 Louis H. Hopkins presented one acre on Mount Auburn for a park. It is between Carmalt and Dorchester, Auburn and Bigelow, a quaint, nice, little, old-fashioned park that is still called Hopkins. It once was enclosed by a high iron fence and gates which gave it the flavor of the picturesque past, reminding one somehow of London and Dickens. To remove this fence so quaint and architecturally good and possessing so distinctive a character, was a mistake both practically and artistically.

Though Cincinnati had, up to the very present, so very little park land, the two parks she did possess are well-nigh matchless—Burnet Woods in its beauty of natural forest, and Eden park for its extensive views and its fine landscape gardening.

Eden park now consists of two hundred and fourteen and a quarter acres and has been bought at various times and from several individuals. The first purchase was made as far back as 1859 from J. S. G. Burt, for \$14,000. In 1869 the principal tracts were leased from Nicholas Longworth and others at \$45,000 a year. In 1880-81 this land was bought outright. The old property had been called the Garden of Eden, so that was the name given to the park. The last purchase of property was in 1893 and Eden park has cost the city \$1,693,427.81. The park contains the city green-houses, the reservoir, the band-stand where the concerts from the Schmidlapp fund are given every Sunday afternoon through the summer, and the Museum and Art academy. One of the least of Eden's possessions which is, nevertheless, the most charming, is a drinking well—a Venetian fountain-head—given by Larz Anderson and seen white against the green bushes well up the long grassy slope of the tree-topped hill to the right of the broad driveway into the park from Gilbert avenue. Eden park discloses one unexpected view after another of the city or river or distant hills. It is like a beautiful woman whose perfect loveliness, sufficient in itself, is added to when she surprises you by the further beauty of intellect. It covers several ridges of hill and the sides of the hills themselves are in undulations that, even as Indian mounds, tell their story; for here, in the warm sunshine of these hills were once the vineyards that made Cincinnati wine famous. Perhaps here grew the very grapes luscious and sweet, which inspired Longfellow's poem, "Catawba Wine."

Burnet Woods contains one hundred and sixty-three and one-half acres. It was leased in 1872, purchased in 1881, costing \$746,855.68, and the little unsightly corner left on Ludlow and Clifton avenues has now been redeemed and will ultimately give an entrance there into the park. Burnet Woods contains the buildings of the Cincinnati university, and the band-stand where concerts from the Groesbeck fund are given every Saturday afternoon through the summer. The park has no views and displays no extensive formal-garden variety of park architecture. Its beauty is rather of an even deeper and sweeter kind—the beauty of natural dells, of dryad-haunted ancient trees, of lavender light on gray beeches at sundown, of the sibilant grace and the quiet strength of leafy forest.

Burnet Woods, too, has an interesting story connected with it. In 1871 Robert W. Burnet and W. S. Groesbeck submitted a plan to the city for a park. This was the tract later known as Burnet Woods. The plan was accepted and in October, 1872, the land was leased to the city on a ninety-nine years lease, renewable forever at \$29,430 per annum, the city having the right to purchase the whole at \$3,000 an acre, of which the city very naturally—almost abnormally naturally, considering her past dogged resistance to fortune—availed herself. At the time of the inception of this plan of Burnet and Groesbeck, Mr. Groesbeck was a very prominent man and was favorably considered as the democratic nominee for the presidency of the United States. It was thought that he sold Burnet Woods to the city for a price greatly in excess of its worth and the fact so strongly prejudiced people against him that he lost the nomination. We know now that the price was moderate enough and that the value of Burnet Woods has since then increased enormously. William S. Groesbeck might not have been elected to the presidency, and at all events he lies now with the silent ones who care not for presidencies, but the fact retains its pathos and its romance. And it seems a perilous and a pitiful thing that a man's success and usefulness should be at the mercy of the bourgeois lack of comprehension.

For a period of a quarter of a century—that strangely impassive time at the end of the century in the city's history when she was allowing every other city to pass her in business and civic improvement—Cincinnati lay completely dormant as far as her parks were concerned. Of course the question of the accession of parks came up, for the city could not turn an entirely shut eye to what was beautifully going on elsewhere. In 1894 the Ohio legislature, urged to it by a few citizens of Cincinnati, passed a law authorizing the issuance of city bonds amounting to some millions of dollars for park purposes. The issue was put to the people and defeated at the polls, owing perhaps to the fact that the voters did not know just how the money would be expended. There was no plan. No information had been given them. In 1900 the question of greater parks was brought to the people and voted down. After the passage of the Longworth Act, the city council authorized the issue of \$500,000 in bonds. There were further issues of bonds. In 1902 and 1904 bonds aggregating \$75,000 were issued for the improvement of the old parks so that new buildings, driveways, sewerage, cement walks, green-houses and so on were provided. But these were all mere twitchings of the dormant body to show that Cincinnati was not dead but only sleeping. Up to 1904 the city possessed six parks: Garfield, Hopkins, Washington, Lincoln, Burnet Woods, and Eden Park,—comprising in all about three hundred and ninety-five acres. About this time some of the more progressive citizens began to try to interest their fellows to greater activity in the extension of park land. Perhaps to Mr. Julius Fleischmann more than to any one else is owing the inception and the incentive of the present park plan and the first determined effort to gain the good will and help of every citizen towards the improvement of park conditions.

In 1906 the board of public service appointed a commission to draw up a park plan for the city and appropriated \$15,000 to cover expenses. To Mr. George E. Kessler was given the work of creating such a plan. Mr. Kessler is a park architect, a landscape expert, who laid out the World's Fair grounds

at St. Louis and the remarkable system of parks of Kansas City, where the topographical conditions of hill and valley and river are much the same as they are here. Kansas City is said to have, by the way, up to 1909, spent \$8,000,000 upon her parks. Mr. Kessler drew up a plan which the commission submitted to council and to the board of public service. The report of the commission was approved by these bodies and by every civic organization in the city. Cincinnati was beginning to awaken from her lethargy. After this there was organized the Greater Park league, whose enthusiastic purpose was to educate the people in regard to parks, to arouse and sustain a vivid interest in park possibilities. The league did much. It managed to get a bill through the legislature authorizing the establishment of a park commission, and when the question was put to the people with a definite plan, they, awake at last and moving, though still feebly, in the right direction, voted in favor of such a commission.

The mayor then appointed the commission which has acted since 1908. It consists of three members who serve without remuneration for a period of three years and are so appointed that one term expires with each year. They have control over all the city parks, past, present, and to be; they expend the money appropriated by council, but they have no absolute control and cannot even accept the gift of property until council consents. The present board consists of L. A. Ault, William Gilbert, and George Puchta, with M. C. Longenecker as the salaried superintendent.

It required about two years to secure a board of park commissioners, and about two years more to secure the \$1,000,000 bond issue. In December, 1908, after the board organized, they found themselves the masters of six parks, two playgrounds, and nineteen pieces of unimproved property. The following new properties have been added:

	Acquired	Acreage	Cost
Burnet and Reading Road.....	1904-05	.16	\$ 1,880.27
Vine and Holister	1904-06	2.50	14,429.82
East End	1904	7.50	36,555.42
Auburn Place	1904-05	.8	21,640.17
McKinley Park	1904-05	1.21	50,694.39
Calhoun, cor. Burnet Woods.....	1904-05-07	1.50	76,626.56
Ludlow, cor. Burnet Woods.....	1906-07	2.20	81,784.06
Lytle Park	1904-05	1.36	242,922.31
Owls' Nest	1905	5.8	gift
Wilson Common	1905	8.395	gift
Woodward Park	1908	10.70	gift
Hunt Street Athletic Grounds.....	1905-06	12.8	248,605.93
Madison Park	1903	2.866	annexation
Inwood	1905-06-07	19.492	108,361.63
Gilbert Ave. extension of Eden.....	1904-05	.2	12,324.90
Sinton Park	1907	2.33	255,340.62
Hubbard Tract	1907	11.333	17,393.62
Linwood		25	annexation

CINCINNATI—THE QUEEN CITY

From 1909 to 1910.

	Acquired	Acreage	Cost
Mt. Echo Park	1908-09	46.283	61,170.84
Hanna Playground		1.	gift
Nursery		23.29	
Westwood Commons		24.	
Rochelle and Falke		.25	
Young and Ringgold		1.996	about 25,000.00
Wulsin Tract		.95	gift
Wellington Place		.37	
Warsaw and Woodlawn		1.56	
Mayfield and Carson		2.053	
St. Clair and Jefferson.....		.50	
Hyde Park Fountain		.25	
Burnet and Reading		7.	

This gives an aggregate of about two hundred and twelve acres of new park land which added to the old means a little over six hundred acres. The latest park extension is the important gift of L. A. Ault of what has been called the Red Bank park, but may in future be named for the donor. This piece of property consists of one hundred and fifty acres and is worth about \$100,000. It was formally accepted by the city in July, 1911, with the conditions made by Mr. Ault that a road be always kept open into it and that it should always be used as a park. It is a splendid piece of land for park purposes up hill and down dale, grown with trees, and possessing such fine, rolling, satisfying, lovely views as only hillsides near Cincinnati—and this is one of the loveliest of them—of any place in the whole world can possess.

Owls' Nest park is the picturesque name of six acres given to the city by Charles E. Perkins and others in memory of their father and mother who lived for many years in the place known as "Owls' Nest." This was given with the stipulation that the park should retain the name of the old home—what more delightful name could be found?—and that a tablet should be erected stating by whom the property was given and to whose memory. The donors have also offered to build a fence about at least a portion of the park after the manner of the Harvard Gates.

Woodward park at the end of Rockdale avenue, containing over ten acres, was the gift of Joseph C. and Alice H. Noyes, with the condition that it should be called Woodward for their family, of which the founder of Woodward high school was a member.

In Sinton Park (Barr, Kenyon, Mound, and Cutter) about \$11,000 was spent in putting in playground paraphernalia, getting the ground into condition for tennis courts and other athletics, and planting trees. In addition to this money spent by the city, Mrs. Charles P. Taft gave \$10,000 for the "Sinton Shelter," a complete and commodious building with reading rooms and baths enough to accommodate from 1,500 to 2000 people daily.

Mount Echo Park on the river heights down towards Sedamsville is one of the most beautiful park sites to be imagined. The view extends up and down

the Ohio river and it is to be hoped that the commission will keep the park always in a state of natural woodland beauty.

Twelve acres of athletic fields are in the Hunt Street Park. Here the diamonds are in perpetual demand for reservations by base-ball teams and it is a refreshing sight on Saturday afternoons from early spring till late fall to see the young men at their merry, splendid play. Those of us who remember the horribly unsightly appearance of the place when it was used for a dump do not a bit grudge the \$38,000 that have been spent in reclaiming it.

Some lots at the foot of Wellington Place have been acquired so that there may be an entrance directly from Mount Auburn into Inwood Park, which, formally a barren hillside where rocks and yellow mustard throve, has now been converted into one of the most attractive and contenting spots in the city, sloping beautifully, as it does, from Vine street up to Mount Auburn.

Westwood Commons has twenty-six good acres. Water has been installed here, the ground graded, and a number of base-ball diamonds laid out.

At Young and Ringgold there will be an extensive playground with a shelter house directly in the corner and facing both streets. Skirting the playground and to the westward and south, with the nearest and finest view of the city to be found anywhere, will be a park where many trees and shrubs will be planted.

Property of nearly an acre at Madison avenue and Observatory Road, purchased for \$10,800 has been presented to the city by Lucien Wulsin. And other citizens of Hyde Park have subscribed to a fund for the improvement of this park, which will probably be named by Mr. Wulsin.

So the work of improving the old property and reclaiming the new, of planting trees and shrubs and flowers, of grading and laying out driveways and paths, of beautifying in every way, has gone on briskly.

A few years ago public playgrounds were unheard of in Cincinnati. Lytle Park had the first one; now with full equipment five others have been added—not nearly the right quota, but something—and give joy and health to thousands of children. To revert to statistics again, through the months of June, July, August, September, and October of 1910, there was the following attendance of children in the city's playgrounds:

Inwood	152,136
Sinton	93,755
Lytle	43,299
Hanna	30,429
Pearl Street	29,214
Woodward	23,130

Making a total attendance of 371,963 children.

At the time the park commissioners took hold of affairs here, Cincinnati was the second city in population in Ohio and the fourth in park possessions. About that time or a little later Cleveland had 1800 acres in parks, Toledo 1200, Youngstown 600, Cincinnati 570. This proportion remains practically the same today. In 1906 among the large cities of the United States, Cincinnati stood eleventh in population, twenty-fifth per capita in expenditure for parks, and

fortieth in park acreage. Figures are dull things. Particularly are they so when one is trying to express the beauty and wholesome joy of parks. But they tell the plain, necessary facts—they are the hard little pennies that buy the bread of life which makes blood and brain and labor and beauty and poetry possible.

The hope of the park commissioners, patiently as they are working, is yet a very comprehensive one. With the enormous park schemes of Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and other large cities before them, they desire to give Cincinnati equal park advantages. They wish to relieve the congestion of travel, increasing of course as the city grows, by constructing boulevards and broad park driveways connecting the various more extensive park properties. They wish to establish playgrounds and recreation places within the easiest access to each closely populated district and every residential area. They expect to make fairness out of spots abandoned to abuse and ruin—dumps and clay hillsides. They wish to add large outlying tracts of land to which the city is so rapidly, though all unconsciously to many short-sighted citizens, and so surely growing. And finally they wish to preserve and make use of all the striking natural advantages existing in the conformation of this part of the country.

The starting place—on the map of the plan for parks—down town would be what is called the Mall, extending from the Courthouse west to Central avenue, and from Court street to the Canal. Assuming that the canal is already a boulevard one would proceed smoothly out over it in one's automobile through the closely built-up west end of the city into Cumminsville, past the House of Refuge, then skirting the Clifton hills, into a large park about equal to Burnet Woods opposite the Cemetery of Spring Grove. From there one might proceed along the branch which runs to the southwest side of the cemetery up into Northside and then to the west into northside Park which would be situated towards College Hill somewhat beyond Chase avenue. Down to the southwest then one would drive into the Westwood Park, and directly to the south crossing the Lick Run road and then back east into Price Hill. Or one might come back from Westwood down through the broad Fairmount Parkway which finally intersects the other parkway coming down from Cumminsville and skirting the hills of Fairmount, proceeding on through what would be the reclaimed Mill-creek valley and then skirting Price Hill and on about the hillsides overlooking the bend in the Ohio river above Sedamsville, through Mount Echo park and back north to Elberon Park in Price Hill. Or, if one did not wish to turn to the left when one reached that park opposite Spring Grove, one could keep on to the right still on the old canal route, skirting the northern edge of the Clifton hills and on through Saint Bernard and up the Paddock road through Bond Hill into Carthage. Or even before reaching Bond Hill one might turn to the south and follow down the valley separating Avondale from Walnut Hills, Evanston and Norwood, through the broad Bloody Run parkway, diminishing into a driveway through Walnut Hills east of Park avenue down into Eden Park. Or from Carthage one might turn to the west for a long drive over to College Hill, then over the North Bend road and down to Westwood. Or, again, from Carthage one might turn to the east and run down through Pleasant Ridge and on down past Norwood by the Duck Creek road parkway and on into the Duck Creek park at Evanston, then still on to the south through the delightful



CINCINNATI ZOO, 1897
Specimen of Historic Old Buffalo

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little Owls' Nest park, across Madison road and finally into the Columbia parkway which borders Mount Adams and Eden Park and goes on up along the edge of the river hills away on out to Columbia park at Columbia—and then even further out to Miami park along the Ohio river, and the Athletic Field and Water Works Park, all of which extensive fields and woodland surround the mouth of the Little Miami river where all sorts of pretty effects from the winding stream are possible. Going back, away back to the canal driveway just under the hill of Clifton one could come over Dixmyth avenue to Burnet Woods, from Burnet Woods out Riddle road to the edge of the hill again and then all about the margin of the Clifton hill on the west and south, then up and across Vine street into Inwood park and from there south and east skirting all the Mount Auburn hillside overlooking the city, and then up to the north encircling the three sides of Mount Auburn. There in the valley below, between the Mount Auburn hillside parks and Eden Park and connecting the two, are the Hunt street Athletic Grounds. From Eden Park to the north just east of Highland avenue is a ridge which forms the parkway connection between Eden Park and Burnet Woods, on the north. It lies about a square east of Highland and then turns directly towards Burnet Woods a square north of Oak street and west of Vernon Place. Another connection cuts through Clifton up from the canal driveway, crosses Carthage Pike below the Zoo, passes behind the Zoo and goes over Forest avenue to the Bloody Run parkway. And from there one might drive on over to the Duck Creek Park and then on out Observatory avenue to the one hundred and fifty acres of park just given to the city by Mr. Ault at Red Bank, then northward coming near Madisonville and back again to the Duck Creek parkway.

Beside the many parks included in this plan, a full quota of playgrounds in advantageous places is provided for. Some of the tracts that were only on paper in 1907 have in the last few years really been acquired through gift or purchase. The plan for a park system in Cincinnati is not a chimera, but a young and lusty, healthy, growing thing. Before this history goes to press there are likely to be important gifts in park lands to the city, and before this history has ceased to be up-to-date the park system will be realized. People are beginning to understand the need of parks. They are at last coming to comprehend the necessity of the out-of-doors, of recreation, and of physical beauty. The present bucolic tendency is a rational development in the course of civilization; and the perfection of electric railroads, of automobiles, and of air ships—who knows?—will in the next few years transform our way of living and make us, even more, demand open space and free air. Cincinnatians are, moreover, coming to appreciate the matchless physical possibilities of the city and of the surrounding country so rich in soil and so rich in quiet charm. "Nowhere," said the educated and traveled old Yankee, Edward Mansfield, "nowhere have I seen more beautiful views and richer landscapes than those which surround Cincinnati." Every visitor who has ever got beyond the little circumscribed old city under the hills agrees with him, and even the most narrow-minded and parsimonious element of self-depreciatory citizenship will be compelled to grant to their home—even to their home—the credit of being what some other and

more discerning souls have always known her to be, that is notably, delightfully, contentingly, picturesque.

FAMOUS HOMES.

Mary MacMillan.

Symmes.

The master of the manor, John Cleves Symmes, was a picturesque and resolute old figure. Erstwhile Revolutionary patriot, lieutenant-governor, member of council, judge of the supreme court of the state of his adoption, New Jersey—for he was born on Long Island—he had in him the adventuring blood of the pioneer and became the patentee of the Miami Purchase. His first visit to the new country was probably in the summer of 1787. The following year he came across the mountains with his family, horses and other animals, wagons and provisions. A traveler, meeting him, comments upon his complacency and the pleasing fact that his handsome, dark-eyed daughter was with him. He himself came down the river with a surveying party of men in the fall but returned to Limestone, now Maysville, where he had built him a "comfortable house," and intended to spend the winter. But the importunity of the Indians and others to see the new proprietor compelled him to "fall down the river" with his family in all the unpleasantness of January cold and floods. He passed the first settlement, poor little Columbia, drowned save for one house, in the high water, and Losantiville, afterward Cincinnati, to the place of his particular choice, North Bend, called so because here the Ohio in a great graceful curve that is almost a complete horseshoe, makes its most northern point after it has dropped to the south in the eastern part of the state.

Though his eyes had first looked upon the place of the sweeping river and rolling hills in the fairness of glowing summer and misty autumn, he was not sentimentalist enough to choose it purely for its beauty. Counting, as men did in those days, entirely on the waterways for commerce, he considered this spot most advantageously situated on the Ohio, and in his imagination saw Symmes City stretching across the neck of land of only a mile to the Great Miami river where the White Water flowed into it. To his friend, Captain Dayton he wrote an interminable and prosy yet paradoxically entertaining letter, all about the landing and settlement and subsequent trials and tribulations—for the poor-Judge had these latter thicker even than the woods he lived in.

The first houses were cabins constructed merely for comfort, tight against the cold. It was not till some six years later, about 1795, that the famous White House was built. Judge Symmes, as he was always called distinctively, was the father-in-law of one President of the United States and the grandfather of another, but the naming of his house had no connection whatever with the Presidential mansion at Washington. For the house was called so in *his* day—the overlapping years of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—when he was a greater man in the country than William Henry Harrison or the then undreamed of Benjamin. In fact the astute Judge objected to the match between his daughter and the impecunious young Captain and when he knew the marriage was to take place, he got upon his good horse and rode into Cincinnati. The ceremony did not actually occur in the White House but in a little stone

dwelling down by the riverside where dwelt Dr. John Woods, "Squire Woods," a friend of the family, and where the young couple had invited a few joyfully sympathizing friends. It had the reputation and certainly the flavor of a runaway match. They had met in Kentucky it seems, where Miss Symmes attended school. And when the young lover asked her father's consent, the latter demanding to know what property Captain Harrison had to support a wife on, the Captain quietly laid his hand upon his sword. Those were the days of captains and romance.

The White House was a big, rambling, two story frame building, painted white and containing twenty-six rooms. It stood among the green hills back from the Ohio about a mile to the northwest of North Bend towards the Great Miami, on a tract of land of one hundred and eighty acres. Here dwelt the Judge with his lady, a Miss Livingston of New York, who was his third matrimonial partner, and his daughter. It was the first country mansion of the countryside and its lord, being the proprietor of all the lands, must have given much hospitality and conducted much business within its walls. For in those days the great gentleman of a district had his office in his home and, when men came to see him on business, traveling some times for miles on horseback, they were entertained at his table and often stayed over night, sleeping in one of his canopied beds. The Judge was no total abstainer and likely plenty of wine and old Monongahela rye flowed upon his sumptuous table. In those good times all the savory dishes were placed directly upon the board and a guest could see exactly what was ahead of him, proportioning his appetite accordingly. In the evenings, lighted by candles that seem nowadays always like offerings before the shrine of the past, they sat around the great open brick fire-places where snapped and glowed huge logs of wood.

That pleasant liar, Thomas Ashe, who cheated poor Dr. Goforth out of his eye-teeth and his mastodon's bones and went home to England to publish a book about his travels in America, describes the Symmes family life so as to give them the effect of a collection of genteel but doughy puppets who merely sat about or played with wild animals. Mr. Ashe says effusively that he found it difficult to tear himself away from them.

The White House, a feudal estate, in democratic simplicity, was a little community in itself. Provisions, brought from afar, had to be bought by the wholesale. Women in those days not only had to do their own knitting, sewing and embroidering, but their own spinning and weaving. Some of them took the wool which grew upon the backs of their own sheep in their own pasture and had it fashioned at the nearest woolen mill into cloth and "coverlids" and blankets—and some of these blankets are still giving sweet comfort on cold winter nights in Cincinnati.

In the early spring of 1811 the house was destroyed by fire, the incendiary, some one whom the Judge had refused to appoint to office, having rowed across the river from the Kentucky shore one night to apply the brand. Nobody living, of course, ever saw the White House. The blaze of it glowed among the hills over a hundred years ago. But for long afterwards the place was known as "the Burnt Chimneys" from the four great tall chimneys which stood there gauntly for years and in the days of their activity extended far above the roof—

that roof-tree which gave shelter to great Indian chiefs, the governor of the giant young territory, famous generals, men of affairs, travelers from afar.

The burning of the White House was a terrible loss for in it Judge Symmes kept his papers, the destruction of which produced much confusion and invalidated titles to property. It was another blow to the ageing man who for years had been beset by worry and disappointment. Ernest Thompson Seton says that every wild life ends tragically—it would seem that every human life ends pathetically. John Cleves Symmes lived out his years amid opposition or disregard and, his home burned, died in Cincinnati. A note of poetry is in the end. For to North Bend down the river on a boat with military honors his body was borne—the body which in life had been “great and majestic”—and carried up the hill to the little cemetery. It is an old-fashioned grave with brick earthwork above surmounted by a big horizontal stone slab. Around the lot is a rusty iron fence with rusty iron padlock at the gate. The place is decayed and neglected and grown with brambles. But, high above the quiet river and the noisy trains, perfect peace is there. Overhead the sky is the wonderful blue with softly wandering white clouds in April—a red bird sings and is beautiful and the long new grass waves in the wind of the warm spring afternoon.

Harrison.

Only a few rods away, down the white road through a little declivity, and up on another knoll stands another and more famous tomb, that of John Cleves Symmes' son-in-law, General William Henry Harrison. The hill overlooks the silent sweeping bend of the river and the valley below in the soft green veil of spring. The knoll is supposed to have been an Indian mound and the thought of that is pleasant. It is oval and over its ridge extends a line of emaciated black cedar trees like sentinels wasting away. The present tomb is a gray granite square topped by cement, erected by General Benjamin Harrison about fifteen years ago. By the side of it is a tall metal flag-staff from the top of which floats the American flag, bright and mindful and thrillingly comforting in this place where death lies neglected.

It is said that river captains used to salute whenever they passed the tomb of Harrison and that once when General Andrew Jackson was aboard the captain went to him, told him of the custom and asked what he should do. The general knitted his heavy eyebrows. “Yes, give him *two* salutes for his good generalship,” he said, “but, —*damn* his politics!”

The Harrison house, too, was destroyed, set fire to by a “she-devil of an Irish-woman in the middle of the night,” says his son-in-law, Colonel W. H. Taylor, so that the household barely escaped in their nightgowns. The chimneys, ruins of out-houses, and heaps of bricks and stones stood there among the grass, hopeful hardy perennials, flowering shrubs and fruit-trees as late as 1868. Nearby were the wooded banks of a little creek flowing “through a little marshy dell into the Ohio just above.” The house itself owned its famous existence for many years. General Harrison went forth from it to the War of 1812 and, crowned with victory and illustrious, came back to it to live there the life of a country gentleman almost continuously except for the short time spent as United States Minister to Bogota until his campaign for the presidency in 1840. He



STEPHEN S. L'HOMMEDIEU HOMESTEAD, RIVERSIDE

One of the first homes built in the suburbs of this city. Mr. L'Hommedieu built the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, which was the first railroad to enter Cincinnati. He, with the cooperation of Morgan and Fisher, published the Gazette in 1827, which was the first daily paper issued west of the Alleghany mountains.



lived only a month in Washington after his inauguration but the house stood long after its master was laid away in the tomb in the hill near by.

It stood only about three hundred yards from the river. Across was the never-fading beauty of the Kentucky hills, and up and down the waterway moved the steamers that even in Harrison's day were beginning to be the floating palaces which a little later made trips to St. Louis and New Orleans famous and fashionable. Standing in "the Vine House" tract, about a mile southeast of Judge Symmes' house, was a big two-story frame building with wings of one story. Rambling and oddly planned, it probably never was planned but added to at various times. The oldest part of it was in the centre to the left as you entered the hall, and was originally a log cabin tavern which at one time was in deplorably bad repute, being the shameless rendezvous for cock-fighting, horse-racing and other subversive sporting interests of the day so frowned upon by good folk. When General Harrison ran for the presidency some enemy said that he lived in a log cabin. The insult was taken up and made into a war-cry, as it has so often happened in history, and all the log-cabin lore in song and story goes back to that campaign. "The log-cabin and hard-cider campaign" it was called—the hard-cider element in it owing its existence to a different story: it was said that when General Harrison returned from the wars rather impoverished and with an expensive family to keep up, he started a distillery; but later, seeing the error of his way, he abandoned it and henceforward hard-cider was the unending beverage always offered in the "log cabin."

That the house and the life in it were not precisely what the imagination conjures up with the term "log cabin" is brought out strong evidence by various side-lights. Timothy Flint, having taken refuge there from a storm on the river, remarks in a letter that the day was most pleasantly spent in receiving the hospitality of the general. Also, for his entertainment the Harrison children were put through their paces by their private tutor, whom he pronounced an accomplished scholar and that they showed remarkable progress in geometry. The general had leisure to give a whole day to his guest. And the Reverend Timothy, who must have visited the Harrisons numerous times, speaks delightedly of the welcome every visitor received and of the table laden with substantial good cheer, which made him think of English hospitality. He tells of the different kinds of game that loved their agencies and one remembers that April, 1800, brought the wild woods very close.

General Harrison was a small, sallow-faced man, not popular and yet having fire and magnetism. Always the same characteristics are commented upon in Mrs. Harrison—her dark eyes, her debility, her modesty. They combined their large household with an almost prodigal hospitality, a sumptuous simplicity that might have been common to time and place but was the ideal of western republicanism in that day.

Coincidences often unrelated save in spiritual significance beguile one's imagination. In this house, the home of a general and future president of the United States, was born his little grandson, Ben, who was later to be a general and president of the United States in a night when Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote under the roof of brooding import.

Ludlow.

While it is pleasant to reconstruct these beautiful and picturesque old houses in one's fancy, it is a pity that almost all of them have been destroyed either by fire or pulled down by what I would not call modern progress but modern disrespect. We Americans fly to Europe to see exactly what we seem mad to prevent in our own country. We build houses to look as if they cost as much as possible, says Henry James, and when we can afford more expensive ones we tear the old ones down. It may be we are becoming sanitary but we never can be picturesque. In recent years the old Ludlow house in Cumminsville was pulled down.

It was the intention of Judge Symmes and the other proprietors of the Miami Purchase to establish little settlements, or "stations" as they were called, through the country. Three block houses where troops were kept were White's, Covalt's and Ludlow's. Of these Ludlow Station was the first and most important, having been built by Israel Ludlow at government orders in 1790, the same year that Fort Washington was finished.

Israel Ludlow, a New Jersey man and son of a revolutionary colonel, went to Nassau Hall (Princeton) and became a civil engineer. He was appointed surveyor of the Miami lands and after the death of John Filson became one of the three proprietors of Cincinnati. When the apportionment of property was made he preferred instead of town lots to take a farm of one hundred and twenty-five acres in what is now Cumminsville and the edge of the Clifton hills. Here in 1796 the young man brought his charming bride, Charlotte Chambers.

The country was all deep forest then but the soil was wonderfully rich and it required only labor to fell the trees and turn their acres into a luxuriant farm. In later years Mrs. Ludlow speaks of the beautiful and rich-bearing apple orchard which she remembers planting. The ground of it was once the encampment of General Wayne's army and the lines extended from the spring in the orchard to the spring at the door of the house, two rows of tents being parallel all this distance. Before that even the farm had been the site of St. Clair's encampment both before and after his pitiable defeat.

In the earliest days after coming west when Charlotte Ludlow might have been expected to be a little homesick in the loneliness and seclusion of her new life, she writes of her new home only in joyous content. She plans, so she says in a delightfully naive letter to her mother, to have a garden the exact counterpart of that one at home where in the moonlight her "beloved Ludlow" first told her of his love.

The block-house at Ludlow's Station stood where Knowlton street intersects the C. H. & D. railroad; the Ludlow house itself was further north towards Spring Grove on a knoll west of the C. H. & D. and looking down over the valley to the wooded hills which are now Clifton. It was originally a log structure, was later covered over with weather-boarding and at the time of its completion was the largest and best looking house in Cincinnati. Probably Colonel Ludlow would have added to it if he had not been cut off by death.

His widow and children moved into the town, but, six years later she married the Reverend David Riske and came back to Ludlow's Station. In the meantime the house was occupied by Colonel Jared Mansfield, who was a professor

at the United States Military Academy, surveyor general of the Miami lands, and father of Edward Mansfield who afterwards became so intimately connected with all Cincinnati history. Colonel Mansfield used part of the house as his office.

Col. Israel Ludlow, Col. Jared Mansfield, John Cleves Symmes, Gen. St. Clair, Gen. Wayne, Little Turtle, Gen. Harrison, Gov. Worthington, Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Judge Este, Gen. J. H. Piatt, Judge Burnet, Nicholas Longworth, Oliver M. Spencer, Judge Goforth, Gov. Meigs, Bok-on-ja-ha-lus, Gov. Cass, Gen. Totten, Gen. Gano, Gen. Lytle—these are among the notable personages who have entered the door of the Ludlow house.

Even the last picture of the old house taken just before it was pulled down when it was in a state of miserable dilapidation compared to that of the days of its keenly alive proprietors, shows it to be pretty, fair, attractive. There is a wonderful charm in the ground a man has worked lovingly into his home. The trees and shrubs and flowers, the grass itself, seem to answer the care of his hand. All this the Ludlow place had. Three great weeping-willow trees, especially, the mistress writes of again and again; to them she turned to say goodbye when she went away the last time on a vain journey for health. Twenty years earlier these trees had grown to a state of perfection, she had written in the fairness of her old-fashioned fluent style, when one day in the leafy month of June she sat in her parlor looking out at the trees and the green grass. Two men approached and proved to be Indians, the great Bok-on-ja-ha-lus and another chief, Kin-ka-box-kie, whom Mr. Ludlow down in the town that morning had invited to dine at his house. They entered and stayed with her to dinner, behaving with good-breeding, she remarks, the good-breeding which excludes useless ceremony. Kin-ka-box-kie could not speak English and both men were silent and depressed. They had been to Washington and the president had told them that their young men would have to plough and their maidens to spin. Mrs. Ludlow asked them when they might return and Bok-on-ja-ha-lus shook his head and replied with a horizontal gesture of the hand, "me old, me soon lay down." As they were bidding her farewell Bok-on-ja-ha-lus said, "but we will meet with Jesus."

"Do you know Jesus?" she asked.

"Me know Jesus, me love Jesus," the dark old chief answered. He felt this to be the parting and it was. The two old Indians never were seen here again and soon after died.

Drake.

In the days when militarism still must form the nucleus of settlement in the savage-haunted wilderness a fort was like the original cell in a vegetable growth around which the other little cells gathered close and grew. In Cincinnati the first log cabins were built around Fort Washington. These were succeeded by frame houses or, in many instances, were weatherboarded and added to, as in the case of the William Henry Harrison house, until they became very attractive dwellings. On the square between Lawrence and Pike, Fourth and Third, which has commonly been called Lytle Square, Dr. Richard Allison who came with the army and was the first physician in Cincinnati, planted a peach orchard and built

is the back yard, a desert place enough now, but doubtless then turned joyous garden by the man who loved nature so well that he could make a scientific treatise, the "Floral Calendar," read like a prose poem.

Mansfield.

King.

It is all historic ground, that square between Ludlow and Broadway. To the west of the Drake house where the Lorraine building now stands, was the famous Trollopean Bazaar and midway between was the Mansfield house. It still stands and is the ordinary city house, narrower and less individual than Dr. Drake's; its hallway has a straight staircase running up to a landing and its double parlors are on the left. There is nothing to describe about the place, yet it was the home of the Mansfields and afterwards of the Kings, and men like Edward Mansfield and Rufus King would give interest to a sleeping-car berth. One does not call it holy ground, but it is ground delightfully rich in memories and suggestion.

Burnet.

The square between Race and Vine and Third and Fourth was once a part of the property of that excellent old citizen, Jacob Burnet. Here on the corner of Third and Vine, on ground which the Burnet House now covers, stood his house. It was the plain and usual home of the time not too like a city house, with an entrance in the centre of the front and a hall through the middle. It was two stories and a mansard and had in the rear a two-storied porch roofed and pillared. In front was a row of big trees. Judge Burnet lived there till the financial crisis which involved so many of Cincinnati's important citizens. He was compelled to sell this property and later built a house on Seventh and Elm where the Odd Fellows Temple now stands.

Foote.

On the opposite corner of Third and Vine stood the home of Mr. Samuel Foote, Harriet Beecher Stowe's jolly, sea-faring uncle, who brought home wonders of the Indies and made her childhood visits in her grandmother's home at Nut Plains a season of delight. He came to Cincinnati whither his brother had preceded him and which was to be the future home of his brother-in-law, Lyman Beecher, and built the fine mansion which was to be his home till the disastrous financial crisis of 1837, after which he returned to the east. Most of the meetings of the famous Semi-Colon club were held in this house. These were very delightful, says the biographer of Mrs. King. There were papers on important subjects followed by discussions and sometimes the pleasant elements of music and verses. Always the evening ended with a glass of fine old wine and delicious sponge-cake, a cup of coffee and sandwiches, topped off with a gay Virginia reel led by the reader of the evening and a merry-hearted girl.

This and Judge Burnet's and other houses whose walls could tell tales of people and things that have made Cincinnati what it is for us now, were torn down in the dim days of the past. Asphalt and cement cover the earth where their apple trees grew. Swarming business buildings cumber the ground where

a house. A field of several acres stretched to the east and north and the place bore the pleasant name of Peach Grove. Here dwelt a little later Dr. Allison's successor, Dr. William Goforth, and here was the first home in Cincinnati of Dr. Goforth's noted pupil, Dr. Daniel Drake. At night the boy slept in the shop where he helped to compound the evil-smelling medicines and ointments of those days, and in the daytime, whenever he could be spared, took his books and studied under the trees along Deer creek.

After young Drake was married he lived in a house on Sycamore street between Fourth and Third. The picture of it shows a quaint little old weather boarded house with prim little walks—gravelled probably—and fence and gate and low wall beneath the fence to the street. The house itself had two stories with two wings, one of them of one story and the other built out like a bridge from the second floor to a high terrace—a house for a tale, a house for a honeymoon.

When Fort Washington was abandoned the doctor bought part of the property included within the fort, and, after his sojourn for the sake of depressed health and finances in the country up towards Mount Auburn in the cottage he called "Mount Poverty," he descended and built in the summer of 1818 his house on the south side of Third street near Ludlow. Later he had his abode in various houses both in Cincinnati and in Kentucky. In the directory of 1834 his address is given at the corner of Vine and Baker—the little court running from Vine to Walnut between Third and Fourth. This house, too, he built and it was here he and his daughters entertained Miss Harriet Martineau at tea after he had taken her a delightful drive all afternoon through the town and country round. Miss Martineau speaks contentedly of the meal being in no wise different from an English tea. In this house, too, were held many of the meetings of the society to which belonged such people as the Mansfields, General and Mrs. King, the Beechers and Stowes, Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, and Judge James Hall. Dr. Drake sat at a little table and rang a bell to begin the evening and then followed papers and discussions. Some of these were upon heavy subjects but they were never treated heavily. It seems to have been a social time the members all delighted in. Dr. Drake called it the Buckeye Club—he liked to have the buckeye for decoration and a big buckeye bowl to hold their beverages. And he delighted to call this house, long since torn down, Buckeye Hall.

However, it is the house near the corner of Third and Ludlow that seems more essentially the Drake house. It is standing still and it is still called so. It is the third entrance from Ludlow on the southwest corner and is now the Salvation Army Settlement. Built after the usual fashion of city houses, nevertheless it gives the impression that it was in advance of the houses of the time just as the doctor was in advance of the men of his time, and it has an unusual breadth of frontage just as he had an unusual breadth of view. Stone steps go down from the street to the basement where probably he had his office as did so many physicians of the past generation. Square cappings are over the windows and doors, stone steps go up to the front door opening into the broad hall. To the left as you enter are the big double parlors and back of them the dining room whose windows open upon a little balcony with a pretty iron balustrade the counterpart of the little balcony at the front of the house opening from the parlor.



Behind is the back yard, a desert place enough now, but doubtless then turned into a joyous garden by the man who loved nature so well that he could make a semi-scientific treatise, the "Floral Calendar," read like a prose poem.

Mansfield.

King.

It is all historic ground, that square between Ludlow and Broadway. To the west of the Drake house where the Lorraine building now stands, was the famous Trollopean Bazaar and midway between was the Mansfield house. It still stands and is the ordinary city house, narrower and less individual than Dr. Drake's; its hallway has a straight staircase running up to a landing and its double parlors are on the left. There is nothing to describe about the place, yet it was the home of the Mansfields and afterwards of the Kings, and men like Edward Mansfield and Rufus King would give interest to a sleeping-car berth. One does not call it holy ground, but it is ground delightfully rich in memories and suggestion.

Burnet.

The square between Race and Vine and Third and Fourth was once a part of the property of that excellent old citizen, Jacob Burnet. Here on the corner of Third and Vine, on ground which the Burnet House now covers, stood his house. It was the plain and usual home of the time not too like a city house, with an entrance in the centre of the front and a hall through the middle. It was two stories and a mansard and had in the rear a two-storied porch roofed and pillared. In front was a row of big trees. Judge Burnet lived there till the financial crisis which involved so many of Cincinnati's important citizens. He was compelled to sell this property and later built a house on Seventh and Elm where the Odd Fellows Temple now stands.

Foote.

On the opposite corner of Third and Vine stood the home of Mr. Samuel Foote, Harriet Beecher Stowe's jolly, sea-faring uncle, who brought home wonders of the Indies and made her childhood visits in her grandmother's home at Nut Plains a season of delight. He came to Cincinnati whither his brother had preceded him and which was to be the future home of his brother-in-law, Lyman Beecher, and built the fine mansion which was to be his home till the disastrous financial crisis of 1837, after which he returned to the east. Most of the meetings of the famous Semi-Colon club were held in this house. These were very delightful, says the biographer of Mrs. King. There were papers on important subjects followed by discussions and sometimes the pleasant elements of music and verses. Always the evening ended with a glass of fine old wine and delicious sponge-cake, a cup of coffee and sandwiches, topped off with a gay Virginia reel led by the reader of the evening and a merry-hearted girl.

This and Judge Burnet's and other houses whose walls could tell tales of people and things that have made Cincinnati what it is for us now, were torn down in the dim days of the past. Asphalt and cement cover the earth where their apple trees grew. Swarming business buildings cumber the ground where

they offered cake and wine in their restful dining-rooms. Electric lights glare where sperm-oil lamps glowed. But the spirit of those sane good men and of that hopeful spontaneous little city breathes in the air we breathe and speaks movingly to every one of us who loves our land.

Cary.

While in the city these essentially city homes were building for men of great civic influence, out in the country a little house was put up which was to have far wider fame merely because of two little girls who lived in it. On the broad white way of the Hamilton turnpike, a short distance beyond College Hill stands this little brick house among the green grass and trees. It is a neat, pretty satisfying edifice with a distinction that seems to say quietly to you, "Yes, I am a little different from the others, you see, because I was the home of the soul of a poet."

It faces toward the setting sun and across the road stretch away broad fields where the farmer drops his grain into the brown soil and the marauding crows strut in awkward and knavish impudence. Perhaps the most attractive thing about the house are the pillars in the rear, built of brick and supporting an upper balcony. Here the shade is cool to sit in and right at hand is the well where Alice Cary must often have drawn up the dripping cool bucket from the dark wet depths in which always some sort of Nickleman dwells. Back of the garden is the stable, that hay-sweet place of the farm, home of soft-nosed horses and fresh-breathed cows. And, behind, the ground drops away in meadows and pastures with here and there at a fence corner a gentle blooming apple-tree.

The place has all the sweetness of Ohio farm country which so strongly formed the inspiration of Alice and Phoebe Cary's poetry. Made famous by them Clovernook has another distinction for the noble-hearted Trader girls have established it as a home for the blind. So that generous philanthropy has taken the place of gentle verse in the spot which still breathes of bird-song and poetic life.

Beecher.

Out Gilbert avenue way when it was a road and not a very good one either lived a family in the thirties and forties whose name is known the wide world over. The Reverend Lyman Beecher came from Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1833 to teach theology in Lane Seminary. The Beechers, Lyman and Henry Ward, were of a tribe of preachers, and the daughter, Harriet Beecher Stowe, had all the tribal instinct, the ethical aptitude of the men of the family. They were all violently opposed to slavery and took an active hand in working the underground railroad after they came to Cincinnati. It was here that Mrs. Stowe collected all her materials for Uncle Tom's Cabin.

The house in which the Beechers lived still stands on the northeast corner of Gilbert and Foraker avenues. It has been very much added to and changed—a good house showing that it has always had a dignity of its own, standing back from the street on a low hill which slopes down and then drops abruptly to the pavement in a stone wall. The old panelled big front door and the few greet trees are the same. In the days of the Beechers there was a rushing brook below the hill and plenty of room for trees and quiet thought on Walnut Hills.

The Beechers were of Puritan ancestry but were saved from the puritanical by the grace of humour. Edward Mansfield who knew them in Litchfield when he was a law student there before they and he came out to Cincinnati says that Dr. Beecher would come home from a funeral service he had just conducted and play a merry tune on his violin. Out here in Cincinnati he was tried for heresy. He was a great lover of the poetry of Byron. Indeed, everything goes to show that the Beechers were keenly alive people with active minds working to a purpose. Their house was a plain brick structure of simple plan, a hall through the centre with rooms on either side. At the back was a second story porch which Henry Ward, the future distinguished divine used to shin down at night for boyish spreeds. But in this house it was distinctly plain living and high thinking. The story is told that when Dr. Beecher took one of his parishioners in to see his new rag carpet, she held up her hands and exclaimed,

"All this and Heaven, too, Lyman!"

The Beechers were so viriley alive that even a rag carpet meant pleasure to them in their austere home. And, "all this and Heaven, too," must be their portion now.

Bowler.

Coming down Milcreek valley on a train, to the left as you approach the city, lie pleasant hills. Rising out of the greenery of them are castles standing in the silver sunshine of spring or the red-gold light of autumn. Two of them, in stone with towers and ivy-mantled porte-cochere, and the third, square-towered and like an Italian palace, are as alluring from across the valley as any castles of fairy tale. These are the Probasco, Schoenberger, and Bowler places. However, they are not easily to be reached by climbing up the hill, so you come around to them from the other side, out the beautiful shady Clifton and then further out the winding and still shady Lafayette avenues.

At the very end of the ridge where Lafayette avenue turns and dives down the hill like any country road, is a fence and a wonderfully beautiful gateway. The two huge gates are hung open, the little ones at either side are closed. This is the gateway that took the prize at the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. Just within to the right is the lodge and the driveway goes skirting the hill on in to the house which stands at the very end and crest of the hill and overlooks all of the Milcreek valley even down to where it spreads out into the city-populous valley of the Ohio. To the left of the road on a broad upland of grass near a fine oak stands a Greek summer-house. It is an exact copy of the Temple of Love in the Petite Trianon at Versailles and has a much finer position than that. The house itself is a two-storied brick plastered over and in architecture an adaptation of the Italian Renaissance. The little gallery running round the top is exactly like Italian houses; the large and short quoins at the corners, the Tuscan Doric pillars across the front on the porch, the brackets under the cornice are all good points in Italian architecture. The tower is square with round-headed windows—the Roman windows that were included in the Renaissance style. Indeed the architecture is exceptionally pure and perhaps as good as any to be found about Cincinnati. This architecture is repeated in the lodge at the front gate and in a second lodge down at the other end of the

estate where the grounds open on Ludlow avenue at the canal. Mr. Bowler bought the ground in 1846, and the city is to be congratulated that it now owns this beautiful old estate for a park.

The story is told that when the Prince of Wales—the Prince of Wales who was afterwards Edward VII of England,—visited America, a ball was given for him in the Bowler house. In a dance the prince awkwardly tripped and would have fallen but for the expert assistance and grace of his partner. To have tumbled down would have been a dreadful thing for the heir to the British throne and he was eternally grateful to the young lady who saved him from this ignominy, and sent her a beautiful jewel in thankfulness.

Schoenberger.

Across a ravine and on another jutting-out crest of the hill is the Schoenberger place. "Scarlet Oaks" is now a hospital where white-capped nurses run through the halls, but it can never be anything really but a castle. The road in through the gateway goes winding down through a dell between two lily-ponds and then up over the hill to the stone mansion which Mr. Schoenberger built in the sixties. The house bears the date of 1867 but was not finished till much later. It is of blue limestone with freestone trimmings. Of Gothic architecture very much mixed in its periods and not very pure anyway it is extremely imposing in effect, nevertheless. The gargoyles are not gargoyles at all, yet there is the ball-flower decoration round the edges of the cornice and other good points. The tower is beautiful and finely proportioned. Perhaps the best thing in the place is the porte-cochere which is pretty purely Gothic of the latest period and altogether both strong and charming.

The main entrance leads into a hallway which is extended into another that goes straight through the building. To the right is the drawing-room which is not the least attempt at Gothic but flatly and openly in the white-and-gold extremely ornate decoration of the Renaissance. Behind this is a transverse hall in which is the grand staircase. And on this side of the house and back of the drawing-room is the picture gallery. It is used as a chapel now very appropriately for, with its heavy wood-work and semi-timbered ceiling it must always have looked more like a chapel than like a picture gallery even despite the skylight. Six pictures have been left for the delectation of the nurses and convalescents. Great canvasses they are, one of them signed "Robbe," 1854; four of them represent respectively childhood, youth, manhood, and old age; and the sixth and biggest of them all evidently shows the marriage of Victoria to Prince Albert in St. George's chapel, the actors in the important scene all having their faces turned accomodatingly toward the spectator. To the left of the entrance hall is the library and behind that is the dining-room where an oaken sideboard in the wall has grinning masks of Bacchus carved on the doors of the little wine closets. All of the woodwork is very broad and heavy walnut or oak, and much of it is carved like the Bacchus heads, or the sedate owl at the foot of the grand staircase who is kept company by a line of bats going up the stairs.

Probasco.

It would be hard to say which of these places—the Bowler, Schoenberger, or Probasco—has the best view. It is the same country taken from different angles.



GATEWAY TO THE OLD HENRY PROBASCO RESIDENCE



THE LATE HENRY PROBASCO HOMESTEAD, CLIFTON

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A wide and long and glorious view it is, down over the canal and Milcreek, Spring Grove and the broad valley, away to the line of hills stretching to the north and south, whereon College Hill and Mount Healthy lie. All this you see spread out delightfully before you from the windows and north porches of the old Probasco place, Oakwood, now the home of Mr. Llewellyn Reakirt.

Oakwood is simple, consistent, and impressively handsome—all of that. It totally lacks the pretentiousness and oppressiveness that many an American mansion wears like the over-dress of a *nouveau-riche* woman. The grounds of hill and ravine, great trees and shrubbery, drives and stone steps, fountains and lakes, are ideal. Nothing seems set and pre-arranged, but to have grown that way naturally and been cared for. At the entrance are big billowy box-trees. The iron gates have oak-leaf design and the massive stone posts are carved in oak leaves and acorns. In the house the suggestion of the oak is carried out everywhere. All the wide heavy woodwork is oak—golden oak—much of it carved, with never a design repeated. Mr. Benn Pitman did this carving and it took him three years to do the grand staircase alone. The divisions of the house are perfectly proportioned and aid in producing its essentially baronial effect. From the stone portico you enter the great hall which extends back to a big fireplace. A transverse hall leads to the kitchens at one end, to the porte-cochere at the other and northeast end. In front of this hall and to the right as you enter, is the drawing-room and behind it and the transverse hall is the library. To the left is Mr. Reakirt's den, hung with trophies of his many hunts and with Indian curiosities. And behind is the great dining-room. The grand staircase goes up to the left in this transverse hall and the bedrooms all open into a central corridor with skylighted dome.

The building is of limestone with freestone trimmings and the walls are of rubblework, the stone's face having been untouched by hammer and chisel. Architecturally the house is primarily Norman though it is not pure. Yet the effect is of almost grand simplicity and beauty—an effect that satisfies and pleases wholly.

Shillito.

The Probasco place was built during the Civil war when everything was at its highest price and about the same time Mr. Truman B. Handy erected a fine house on the corner of Highland avenue and Oak street. Around the place extends a beautiful stone wall such as people no longer seem to have the good sense and good taste to build. The trees and charmingly clumped shrubbery remain the same that they were in days gone by. The house, like most of its time, is of limestone with trimmings of freestone. It is an adaptation of Elizabethan architecture. The woodwork is chiefly of walnut, heavily carved. In some of the rooms it is of oak or mahogany and always extremely beautiful. The floor of the main hall is in black and white marble. To the left, as you enter, is the library which is finished in black walnut heavily carved, the ceiling of walnut, and the floor of marquetry in walnut and oak. Marble, walnut, ebony, crystal, give to the house all of the elegance of its time. It was bought by John Shillito who moved in during the holidays of 1866 and gave a splendid ball as a house-warming. For years after her husband's death Madame Shillito lived

here and then the place became the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, which it is likely to remain for Miss Baur has built one big addition and is adding another. These buildings are of brick but the architecture of the old house is continued in them. So that now young music students flit about the halls which were once the home of some of Cincinnati's great mercantile leaders, and millions of bewildering notes of music make gay the quiet old house.

Goshorn.

Out on Clifton avenue is a house which is as full of art treasures as the woods are full of leaves in autumn. It is called Glen Terrace but the name is completely lost sight of in the personality of the man who built it, General A. T. Goshorn. Perhaps some people of the present generation have hardly heard of the great Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia in 1876. It was the pioneer of all the great world's fairs and the director of it was a Cincinnati man. For his whole-hearted services he was knighted by the British sovereign, Victoria,—the only instance we know of an American being so honored by a king or queen—was decorated with innumerable medals and honors from every country in the world, presented with wonderful gifts from monarchs and governments. Beside this General Goshorn was himself a connoisseur and collector of works of art. The stone house was built by him about twenty years ago. In the reception hall is a massive table whose top, the gift to him by the Mexican government, was at the time the largest piece of Mexican onyx in the world. To the left of the hall is the reception room, back of which goes up from the hall the main stairway, and on the right hand side of the main hall is the drawing-room from the side of which a spiral marble staircase ascends directly to the picture gallery. Here hang pictures by Kowalsky, Larolle, Ziem, Dieterle, one of Vibert's jolly cardinals, two by our own Farny and Meakin. This gallery has been left by the general to be given ultimately to the Cincinnati Museum of which for so many years he was the director. Downstairs behind the drawing-room are the library and the general's den. This library has a history of its own. For the furnishings and books—fifteen hundred volumes all splendidly bound—were presented to him by the citizens of Philadelphia in grateful acknowledgement of his work during the Centennial, and in each volume is the engraved book-plate of the presentation. The dining-room is beautiful in pure Chippendale furniture. In the hall is a great grotesque Chinese incense burner and in the drawing-room is a tall dragon-haunted Japanese bronze lamp. Everywhere are beautiful pieces of Cloisonné and Sevres and old Dutch Delft. The house is a treasure-house of rare and beautiful things in art.

Pendleton.

At the head of Liberty street, on the jutting point where one looks over the stone wall across a busy arm of the city to picturesque Mt. Adams where Rookwood pottery and the monastery stand, is an unpretentious square house which has gone through the vicissitudes of keeping boarders and is almost a tenement. This was once the home of the Pendleton family and was built in the days when upper Broadway was the most aristocratic bit of the city.

McGregor.

Bigelow.

There are two other houses on Mount Auburn which, being the oldest on the hill are interesting enough for that reason merely, yet more because they are even yet very fair and picturesque. Mount Auburn was originally called Key's Hill and about the time of Key's residence, in 1819, Gorham A. Worth built a country house which later became the residence of Robert McGregor and in 1870 was owned and occupied by Truman B. Handy. This pretty rambling old building still stands on McGregor avenue a square down from Auburn, and is the home of Mr. Guy Mallon. The other house was built by John Bigelow, who purchased the property in 1820. A rambling dear old frame house, too, it stands at the head of Bigelow street, in wide sloping grounds and commands the best city view to be found from any point on any hilltop round about.

Chase.

Salmon P. Chase was perhaps too scrupulously honest and too deeply interested in the great concerns of the nation to give sufficient attention to his own private business. He could make money, of course, but was most of his lifetime encumbered with debt and owned four houses which he would not give up to clear himself. One of these, his last home in Cincinnati is at 506 Broadway. It is a plain brick city house, with a rather narrow frontage and nothing remarkable about it except the connection with its remarkable owner. It is large, extending far back in the long narrow lot, the small yard is paved with stone flagging and a fine old iron fence separates it from the street. The house now bears the sign of rooms for rent. The once fashionable neighborhood in which it stands has fallen into the decay of junk-shops and cheap boarding houses. One cannot blame Cincinnatians for going to live in the beautiful suburbs, but it seems a pity that there is not enough loyalty to preserve the places our fathers and mothers loved from the greasy peddler and the lowest, laziest, most vicious order of *citizenship*—one uses the word with protesting indignation—that can degrade any section of a fair city. Sometimes it is too evident that a little ancestor worship could be infused into the American spirit with excellent advantage.

Lytle.

In approaching the memory of the Lytle house one feels like saying "once upon a time." That proper fairy-tale beginning is altogether fitting in a description of this house as old and mantled with romance as an ancient roof-tree with soft moss. Away back in the days of Fort Washington Dr. Richard Allison, first surgeon general of the United States army, held the property from the Symmes family and lived in a little frame house in the southwest corner of the lot near the fort. This was called "Peach Grove" and the name appears again and again in the early history of the city. Dr Goforth lived here after Dr. Allison and this is the little house, mentioned before, in which young Daniel Drake "slept under the counter."

General William Lytle bought the property in 1806 and built the house in the summer of 1809, and it was he who planted many of the trees on the grounds

—evergreens about the dooryard, including the then very rare and prized arbor vitæ, and a large garden with fruit trees to the north of the house. The original description of it is paradoxically quaint in its old-time business phraseology, stating the number of "m" of bricks in the main building and the number of "m" in the outhouses. The Third or Symmes street frontage was sold off early in the sixties and the iron veranda towards Lawrence street built in 1867, which thereafter constituted the front entrance. The place had been considered out of town back in 1812.

When General Jackson made his only visit to Cincinnati he was entertained by General Lytle and a reception was held for him in the south parlor of the stately old mansion. Many other guests of note were entertained here, Hiram Powers, the sculptor, and T. Buchanan Read the painter-poet, among them; and the house contained innumerable mementoes of these and of the owners who themselves were eminent men. The first William Lytle who lived there was a general and surveyor general for the Northwest Territory. He was succeeded by his son, Robert Todd Lytle, known as "Orator Bob," who also was a general and surveyor general of the Northwest Territory, and a member of the Twenty-third or "Panic Congress." After him came William Haines Lytle, poet and soldier who wrote "I am dying, Egypt, dying," fought in the Mexican war, was a member of the state legislature, and a candidate for lieutenant governor, a general in the Civil war, thrice wounded and finally killed at the battle of Chickamauga when he was still only thirty-seven years old.

In the course of its century lifetime it has been the home of five generations of Lytles. Their beds stood there, their books, their swords hung there, and there was the marble bust of "Orator Bob" by Hiram Powers. Full to overflowing of all sorts of historic associations the old residence has not been saved from American vandalism and it is gone from the face of the earth save for its living personality in memory and story.

Read.

On the south side of Eighth street west of Walnut, is an ordinary city brick house with artistic iron balconies in front, used now for a boarding house and called "the Sheridan." Here during the Civil war lived the poet and painter, T. Buchanan Read. And here after the victory of Winchester, Mr. Read wrote "Sheridan's Ride." The story is told that his friend, James E. Murdoch, the great actor, called upon him the morning after news had come of the battle and said,

"It is the subject for a poem, and if I could write I would put it into one."

Read felt the inspiration and that evening in the old Pike's Opera House at a public meeting of rejoicing over the victory, Murdoch recited to vast applause the poem, "Sheridan's Ride," the ink scarce dry on the manuscript.

McDonald.

On Clifton avenue—that Clifton avenue which more than anything else has gained for Cincinnati her reputation as a city of beautiful suburbs—not very far from General Goshorn's house and on the other side of the street stands "beautiful Dalvay." It has no important historic or individual connection and is to be noted only because it is a splendid mansion, which in the eyes of the majority



"DALVY"—THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE ALEXANDER McDONALD



THE HOFFNER HOMESTEAD AT NORTHSIDE

Was willed to the city for park purposes but will was broken and property reverted to the family

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of people is quite sufficient reason for note. The house stands at the top of a long smooth lawn gently sloping up from the street to a point high enough to permit the upper windows to look out over the treetops and dells and even hill-tops in the distance to the sunrise off in the east. It is a most graceful and gracious situation and gave rise to a comment from an Englishman who saw it: "But why don't these people enjoy their places? If this were in England there would be a high stone wall around it and the family would have tea every afternoon out in the garden." It is quite true that Americans enjoy their lawns and gardens too much in the way country people of the last generation delighted in their best front parlors—places to be cleaned and admired but never used. However, Mr. McDonald and his family did enjoy Dalvay and George R. Balch, who has just purchased it and made many fine changes and additions, will undoubtedly use and enjoy all of it. The house is said to be the largest in Cincinnati. It is of fine stone, splendidly proportioned, imposing. It is noted especially for its conservatories and for its music-room, a large chamber in white and gold.

Thompson.

In College Hill on the exact site of his old beloved home Mr. Peter G. Thompson has built a house which is said by many architects to be the most beautiful one in this country. Up the curving Belmont avenue one comes to it, standing back among its trees. A gigantic old oak sentinels the front and a patriarchal pine the side, and clumped in formal garden effect about the terrace and down the drive are innumerable shrubs and little arbor vitæ trees.

The house is a perfect example of the Greek Renaissance built solidly of white marble from North Carolina. One notes the square windows, the enormously broad frontage, the faultless proportions of the building. The great fluted columns in front and the stone balustrade around the top are epic in their perfection. The main entrance leads into a hall which extends transversely the length of the building. Immediately before one is the staircase ascending a few steps to a landing, which opens out into a court, the stairway dividing and going up to the right and to the left hand. Thus from the front door is a vista through the hall, over the landing and into the court. All of the house opens into this court whose glass top may be rolled back, and a cloister extends all about it and all manner of tropical plants grow there. On the east side of the front of the house is the music room, an exact copy of a room Mr. Thompson saw in a French palace except where that was white this is gold leaf laid on in triple plate. The lighting fixtures in this room are crystal. The dining-room is across the hall, and here the lighting fixtures are particularly beautiful, being of silver specially cast for this room. At the other end of the hall, to the west of the house, is the library, an apartment twenty-five by forty feet. Mr. Thompson has not an inconveniently huge number of books; there are about three thousand volumes, all of them very choice and for the most part bound in Morocco. The room is ideal, a spacious, luxuriantly comfortable place sealed entirely in rosewood, where one would delight to "invite one's soul." On one book-case rests a jewelled patriarchal crown; in a case lie some rare swords and scimitars that might have been used by Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves; and in a strong box are some priceless decorated parchments and something to Cincinnatians even

more precious and interesting, the original correspondence between John Cleves Symmes and Jonathan Dayton—letters some of them of forty pages of foolscap. Verily we do not know how to write letters today. Back of the library is the billiard room, and upstairs are the sleeping apartments, each bedroom with its complete white-tiled bath and dressing room. At the extreme east end of the house is a stone terrace where the family sit and have their afternoon tea. Beyond is the porte-cochere and beyond that a pergola and formal gardens. Behind are the conservatories and beyond them the stables; and the formal garden dips down into an old-fashioned garden and grassy tangle where Mr. Thompson plans to have a meandering stream and waterfall. And still beyond, to the east, in his daughter's grounds, he has built a little log-cabin play-house for his grandchildren which is as perfect in its way as the marble mansion is in its.

Mr. Thompson has not been a lavish and indiscriminate collector. He has rather few things but they are very choice; some very old and lovely pieces of Satsuma, for instance, or a piece of Cloisonné which is the largest in the world, a vase on which sea-serpents coil in the exquisite blue water of an unfathomable sea. The house is his own individual taste to which he gave four years of planning and selecting. And it is delightful to see that while it is all as elegant as a European palace, it is at the same time so bright, attractive, wholesome, livable.

Taft.

Down in the very oldest part of town in a spot where the bugle notes from Fort Washington would have sounded as if just over the picket fence in the neighboring yard, stands a house which as a home always vitally touching the most pregnant historic interests of the city, connects the past with the present. Over three quarters of a century, well-nigh a century old, this house is perhaps the most individual, the most symbolic, of the deepest interest and significance of any in Cincinnati.

The man who built it was Martin Baum, a German of good estate who married one of the daughters of the Reverend Matthew Wallace, pastor of the old First Presbyterian church. Mr. Baum was one of the leading citizens and men of finance of the city, and though a financial crisis compelled him to give up the house he had just built, he was by no means reduced to permanent poverty. He was a very swarthy man, as were Major Ziegler and Judge Burnet, and the major was accustomed to refer to the other two as his "Black Brothers." Martin Baum built his house in 1825 or earlier, but was not able to live in it long. In the summer of 1825 he gave a large afternoon party which was perhaps the beginning and end of all social functions in it while he was master of the manor. He was compelled to relinquish the property to the United States Bank in which he had trusted too far and the place was occupied as a girls' school until Nicholas Longworth bought it and moved in in 1829. Here the peculiar old capitalist and patron of art lived till his death in 1863. His son, Joseph Longworth, continued in the house till he sold it to David Sinton in 1869. Mr. Sinton then lived there till his death when it became the property of his daughter, Mrs. Charles P. Taft, and Mr. and Mrs. Taft expect to make it their home, says Mr. Taft, as long as they live.



TAFT RESIDENCE, FOURTH AND PIKE STREETS

It stands on Pike street about the centre of the square between Third and Fourth. There is a broad cheerful garden in front and on a warm May morning the grass is as fresh and green there as in any country lane. A low stone wall with high old-fashioned iron fence extends along the street. Here even, before the portal of the place, the word "old-fashioned" pleasantly intrudes and you realize that it will go with you an omnipresent and picturesque lackey through every corridor and corner of the place. There are three sets of great stone gate-posts and you enter the middle one, turning the silver knob of its lock, and walk up the path of stone flagging to the stone steps of the portico with its sets of pillars on either side.

The poetically old-fashioned house is wooden, the boards laid on flat, of a basement and one story, with a prodigally broad frontage toward Pike street. The front door opens to a comfortable hall carpeted in deep red. This hall leads to a transverse one wandering off to either end of the building. To the left of the front hall is the reception room, to the right is the library, and beyond them in front and opening into the transverse hall, are bed-rooms, a wing of living apartments extending back on the east side of the building. The woodwork furnishings of the library are wonderful black Flemish oak carvings. Opposite the front door and opening into the transverse hall is the ballroom, a huge, airy old room with six great windows giving on a porch which overlooks the back garden. A real garden it is, down amid the lusty city with factories close by and trains trailing in from the sea-coast hundreds of miles away—a real garden with grass and flowers and a fountain in its wide shallow cemented pond wherein goldfish play. At the side of the ballroom with an opening, too, upon the garden, where they may look out upon leaves and flowers as they eat their breakfast orange, is the dining-room.

The house neither in its architecture, furnishings, nor decoration, makes any pretense to any particular style, nor is there in it the least trace of that wretched thing so incompatible with the sense of home, the trail of the collector. Yet the architecture is predominantly colonial and there is a notable and noted collection of pictures numbering some seventy-five canvases hanging properly here and there upon the walls in all the rooms. Everything is elegant but everything is fitting and the beautiful sense of home is never lost despite gilt chairs, inlaid cabinets, and marvellous products of ceramic art. You look up quite naturally from lovely Turkish rugs to a sombre Socialistic Millet, a meltingly bright and beautiful Turner, a golden autumnal Corot, or a well-known Gainsborough. Sitting upon the floor, waiting to be removed to an exhibit, is the great Sorrolla's famous and vivid portrait of Mr. Taft's brother, the President of the United States.

It is impossible to characterize this house in a word, its meaning is too deep. It has presence and gives a blending of satisfying impressions as a person of strong character does. There is the sense of great wealth spent lavishly but quietly for comfort and beauty. There is perfect harmony. And there is in it that best quality of all in human life or art, suggestion. One thinks not only of all the lovely and rare things that stand before one's eyes now, pictures and frail vases which will so far outlast the living eyes beholding them, but the quiet beautiful old home calls to mind vanished days when former owners lived there.

David Sinton, the man of vast wealth, Nicholas Longworth, himself a judge and collector of fine things, and even back to Martin Baum, who built the house when peach trees bloomed near by where the oily wheels of factories buzz today. Probably Cincinnati's first president, William Henry Harrison, mounted the wide stone steps and entered the airy halls just as Cincinnati's second president, William Howard Taft, has done, so recently. Besides the many splendid social functions that have been held here, the old place is notable for the noted men who have passed in and out of its portals, not only in the present but in the past—and not only in the past but in the present. For the soul of the house is not a flimsy wooden affair built upon ugly foundations, but a strong and beautiful thing built upon a foundation of the past to be proud of; nor is it a decaying and forlorn thing, once grand but now deserted and inept. But as it represented the best of the city in its early days so does it now, and in this is it symbolical of the city, a corner of the country that could send a president to Washington as ably in 1840 as in 1908—a city that is neither new and uncouth and ugly, nor old, worn out and living only upon the virtues of its past—but, rather, a city that is healthy, developing, beautiful, built upon honest foundations and growing gracefully to more perfect excellence.

THEATRES.

Mary Mac Millan.

Our acquaintance with village life is rather limited to those little straws of civilization caught in some detaining eddy of the great river of progress. From one of this kind it is difficult to conjecture the life of a village that fully intends to be a great city. Our little ancient old-fashioned village has been sapped of all its vitality. It is pleasing, picturesque, quiet, unproductive like a sweet little old lady, while the other is lusty and full of possibilities like a young boy.

Cincinnati in 1805, a little wilderness hamlet of something more than nine hundred inhabitants, had a confidence and a gusto in its undertakings that are as delicious as they are surprising. The citizens fully intended to start a university immediately. And Arthur St. Clair, Jr., the son of the governor said that it was quite customary for people of taste to frequent the theatre on play nights. To be sure the "theatre" was a stable, the best available large building, but Arthur St. Clair and the other young gallants lent it grace just as those others did to the rude play-houses of Elizabeth's time. Young St. Clair has mentioned three performances in Vattier's stable but Griffin Yeatman's seems to have been the most popular place, and one scents the air of pleasant good-humour, good accommodation, good times about Yeatman's corner that is borne out by all historical references to it. Leading men of the village took part in these plays and Major Ziegler in cocked hat and sword in hand acted as door-keeper, while General Findley delivered an address. In the hay-perfumed stable, a place always of a queer homely enchantment all its own related perhaps distantly to night and coaches and highway-men, where dwell horses who are so used to the vagaries of men, commenced the theatrical life of Cincinnati, seemingly much after the manner of the pranks of boys which usually occur in stables. But there was earnest in the trifling of these men and the plays they chose were the



THE OLD NATIONAL THEATRE, SYCAMORE STREET

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best of their time. And beside, if the stage was in a stable, we wrap our garments of superiority about us and say with haughty disapproval to modern maligners, "stone walls do not a prison make nor do gilded vaudeville palaces on Broadway make art."

Mr. Longworth described a play in which he himself took part but we have reason to believe that the reportorial word of old Nicholas is not so good authority as it might be, certainly not as that of the good Judge Burnet and the careful Dr. Drake. In June of 1808 the Thespians, a society of the histrionically inclined, gave a special performance for the benefit of the fire company. The Harmonical society, a musical organization, also gave entertainments.

In a few years the drama advanced to the estate of ownership and in 1814 the Shellbark Theatre, a circus enclosure, stood on Main street below Fourth. Prominent gentlemen took part in entertainments here, among them Benjamin Drake, the doctor's brother, and that peculiar and earliest artistic temperament of Cincinnati, Peyton Symmes, relative of the old judge.

On the north side of Columbia (Second) street between Main and Sycamore a little frame theatre was built in 1814 where later stood the Columbia Street Theatre. Here the Thespians held sway, devoting the financial result of their labour to charity. The Reverend Joshua L. Wilson, minister at the First Presbyterian church, opposed with his utmost vehemence all this histrionic activity as of devilish character. The actors resented his attitude and intimated that they did not for a moment believe that all the virtue in the world was mortgaged to the reverend doctor. The young gentlemen who had organized themselves into the Thespian Society, carried on a sharp fencing bout of words with him through the columns of the *Western Spy* on the part of the clergyman and *Liberty Hall*—appropriate names for both—for his adversaries. At a 4th of July celebration a player-wit who knew his Bible only too well, gave a toast to the Cincinnati Theatre: "The Cincinnati Theatre—may it not like the walls of Jericho, fall at the sound of Joshua's horn."

Dr. Drake in "Picture of Cincinnati" published in 1815 states with evident unction that there are "as yet no epidemic amusements among us." Cards had been confined to the vulgar grog-shops and nocturnal gaming room. Dancing—for which we suspect the doctor of a little weakness—was not carried to excess. Theatrical exhibitions both by amateurs and itinerants had occurred for a dozen years—that would be from 1803. He goes on to mention the Thespians, though not dignifying them with a name, and says that they and their temporary wooden play-house had been so deprecated by the more religious portion of the community that they would likely relinquish their pursuit. There was no sleigh-riding, no skating to speak of, no riding or driving. The "rational" and perhaps not too exhilarating amusements were a few select parties in the winter and evening walks in the summer. But even as he was saying this, the Pittsburgh company of players stopped here in April and gave several performances under the auspices of the Thespians and with the Harmonical society furnishing music. They presented the "Poor Gentleman," "Love Laughs at Locksmiths," "The Stranger or Misanthropy and Repentance," "The School for Scandal," "The Wags of Windsor," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," and many others. It was a perfect festival of drama, and we can easily believe that the hearts of

the poor Thespians were warmed and delighted. Advertisements of the plays praised the family life of the players, especially of the ladies, and with wily intent, assured the public that the boxes at the theatre would display the beauty and fashion of the town.

This visit seems to have inspired the Thespians with new verve. In the following summer they themselves acted in a number of plays. They were eager enough to eradicate rowdyism from the theatre, for, with that on the one hand and the disdainful disapproval of the good folk on the other, they found themselves between the devil and the deep sea. However, love of the theatre is a vital and forceful thing not to be eradicated by any opposition or influence whatever. The Thespians kept at their business determinedly and in 1819, the year that saw the dawning of Cincinnati as a city, the beginning of the Ohio Medical College, and a general breaking into flower of a great many branches of human improvement, when there were still fewer than ten thousand inhabitants, the Cincinnati Theatre was built on Columbia (Second) street between Main and Sycamore. It was called the Columbia Street Theatre and sometimes the Globe—a name that seems strangely unused nowadays and with the memory of it comes the wonder why builders of modern play-houses should not christen them for the older ones or for dramatists, such as the Shakespeare, the Sheridan, the Pinero. The lot was fifty by one hundred feet and the building itself was forty feet wide by one hundred feet deep, and had a pit and tiers of boxes, gallery, lobbies, a punch room, and could accommodate eight hundred people. In front was an Ionic portico, the stage was of a generous size and had foot-lights fed by sperm-oil. There was also a chandelier of lamps and lamps running around the second balustrade of boxes. There was a green drop-curtain with the motto, "To Hold, as 'Twere, The Mirror Up To Nature," the quotation from Shakespeare which so pleasantly adorns our own Grand Opera House curtain today. Another curtain was used later and very deeply admired, on which was painted a view of Cincinnati from Covington. The Columbia Street Theatre lived fifteen years, was considered the best play-house in the west, and went down in fire in 1834. Here some great old actors trod the boards. Booth, the elder, acted his wonderful Richard III, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Drake, who came from Pittsburgh with the Pittsburgh company, remained and acted in a sort of stock for some time. They took all sorts of parts as the skimpiness of their company and resources demanded, though Drake's forte was in the broadest comedy while hers lay in the highest tragedy, says Mrs. Trollope who admired them both to the utmost. Alexander Drake's comedy was like that of the French, she says, and Mrs. Drake as a tragedienne was not excelled by any one Mrs. Trollope had ever seen unless it were Mrs. Siddons. These two were English and there is just the possibility that they found favor in the eyes of Mrs. Trollope because of that worthy qualification, for she had never a fair word to say of the young American star, Edwin Forrest, who was most popular with American audiences.

Forrest had come down the river in a flatboat from Pittsburgh with his bride, Amelia Seymour, in 1823, six or seven years before Mrs. Trollope's advent. In the upper city the theatre had leaked so badly on rainy nights that the audience had been compelled to raise their umbrellas. In Cincinnati Forrest met adversity

and went upon a veritable barn-storming expedition, with two decrepit ancient wagons and two sympathetically decrepit ancient horses into outlying towns.

Mrs. Trollope, the undismayed, writes that the theatre itself was small and not very brilliant in decoration, that the audiences were unappreciative of art and atrociously bad-mannered. It is to be feared that they were, for in 1830 was printed a poster for the benefit of the theatre. The audience was requested not to crack nuts while the curtain was up and persons in the upper boxes were asked to avoid the uncourteous habit of throwing shells, apples, and other articles into the pit. Gentlemen in the boxes were requested not to wear their hats, nor to stand or sit on the railing because of preventing the view of others during the performance. And persons in the gallery were politely begged to refrain from loud talk, beating the railing with their sticks and other disturbances.

Yet, says Mrs. Trollope, for lack of other amusement, her young men went to the theatre, and "in the bright clear nights of autumn and winter, the mile and a half of distance was not enough to prevent the less enterprising members of the family from sometimes accompanying them." We know perfectly well that the lively little lady enjoyed those cool night jauntings even though it was not the custom for Cincinnati's femininely elite to attend the theatre, and probably, feeling good the morning after, she wrote, "the theatre is really not a bad one." Benjamin Drake, who seems to have been an enthusiastic Thespian and patron of the stage whether his brother the good doctor, believed in it or not, and Edward Mansfield wrote in their book of Cincinnati in 1826, that the managers of the theatre would "doubtless soon be able to count upon sufficient patronage to justify them in frequently alluring to the west the most distinguished actors of the seaboard." Three years before this the Columbia had been opened as a summer theatre and the glorification of its drop-curtain, with the view from Covington, installed. And it was this summer, in June—audiences and actors seemed not to mind the heat in those days—that Forrest acted in *Othello*, a part that was thought not to be quite so fine as his Richard. The prices at that time were 75 cents in the Pit and first tier of boxes, 50 cents for the second tier, and 25 cents for the gallery.

In July, 1822, there was an advertisement of the Pavilion Theatre where Messrs. Dumilier and Charles announced feats in natural philosophy and necromancy. Plays were given here later, among them the French comedy, "Matrimony or the Mutual Surprise."

In 1832 the Third Street Theatre was built and was extremely pretentious—we wish Mrs. Trollope could have stayed here long enough to see it—being the finest house of its time. The stage was adorned with the most beautiful scenery in the country and there was a lovely blue cloth curtain trimmed with gold. The theatre was opened with an address by Mrs. Hentz for which a prize of \$50 had been offered and an essay in support of the drama by Isaac A. Jewett for which \$200 had been paid. This, as far as we can learn, was the beginning of the pleasant custom of opening theatres with prize addresses.

The new theatre and the Columbia having both been destroyed by fire, Cincinnati found herself in a deplorable condition theatrically for a short time until the building of the National. That name is still to be read on the building which still stands on Sycamore street between Third and Fourth. The front of

it is still the same, a stone front which was added in 1856, but the interior where so many hearts have been thrilled by the art of the greatest actors, is now a ware-house. The theatre was opened on July 3, 1837, with a recitation and a prize address. It was comparatively a big theatre with a stage larger than that of the Drury Lane so that it was sometimes called Old Drury. It was used as a theatre many, many years, through the Civil war and long after. At a benefit performance of amateurs for charity in 1855 William Haines Lytle, our most illustrious general and poet, played the ghost in one act from Hamlet; it was a memorable performance in which many of the most prominent men of the city took part.

It seems to be the fate of theatres to end in fire. Shire's Theatre went down in flames through a beautiful snowfall one night in the month of January, 1848. The old house of Judge Burnet on Third street and Vine was used as a restaurant and hotel, and Shire's Garden there was a fashionable resort. The theatre built to the west of the house was a frame building of fifty by one hundred feet.

On the south-east corner of Sixth and Vine stood what was called the People's Theatre, which was destroyed by fire in 1856 and afterwards the ground was occupied by Wood's, the famous.

Perhaps no theatre in Cincinnati has had the glory and the romantic association that belong to the old name, Pike's Opera House. On Washington's Birthday in 1859 it was opened and took its place as the finest theatre in this country and one of the greatest in the world. The opening, a testimonial to Mr. Pike, the proprietor, was a gorgeous affair, a ball to which two thousand people, many of whom had never seen a ball before in their lives, came. A very beautiful scene was put on the stage and even a fountain introduced into it. Supper was served by a caterer and the big orchestra for the dancing, played no fewer than twenty-six numbers, among them four grand marches and thirteen quadrilles. The building itself, of grayish blue sandstone, was five stories high and elaborately ornamented in front with colossal figures representing music, poetry, agriculture, and astronomy, and a bas-relief of Shakespeare and Mozart. There were thirteen entrances and the middle one twelve feet wide. At the top of the stairs a large lobby in black and white marble tile ran the entire width of the building and opened into reception rooms and a great promenade hall which was used on grand opera nights. The auditorium was ninety-two feet square and eighty-two feet in its immense height, while the stage was fifty-eight by ninety feet; the whole room was elaborately decorated and the six boxes were gorgeously furnished and lighted by chandeliers. The building cost a half million dollars and the theatre could seat three thousand people. The first grand opera night was March 15, 1859, when "Martha" was produced under Strakosch. It was followed by "La Traviata" and the price of a reserved seat was \$1.50, a noteworthy advance on the theatre prices of 1819. To us today grand opera means Caruso and Tetrassini. In the ardent and expensive present there seems to us not to have been much worth while in the artistic past. It is one of the little ironies of life that the greatest stars who are worshipped, leave nothing behind them but a vanishing shower of light when they fall into space like meteors. The next generation knows them not. Yet in the days of operatic

glory at the old Pike there was music and brilliance and gay dressing and the audiences were mounted into the seventh heaven of delight even as we are today. Perhaps our fathers remember whistling afterwards, airs from "Il Trovatore" and "The Bohemian Girl"—perhaps they still remember the wonderful singing of Madame Pauline Colson, Madame Strakosch, Signor Brignoli, Maurel, Junca, Nicola Klebs. The operas given and the singers were almost all Italian. That was the time when opera meant Italian opera.

One night during the Civil war a very fine opera company was singing "I Puritani" at Pike's. General Burnside and his wife and General and Mrs. Cox sat in one of the boxes. At the close of the act in which Susini, the great basso of the day, had just sung a splendid solo, a messenger entered General Burnside's box and handed him a despatch announcing the victory of Vicksburg. The General stepped to the front of his box and gave forth the news. This meant almost certainly the ultimate victory of the Northern army, and the audience went wild. Men shouted, women waved their handkerchiefs, and then Susini, coming from behind the curtain and waving an American flag in each hand, sang again the song he had just finished, the triumphant Trumpet Song of the opera.

Murdoch, our own great actor, who, said Joe Jefferson, was never excelled by any one in some of his Shakespearean roles, gave many performances at the Pike. During the War he expended all his efforts for the sanitary commission, but at the close of the War he played at the Pike a three-weeks' engagement which was the most successful up to that time that had ever been played in the old opera house.

Here, too, was given an amateur performance for the benefit of soldiers' families. Prominent citizens took part in the program and the choice of seats was sold at auction, the highest bringing \$675.

Here, too, Junius Brutus Booth, Jr., was playing an engagement on the night his brother assassinated President Lincoln. There was probably no danger to Booth, who it is said, never in his life recovered from the shock and misery of this blow but of course public feeling ran high and he left town as quietly and quickly as possible.

S. N. Pike, the builder of Pike's Opera House, and for whom Pike street was named, once the fashionable spot of all fashionable spots of the city, was a German Jew whose honest German name was Hecht, which he kindly translated to Pike for his unlettered American friends. His first splendid building was burned from "turret to foundation stone" and it is said that as he stood on the stairs of the Burnet House watching the fire, he was planning a new house which should begin building as soon as the ashes of the old were cold. So utterly absorbed was he in his thought that his gold watch was taken from his pocket by a thief and he never realized when or by whom. The new building was erected and is remembered by all of us, the stairs to it going up in about the centre of the square, with the Robert Clarke book-store on the one side of the entrance and Peebles' old store on the other.

The Pike, which we remember, was the cradle of our Symphony Orchestra and many of us recall going down there to concerts in the bright lights of Fourth street on gay snowy nights of the winter of 1895. The opera house was turned

into a vaudeville theatre and then was last used by an extremely good stock company which gave us the rare opportunity of seeing plays otherwise altogether impossible in Cincinnati. Clyde Fitch's masterpiece, "The Climbers," was one of these. The company was always composed of acceptable actors, one of the best of them being the last leading lady, Mary Hall, our own Mary, who was afterwards Sothorn's leading lady. The Pike had had one fire and been rebuilt. The last fire occurring fortunately at a late hour of night after the theatre had closed, was one of the greatest and most disastrous fires Cincinnati has ever known. Almost the entire square was burned and the ruins lay smouldering for more than a week. The site as a theatre was abandoned and the Sinton hotel stands where the old Pike's Opera House stood for about forty years.

The old People's Theatre on the south-east corner of Sixth and Vine having been destroyed by fire in 1865, Wood's Theatre was built on the same ground and opened in November of the same year. After the old manner a prize of \$100 was offered for the best introductory address and was awarded to William W. Fosdick, a poet and well-known literary man and scion of the old and aristocratic family of Fosdick here. The judges were A. G. W. Carter, George Bennett, William Haines Lytle, J. Sparks McCormick, James D. Taylor, and Larz Anderson. The address was read at the opening by the stage manager, Mr. Tilton, and the plays following were "The Poor Gentleman," and "The Fool of the Family." They seemed in those days neither to have a fear of old plays nor the strenuous desire for the new and bizarre. They had the wisdom to realize that a good old play is better than a poor new one. The initial prices in this theatre were fifty cents for the dress circle, and twenty-five cents for the family circle. Manners had not very appreciably improved in the thirty years from the old days of Mrs. Trollope and the poor but hopeful Thespians, for the advertisement appeared requesting gentlemen not to wear their hats in the dress circle and the parquette during the performance.

In November, 1857, Murdoch, fresh from a triumph in London, began an engagement, playing in "Hamlet," "Money," "The Inconstant," "The Lady of Lyons," "The Honeymoon." Following him came Charlotte Cushman, whose name meant the highest art of the tragedian, playing her Lady Macbeth, her almost incomparable Meg Merilles and other parts. In May of 1858 came young Edwin Booth playing his first star engagement here at the age of twenty-five years. To the younger generation of this day who do not remember Booth, his wonderful art and magnetic charm are scarcely credible. He was the greatest actor America has ever produced, standing in a place in this country which Sir Henry Irving occupied in England. We have had no great tragedian since, and those of us who, even as children, saw him, are haunted by the wonder of his art and by the tragedy that could look out of his great dark eyes.

In 1859-60 George Wood retired from the management of Wood's Theatre and John A. Ellsler succeeded him. His wife and he had a very good company and their daughter was the Effie Ellsler, who became a well-known actress and won wide reputation in "Hazel Kirke." In 1860 Barry Sullivan, the greatest Irish tragedian, began an engagement, playing in Richelieu, Hamlet, Don Cæsar, Richard, and others, and his Hamlet was thought to be surpassed by none save that of Booth. Before his time the part of Hamlet was always dressed



THE PIKE OPERA HOUSE.
Destroyed by fire in 1903.

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in complete funereal black but he substituted purple and black, the court mourning, which has been worn ever since.

In the season of '60 and '61, E. H. Sothern, the elder, the great "Dundreary" played. The theatre was then occupied by Robinson & Lake's circus and after that was opened like others only occasionally, for war was gathering and people anxious and uncertain. After the war really began, things settled down and the people who were left at home needed some diversion, so the theatres were opened again. Maggie Mitchell played her great success "Frou Frou" here and it was intensely popular from the very first. In November, 1861, J. Wilkes Booth played an engagement of tragedies here. He it was, the gifted and mad member of that famous family of gifted actors, who only a few years later while acting in a theatre in Washington assassinated President Lincoln.

In 1862 W. J. Florence, the favorite Irish comedian, and his wife played in "Colleen Bawn." And it was in this year that the custom of having reserved seats was introduced. They were fifty cents. The next year John E. Owen, who was known as the great low comedian of the American stage, played, and the year was noteworthy as the beginning of matinee performances. In the same year Matilda Heron played her great "Camille" in this theatre. And the next year, 1864, the price of admission was raised to fifty cents with reserved seats at seventy-five cents—this for the legitimate drama here in this theatre while opera five years before was commanding the munificent price of \$1.50 down at the Pike. In 1865 J. R. Allen became stage manager, and about this time Lawrence Barrett played here. Barrett was a clever actor though his fame was somewhat overshadowed by the greater genius of some others with whom he was associated. A remarkable tour was played very many years later by Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, and some of us remember the greatness of these three stars together.

In 1868 Mr. Barney Macauley became stage manager and had a stock company which played "Griffith Gaunt," "Frou-Frou," "School," "Caste," and the other stable plays of the day. In 1871 Charles Wyndham brought over his excellent company from London, and in 1873 Daly's Company from New York made its first tour in the west, and in April of the same year—truly a red letter year for the theatre lovers of Cincinnati—Adelaide Neilson, the beautiful, the charming, the altogether wonderful, played at Wood's Theatre as Juliet, Rosalind and Viola. That winter prices again soared, this time to seventy-five cents with reserved seats at one dollar, except when Edwin Booth, the favorite, appeared, during whose engagement \$1.50 was asked for reserved seats, he being the only actor of the time who could command this price. In May of 1876, Mary Anderson, then a young girl, began her apprenticeship at Wood's Theatre. And at the close of this season the old building was torn down to make place for a more modern business block.

The old Robinson's Opera House built on Ninth street where it still stands was a "first class house" in its early days but, badly constructed itself, it seems to have been the plaything and victim of an adverse fate, like some creatures of humanity who, born awry seem fatally to attract all bad luck that the merry-hearted ones escape. In 1875 a great entertainment was to be given for charity by children. It was a fashionable affair and quantities of tickets were sold—

more than could possibly be accommodated in the hall. The theatre began filling up, became jammed and people were pushing from without to get in when some one called "fire." There was no fire and no one knew who called out—it was thought probably a pickpocket stratagem—but an alarm was sent in and the engines came running and the people from within, many of them children, began to try to get out and were forced against one another and the surging masses on the outside. A panic was on. Very many people were hurt and many were killed—and there was no fire. It was the worst theatre accident that has ever occurred in Cincinnati. Some years later the dome of Robinson's fell and the old house has never been re-instated in the public trust since. It is an interesting little fact that Mrs. Fiske, when acting independently of the theatrical trusts, could find no theatre to act in here but the old Pike and, after that burned, Robinson's. So that all of society and intellect picked up their skirts and hied themselves down to the old theatre on Ninth street to see her.

The People's was called the "original Heuck's Opera House" and displayed on its posters such names as Maggie Cline, Sam Bernhard, Weber and Fields, Pat Rooney, Muldoon, Wheeler and Trainer, Hanlen and Hart, Harrigan and Hart, Murry and Mack, Murphy and Shannon, Fields and Hanson, Mark Murphy, Niles, Evans, Bryant and Hoey, Billy Emerson, McIntyre and Heath, and the Panzer Brothers. When the present Heuck's was built, the older house became known as the People's. The theatre has been remodeled several times and after a number of seasons of opera and first class productions it went into what was then known as Varieties and Burlesque. Later on another change of policy was made and only burlesque is played now at this house.

Heuck's Opera House, built in 1883, presented as a first class house the best attractions of its period to the public. The Excelsior Opera Company, one of the most pretentious opera companies then on the road, was seen at this theatre for several seasons. Among other notable organizations seen here were the McCalls Opera Company playing "The Mascot" and the "Queen's Lace Handkerchief," Frank Daniels in the "Rag Baby," Madam Juch, Jefferson and Florence, Lee Harrison and Goehrly in "Skip by the Light o' the Moon," Nat Goodwin in the "Skating Rink"—that was before Nat had attained matrimonial prominence and was the only one of the cleverest comedians that ever made anybody cry—"Lights o' London," Cora Tanner in "Lost in London," Herman the Great, "The Dark Secret," "The Brass Monkey," Hoodman-Blind, Harry Lacy in the "Still Alarm," Cleveland and Haverly's Minstrels, and "A Bunch of Keys." After the Iroquois fire in Chicago Heuck's was rebuilt and became known as the house of exits. Earlier in its history there was another phrase heard in the golden days of "Over the Rhine" regarding this theatre, a suffix to one of Shakespeare's well-known sayings, "the play's the thing"—to which was added "and Heuck's is the place." It is to be feared that the next generation, when the canal through the town gives place to a grand boulevard, will never hear what even the present generation seems to have forgotten that "over the Rhine" meant the German district above the canal where were many beer gardens and theatres for most delightful German "dolce far niente." The Marcus Lowe vaudeville was inaugurated in this theatre for a season in 1909 and the following season motion pic-

tures were operated for the "dark season." But the pleasant days of "over the Rhine" and of Heuck's as a first class house have long gone by.

De Wolf Hopper, the tall, and Marguerite Clark, the diminutive, opened the Lyric Theatre on November 12, 1906, and played for the first three days, Eddie Foy in "The Earl and the Girl" following and finishing out the week—and the Lyric was successfully launched. Since then David Warfield, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Bertha Kalisch, Mme. Nazimova, Clara Bloodgood, Maxine Elliott, Gertrude Hoffman, Fritzi Scheff, Marie Dressler, Louise Gunning, Trixie Friganza, Lew Fields, Sam Bernard, George Beban, Joe Weber, William Hodge, Thomas Wise, Henry E. Dixie, Frank Daniels, James T. Powers, Forbes Robertson, and other stars have appeared in the Lyric. Among the more notable attractions that have been produced there are: "The Jolly Bachelors," "The Midnight Sons," "The Gay White Way," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Orchid," "The Mikado," "Mlle. Mischief," Dockstader's Minstrels; and the more serious plays, "The Music Master," "The Witching Hour," "The Kreutzer Sonata," "The City," "The Nigger," "Madame X," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." The Lyric presents the very best of motion pictures all through the summer and opens its doors for regular first class attractions from September till June. This, the newest of our theatres, is admirably constructed, having the best facilities in case of fire, on Vine street and on an alley between Fifth and Sixth. It has very fine acoustics and the most modern appliances. The interior is elegant but simple, in the Greek form of decorations of white and green with some gold trimmings. And the attractions at the Lyric have lately been the best things the stage has had to offer.

Somehow we come to the Grand with the feeling of coming home. In 1875 the theatres in Cincinnati were Pike's, the Grand, and Robinson's opera houses, and Wood's and the National theatres. Of these Pike's has been burned and never rebuilt, Robinson's has dropped "into the sear, the yellow leaf," Wood's has given place to a business building, and the National is used as a warehouse. Only the Grand remains and it is not the original theatre but the new Grand. The first Grand Opera House, built in 1853, was burned in January of 1901 on the same night that Victoria, Queen of England, died. The man who had the most to do with the building and management of the old Grand, the man who was said to have discovered and brought out Mary Anderson and therefore gave to Cincinnati our right almost to call her a Cincinnati woman, the man whose name was one of the big names in the theatrical world of his time and country was Colonel R. E. J. Miles. To him perhaps more than to anyone else was owing the comfort and elegance of the old house and the class of plays and players that came there—all the best that the country afforded for more than a quarter of a century. On the cold night in January when the theatre caught fire Mr. E. H. Sothern was acting there and it was partly due to his calmness and splendid behavior that there was no panic, no lives lost, no accident whatever. He spoke from the stage to the audience, assured them that there was no danger if they would remain calm and asked those in front to come up and make their escape by way of the stage, and he himself helped them over the footlights and stayed upon the stage to give confidence to the people until the theatre was emptied. He has always been popular in Cincinnati but that night he completely won the

hearts of all by his bravery and thoughtfulness. The new Grand was immediately built upon the site of the old where it stands today on the west side of Vine street between Fifth and Sixth. It is perfectly constructed with exits on all sides and could be emptied of a big audience in a few minutes. It is hardly conceivable that there is danger from fire or panic in it, unless people should impossibly and utterly lose their heads. The interior of the house is elegant and very ornate but quite beyond cavil and the criticism implied by the word "gingerbread," because every detail in it is in such perfect taste. The room is beautifully proportioned, and comfort, quiet, a complete feeling of satisfaction, enters the theatre-goer at the door of the Grand. One goes about to New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Washington, and comes back utterly content with our own Grand. Not one of them anywhere is in more perfect good taste as a playhouse than it. None of them seems to breathe so sweetly of the theatre and of dramatic art, even as a fair woman's clothing of soft perfume and as an old-fashioned garden of flowers. Booth, Barrett, Sothorn, Marlowe, Mansfield, Barrymore, Fiske, Jefferson, Adams, Wilson, Drew, Irving, Terry, Bernhardt, Anglin, are some of the names that are as distinct to some of us about the walls of the theatre as the lettered names of the splendid old plays to be read actually by the less imaginative below the guard rail of the balcony.

Cincinnati has never been regarded as a great theatre place. Perhaps it is too far south, or, in the light of awakening activity of the last few years, *has been* too far south. At all events there has seemed to be among its citizenship neither the numerically great enthusiasm for the theatre nor the more cultured demand by the few for the best things, that is to be found in Boston, Philadelphia and elsewhere. Perhaps we still, like the old Thespians, are caught between the two detrimental forces of the vulgar, onion-eating herd on the one side and the indiscriminating "unco guid" on the other. There is, however, still the element of the Thespians, the element that is discriminating and loyal and enthusiastic, that goes to the theatre and loves it with that love which only a habitual theatre-goer knows. And this element, we are thankful to record, is growing.

THE CINCINNATI RED STOCKINGS.

The great American game, baseball, which throughout the land gives delight to millions, has its hosts of devotees in this city, and Cincinnati's own club, the "Reds," has added for many years to the entertainment of the people here and elsewhere, and, with varying fortunes, has added also to the reputation of the city. A history of "Base Ball in Cincinnati" has been written in a comprehensive and brilliant manner by Harry Ellard, and issued in a handsome volume in 1907. Mr. Ellard has indeed left nothing for other writers on this subject in this city except to follow in his steps. Those who are interested in an extensive treatment of base ball in this city are strongly advised to procure Mr. Ellard's book.

1867 marks the beginning of interest in the new game of baseball. It is said that the first game of baseball in this city had for its umpire Dr. John Draper, and that he acted in this capacity up to 1870 for more games than any man in the west. In 1867, Dr. Draper was responsible for the organization of

a club called "Cincinnati Juniors," composed of lads ranging in age from 15 to 20 years. The club was reorganized in 1868 and played successfully for three years, not losing a single game in 1869.

In September, 1867, the Ohio Federation of the National Association was organized, Aaron G. Champion being president, with fourteen clubs from Cincinnati represented at the convention. At a meeting of the Cincinnati club at Champion's office, a design for uniform submitted by George B. Ellard was adopted, the famous red stockings being part of the accepted style for the players.

When in 1868, the New York Clipper made an offer of nine gold medals to players attaining the best averages, Harry Wright, Fred Waterman and J. William Johnson, of Cincinnati, gained three of these. The Cincinnati club, composed in part of professionals and partly of amateurs at that time, took part in 1868 in some games that created much interest. The base ball grounds at first had been at the foot of Richmond street, some distance from street cars, and were now changed to a place back of Lincoln Park, where James McLaughlin put up a large structure at a cost of more than two thousand dollars. The Cincinnati club in 1868 played twenty-four games, losing only three.

In the autumn of 1868, a meeting was held in the law offices of Tilden, Sherman and Moulton for the purpose of making arrangements to make of the Cincinnati team a professional one. As a result, the team of 1869 was the first regular professional one in the country. Only two members of this team were residents of this city.

This "Red Stocking Base Ball Team" started May 31, 1869, on a tour to meet other clubs, playing the Antioch club at Yellow Springs and defeating it by 41 to 7, playing and winning all games at Mansfield, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany, Boston, New Haven and Brooklyn. The "Red-stockings" met the "Mutuals" of New York, then considered one of the strongest teams and one that had never been defeated, at the Union grounds in Brooklyn, before 10,000 onlookers. The Reds won four to two. The city of Cincinnati went wild with enthusiasm over this result. The Reds went on their victorious way through Philadelphia, Washington, Wheeling and other cities, arriving at home on July 1st.

These players were received in this city in a manner worthy of the winners of Olympic games in ancient times or of victorious soldiers. At a banquet in the Gibson House, Murat Halstead, Alfred T. Goshern, Judge Cox and others of the most distinguished men of the city responded to toasts.

Later in July the team played several exciting games with nearby clubs, winning every game, and in September the Reds played with the principal teams on the Pacific coast. During the later autumn the Reds played on the Cincinnati grounds with the "Athletics" of Philadelphia, defeating them in one game 55 to 16 and in another 17 to 12. November 5th the Reds played the "Mutuals" of New York, scoring 17 to 2, and making the sixtieth victory for the Reds. From September, 1868, to June, 1870, the Reds never lost a game, a series of victories never equaled by any athletic organization. They had played 130 games.

June 14, 1870, the Reds met their first defeat, at the hands of the Atlantics of Brooklyn, the score being 8 to 7, in a game of eleven innings.

As members of the Red Stockings were now offered more money by other clubs than Cincinnati would pay, some of these joined the Boston Baseball club and others went with the Olympic club of Washington. At the end of 1870 the Cincinnati professional Red Stockings club was broken up. When the National League was formed in 1876 the Cincinnati team became a member of it and so continued for five years. In 1876 it lost fifty-six games and won nine. In 1878, Cincinnati finished second; fifth in 1879 and eighth and last in 1880.

Cincinnati became a member of the American Association in 1882 and so continued to 1889. It has been in the National League since 1890. In the first year of the American Association, the Reds won the pennant; this club was third the next year, and fifth in 1884. In 1885 the Cincinnati were second, and in 1886 they had fifth place; they were second again in 1887; and they had fourth place in 1888, 1889 and 1890.

Again becoming a part of the National League in 1891 and so continuing, the Reds were third in 1896.

In 1891, the Cincinnati club was seventh of eight clubs. In 1892 to 1899, while there were twelve clubs in the league, the Reds stood, 5, 7, 10, 8, 3, 4, 3 and 6.

Since 1900 there have been in the National League but eight clubs. In 1900 the Reds stood 7th, and in 1901 they stood 8th. In 1902 they were fourth and in 1903 they were fourth.

In 1911, the team is a strong one, with strong individual players, but for some unknown reasons the Reds are still in the second division.

The League Park is a fine ball ground, well adapted for its purpose, well equipped, and is the favorite resort of many thousands of people, who there see the greatest teams of the land at play.

The record of the two great leagues for the past eleven years is given below:

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Clubs												<i>Eleven Year Ave.</i>
	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	
New York	7	8	2	1	1	2	4	2	3	2	1	.578
Chicago	6	5	3	2	3	1	1	1	2	1	2	.613
Pittsburg	1	1	1	4	2	3	2	3	1	3	3	.628
Philadelphia	2	7	7	8	4	4	3	4	5	4	4	.485
St. Louis	4	6	8	5	6	7	8	8	7	7	5	.402
Cincinnati	8	4	4	3	5	6	6	5	4	5	6	.480
Brooklyn	3	2	5	6	8	5	5	7	6	6	7	.431
Boston	5	3	6	7	7	8	7	6	8	8	8	.382



CINCINNATI BASE BALL PARK, 1908

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AMERICAN LEAGUE.

<i>Clubs</i>	1901	1902	1903	1904	1905	1906	1907	1908	1909	1910	1911	<i>Eleven Year Ave.</i>
	4	1	2	5	1	4	2	6	2	1	1	
Philadelphia	544	.610	.555	.537	.622	.538	.607	.444	.621	.680	.662	.584
	3	7	5	7	3	6	1	1	1	3	2	
Detroit	548	.385	.478	.408	.516	.477	.613	.588	.645	.558	.578	.527
	7	5	3	4	5	3	4	2	6	5	3	
Cleveland	397	.552	.550	.570	.494	.582	.559	.584	.464	.467	.523	.518
	1	4	7	3	2	1	3	3	4	6	4	
Chicago	610	.552	.438	.578	.605	.616	.576	.579	.513	.444	.510	.547
	2	3	1	1	4	8	7	5	3	4	5	
Boston	581	.559	.660	.617	.513	.318	.396	.487	.583	.529	.510	.523
	*	*	4	2	6	2	5	8	5	2	6	
New York			.537	.609	.477	.596	.473	.338	.490	.583	.507	.512
	6	6	8	8	7	7	8	7	8	7	7	
Washington	459	.448	.314	.252	.424	.367	.325	.430	.276	.437	.418	.377
	*	2	6	6	8	5	6	4	7	8	8	
St. Louis		.573	.467	.428	.353	.510	.453	.547	.407	.305	.287	.433
		5	8									
Baltimore	511	.365										
		8	*									
Milwaukee	350											

THE EMINENT DEAD IN SPRING GROVE.

Mary Mac Millan.

At the wide clean entrance to Spring Grove where the great gates stand silently open from morning till night, the driveway stretches out in front amid billows upon billows of green. A fresh breeze blows, the sky is the wonderful heaven of June, "argosies heavy with fruitfulness sail the blue peacefully." Away ahead, mounting out of the green and piercing the blue is a slender gray shaft, beautiful, solemn, still, the first signal to the living that he is in the city of the dead. The broad smooth road leads straight ahead down through the archway where every footstep sounds and re-echoes and where, at the side, in the perfection of fresh June beauty are banked up masses of red rambler roses and the young red leaves of the sweetgum.

Just beyond the road divides into three branches and in the centre one of the triangular corners made by these, stands the monument to General William Haines Lytle. It is, appropriately enough, in a commanding position and is a dignified and touching emblem of the man who was a poet and a soldier—the man who wrote the unforgettable lines beginning "I am dying, Egypt, dying" and who could at the head of his brigade ride to his death for his country. The monument bears the names of three generations of Lytles, soldiers all of them. It is a broken column, an eagle standing on the top with lowered head and a wreath of laurel leaves in his beak. Below, carved in the stone, the words

record that General Lytle was killed at the battle of Chickamauga. Shot in the head he was, eased down from his horse to the ground by a devoted young officer of his staff, this being the third time he had been wounded in the war. On a morning of early June flags from Memorial Day still decorate his grave.

Only a few steps further down this central avenue are carved in the monuments such names as Resor, McAlpin, Sherlock, all old families of Cincinnati, and here stands a tall carved monument to R. M. Bishop, governor of the state of Ohio. Just behind this, ideally placed on the smooth green sward with the lake behind it, is the Fleischmann mausoleum, a miniature Greek temple. A little way further on where another road bends off to the right, just in the middle of the central avenue, stands the Soldiers' monument, for, not far from this spot lie many officers of the Union army in the Civil war, and in the immediate vicinity, on the other side of the road from Governor Bishop's monument are the graves of many private soldiers.

Immediately beyond the Soldiers' monument in the Masonic burial place of section twenty-three, is the grave of William McMillan, for whom our long McMillan street stretching from hill to hill was named, who was a lawyer, a judge, a gentleman, who came down the river in the first boat-load of pioneers that landed at Yeatman's cove, the little nucleus of the future great city, in that hardly kept first Yuletide of 1788. He was a man of ability, but his death occurred too early in the beginning of the next century for his personality to affect the city's history as much as it would have done undoubtedly otherwise.

Beyond and to the northwest, in section 24, is the burial place of Peter Rudolph Neff of the College of Music. And near by in a distinctive position at the corner of the section is the large lot and fine monument to Nicholas Longworth. That name carved in the stone at once calls to mind the peculiar old gentleman, as wise as he was eccentric, reputed to be stingy yet giving money most generously where he chose, living in great simplicity yet a patron of art, keen-witted, far-seeing, sometimes land-poor, as interesting as any character of fiction, and one of the most individual of the many strongly marked personalities who have lived in Cincinnati.

Just across the road, in section 36, are monuments to other well-known names, Dr. Dandridge, for many years the leading surgeon of Cincinnati; the Bowlers, and further on in the same section the Emery monument, of plain, gray stone with Gothic ornamentation. Behind the Dandridge lot, further up the hill, is the monument where lies Senator George H. Pendleton—"Gentleman George," as he was affectionately called. Suave and efficient in manners and mind, a statesman, he was United States senator from Ohio, ran for the vice-presidency, and was appointed minister to Germany, dying four years later in Brussels, whence he was brought to lie on the Cincinnati hillside. Sedams and Kempers, good old pioneer names, are near, in the same section. Here, too, lies Justice Stanley Matthews, a judge on the bench of the Supreme court of the United States, and a scion of a brilliant family of which he was perhaps the most brilliant member.

The road leading to the northwest from the front archway and immediately to the left of the Lytle monument, goes by the lot of John Shillito, next to it being that of Henry Probasco and his brother-in-law, Tyler Davidson, in memory



**WATER LILIES AND FLEISCHMANN MASOLEUM,
SPRING GROVE CEMETERY**



CINCINNATI CREMATORY



of whom Mr. Probasco gave to Cincinnati the famous fountain. And the road directly to the south lies near the lakes and leads to the McCook monument. This stands in a little triangle in the junction of this road with the one leading to the west and near by, to the south and west, are two of the beautiful lakes of the cemetery. The monument is a little round, stone Greek temple, and beneath the columns are carved the names of the "Fighting McCooks"—that family, so famous for its Civil war record, which sent in all fifteen of the name to battle and some of them to die for their country, all officers save one, who, a mere boy, preferred to be a private and was killed before he could mount from the ranks.

Opposite the memorial to the McCooks and on the borders of Mahkenewah lake, is the Truman B. Handy monument of red stone in the form of a sarcophagus. Next to this is the Robert Mitchell monument and then that of H. and S. Pogue, names so well known to Cincinnatians today, and across the road on the left-hand side, where the splashing water sings always to the silent stone, is the square carved gray monument to Matthew Addy. Next to this is the Alexander McDonald mausoleum of gray stone in Greek architecture, with a life-size female figure carved in stone at either side of the entrance. Next to this is the burial place of the Mussey family, a bronze bust of the first doctor of the name surmounting the monument. It was a family distinctively of the medical profession and the old doctor was one of the eminent number of good physicians who have so blessed Cincinnati. Next is the Seth Evans monument and a few minutes further on, where the other road from the archway joins this one, stands the monument erected by the alumni of the school to the memory of Thomas Hughes, founder of Hughes high school—that curious, quiet, old shoemaker recluse of Scotch descent, who lived alone with his horse and his dog and died leaving his farm to the cause of education.

A little further up the road and then to the left, up on the hillside in front, in section 30, is the stone memorial to General Hooker, where he lies. It is a handsome, heavy red sarcophagus, and it, too, is marked by many flags from Decoration day. Back again toward the lake, up on a hillside in section 30, lie two graves of especial appeal, that of Salmon Portland Chase and his daughter, Kate Chase Sprague. A man of luminous power, whose personality fascinates one even today, and the daughter of beauty and rare charm, who inherited her father's spirit. Side by side they are and alone, removed from everything else, on this hillside overlooking the road beneath, and all the green and the lake, away into the distance. Ivy covers the graves and only headstones mark them, the one reading that Salmon P. Chase was governor of Ohio, senator from Ohio, secretary of the treasury, and chief justice of the United States, and the other bearing simply the name, Kate Chase Sprague. A redbird sings in full-throated ecstasy near by, as if he would give his music and beauty of color and form—all he has of loveliness—in glad honor to the memory of the brilliant father and daughter. Behind, and up on another road, is a red granite monument to Asa Van Wormer, benefactor of humanity in many ways and founder of the Van Wormer library of the Cincinnati university. Not far from the grave of Salmon P. Chase is that of General Peter J. Sullivan, and down in front of Chase's ivy-mantled grave, across the road, is the monument to the

memory of Charles W. West, founder of the Cincinnati Art museum. It stands in a splendid position with the lake behind and is a sitting figure of Mr. West carved in stone.

The road rises here, for Spring Grove stretches over hill and dale and none of the avenues continue far on a level, but ascend and descend gentle, long, gradual slopes continually. Next to the monument of Charles W. West rises high above the lake the Dexter mausoleum. It is one of the finest structures in the cemetery, being in form a little Gothic cathedral with flying buttresses and all the perfect details of the wonderful Gothic architecture. In the corner, directly across from it, in section 35, is the tomb of Bishop McIlvaine. In a niche of the stone stands a marble bust of the good and fair and dear old man, who was for forty years Bishop of Ohio. The monument was erected by his "Friends in Ohio"—so it tells on the back. And away up here it is overlooking the valley below where is the monument of General Lytle, at whose huge military funeral Bishop McIlvaine officiated.

A little distance further up the road to the west is a little three-cornered plot of ground called in the records section 32, which belongs to the Caledonian society. The monument marking it simply, is a great, square, rough stone, carved with the Scotch thistle. Just across the road from this, to the north, is an oval piece of ground which is marked as the Pioneer association. Here lies Peyton Symmes, a near relative of the proprietor of the Miami purchase himself, John Cleves Symmes. Another curious old soul was this Peyton Symmes, a man who just escaped being a genius. He was a lover and patron of art, who knew everybody in Cincinnati and had a rather disconcerting way of going to parties with a notebook, in which he would sketch the different guests while he himself stood off in a corner. Evergreens grow where he is sleeping now, and maples and sweetgums stand close by.

To the west of the Pioneer association ground, across the road in section 43, lies perhaps the most famous woman, certainly the one of the strongest character and freest temper Cincinnati has ever known, Frances Wright. Many Cincinnatians know her grandson, William Norman Guthrie, but few of them perhaps know that Fanny Wright was one of the most notable women of her time, a friend of Lafayette and celebrated in both Europe and America. A young Scotchwoman she was, an heiress, a philosopher of the French materialist school, a reformer, a woman with a fearless soul like a flame. She lived much of her life in Cincinnati and died here. There stands her plain, old-fashioned monument, her likeness in profile with quaint ringlets carved in the stone. And right across the way is the Caledonian society monument, a strange coincidence, for she, too, was Scotch.

Farther to the west in about the middle of section 51, near an old cedar tree, lies the ivy-covered grave of James E. Murdoch. The monument is in the form of a cross with an American flag draping it, and that cross and flag tell the story of his marvellous Christian kindness and his patriotism; as well as being a great actor—one of the greatest in Shakespearean parts—he is noted for his noble work in the Sanitary commission during the Civil war. Near Murdoch's grave, in the same section, is that of Mary Wright Curwen, whose name

is still fresh upon the lips of Cincinnatians. A gray granite cross marks the grave of this gifted woman, who was a writer and lecturer.

On to the northwest, across the road, and in section 74, lies Israel L. Ludlow, son of the pioneer Israel Ludlow, and himself the founder of Ludlow, Kentucky. And next to this lot, on the north, where a young speckled thrush sits upon a low limb, is a monument that is in itself the most remarkable in Spring Grove. Marking the grave of a brilliant young man cut short in his career of study in Icelandic literature, it is a heavy, oblong horizontal Icelandic stone with Runic characters carved about the name, Arthur Middleton Reeves.

Across the road again, to the southwest, in section 106, is the grave of Edward D. Mansfield. It is right on the edge of the hill, where the improved part of the cemetery drops down into a far ravine in which a road and lake lie amid the shade of the deep woods. The son of Colonel Jared Mansfield, who was the first surveyor general of the United States to fix our meridian, he himself was a man of great civic importance. His monument is a simple, dignified old stone which, too, records the virtues of his wife. In marked contrast to it is a monument only a few yards away, a very handsome stone, English looking and ornate, carved elaborately with a cross and old English lettering. This is the grave and monument of Rufus King, and there is another strange coincidence in the fact that these two men, who had, in different generations, lived in the same house, down on Third street, should now lie so near each other. It is a very aloof and strange and silent place. Behind is the dusk of the deep glen and myriad quiet branches of the great trees.

Far around to the northwest from this last spot, and at the extreme end of the present improved portion of the cemetery, in lot 170 of section 113, lies all that remains mortal of Israel Ludlow, the first surveyor of the Miami purchase, and one of the three original proprietors of Cincinnati. To this spot he came, an adventurous young man, nearly a century and a quarter ago, and in this beautiful wilderness cleared his farm, little guessing that a part of it would be included in the cemetery which so far hence was to be his last resting place. He, too, like William McMillan, died early, therefore not leaving so strong an imprint upon the city's history as he undoubtedly would have made if his life had been spared to him. He was buried first in the old graveyard around the First Presbyterian church on Fourth street, and it was not till 1896, when the new building was put up in front of the church, that he was disinterred and all that was left of him carried out to Spring Grove and placed in the foundation of his monument. On the reverse of his tomb is a memorial to his wife, Charlotte Chambers, who died out in Missouri.

Back again eastward, toward the front of the cemetery, and in a straight line to the gates but less than a third of the distance, past section 100, and down the road between sections 99 and 110, at the head of section 97 stands a fine, dignified, gray monument to the memory of another man noted in the early history of the city. Martin Baum, who built the lovely old house which now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft, was a citizen of commercial value and importance. It is fitting and comforting to find his lot occupying almost all of the section and a big, handsome, well-kept monument to his memory where so many old names are forgotten.

Down the road a little farther to the east, in section 77, stands the monument to Dr. Daniel Drake. A plain, old-fashioned monument it is, wholly suitable to the memory of the worthy scientist. He died in 1852, the year that marked the death of Fanny Wright and a number of other events significant in the history of the city. On two sides the monument bears long epitaphs of Dr. Drake, noting him as a distinguished physician, a philosophic writer, an eminent teacher of the "Medical Art," and a citizen and man of so many abilities and virtues that "his fame is indelibly written in the records of his country." This is very true and very accusingly true, for the memory of the present generation scarcely holds his name in remembrance. The monument was erected by their children to the memory of Daniel and Harriet Drake, the beloved wife with whom he lived in rare happiness for eighteen years. In the same lot is buried the doctor's brother, Benjamin Drake, who himself was a prominent citizen and young literary man of Cincinnati. And in the next lot lies Dr. Drake's son-in-law, Alexander McGuffey, a name printed upon the mind of every man and woman of the present generation who has plodded or skimmed through the long course of the old six readers. There is something peculiarly fitting and decorous about the grave of Dr. Daniel Drake on a brilliant spring morning. Birds are about, as they are everywhere in Spring Grove. There is an uplift, an inspiration in the high hill of the situation as well as in the reverent words of the epitaph. The great bushes of boxwood have grown into full trees and are rich and reminiscent and fragrant. A cricket chirrups away in its wee life of cheer, so well placed here of all places. And every thing seems to be in the spirit of beauty and peace and hope, as the fine old doctor would have wished.

In a very small, oval section near the Drake lot is a monument to Mr. Schoenberger. On the high hill it is, looking down across the valley and straight over to the splendid house he built, Scarlet Oaks, in Clifton. Straight to the north is the next section, 79, and here in the Lewis vault at the foot of the section, lies Dr. William Goforth. Another quaint and fascinating figure in the history of the city is he, one of the very earliest physicians when Cincinnati was nothing but a rude little village; he never went forth of a morning without having his wig dressed and curled and his gold-headed cane in his hand. A wise doctor, as skillful as the ignorance of his day permitted, he was the preceptor of young Daniel Drake, who said of him, that he had the most winning manners of any physician he had ever known.

Down again to the east, and then to the north, between sections 65 and 67, and about in the center of section 54, is the Cist lot, where lies the benignant old historian of the city who wrote a miscellany and the three books called Cincinnati, in 1841, in 1851, and in 1859. On to the north again, out the road that skirts section 55, up on the hillside of section 57, stands the simple headstone of Dr. Joseph Ray, in his time the foremost teacher in Cincinnati and the author of the famous arithmetics. By his side lies his wife, Catherine Gano, who was of the large and famous family of pioneers of that name. And in the same section, a little further southeast, lies Charles McMicken, the founder of the University of Cincinnati. Over in section 52 lies Judge Alphonso Taft, himself an eminent man and the father of President William H. Taft. Down



IN SPRING GROVE CEMETERY



then, directly eastward, toward the main entrance, past section 39, towards the center of section 29, are the graves of the parents of General Ulysses S. Grant. A good monument marks them and on one face of it, to distinguish them perhaps, from Grants of more common clay, is the name of the eminent son, who himself lies in the splendid tomb by the Hudson in Riverside park. Further on, towards the entrance in the next section, 22, lies Murat Halstead, editor of the old *Commercial*, a brilliant man, whose name was known over all the country. In the same section are other well-known names: the great curious and elaborate monument of John S. Gano's large family. And then on a little further down in the same section on the grassy shore of the lake, stands the headstone of Miles Greenwood, that Ajax in power, broadminded and capable, who could shoulder any mercantile or civic responsibility and carry it through mightily. In the same section still, further around the lake on the east side, and toward the entrance, is the tall, dignified red shaft to the memory of David Sinton, the self-made boy of Scotch-Irish descent, who became the wealthiest man in Cincinnati and a great benefactor to the city in which he made his riches. Further on, and to the right, is the Burnet vault, where lies the first Judge Jacob Burnet, the lawyer and writer and gentleman, who owned much land including the square between Third and Fourth and Vine and Race, where his residence stood, who created a memory to be revered by the lightest searcher into the city's history.

Nearly eighty thousand others lie in Spring Grove, the most beautiful cemetery in the world. Less celebrated personages they were, most of them, but each grave represents its human grief and is quiet now. Ground squirrels play and run over the turf, a brood of four brown thrashers walk gingerly among the fresh, stiff spears of grass, and try their wings. A redheaded woodpecker flies and drops to a nearby tree. All manner of birds live and sing happily here. On the lakes float African geese and at sunset take their slow, meandering way up to a distant hill to roost. At sunset, when the evening glow begins to fade from the marble and the trees, a robin sings his ever wistful twilight song.



CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

THE FIRST CHURCH FOUNDED BY THE PRESBYTERIANS—THE PIONEER PREACHER, JAMES KEMPER—ORGANIZATION OF RELIGIOUS BODIES KEPT PACE WITH GROWTH OF THE TOWN—DESCRIPTION OF THE EARLY CLERGYMEN AND PLACES OF WORSHIP—VICISSITUDES OF THE TIMES AND INDOMITABLE PERSEVERANCE DISPLAYED BY THE HEROIC MEN AND WOMEN.

The first church in Cincinnati was a Presbyterian church, but the first in the Symmes purchase was of the Baptist denomination. This was in Columbia. The Rev. David Jones, a noted Baptist preacher of that day, visited Columbia in December, 1789, and preached the first sermon to the pioneers of this vicinity, in one of the blockhouses. The Rev. David Rice, a Presbyterian minister from Kentucky, also made a visit to the village. Elder John Mason, a Baptist from Virginia, was one of the earliest religious teachers who appeared in Columbia. Elder Stephen Gano, in 1790, organized a Baptist church in the settlement. The services were held in the home of Benjamin Davis. Beginning with nine members, the church increased in a few weeks to fifteen. Elder Gano was invited to take charge of the church, but he declined and returned to his home in the east, and Elder John Smith was then selected as a spiritual leader, entering upon his work in the spring of 1791. A building site for the proposed church was given by Major Stites, and a frame house for purposes of worship was ready for occupancy in the spring of 1793. According to arrangement, in April, 1790, the Columbia church permitted Elder Smith to spend half his time in preaching in Cincinnati.

In laying out the town of Cincinnati, half of the block bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Walnut and Main streets, had been set apart for the uses of a Presbyterian church. This was done before a single lot had been disposed of for any other purpose. This original plan was drawn by John Filson, who, with Mathias Denman and Robert Patterson, purchased an extensive tract of land. After Filson had been killed by Indians, a new plan was drawn by Israel Ludlow, who succeeded to Filson's interest. The plans, however, were identical in devoting the half square spoken of above to "uses of a Presbyterian church." Denman and Patterson were Presbyterians; Israel Ludlow had been reared a Presbyterian, and was later identified with the First Presbyterian church.

On October 16, 1790, a church was formally organized by the Rev. David Rice, under a commission from the Presbytery of Transylvania; this presbytery covered at that time all the ground west of the mountains. The fact of this

organization was later recognized by the presbytery by the installation of a pastor.

In 1792 a Presbyterian church was built at the corner of Fourth and Main streets. In 1790 the Rev. James Kemper, a Presbyterian minister, had arrived. A subscription was started for the purpose of building a church. Until the building was erected, the congregation held their services in the open air, at the chosen site, seated on logs, and with rifles at hand. The church, when completed, was frame, 30 by 40 feet. It had clapboards for roof and weatherboarding. Within were neither laths nor ceiling. The floor was of planks laid upon the sleepers. The seats were of logs covered with rough boards. The pulpit was of unplanned cherry wood, while the preacher stood upon a plank resting on blocks.

It appears that the majority of the early settlers of Cincinnati were Presbyterians. The first church here was Presbyterian. James Kemper was the pioneer preacher of the community. Mr. Kemper was a native of Fauquier county, Virginia, born November 23, 1753. He was born, reared and married in the Episcopal church. He began his career as a farmer, later becoming a school teacher. He became a Presbyterian and had all of his fifteen children baptized in the church of his choice. Having forsaken teaching he became a civil engineer, a deputy county surveyor and a government surveyor in Tennessee in 1783. In 1785, he removed with his family, under escort of forty horsemen, one hundred and eighty miles through the wilderness, near Danville, Kentucky. There he began to prepare for the ministry under the tutelage of the Rev. David Rice.

During his residence in Kentucky, he lived on a small farm, studied theology, taught school, managed the farm, while his wife occupied herself with spinning and weaving. Mr. Kemper in 1785 taught school in a log cabin, the first grammar school in that state. Mr. Kemper was licensed by the presbytery in 1789 to preach "under direction of Mr. Rice while he continues in the study of divinity." He first came then to Cincinnati in 1790 as a licentiate and not as an ordained minister. On April 27, 1791, he was examined by his presbytery, and was authorized "to supply in the settlements of the Miami at discretion." This was the first ecclesiastical appointment made by any church for regular ministrations north of the Ohio, and Mr. Kemper was the first duly authorized preacher in Cincinnati.

He was invited by the Presbyterian congregation to become their minister and accepted in June, 1791. He went back to Kentucky for his family, and Daniel Doty of Columbia, and a man named French, were appointed to act as escort. These two followed a bridle path, on which two men had been killed the week before by Indians, reaching Georgetown on the second night out. At Lexington they hired horses from an army contractor, proceeded to Mr. Kemper's home, transported Mr. Kemper and his large family, with their goods, to Limestone, where they put all on board a flat boat and carried them down to Cincinnati.

Mr. Kemper came to Cincinnati but a few days before the defeat of St. Clair, and when the sick and wounded appeared after that disaster the minister proved a helper in the time of need, and strengthened the people in their season of fear by his courage.

Before the coming of Mr. Kemper, it is asserted that the Baptist minister of Columbia, the Rev. John Smith, sometimes preached in Cincinnati. Sometimes the people assembled for worship in the open air, sitting on logs; again they met in the horse mill, which stood on Vine street, below Third; and again they assembled in private homes. The law of the territory ordered that every man who came to worship should carry a gun, ready for the possibility of attack by Indians. It is recorded that Colonel John S. Wallace was fined seventy-five cents for neglecting to go armed at worship. It is asserted that the fashion of having men sit in the outer ends of pews arose from the need of prompt action during Indian raids.

The arrival of Mr. Kemper, with his family, in Cincinnati, was on October 17, 1791. The minutes of the presbytery state that he "is appointed a supply at the Miamis until the next stated sessions" of the presbytery. The next regular half-yearly meeting was held April 2, 1792, and it was then ordered that "Mr. Kemper supply one Sabbath at the North Bend of the Miami, and that he supply the rest of his time at Columbia, Cincinnati and Round Bottom; and that Mr. Rice supply at the Miami settlements two Sabbaths."

The rule of Presbyterianism is that only an ordained minister can organize a church, ordain elders and administer the sacraments and that a licentiate can preach only under the supervision of the presbytery or that of a fully equipped minister. Mr. Kemper being thus far only a licentiate, was under the supervision of the Rev. David Rice. A call was formally made out for the services of Mr. Kemper, October 2, 1792, by the united congregations of Cincinnati and Columbia. He accepted this invitation and was ordained by the presbytery in Cincinnati, October 23d, and constituted pastor of "Cincinnati and Columbia churches." He continued in this pastorate until October 7, 1796, when he handed his resignation to the presbytery. Later he had charge of the Duck Creek church for a time. He served other Presbyterian churches in this region up to the time of his death, August 20, 1834.

The organization of the church was incomplete when Mr. Kemper was installed as pastor, as he himself states it was "still unorganized, because they thought the number of males too small to select a promising session." He wrote to a friend that he had "an unorganized church, composed of six males and two females, in Columbia and Cincinnati. The church was one for the two places."

The first arrangements for the founding of this church were probably made October 16, 1790, after Mr. Kemper's first visit to Cincinnati, when the Rev. David Rice came to inspect the field.

The original eight members of this church were: Joseph Reeder, Annie Reeder, Jacob Reeder, Samuel Sering, Sarah Sering, David Kitchell, Jonathan Ticknor, Isaac Morris.

Those who took part in the ordination of Mr. Kemper and his installation as pastor of this church were the Revs. David Rice, James Connel and Terah Templin, who constituted the Presbytery of Transylvania. These men had been brought from Danville under an armed convoy, for safety from Indians.

When, on September 5, 1793, the numbers of the congregation had increased until there were nineteen adult male members, it was decided practicable to select five ruling elders and two deacons, and this was done. Until 1796, when

Mr. Kemper resigned, the Cincinnati and Columbia churches were practically one. Then the Columbia congregation went off from the Cincinnati church. The Columbia congregation then divided into two churches, the Duck Creek (now Pleasant Ridge), and the Round Bottom. In 1798, when the Rev. Peter Wilson succeeded Mr. Kemper in the pastorate he ministered to the Cincinnati church only.

At the time of Mr. Kemper's coming in October, 1791, it had been agreed by the congregation that they should endeavor to raise seven hundred dollars, which should be devoted to the erection of a church on the corner of Fourth and Main streets. Timber growing on this lot was to be used for building material.

On January 16, 1792, a subscription paper was passed around, which read as follows:

"We the subscribers, for the purpose of erecting a house of public worship in the village of Cincinnati, to the use of the Presbyterian denomination, do severally bind ourselves and executors firmly, and by these presents, the several sums of money and commutations in labor respectively annexed to our names, to be paid to John Ludlow, Jacob Reeder, James Lyon, Moses Miller, John Thorpe, and William M'Millan, or either of them, their heirs or administrators, Trustees appointed for the business of superintending the building aforesaid, payments to be made as follows: One-third part of our several subscriptions to be paid so soon as the timbers requisite for the aforesaid building may be collected on the ground where the said house is to be built. Another third when the said house is framed and raised. And the other third part when the aforesaid house may be under cover and weather-boarded. In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our names, on the day affixed to our names."

The following list of subscribers certainly contains the names of nearly every male inhabitant of Cincinnati at the time, and is strikingly notable as the united effort of a whole community to combine in erecting one church for all the people, though that church was of one special denomination. Either the community was predominantly Presbyterian or the people set a good example of practical church unity in general cooperation regardless of denominational differences.

The list of subscribers is as follows: John Ludlow, Jacob Reeder, James Lyon, Moses Miller, Benjamin Valentine, Asa Peck, Robert Hurd, Samuel Dick, John Thorpe, William M'Millan, John P. Smith, David E. Wade, James Brady, Joel Williams, Levi Woodward, William Woodward, Jeremiah Ludlow, James Demint, Richard Benham, John Cutter, Joseph Lloyd, Nehemiah Hunt, Cornelius Miller, Abr. Boston, Gabriel Cox, Samuel Pierson, Daniel Bates, Benjamin Fitzgerald, James Kemper, Isaac Bates, John Adams, William Miner, James Miller, Seth Cutter, S. Miller, John Lyon, Robert Benham, Joseph Shaw, Isaac Felty, James Wallace, Robert Caldwell, Jonathan Davies, Thomas Ellis, Daniel Shoemaker, John Blanchard, Benjamin Jennings, John Gaston, Jonas Seaman, Reuben Roe, John Cummins, Elliot & Williams, Thomas M'Grath, James Bury, Thomas Gibson, Henry Taylor, Elias Wallen, Thomas Cochran, James Richards, John Bartle, J. Mercer, H. Wilson, William Miller, James Reynolds, Thomas Brown, James McKane, Ensign William H. Harrison, Margaret Rusk, Samuel Martin, Moses Jones, J. Gilbreath, Winthrop Sargent, Captain Mahlon Ford, M. McDonogh, Matthias Burns, Jabez Wilson, James Lowry, Alexander McCoy, David Hole, James Cun-



DAVID EVERETT WADE

David Everett Wade, born in 1763, whose mother was Sarah Everett of the New England family of Edward Everett, was a soldier in the Revolution when a mere boy, and came from Elizabeth, N. J., a town named for one of his relatives to Cincinnati in 1790. He owned a tannery, bought real estate, and was engaged in other business. He was an elder in the First Presbyterian church, the first religious society organized here, and gave to it money and land which the church still owns. For many years he was an Overseer of the Poor. Three streets in the West End where he owned a farm, were named for him, Everett, David, and Wade. "Deacon Wade" was a quiet man of strength, humour, and capacity, who kept his principles and his queue to the last and died in 1842 a rich land owner. He was buried first in the graveyard that surrounded the old First Presbyterian church, thence he was removed to that one which was converted into Washington Park, and was finally carried out to Spring Grove.

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burial of the first settlers, but was removed to that one which was used for the
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ningham, Major Joseph Shaylor, Captain William Peters, H. Marks, Ezekiel Sayre, W. Elwes, Daniel Hole, Mathew Deasy, James McKnight, John Darragh, Daniel C. Cooper, Francis Kennedy, General James Wilkinson, Dr. Richard Allison, Ensign John Wade, Samuel Kitchell, Samuel Williams, David Logan, David Long, Joseph Spencer, James Blackburn, J. Mentzies, James Kremer, W. M. Mills, Mathew Winton, Samuel Gilman, John Dixon.

Many subscriptions were for one, two or three days labor; some were for so many days work of a team. Others were for nails, boards or boat plank. The original subscription paper has been preserved. The largest money subscription was by R. Allison, \$11. There were five subscriptions for \$10 each. These were by Israel Ludlow, James Wilkinson, Winthrop Sargeant, Mahlon Ford and C. D. Strong. The most liberal subscription, all things considered, was that of the Rev. Kemper, who gave five dollars, five days work, five days team and five boat plank. The total subscription in money was a little over \$300.

The building was of frame, 30 by 40 feet. It was occupied in the autumn both as a church and court room. In that room in October, 1792, a man named Mays was tried and sentenced for murder.

On October 21st the Presbytery of Transylvania began its sessions in this church, the first ecclesiastical court ever held in the village. On the 23d Mr. Kemper was ordained and installed as pastor.

The church was not plastered until 1794, when another subscription paper was passed around. Judge Burnet, in his "Sketches of the West," thus describes the building before that event: "It was enclosed with clapboards, but neither lathed, plastered nor ceiled. The floor was of boat plank laid loosely on sleepers. The seats were of the same material supported on blocks of wood. There was a breast-work of unplanned cherry boards, called the pulpit, behind which the clergyman stood on a piece of boat-plank resting on blocks of wood."

This was the first Protestant house of worship north-west of the Ohio.

The seats were of course without backs; and here our forefather pioneers worshipped, with their trusty rifles between their knees.

June 11, 1794, the trustees decided to raise another subscription "to finish the meeting house, to pale the door-yard and fence in the burying ground." The list of subscribers to this purpose is preserved among the papers of the First Presbyterian church, and has value as giving further names of early men of Cincinnati: Moses Miller, \$8; Jacob Reeder, \$8; Jacob Lyon, \$5; James Kemper, \$8; John Lyon, \$2; Ezra Fitz Freeman, \$2; Stephen Reeder, \$6; William Reddeck, \$1; Thomas Denny, \$2.50; Robert Mitchell, \$2; William Harris, \$4; Christopher Dickson, \$4; David E. Wade, \$10; John Brown, \$10; Nathaniel Stokes \$2; Elliot & Williams, \$8; Thomas Irwin, \$1; Joseph Brice, \$3; A. Avery, \$1; Jacob Lowe, \$1; Edward Kelly, \$1; John Galbraith, \$1; Andrew Paul, \$1; M. Winton, \$3; John Adams, \$3; Robert McClure, \$3; William Maxwell, \$3; Robertson & Mackay, \$3; O. Ormsby, \$2; John Riddle, \$4; Job Gard, \$3; Samuel Robinson, \$3; Luther Kitchell, \$5; Stophel Oldrid, \$1; William Irvin, \$1; Nehemiah Hunt, \$1; John Dixon, \$3; James Brunton, \$2; William Miller, \$2; D. C. Orcutt, \$2; Matthias Person, \$1; Frederick Coons, \$1; J. Gibson, \$1; Robert McCray, \$2; A. Hunt & Co., \$20; Samuel James, \$5; James Ward, \$1; James Garrison, \$1; Steward, \$1; Thomas Underlevy, \$1; Alexander Darling-
son, \$1; Martin Enos Terry, \$2; A. J. Caldwell, \$1; Mrs. Willcocks,

\$1; Peter Kemper, \$2; Thomas Goudy, \$4; G. Yeatman, \$2; Ezekiel Sayre, \$3; Nathan Moody, \$3; Samuel Kitchell, \$4; Samuel Foster, \$2; McElwee & Duffy, \$3; Isaac Felty, \$3; Cornelius Van Nuys, \$3; William Woodward \$2; Moses Jones, \$2; Elijah Craig, \$5; Nathan Barnes, \$1; Evan James, \$1; Joel Williams, \$3; Ziba Stebbins, \$3; John McCay, \$1; John Miller, \$1; William Darragh, \$1; Michael Fox, \$1; James Ferguson, \$5; Miss Henderson, \$2; Thomas Kebby, \$2; Patrick Dickey, \$2; Samuel Criegh, \$10; William Irwin, \$1; Azarias Thorn, \$1; James Gillespie, \$1; John Welsh, \$1; Samuel Freeman, \$1; Moses Bradley, \$1; George Gillespie, \$1; Caleb Mulford, \$1; John Miller, \$1; Ham. Flaughner, \$1; David Logan \$1; Timothy Scanan, \$1; Adam Galliger, \$1; Alexander Lewis, \$2; Benjamin Davis, \$1; John True, \$1; Fred Brokaw, \$1; Israel Ludlow, \$10; T. Hole, \$8; William Cummins, \$3; Robert Kepe, \$3; Thomas Kennedy, \$6; Joseph Kennedy, \$3; Samuel Kennedy, \$3; Samuel Dick, \$3; John Hamilton, \$3; Russell Farmer, \$2; Abel Sprague, \$2; Kennedy Morton, \$1; James Campbell, \$1; Francis Kennedy, \$1; Levi Sayres, \$2; William M. Bothero, \$1; Abraham Parker, \$2; George Dougherty, \$1; Joseph McKnight, \$2; Noadial Albord, 7s. 6d.; J. Strickland, 7s. 6d.; James McKee, 7s. 6d.; Benjamin Jennings, 7s. 6d.; Wm. Bedell, \$4; James Bedell, \$4; Philip Cook, \$1; Leonard Teeple, \$2; John McKane, \$3; James Brady, 7s. 6d.; Starking Stafford, \$1; Thomas Williams, \$1; Enos Potter, \$3; Thomas Cochran, \$4; A. Andrew, \$1; Thomas Gibson, \$8; Love Marcelof, \$3; William McMillan, \$8; Thomas Fream, \$2; Samuel Williams, \$3; James Lowry, \$2; John McKane, \$1; Matthias Ross, \$4; Daniel McCarry, \$1; Allyn Baker, \$5; John DeHass, \$1; Reuben Kemper, \$2; William McLain, \$1; James McLain, \$1; Elijah Davis, \$1; Jonathan Davis, \$2; Daniel Hole, \$1; Richard Hoells, \$2; Daniel Ferrel, \$2; John Mercer, \$1; David Bay, \$2; David Reeder, \$3; Jedediah Tingle, \$2; Jabesh Phillips, \$2; Isaac Bates, \$3; Simeon Nott, \$1; Samuel Pierson, \$1. Total, \$430.

The four lots were soon afterward enclosed with a post and rail fence.

February, 1795, a meeting was held to arrange for the distribution of pews among the members of the congregation. At this meeting David E. Wade and William Bedell were chosen as additional trustees. The church building was not wholly finished until 1799.

In 1794 a school was held in the church building, and in 1796 the session, at the request of citizens, allowed a school building to be erected on the west part of the church lot. The action was taken against the protest of Jacob Reeder and Moses Miller, and though in the interest of the town was a loss to the church. It was practically giving away property worth many thousands of dollars. It has been asserted that Mr. Kemper himself built the school house at his own expense.

Mr. Kemper has been described by Dr. A. C. Kemper, his grandson, as follows: "When he came to Cincinnati, he measured five feet nine inches, weighed one hundred and sixty pounds, and was full of health, strength and endurance. He wore knee breeches, silver knee and shoe buckles, three high collars to his coat, a queue, a voluminous neckcloth, and was a careful dresser. He was unsurpassed as a horseman. He was winning in his manners and slow to speak. His eye was dark, commanding and attractive. His countenance was open, serious, preoccupied and expectant. His personal appearance attracted attention. He

was not pretentious, brilliant nor profound, but plain, simple, unassuming, ready and reliable, and endowed with an exquisite common sense. He shrank from personal controversy, yet never chose the line of least resistance for its own sake. In his family he was quiet, gentle, reserved and was obeyed. In his habits he was regular, abstemious, temperate, and a total abstainer from spirits and tobacco. He was hopeful and cheerful, never cast down."

It is notable that Mr. Kemper played a very serviceable part in Cincinnati after St. Clair's defeat. In November, 1791, St. Clair, then military governor and in command of the army of the Northwestern Territory, suffered a terrible defeat in battle with the Indians. More than nine hundred men were killed, and this brought mourning into almost every house and family in Cincinnati, for nearly one-half of the settlers had entered upon this fatal campaign. The people were disheartened, and many of them prepared at once to leave and cross the Ohio river and find a place of greater safety, and it was proposed in Congress to abandon the Northwestern Territory entirely and make the Ohio river the northern boundary of the United States. Mr. Kemper had but shortly before arrived in Cincinnati, but he proved to be a man of courage. He set to work to inspire his people and neighbors, and taught them that it was their duty as Christians to maintain their ground on the north side of the Ohio, and, although many of the congregation had lost their lives in St. Clair's defeat, they should not give up. J. M. McCullough states that he was assured by one who was with St. Clair in his defeat that the Rev. James Kemper and his little Presbyterian church was all that prevented the settlers from making a stampede for the south side of the Ohio river. All the Miami country settlements were abandoned for a time, except those in the immediate vicinity of Fort Washington.

Mr. Kemper's pastorate closed in 1796, after a prosperous work. He was an earnest preacher and a fearless man. He was the man for the time and place, and his name stands as the pioneer minister of this whole region.

After peace had been established with the Indians, many members of this church scattered to farms and small villages, and thus the church lost many who had been its support. But this loss to the First Presbyterian church of Cincinnati was the gain of religion throughout a large section. Many new churches were organized at once.

In 1797, the Rev. Peter Wilson took charge of the First Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. Little is known of him. He was not installed and he died after a brief service. He was followed by the Rev. Mathew G. Wallace, a man of much ability, who remained, part of the time as pastor and part as stated supply, about four years. Mr. Wallace was a brother of Captain Robert Wallace, of Covington, of Mrs. Burnet, Mrs. Baum and Mrs. Green of Cincinnati. From 1804, the close of Mr. Wallace's labors, until 1808 was a time of controversy. The New Light doctrines and methods gained ascendancy throughout the Miami country. Three ministers, the Rev. John Dunlevy, Richard McNemar and John Thompson seceded from the Presbytery and led off or divided their churches. During this period the Rev. Peter Davis and the Rev. John Davies supplied the first church for a short time. The fall and winter of 1806 was a time of revival; a number of persons were added to the church and increased interest was taken in its affairs. Steps were taken toward an incorporation, and in January,

1807, a charter was obtained. According to this charter the following persons were, on July 1, 1807, elected trustees: James Ewen (probably Ewing), Joseph Van Horn, David E. Wade, Thomas McFarland and Robert Merry. Joseph Van Horn was chosen clerk, Jacob Burnet, treasurer, and Jacob Wheeler, collector.

The number of members in 1807-1808 was about eighty. The church moreover was stronger financially, and was anxious, as an old record says, "for a man of God who would take charge of it and stay." Such a man was found in the Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, who visited the city, and, having preached was invited to take charge of the church. He accepted for one year, and removing to the city from Bardstown, Kentucky, began on May 28, 1808, a long and useful ministry. He was a man of remarkable ability, in the thirty-fourth year of his age and the fourth of his ministry.

During the following years the church grew rapidly, and a larger building became a necessity. It was determined to build and subscriptions were taken. The list of subscribers has been preserved and is a valuable document. It shows the growth of the city not only in population but in wealth. The year was 1812.

The purposes of this subscription were stated:

1. To erect an edifice for public worship in Cincinnati.
2. That each, by self or proxy, should have an opportunity to purchase a pew therein at public auction, crediting his subscription and twenty per cent of amount paid in cash, but none of the money to be refunded.
3. The pews to be subject to an annual tax for support of a minister in the congregation.
4. Pay to be in cash, material, produce, manufactures, merchandise, or labor, as may be accepted by the treasurer, under the direction of the trustees or the building committee, one-fourth in sixty days after public notice in the Cincinnati newspapers, one-fourth in six months, one-fourth in twelve months, one-fourth in eighteen months, and complete the whole in one year and eight months after the first public notice.

The subscription list is as follows: Jacob Burnet, \$500; Martin Baum, \$500; Wm. Lytle, in land, \$1,000; Dan'l Symmes, \$400; David E. Wade, \$400; Jesse Hunt, \$400; Jacob Wheeler, \$200; Lucy Zeigler, \$400; James Ferguson, \$400; Joel Williams, in land, \$400; N. Longworth (on condition that a sum above \$12,000 be raised, cash \$200, and on time \$250); J. Carpenter, \$100; C. Park, \$200; Jos. Ruffner, \$300; Hezekiah Flint, \$100; James Conn, \$100; Joseph Warner, \$75; Leonard Taylor, \$75; John P. Spinning, \$75; Robert Merrie, \$75; Peter McNicol, \$75; Jeremiah Reeder, \$75; A. Moore, painting and glazing, \$100; John Mahard, \$50; Samuel Stitt, \$200; Francis Carr, \$200; Casper Hopple, \$200; Griffin Yeatman, \$200; Samuel Lowry, \$200; W. Barr, \$200; John Kidd, \$200; David Kilgour, \$200; Wm. Irwin, \$200; Jacob Williams, \$200; Wm. Woodward, \$300; Nathaniel Reeder, \$200; Jacob Reeder, \$200; Wm. Betts, \$200; Elmore Williams, \$300; John S. Wallace, \$200; Pat Dickey, \$200; Samuel Perry, \$200; A. Dunseth, \$200; John McIntire, \$100; Samuel Newell, \$100; Elias J. Dayton, \$100; Wm. Ramsay, \$100; Joseph Prince, \$150; John S. Gano, \$100; Wm. Ruffin, \$100; John H. Piatt, \$100; John Cranmer, \$50; Zacheus Biggs, \$100; Davis Embree, \$75; Geo. St. Clair, painting and glazing, \$75; John Gibson, Jr., \$50; Robert Caldwell, \$150; Daniel Mayo, Newport, \$50; Joseph Jenkinson, \$100;

John Andrews, \$50; Geo. P. Torrence, \$100; O. M. Spencer, \$100; Samuel Ramsay, \$100; John Riddle, \$250; Ichabod Spinning, \$100; A. Hamilton, \$50; Isaac Bates, \$100; Clark Bates, \$100; Ezekiel Hutchinson, \$100; Wm. Stanley, \$300; Wm. Corry, \$100; Chas. L'Hommiedieu, \$100; James Riddle, \$250; John B. Ennis, \$50; Daniel Drake, \$75; Robert Allison, \$75; Francis West, \$50; J. Watson, painting work, \$50; Thomas Boal, \$100; Joseph McMurray, \$100; James Dover, \$30; Isaac Anderson, half cash, half material or work, \$100; Thomas Ashburn, \$100; H. Bechtle, \$100; John Jones, \$50; Jacob Baymiller, \$200; Thomas Graham, \$300; Andrew Hopple, \$50; Samuel Yonars, carpenter work, \$100; Wm. Casey, \$50; Charles Marsh, \$25; Jabez C. Ferris, \$50; John Armstrong, \$200; Henry Hafer, \$50; Stephen Butler, \$25; John Heighway, \$25; Robert Archibald, \$75; J. N. Gluer, \$25; Jonah Martin, \$50; Arthur Ferguson, \$30; Nath. Edson, lime, \$50; Andrew Mack, \$50; David Wade, \$50; Benj. Coop, \$30; Solomon Sisco, \$25; Arthur St. Clair, Jr., \$125; W. Noble, \$150; Samuel W. Davies, \$50; Alex. Johnston, \$30; W. C. Anderson, \$50; Wm. H. Hopkins, \$25; Jos. B. Robinson, \$100; Jeremiah Hunt, \$100; Oliver Ormsby, \$100; Samuel Kidd, \$50; John Brown \$25; Thos. Sloo, Jr., \$30. Total, \$16,745.

Building was begun at once, but the house was not completed until the winter of 1814. It was of brick, 68 by 85 feet and faced Main street. Two square towers flanking the front and crowned with spires gave it the name of "The Two-Horned Church." The audience room was spacious, with a gallery on three sides. The pulpit was high, and below was an entrance to the session room. The space about the church was used as a cemetery.

In 1812, woman's work began to have a prominent part in the church work. There is a record that the "Female society were efficient in raising funds for the new sanctuary." It is also noted that for some years previous this society had maintained regular weekly prayer and conference meetings. About the time the sanctuary was finished this society resolved itself into the "Cincinnati Female Society for Charitable purposes." It was benevolent, missionary, Bible and tract society all in one, and as such continued for many years.

At a meeting of the session, September 3, 1814, a communication was received from Charles Greene and John Kelson, asking that steps be taken toward the establishment of another church. This met with opposition, but was the beginning of the Second Presbyterian church of this city. The city was growing, and it was none too soon for such colonization as would secure more thorough cultivation of the field.

There is no record as to the number of members in the church at the time those who formed the second church withdrew, but in 1816, after all who had gone into it had taken their letters, the number left on the roll was 165. In 1821 it had increased to 240.

In 1819 the Church of Walnut Hills was organized. Walnut Hills was then a village entirely separate from the city. Many, if not a majority, of its members came from the Duck Creek (now Pleasant Ridge) church.

From 1821 to 1827 the First church grew more in influence and wealth than in numbers. The congregations were large. In 1827 the church building was remodeled. In the winter of 1827-28 there was a revival of marked influence.

In April the Cincinnati Presbytery resolved: First, That the members of this Presbytery will spend a portion of time in special prayer between sunset and dark, every evening. Second, That those who have not already engaged their people in this agreement will use their best endeavors to do so. Third, That twilight prayer shall have for its objects revivals of religion in our own hearts, in our families and churches through all this country, and throughout the whole world, that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Among those who united with the First church at the spring communion were James Saffin, Andrew McAlpin, William Flintham, John Baker, Lewis Baker. In June, a little later, the Rev. James Gallagher and the Rev. Frederick A. Ross, who had been successful in revival work in various places in Tennessee and Kentucky, came to the help of Dr. Wilson, and the interest already manifest deepened and extended until the city was moved as it had not been before and perhaps has not been since.

During the month of July the session received into the church 15 persons by letter and 248 on examination. There were also others received in August and September, making 364. This revival was one of far-reaching importance. The church was greatly strengthened. In 1827, it reported 231 members, and in 1828, 604. Among these were the parents and grandparents of many prominent people of the city today. On the list are such names as Burnet, Kautz, Cobb, Lytle, Funk, Keys, Baker, Johnson, Montgomery, Skillinger, Newell, Wheeler, Hart, Woodward, Hopple, Chute, Flint, Clopper, Baird, Bates, Ramsey, Torrence Bailey and Miller.

In 1841 Dr. Wilson being somewhat enfeebled by age, his son, the Rev. S. R. Wilson, was called to be his assistant.

In 1844 the Central church was organized with thirty-three members.

In August, 1846, Dr. Wilson died, full of years and honors, and his son succeeded to the full duties of the pastorate, in which he remained until March 2d, 1861.

The Rev. Joshua L. Wilson was a native of Bedford county, Virginia, born September 22, 1774. In 1781 his father removed with his family to Kentucky. There Dr. Wilson as a youth studied theology and was ordained by the Presbytery of Transylvania. He first became pastor of the Bardstown and Big Spring Presbyterian churches. This was in 1804. He came to Cincinnati in 1808, and remained until his death in 1846. He was buried in Spring Grove cemetery. The Hon. E. D. Mansfield wrote of him: "The city he found a village of one thousand inhabitants, and left it at his death, with one hundred thousand. In this period, Dr. Wilson maintained throughout the same uniform character and the same inflexible firmness in principle. He was a man of ardent temperament, with great energy and decision of character. The principles he once adopted he held with indomitable courage and unyielding tenacity. He was not only a Presbyterian but one of the strictest sect. It is not strange, therefore, that he contended with earnestness for what he thought the faith once delivered to the saints. In consequence of these characteristics, many persons supposed him a harsh or bigoted man. But this was a mistake, unless to be in earnest is harshness, and to maintain one's principles bigotry. On the contrary, Dr. Wilson was

kind, charitable, and in those things he thought right, liberal. Among these was the great cause of popular education. Of this he was a most zealous advocate, but demanded that education be founded on religion, and the Bible should be a primary element in all public education."

It is notable that during the great revival the church was often filled to its capacity, including gallery and aisles, there being then no law against filling the aisles; this meant above three thousand people, or one seventh of the population of the town at that time. The proportion to the population was evidently greater than at any single religious service since.

As indicating however that discouragement had to be overcome then as now, a letter of Mr. Ross, one of the revivalists, written in his eighty-second year, is valuable. He wrote: "From Wednesday, when we began, until Monday, there was, seemingly to us, not the slightest impression made, and, being totally discouraged, we told Dr. Wilson Monday morning after breakfast we had made up our minds to go back to Kentucky the next day, if the meeting that night should be so thinly attended and so without life as the previous ones had been. Dr. Wilson then suggested that the "anxious seat" had never been tried in Ohio, and that he had been afraid of it. But he was now persuaded, from the prudent way we had used it, to see what effect it would have that night. Accordingly after the sermon, he, I well remember, placed a chair in front of the pulpit, stood on it, and simply said in substance that he had told us that he had made up his mind to try the measure. Gallagher then gave one of his rousing appeals. Twenty came. The spirit was in Cincinnati. He had heard the Macedonian cry and had come over the river.

"The next morning there was an inquirer's meeting at nine o'clock, in Dr. Wilson's house, when it was determined that at the night service we would defer the appeal to the impenitent, and request Christians of the church to come, who felt they had backslidden or were cold in duty. Of course when the call was made the very best members were soon on the bench,—Mr. Wilson the first one. The effect, as expected, was great and delightful. The huge building showed that night the interest already felt.

"We had to go Wednesday to Maysville, Kentucky, but engaged to lecture on the Tuesday following. We did so, and the Wednesday thereafter we began our work in Cincinnati in the moral certainty that the city was moved. That Wednesday was the Fourth of July. But God had ordered and every soldier and all the patriotic gunpowder rejoicings went boldly out of town, and it was calmer than any other day, hardly a shop open, and every one free to hear the gospel under conditions most favorable. Suffice, the meeting, preaching and inquiries went on with great power. The church was filled, floors and galleries, and a little court, leading from a side door into the street, was frequently so jammed it was hard to get in or out. On the next Sabbath one hundred and fifty were admitted to the First Church, and I think about the same number the next Sabbath in the Second Church. I cannot recall, for I write entirely from memory, how many weeks we were in Cincinnati and the neighborhood, spending one series of meetings in Dayton. But it is my impression, when we finally took our leave, five hundred, or thereabouts, had made profession in Cincinnati alone."

This revival derives its historic importance from its influence upon the religious life of the city, since it was one of the shaping and directing forces of the city.

Up to 1829 the First Church had a gallery for colored people.

The pastorate of the Rev. S. R. Wilson, son of Joshua and his successor, was marked by two important events. The first was the organization of the Seventh Church in 1849; this drew from the First Church many of its people, including some of its strongest and most honored elders. The second was the building of the present church edifice, dedicated September 21st, 1851. This structure stands near but not upon the exact site of the former building. It cost sixty thousand dollars. It has a lofty spire, two hundred and eighty-five feet high, ten feet higher than that of Trinity church, New York.

In the early years of the twentieth century a movement was started to merge the First Church, and several other down-town Presbyterian churches that had been weakened by encroaching business and by removals to the suburbs, with the Second Church, using the plant of the Second Church for all services, disposing of all the other church properties. Such an organization was formed under the name of the Church of the Covenant. The letters of many of the people of the First were received by the Church of the Covenant; the Presbytery of Cincinnati confirmed the action, and the First Church was, according to the rules of Presbyterianism, out of existence. But a minority of the people of the First Church, who had never been satisfied with the proposed arrangement, wished to maintain their separate organization and had voted against the merger. These continued to hold services in the First Church in spite of the orders of the Presbytery. It appears that in the First Church there exists a peculiar condition, the existence of two separate corporations, one technically called the First Presbyterian Congregation and the other the First Presbyterian Church, and it appears that such an action as the merger required the joint action of both these bodies. The two bodies to a large extent consisted of the same persons but not wholly so, though all of course were members of the First Church. While a majority vote in the one body would be sufficient in the one body for the merger, in the other body a two thirds vote was needed. Also, in the "Congregation" it is contrary to the rules to vote by proxy. It appears that while a majority voted for the merger in the one case and two thirds voted for it in the other case, there were in this two thirds some proxy votes. This made the merger seem to the people who clung to their organization illegal. The matter was carried to the courts and, after much delay, it was decided in 1910 that the merger was illegal, and that the First Church was an independent organization, with all its rights unimpaired by previous arrangements. In December, 1910, Dr. Watson, pastor of the Church of the Covenant, presented to the Presbytery of Cincinnati a resolution declaring the independent existence of the First Church, calling for the seating of its delegate on the floor of the Presbytery, but declaring that such persons as had been members of the First Church but had taken their letters to the Church of the Covenant or to any other church should be considered as belonging to the churches to which they had taken their letters. This resolution was passed unanimously. Thus the famous merger, which had been a subject of discussion and agitation for many years in the Presbytery and in the newspapers, came to

a peaceful end, so far as the First Church was concerned. The First Church now exists as an independent organization, with an immensely valuable property, but a small congregation in the midst of the business district. It is possible that the congregation will dispose of this holding and remove to a residence part of the city.

The pastoral relation of Dr. S. R. Wilson was dissolved March 2, 1861. The following year the Rev. J. E. Annin began a term of service which closed July 13, 1864. He was followed by the Rev. Dr. William C. Anderson for a brief period. On January 4, 1867, a call was extended to the Rev. Dr. C. L. Thompson, who accepted and remained with the church for five years. He was succeeded by the Rev. George B. Beecher, called November 6, 1872, and released February 21, 1879. The Rev. Dr. F. C. Monfort supplied the church for more than two years, became the regular pastor in 1881 and so remained until June 14, 1888.

November, 1888, the Rev. I. W. Gilchrist became the minister. The church is now supplied by the Rev. Spiegel.

The Rev. Dr. Reynolds tells of his recollections of the First church in 1838. "On cold winter mornings we would go to the Sabbath school in the gallery at 9 o'clock, and would first visit the large audience room below to get warm at the immense stoves, four of them, which were crammed with wood, and made a small space around excessively warm, while the main part of the church would be cold. In extremely severe weather the ministers would preach wrapped in their cloaks, standing in the lofty pulpit which rose like a tower. . . . I remember Dr. Joshua Wilson. He was a man of striking appearance, holding his head a little to one side in consequence of being hurt by the overturning of a stage coach. He is said to have resembled General Jackson in personal appearance and in dignity. His voice was musical, not very loud, and well modulated. On one occasion, on a fast day, when Dr. Wilson was preaching, the dinner bell of a hotel near by began to ring, and the minister with a quaint smile said, "Do not let that dinner bell disturb you, for remember you are to have no dinner today."

"When in 1845 the general assembly met in the First church, a delegation of Indian chiefs visited the assembly, and they were introduced to the moderator by means of an interpreter. Speeches were made by the Indian chiefs and by the moderator."

Woman's Christian work in Cincinnati, which has grown to such vast proportions in this city, had its beginnings in this First church. December 13, 1827, the executive committee of the Female Missionary association of the First Presbyterian church of Cincinnati, presented its first annual report. It was a small beginning, with forty-five subscribers and \$20 collected. But it was the forerunner of **great things**.

As a type of the Christian womanhood of the early time, it is of value to state something in regard to Mrs. Kemper, the wife of the first minister. "Judith Hathaway Kemper, wife of the first Presbyterian pastor of Cincinnati, was born and reared of English parentage in Virginia, where she received the best education of her time. She was a woman of fragile physique but of enduring fibre; she was a faithful, efficient and heroic worker, possessed of an

unusually sound judgment, modest, amiable, an attractive, genial companion, intelligent and wise, and thoroughly, unswervingly devoted to the promotion of the cause of Christ. She was unassuming, self-possessed and had marked decision of character. When the Rev. David Rice and his first Kentucky convert and elder, Jacob Fishback, selected her husband as the fittest person they knew to do the work of a pioneer evangelist and educator in Kentucky, it was her voice that decided his acceptance. The young husband was in the government employ as surveyor in the Carolinas, now Tennessee, with every prospect of speedy and permanent worldly advancement. But when these men, armed for mutual protection, urged upon the surveyor the need of the Gospel and education in Kentucky, to which all eyes were then turned, and the seeming impossibility of securing these, the devoted wife deemed it her privilege and highest duty to decide that this was the call of God, fully appreciating the responsibility she assumed. At once, at the age of twenty-nine, with her husband and six children, she made the journey on horseback through the wilderness to Kentucky. From that date she was the breadwinner of the family. Her loom was at the same time the family support and an important educational institution in Kentucky then, and afterward in Ohio. That loom, and subsequently her farms, were the source of the ideas upon manual training that were attempted to be incorporated into many of our earlier educational institutions.

"Never was she in the least daunted by adversity. When the memorable change in the value of current money of the time ruined the finances of so many, she was prompt and cheerful with patient fortitude to reestablish her worldly fortune. Whatever estimate may be put upon the life-work of her husband as the heroic bishop of the churches in these regions, that work was made possible by her delicate, consecrated hands."

Roosevelt in his "Winning of the West," gives an account of the pioneers, applicable generally, but applicable here as showing to some extent the reasons why Presbyterianism was so strong in the early days of Cincinnati. He says:

"The backwoodsmen were Americans by birth and parentage, and of mixed race; but the dominant strain in their blood was that of the Presbyterian Irish, the Scotch-Irish as they are often called. Full credit has been awarded the Roundhead and the Cavalier for their leadership in our history; nor have we been altogether blind to the deeds of the Hollander and Huguenot; but it is doubtful if we have fully realized the importance of the part played by that stern and virile people,—the Irish, whose preachers taught the creed of Knox and Calvin. These Irish representatives of the Covenanters were in the west almost what the Puritans were in the northeast, and more than the Cavaliers were in the south. Mingled with the descendants of many other races, they nevertheless formed the kernel of the distinctively and intensely American stock who were the pioneers of our people on their march westward, the vanguards of the army of fighting settlers who, with an axe and rifle, won their way from the Alleghenies to the Rio Grande and the Pacific.

"The Presbyterian Irish were themselves already a mixed people. Though mainly descended from Scotch ancestors—who came originally from both lowlands and highlands, from both the Scotch Saxons and Scotch Celts—many

of them were of English, a few of French Huguenot, and quite a number of pure old Milesian Irish extraction; they were the Protestants of the Protestants.

"That these Irish Presbyterians were a bold and hardy race is proved by them at once pushing past the settled regions and plunging into the wilderness as the leaders of the white advance. They were the first and last set of immigrants to do this; all others have merely followed in the wake of their predecessors. But, indeed, they were fitted to be Americans from the very start; they were kinsfolk of the Covenanters; they deemed it a religious duty to interpret their own Bible, and held for a divine right the election of their own clergy. For generations their whole ecclesiastic and scholastic systems had been fundamentally democratic. In the hard life of the frontier they lost much of their religion, and they had but scant opportunity to give their children the schooling in which they believed; but what few meeting-houses and school-houses there were on the border were theirs."

While to many the subject of the influence of the Sunday school in shaping early Cincinnati may seem unimportant or commonplace, yet actually it was one of the forces that helped make the Cincinnati of today. Kipling has said, wisely or unwisely, that "Asia will never go to Sunday school;" this is of course a debatable epigram, since the religions of the Western world came out of Asia, since the Jews, who were Asiatics, drilled their children in the law, since Hindoo, Chinese and Japanese children have been for ages taught the principles of Confucianism, Buddhism or Mohammedanism, according to the choice of their parents.

Even if Asia does not in the future go to Sunday school, Cincinnati in its early days did, and to a large extent it does yet. We cannot ignore the effect of drilling hundreds or thousands of children in the ideas and words of the Bible, any more than you could understand aboriginal American Indians and ignore the drill their children received in hunting, in war, in uncomplaining endurance of pain. Its influence cannot be ignored more than we can forget that today, the anarchists, socialists, communists, etc., have the equivalent of a Sunday school and tutor their children in the principles of their social faiths. Of course, early Cincinnati was not peculiar in this respect, since all American communities have to a large extent passed through the same experience. But the fact is no less significant about Cincinnati because it is significant of other communities as well.

In 1790 the first organized effort to establish and sustain Sunday schools in this country was formed in Philadelphia, and nearly all the Protestant churches there united in the effort. Oddly enough, in view of the movement today to have salaried teachers in the Sunday schools, the teachers at the beginning were generally paid. They received a salary of eighty dollars a year. In 1791, Mrs. Lake, the wife of a soldier at the stockade, a military post where Marietta now stands, gathered the children of the garrison and from the log cabins protected by it, and gave them Bible instruction on the Sabbath day.

The systematic adoption of the Sunday school in and about Cincinnati was not immediate. Among the earliest Sunday schools in Ohio was one at Zanesville, in 1815, which had four teachers and forty-five scholars.

In 1836 there was a great gathering of Sunday school workers in Wesley chapel, Cincinnati. In 1842 the Sunday schools held a union celebration and pupils, teachers and officers thronged the streets and marched with banners and songs. The procession and the enthusiasm showed that seventy years ago this city had many Sunday schools and hosts of devoted friends, who were earnest and devoted in their support.

In 1879 there was celebrated in Delaware county the semi-centennial of the beginnings of a Sunday school in a log cabin in that vicinity.

It is noticeable that the methods of Sunday school instruction, particularly those for the primary scholars, were then very different from those of the present time. Primers and spelling books were then used for the instruction of the little ones, who were drilled in their A B C's. The fact that a certain amount of secular instruction was given accounts for the opposition to these schools from certain of the ministers of that day; it seems singular that the clergy should have even to a small extent stood aloof from Sunday schools until you understand that they were not opposing Bible instruction but secular instruction on the Sabbath.

One elderly woman in giving her reminiscences some years ago of that early period says, "Being very small when I entered the Sunday school, the kind old superintendent led me into a class of little ones taught by a young lady, who kindly took me in her lap and had me say the A B C's; succeeding with the alphabet, she had me spell some short word; and my first day's lesson was finished apparently to her satisfaction, but not to mine. I could hardly restrain my disgust and indignation until I reached home, and declared emphatically that 'I would never go to that Sunday school again.' I could read in the Testament, and to be considered a 'little know nothing' and put in the primer was too great an indignity to be borne. I got no sympathy from the home folks, but was blamed and laughed at for not having sense or courage enough to tell the teacher that I could read. Children did not rule in those days, so I had to go back the next Sunday. Committing verses to memory was the usual Sunday school lesson for the larger scholars, the Sunday school union books also being used. Frequently, bright scholars would recite whole chapters and hymns at one time.

"Many of the books in the Sunday school library were dull, prosy biographies of unnaturally good children, who all died young, and those were left uncalled for when more interesting ones could be had, and though few of them were written in an attractive style, yet they were eagerly taken and in many cases read and re-read with interest and improvement. All the books, Bibles, etc., lay around on the window sills and the seats until some one went around with a subscription paper and raised funds to purchase a bookcase. In those days of hard work and little money some persons excused themselves from sending their boys to Sunday school on the plea that 'they had no shoes,' so at one time my father had some of my brothers go barefoot, to have others willing to do likewise. There were hard lessons and stern truths inculcated in those days, but doubtless many have lived more efficient and useful lives from such training.



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EIGHTH AND ELM STREETS



AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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In 1879 there was celebrated in Delaware county the semi-centennial of the beginnings of a Sunday school in a log cabin in that vicinity.

It is noticeable that the methods of Sunday school instruction, particularly those for the primary scholars, were then very different from those of the present time. Primers and spelling books were then used for the instruction of the little ones, who were drilled in their A B C's. The fact that a certain amount of secular instruction was given accounts for the opposition to these schools from certain of the ministers of that day; it seems singular that the clergy should have even to a small extent stood aloof from Sunday schools until you understand that they were not opposing Bible instruction but secular instruction on the Sabbath.

One elderly woman in giving her reminiscences some years ago of that early period says, "Being very small when I entered the Sunday school, the kind old superintendent led me into a class of little ones taught by a young lady, who kindly took me in her lap and had me say the A B C's; succeeding with the alphabet, she had me spell some short word; and my first day's lesson was finished apparently to her satisfaction, but not to mine. I could hardly restrain my disgust and indignation until I reached home, and declared emphatically that 'I would never go to that Sunday school again.' I could read in the Testament, and to be considered a 'little know nothing' and put in the primer was too great an indignity to be borne. I got no sympathy from the home folks, but was blamed and laughed at for not having sense or courage enough to tell the teacher that I could read. Children did not rule in those days, so I had to go back the next Sunday. Committing verses to memory was the usual Sunday school lesson for the larger scholars, the Sunday school union books also being used. Frequently, bright scholars would recite whole chapters and hymns at one time.

"Many of the books in the Sunday school library were dull, prosy biographies of unnaturally good children, who all died young, and those were left uncalled for when more interesting ones could be had, and though few of them were written in an attractive style, yet they were eagerly taken and in many cases read and re-read with interest and improvement. All the books, Bibles, etc., lay around on the window sills and the seats until some one went around with a subscription paper and raised funds to purchase a bookcase. In those days of hard work and little money some persons excused themselves from sending their boys to Sunday school on the plea that 'they had no shoes,' so at one time my father had some of my brothers go barefoot, to have others willing to do likewise. There were hard lessons and stern truths inculcated in those days, but doubtless many have lived more efficient and useful lives from such training.



SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, EIGHTH AND ELM STREETS



AVONDALE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

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"When pretty things were not plenty, it was no easy or pleasant duty for young girls to be required to give up the pleasure of wearing what they had, for the reason that others who could not have the same, might feel badly, and perhaps stay at home and thus lose a pleasure which they otherwise could enjoy. Sunday school picnics were then unknown, but Fourth of July celebrations were bright days, even though minus flags, fireworks, etc. The first one I remember was held in the well-shaded church grounds. Parents and children were there in large numbers; there were speeches and singing, and the crowning act of all was the distribution of a barrel of old fashioned ginger cakes, each child receiving two, plenty of water was handed round in tin cups, and all went home happy and satisfied.

"It does not require the phonograph to bring back the old familiar psalms and hymns as heard in my youthful days. The leader standing in front of the pulpit started the old tunes, such as 'Arlington,' 'St. Martin's Mear,' and 'Windham,' and some tunes not at all attractive to the juvenile part of the congregation. The practice of 'lining' out the hymns lasted only a few years, but there were some laughable incidents connected with the custom. Once the sing-song tones of the reader led several persons to think that the singing was going on, so they joined in with energy, but the sudden halt showed a realization of their mistake. Occasionally some cheerful common meter hymn was sung to 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'When marshalled on the nightly plain' to 'Bonny Doon,' and would prove quite a musical treat and be heartily sung by the children.

"Finally some of the more progressive parents hired a good singing teacher and a regular weekly singing school was organized. After a time a good choir was organized, and seats arranged for them, much to the displeasure of some of the 'old foggy' element, who are to be found everywhere, but at length they had to succumb to the inevitable, being made to feel that the world was marching on, and soon the grand old anthems, with instrumental accompaniments, became a necessary part of the regular Sunday services. The Sunday school hymns and tunes were gradually changed to something better suited to children's voices, and well do I remember the welcome advent of the now almost obsolete 'There is a happy land.' My brother heard it sung and immediately taught the words and music to our Sunday school, even before it came in the first number of the little anniversary hymns. Soon the children were singing it on the streets, men whistling it at their work, and yet none tired of it, until other Sunday school hymns and tunes came to take their place.

"On communion Sundays the church was usually crowded. Many of the aged but pleasant faces of some who always sat on chairs in the open space near the pulpit are photographed on my memory. The portrait of one of the 'Mothers in Israel' hangs now in the Mercantile library. Another old lady sometimes came, who was an object of childish wonder, for the dangers and sorrows she had endured in her early pioneer life in the Milcreek valley. Her child having been killed by the Indians, she fled with a feather bed wrapped around her to shield herself from their arrows, quite a distance to her husband, who was working in the fields; fortunately he had his gun with him and thus saved her life as well as his own."

Third church. The second of the daughters of the First church to go forth to a long life of activity and fruitfulness, was the Third Presbyterian church, a child of the revival of 1828-29. A record of the minutes of the session of the Third church states, "Pursuant to previous notice given, a meeting of a number of persons desiring to be organized as a Presbyterian church in this city was held in the First Presbyterian church, January 22, 1829. The Rev. J. L. Wilson, D. D., was moderator of the meeting, and John Mahard, Sr., was appointed secretary. The meeting was opened by the moderator with singing and prayer, after which fifty-nine persons presented their certificates of dismission from other branches of the church, and were constituted a distinct church, to be denominated the Third Presbyterian Society of Cincinnati." (Then follow the names of fifty-nine persons, forty-six of whom came from the First church.) "The persons present then proceeded to elect three men to the office of ruling elder in the society, whereupon Jabez C. Tunis, Nathan Baker and Robert Boal, Sr., were duly elected. The society was further organized by the election of seven trustees and a treasurer and clerk." The Rev. James Gallagher became the first pastor.

This church grew remarkably. From its organization to April, 1832, three years and three months, four hundred and sixteen members, beside the fifty-nine charter members, were received into the church, two hundred and thirty-one of these in a single year.

(Old) Fourth Presbyterian church. The next child in order, born also of the revival of 1828-29, was the old Fourth church, which must either be identified as the old "Fulton church," or more probably as the since defunct "High Street church." In the records of the Presbytery, a church called the "High Street church," was enrolled by Presbytery (many years later), on October 7, 1846; the name afterward changed, September 6, 1854, to the Fourth Presbyterian church; and under the name of the "Fourth church" dissolved by act of Presbytery, April 26, 1859. It is probable that this was the successor of the original Fourth church; at all events the church has long been out of existence, and the present Fourth church is another organization.

All that can be learned as to the early history of the Fifth Presbyterian church is that it was organized (as the official records of Presbytery clearly state), under the order of Presbytery, by the Rev. Mr. Stark, with ten members, on March 29, 1831, and according to the most reliable authorities was direct offspring of the First church, being the fourth child of this mother. It has done a noble work. It became part of the Church of the Covenant by the merger of several churches with the Second church.

The Vine Street Congregational church was formerly the Sixth Presbyterian. It was the fifth child of the First church. It bore the name Sixth Presbyterian until 1846, when by its choice and the authority of the legislature of Ohio, it became the Vine Street Congregational church. Its former name, the Sixth, was later given to one of the grandchildren of the First church. April 5, 1831, twenty members of the First church petitioned the Cincinnati Presbytery to be set off, and with others organized into a church to be known as the Sixth Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. The request was granted,

and the Revs. Elijah Slack and Ralph Cushman were appointed a committee to attend to their request. They were accordingly organized.

'The cause which originated this church movement was pulpit defense of American slavery' drawn from the Bible, and denunciation of those who agitated the subject of emancipation. The change of name was made under a legislative act of February 28, 1846. On the 10th of November, 1846, the church unanimously voted to change its ecclesiastical connection and adopt the Congregational form of government. The withdrawal from the Presbytery was accomplished in the usual way.

The Central Presbyterian church was organized in part from a desire to reach the western portion of the city, and in part from the desire of a number to strengthen the cause in the city by securing the services of the Rev. Nathan L. Rice, then of Kentucky, whose ability, although comparatively a young man, as called forth by his celebrated debate with the Rev. Alexander Campbell, had attracted general attention. The "Manual of the Central Presbyterian church for 1851," published during the pastorate of Dr. Rice, states:

"With a view to the formation of a colony from the First Presbyterian church of this city, a meeting was held in the session room of that church in February, 1844. This meeting consisted of the pastor, ruling elders, and several members of the First church. The proposed enterprise met with the approbation of the meeting, and Dr. Wm. S. Ridgely, Samuel B. Findlay and Alexander McKensie were appointed a committee to obtain the names of those who desired to become members of the proposed church. The names of thirty-three persons having been obtained, they presented to the Presbytery of Cincinnati, April 2, 1844, a petition to be organized as a church, to be called the Central Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. The petition was granted, and the church was organized, April 23, 1844, with thirty-three members. Dr. Wm. S. Ridgely and James M. Johnston were elected ruling elders and were ordained to that office. The church extended to Dr. Rice a unanimous call to be their pastor." He was installed January 12, 1845.

Dr. Rice was one of the most notable ministers who has ever been in this city. The Central church had a very rapid growth, and in less than nine years was the largest old school Presbyterian church in the city.

The Seventh Presbyterian church. The records of the Presbytery, April 2, 1844, show that a petition was granted, signed by fifty-nine persons, for the organization of the Seventh church. But for some reason the organization was deferred for more than five years. December 5, 1849, the First church made an arrangement to pay the proposed new church \$30,000 in ten annual payments. December 7, 1849, ninety-seven members from the First church were dismissed to form the Seventh church. December 8th the new church was organized by the Presbytery. Being financially as well as numerically strong, it entered upon a brilliant career on Broadway, where it erected the handsome building which is now the Scottish Rite cathedral. This was for years one of the most important and influential churches of the city, and numerous men and women who have gone out from it have been, and are, the pillars of many of the other churches throughout this region. The Seventh church some years ago removed its site to East Walnut Hills.

Pilgrim Chapel church began life on Mt. Adams. It was for a time an independent church, lost some of its strength; the membership was transferred to the Seventh church. The First church then undertook to revive the organization, with a handful of young people. There came to be a strong Sunday school, and at last the present site of Pilgrim Chapel was selected and the building constructed. The work was carried on for some years as a branch of the First church, but in May, 1890, seventy-three members were dismissed from the First church and organized into the Pilgrim Chapel church. The present organization has really no organic connection with the old Pilgrim church.

The Tabernacle Presbyterian church was a colony from the Third church and existed from 1842 to 1859, when it was dissolved, most of its members entering the Fifth church.

The Sixth Presbyterian church appears to have had a previous history in the early part of the nineteenth century, under the title of the First Presbyterian church of the Eastern Liberties of Cincinnati, which died and was afterwards reorganized February, 1831, with the name of the First Presbyterian church, of Fulton. This was afterward dissolved. It was again resuscitated and was organized December, 1842, as the Sixth Presbyterian church, with twenty-two members, of whom sixteen were from the Third church, five from the old Sixth (now Vine Street Congregational), and one from New Jersey. It is now a prosperous church.

The Eighth Presbyterian church was also a child of the Third church, organized February, 1848, with thirty-one members. In 1862 this church was dissolved.

In 1842, a colony was sent out from the Second church and organized as the Seventh church, on George street, but five years later it became the Seventh Street Congregational church, which has since removed to the hills, and is now the flourishing "Congregational church of Walnut Hills."

Another vigorous grandchild of the First church is the Poplar Street church. It began with a Sabbath school on Freeman and Liberty streets, in 1856. It proved successful and a year later the Young Men's Home Missionary society of the Second church, on a proposition from Mr. L. H. Sargent and an offer of \$2,500, bought a lot and built a church edifice, which was dedicated June, 1856. January, 1859, the church was organized.

The Ninth Presbyterian church came into existence as a mission of the Central church, under the pastorate in the Central church of Dr. Nathaniel West. It was dissolved in 1864.

Lincoln Park Presbyterian church began as a mission of the Central church, and was organized in 1868. It existed until 1881, when it was dissolved.

Westminster Presbyterian church, on Price hill, was organized in 1883. It was born in the parlors of the home of Col. Peter Rudolph Neff, who was an elder in the Second church, and more than two-thirds of its original twenty-two members came from the Second church.

Calvary Presbyterian church, Linwood, is an offspring of the Third church. It was organized April, 1887, with forty-seven members, all from the Sixth church.

The First Presbyterian church of Walnut Hills, was the result of the labors of the Rev. James Kemper, who began preaching there in 1817. The church was organized October, 1818. In 1818-19, the old stone church was erected and was dedicated July 4, 1819. "Lane Seminary Presbyterian church" was organized in 1831. These two churches united in December, 1878, forming the present large and prosperous "First Presbyterian church of Walnut Hills."

Cumminsville Presbyterian church. In November, 1853, a new Presbyterian church building was dedicated in Cumminsville, and arrangements were made for regular Sunday services. In 1855 the petition of applicants to Presbytery for an organization was granted, and the Cumminsville Presbyterian church was organized with fifteen members.

In November, 1856, an organization of fifteen members was effected by the Associate Reformed church in Engine House hall, Webster street. In 1857 this church went into the United Presbyterian body and removed to the corner of Franklin and Sycamore streets. In September, 1867, the church withdrew from the U. P. body, on account of the "close communion" practice of that denomination, and was received into the Presbytery of Cincinnati, and given the name of the Fourth Presbyterian church.

The Mt. Auburn Presbyterian church. The first meeting looking toward this organization was held January 20, 1867. This was followed by a general meeting March 14, 1867, at which it was voted to raise \$25,000 for the erection of a house of worship. The legal organization was effected July 23, 1868, and on October 13, 1868, the Mt. Auburn Presbyterian church was fully organized by the Presbytery, with sixty-nine members, a large portion of whom had come from the Seventh, the Second, Central, Third and Fifth churches. This is one of the strongest, most active and generous churches in the city.

The Avondale Presbyterian church was organized April 21, 1868, with thirty members from various churches. It grew rapidly and became and continues one of the strong and influential churches of the city.

Clifton Presbyterian church began with the establishment of a Sabbath school in October, 1879, which developed into a Presbyterian mission, March 15, 1881. The following January, 1882, steps were taken to secure an organization, and in April, 1882, the Clifton (Immanuel) Presbyterian church was organized by Presbytery, with twenty-seven members from seven different churches.

The First German Presbyterian church was organized in 1850, and has done a very excellent work. The Second German Presbyterian church was organized in 1866. It also has flourished.

Bethany mission, Price Hill, is under the care of the Second church. Riverside mission is also under the care of the same church. Bethany chapel, Walnut Hills, is under care of the First church of Walnut Hills. Mohawk mission is under the care of the Presbytery.

There are besides in Cincinnati of Presbyterian churches, Westwood, Westwood German, Westminster, Trinity, Reading-Lockland, Norwood, Knox, Fairmount German, Evanston, Elmwood Place, College Hill, Clifford, Carmel, Calvary, Bond Hill, and the Italian mission.

In the Cincinnati Presbytery there are more than forty churches, with more than 12,000 members, more than 11,000 Sunday school pupils. The churches of the Presbytery raise for all purposes about \$200,000 annually.

Methodism. It was thirteen years after the founding of the First Presbyterian church that the first Methodist church was established in Cincinnati. But the Rev. John Kobler, presiding elder of a Kentucky district, and who had been commissioned by Bishop Asbury as a missionary to the Northwest Territory, came in 1798 to look over the field in Cincinnati. In a paper he wrote long afterwards, he says: "I rode down the Miami river thirty-six miles to explore this region of country. I found settlements very spare indeed, only now and then a solitary family. About four o'clock in the afternoon I came to an old garrison called Fort Washington, situated on the bank of the big river, which bore very much the appearance of a declining, time-stricken, God-forsaken place. Here are a few long buildings extra of the fortress, and a few families residing together, with a small printing office just put in operation, and a small store opened by a gentleman named Snodgrass. This, I was told, was the great place of rendezvous of olden time for the Federal troops when going to war with the Indians. Here, also, General St. Clair made his last encampment with his troops before he met his lamentable defeat; here I wished very much to preach, but could find no opening or reception of any kind whatever. I left the old garrison to pursue my enterprise, with a full intention to visit it again and to make further efforts with them on my next round; but this I did not do for the following reasons, namely: When I had gone a second round on my appointment, and further explored the settlements and circumstances of the country there were some places where the opening prospects appeared much more promising than what I had seen in Fort Washington; and I was eager to take every advantage of time and things, by collecting what first was already apparent, by forming societies and building up those already formed; so that in a few rounds I had nearly lost sight of old Fort Washington, and finally concluded that it would be most proper for me, under the existing circumstances, at least for the present, to omit it altogether."

A description of the Rev. John Kobler is furnished by McLean in his account of the Rev. Philip Gatch. "I frequently heard him, and shall never forget his appearance and manner. My curiosity to hear him was excited by the account given of him by the son of Captain Davis, who was a few years older than I was. His time was almost wholly taken up, as represented by young Davis, in reading and praying; that, although he was kind in his manner and sociable, yet a smile was seldom seen on his face, but he was often seen to weep. I heard him often, and was always much impressed with his discourse, and especially with his prayers. He was tall and well-proportioned; his hair was black, and he wore it long, extending over the cape of his coat. His dress was neat, with a straight-breasted coat, and in every respect as became a Methodist preacher of that day. He had a most impressive countenance. It showed no ordinary intellectual development, united with sweetness of disposition, unconquerable firmness, and uncommon devotion. His preaching never failed to attract the deep attention of every hearer. His manner was very deliberate at the com-

mencement of a discourse; but as he progressed he became more animated and his words more powerful. He awakened in himself and in his Christian audience a sublimated feeling in the contemplation of Heaven, and in those who had a foreboding of future ill unspeakable horrors. On these topics he was eloquent. Indeed his mind was well stored with information, and in every point of view he was a most useful and excellent preacher. His aims were more at the heart than the head. The Methodist preachers of that day believed that if the heart were made right, it would influence the life and conduct of the individual."

In 1799 another circuit rider, Lewis Hunt, came to ride the Miami and Scioto circuits, including the whole southern and western parts of Ohio. During his sickness, which proved temporary, the Rev. H. Smith was sent to do his work. Smith met Hunt on the Mad river so much improved in health as to be able to resume his preaching. Hunt and another circuit rider, the Rev. Elisha Bowman, preached at Fort Washington several times.

In 1805, the Rev. William Burke, then presiding elder of the Ohio district, preached in the courthouse in Cincinnati. In 1804 a Methodist society, meeting from house to house, was formed in Cincinnati, and to this congregation Mr. Burke preached in the house of Mr. Newcome, on Sycamore street. A Methodist class meeting was held at Fort Washington toward the end of the eighteenth century, but details are wanting.

It is generally considered that the beginnings of Methodism in Cincinnati date from a visit here of John Collins, about 1803. He was a youthful farmer, licensed as a local preacher in New Jersey, who resided along the Little Miami. In his neighborhood he was an enthusiastic worker and exhorter and won many to Methodism. On the occasion of a visit by Collins to Cincinnati to purchase a supply of salt, he called at the store of a Mr. Carter who he learned was a Methodist. Delighted to find in each other brothers in faith, they discussed the possibility of arousing the interest of others in their views. To this end it was decided to hold a meeting in an upper room of Mr. Carter's home, on Front street between Walnut and Vine. Seats were provided and a general invitation was sent out to come and hear Collins preach. The congregation proved to be small, consisting of twelve persons, nearly all of whom were Methodists.

Collins preached to this little group. This is supposed to have been the first sermon delivered by a Methodist in Cincinnati, except the sermons given in Fort Washington. Collins organized a class meeting. In 1807, he was licensed as an itinerant preacher. His appointment was to the Miami circuit, which then included most of the region now within the conference of Cincinnati. For more than twenty-five years he was one of the most forceful preachers in southwestern Ohio. Toward the end of his work he was stationed in Cincinnati.

During a revival conducted by Collins, John McLean, afterwards on the Federal supreme court, and his brother Colonel McLean were converted.

In "A Sketch of the life of the Rev. John Collins," the writer says: "Will the reader linger a moment on that remarkable congregation of twelve—not remarkable for their positions in society, but as the first assemblage of Methodists, to hear a sermon by a Methodist preacher in a town which in a few years was to become noted for Methodism? In the small apartment, lighted with one or two

flickering candles, sat the twelve. The preacher performed his duty most faithfully and affectionately. Many tears were shed. Some wept under a conviction of their sins, others from a joyful hope of the future. The speaker had a word for each hearer, and it took effect. There were no dry eyes nor unfeeling hearts in the congregation. How small and feeble was this beginning; and yet who can limit the consequences which followed it?"

In 1804, the Rev. John Sale and the Rev. J. Oglesby were appointed to the Miami circuit. In 1803, the first district arrangement of Methodism in this state had been organized, and called the Ohio District; the Rev. William Burke was the presiding elder. Mr. Sale, soon after his appointment, preached in Cincinnati in a house on Main street, between Front and Second. A congregation of about thirty persons assembled to hear him.

In Finley's "Sketches of Western Methodism," the writer says: "After preaching, a proposition was made to organize a society in the usual way, and according to the discipline of the church. Accordingly, a chapter was read from the Bible; then followed singing, prayer and the reading of the general rules of the society. All then who felt desirous of becoming members of the society, and were willing to abide by the general rules as they had been read, came forward and gave in their names. The number who presented themselves on that occasion was only eight, consisting of the following, namely: Mr. and Mrs. Carter, their son and daughter, (the latter afterwards Mrs. Dennison, mother of Governor Dennison, and long a resident of Cincinnati), Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, and Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair. Mr. Gibson was appointed the reader.

"A regular church being organized, arrangements were made to have preaching regularly every two weeks by the circuit preachers. The society received an accession in the ensuing spring by the arrival in town of two Methodist families, namely those of Messrs. Nelson and Hall. Meetings were held in the little old log schoolhouse below the hill, and not far from the old fort. The location of this schoolhouse was such as to accommodate the villagers; and as its site was somewhere not far from the intersection of Lawrence and Congress streets, it is presumed that this portion of the town was the most thickly inhabited. Sometimes the rowdies would stone the house; and on one occasion Ezekiel Hall, a zealous Methodist, and one who was always present to lead the singing, was taken by the rowdies after meeting, and carried to his home on Main street, where, after giving him three hearty cheers for his zeal and fortitude, they left him. The rioters were followed by two very strong young men, who were members of the church, and had determined at all hazards to protect their feeble brother. The young men were Benjamin Stewart, now (1854) living near Carthage, in this county, and Robert Richardson, now living on Broadway, in this city."

In 1805, the Rev. Mr. Sale was appointed on the Lexington circuit, in Kentucky, and the Rev. John Meek was put in his place on the circuit which included Cincinnati.

In the courthouse, the first love-feast of the Methodists in this city was held during a quarterly meeting. In the same year, the Methodists purchased a lot on Fifth street, between Sycamore and Broadway, for a church edifice and burial ground. A stone church on this spot was dedicated in 1806.

Mr. Finley, in his "Sketches" continues: "From this point the society increased rapidly, and it was not long till the native eloquence of the backwoods preachers and the zeal of the membership attracted large congregations, and the church was too small to hold the crowds that collected there to hear the word of life. The building, however, was too small, being only about twenty feet wide and forty long. To accommodate the increasing masses, who crowded to the "Old Stone," the rear end was taken out and twenty feet of brick added to it. Notwithstanding this enlargement, still there was not sufficient room, and it was resolved to make arrangements for other enlargements. It was concluded to take out the sides of the brick part, and extend the building out each way twenty feet, this giving the church the form of a cross. After some time this last improvement was made, and though the congregations still continued gradually to increase with the ever-increasing population, yet it was many years before any movement was contemplated to meet these wants. At length, however, it was resolved to tear down and build on the site of the "Old Stone" a mammoth church, which would not only be the parent Methodist church in Cincinnati, but which would be sufficiently large for all occasions.

"Colonies had already gone out from the old parent church and had located preaching places in several parts of the city. One of these was located on the northeast corner of Plum and Fourth streets. Here the brethren erected a plain, substantial brick church, which in progress of time was called the "Old Brick," to distinguish it from the "Old Stone;" and it was also designated by a certain class as "Brimstone Corner." Another charge was formed in the northern portion of the city, which was called Asbury, and also one in Fulton, denominated McKendree Chapel.

In the early days, there was among the itinerants on the Cincinnati circuit, in 1811, the Rev. William Young. He had as one of his charges the church at North Bend. Riding from Cincinnati to North Bend on a cold December day he became chilled and soon afterward developed consumption, dying from this disease at twenty-five years of age. In 1812, the Rev. William Burke and the Rev. John Strange were on this circuit. Mr. Burke in his autobiography says: "At the conference held at Chillicothe in the fall of 1811, I was appointed to Cincinnati station, it being the first station in the state of Ohio. I organized the station, and many of the rules and regulations that I established are still (1854) in use. We had but one church in the city, and it went under the name of the Stone church. I preached three times every Sunday, and on Wednesday night; and while stationed in that house my voice failed me. The Methodists being too poor to buy a stove to warm the house in winter, and on Sunday morning it being generally crowded, their breath would condense on the walls, and the water would run down and across the floor. The next conference I did not attend, but was appointed supernumerary on the Cincinnati circuit. I was the first married preacher in the west who traveled after marrying."

The Rev. Alexander Cummins was on the circuit in 1816-17 and was distinguished for zeal, piety, usefulness, devotion, diligence, for his pathetic sermons and fervent prayers. He was later made a presiding elder in Kentucky, and died at his home in Cincinnati September 27, 1823, aged thirty-six years.

"The time at length," continues Finley in his "Sketches," had come for the erection of a large central church; and, the arrangements being made, the "Old Stone," with its brick appendages, was torn down, and from its ruins arose a mighty structure, denominated Wesley Chapel. It was dedicated in 1831; at that time the largest church in the place, and at the present time (1854) capable of holding a larger congregation than any building in the city. On account of its capacity, as well as its location in the heart of the city, it is selected on all great occasions. The address of the Hon. John Quincy Adams, on the occasion of laying the corner stone of the Astronomical Observatory, was delivered here. Here the various large benevolent societies hold their anniversaries. It was here, to listening thousands, the eloquent Bascom delivered his lectures on the evidences of Christianity; and it was in this old cradle of Methodism the logical and earnest Rice delivered his discourse on the subject of Romanism.

"The 'Old Brick,' of which we have already spoken, was built in 1822; but after several years, during which it became a place of hallowed memories, on account of the numerous conversions which had been witnessed at its altars, it was necessary to enlarge the borders of our Western Zion in this place, and hence preparations were made to erect a new church. In the meantime, however, a colony had gone out from Fourth street, and had built a fine church edifice on Ninth street. Instead of tearing down and rebuilding, it was determined to purchase a lot on Western Row, between Fourth and Fifth streets. Here the congregation built a very neat and commodious church, which was denominated Morris Chapel, in honor of our beloved Western Bishop.

"But Methodist enterprise did not stop here. Asbury Chapel, in the northern part of the city, was consumed by fire; but the zealous brotherhood erected near its ruins a new and handsome edifice. Colonies from Morris Chapel and Ninth street went out, having among their number some of the most zealous and efficient of their membership, and founded Christie Chapel and Salem, York street and Park street chapels, all having now energetic and active memberships. And last, not least, in that direction, from these, in their turn, was formed Clinton Street Chapel, a young but vigorous branch of Methodism. In the meantime Bethel Chapel was founded by a colony from old Wesley and McKendree; and the trustees are now (1854) engaged in erecting a new and beautiful church on Ellen street. Nor do we stop here; colonies from the different charges have founded societies and erected churches on Walnut Hills, in the Mears neighborhood and Mt. Auburn."

In the old Methodist Discipline there was a rule which read, "Let the men and women sit apart, without exception, in all our churches." This regulation led to the formation in Cincinnati of a church which rebelled against this restriction. This was the Union Chapel organization. Its original members came from several other churches, and these seated their families together. They bought from the Episcopalians the Grace church building on Seventh street. Because of this violation of the rules, the Union Chapel was for a long time not recognized by the Conference, was forced to do without a regular pastor and employ local preachers, and to govern themselves as an independent body. Finally the matter in dispute was brought before the General Conference and the rule forbidding the seating of men and women together in the churches was stricken from the

Discipline. The Union Chapel then became a regular Methodist Church. Its innovation in regard to the seating of the sexes soon became the general custom of all the Methodist churches.

In 1854 the Methodist Episcopal Church South had in Cincinnati one large congregation. The Protestant Methodist Church on Sixth street also had a large congregation and supported a couple of city missions.

The Methodists of Cincinnati in 1836 began mission work among the large numbers of Germans in the city. Dr. William Nast was the leader in this important movement. He had been a pupil and then a professor of Greek and Oriental literature at the University of Tubingen. He had also taught at Kenyon College. Having been converted to Methodism, he settled in Cincinnati and began to work among his countrymen. He became editor of a German religious magazine called *Christliche Apologete*. This mission in the course of twenty years gained large influence. Mr. Finley, in his "Sketches" says, "It went back to the east; and the large cities and towns, as far as Boston, had missionaries sent to them, and societies were organized all over the land, from Maine to Louisiana. From this mere handful of corn what a mighty harvest has already been gathered. In Cincinnati there are four churches, some quite large; and in almost every large town where there are Germans, churches have been erected. No mission was ever established since the days of Pentecost that has been attended with greater success. This was the crowning glory of Methodism in the city, if not in the entire west."

Mr. Finley gives an incident that shows the profound impression often made by these early preachers of Methodism. He is telling of an occurrence in 1813, while the Conference was being held in this city. "There being no church on Sabbath large enough to hold the congregation, or rather the vast crowds which attended upon the ministrations of the occasion, we adjourned to the Lower Market space, on Lower Market street, between Sycamore and Broadway. The services commenced at eleven o'clock. The Rev. Learner Blackman preached from the third petition of the Lord's prayer, 'Thy kingdom come.' He was followed by brother Parker (presiding elder of a district embracing the whole of the present states of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and a preacher of great eloquence and power), with a sermon on the fourth petition of the same prayer. 'Thy will be done.' After he had concluded, brother James Ward gave an exhortation, after the manner of olden time. Then followed brother John Collins, (he who preached the pioneer sermon of 1803,) who, from the same butcher's block whereon the preachers had stood, commenced with a soft and silvery voice to sell the shambles, as only John Collins could, in the market. These he made emblematic of a full salvation, without money and without price. It was not long till the vast assembly were in tears at the melting, moving strains of the eloquent preacher. On invitation a large number came forward and kneeled down for an interest in the prayers of God's people. We joined with them and other ministers who were present heartily in the work; and before the meeting closed in the market-place many souls were happily converted to God."

The early Methodist ministers endured hardness as good soldiers. As they rode from place to place, often long journeys through the wilderness, they suffered more from exposure than in general did other preachers who stayed more

in one locality; though, of course, all the pioneer preachers lived roughly and bore privations heroically. As an instance of the hardships in the lives of these men, even so late as 1832-33, when Bishop Morris was stationed in this city, the following from the "Life of Bishop Morris" is worthy of record: "Mr. Morris sent his household goods by wagon to Cincinnati, while he with his family took Athens in their route, to visit his son, then a student in the Ohio University. On their arrival finally at the Queen City, they were doomed to meet an unexpected defeat of their previously determined mode of living. Having no suitable outfit for housekeeping in the city, Mr. Morris had written from Columbus to one of the stewards in Cincinnati to engage a suitable boarding place for himself and family. To this reasonable request no attention was paid; and at the first official meeting the steward signified that it was their wish to have the parsonage occupied by the preacher in charge. He at once moved into the old house thus designated, on Broadway, near Fifth street, and furnished it as comfortably as his means would allow. All this could have been borne cheerfully if his allowance had been adequate to meet his expenses; but, in addition to the house, which was poor and uncomfortable, his salary was four hundred and fifty dollars, all told. The last fifty was added, he was informed, in view of the fact that he would be expected to entertain 'comers and goers,'—visiting brethren, lay and clerical.

"Having but a limited supply of beds for the 'comers and goers,' Mr. Morris found it necessary to buy a cot, which he carried home on his own shoulders. The first attempt to use it broke it down. He carried it back for repairs, and, when mended, bore it along Fifth street as before, the third time. It was hard work, but saved the drayage. His wife's health was very poor, and that of his daughter scarcely better; but to hire help without the means to pay for it was a thing not to be thought of; and so, as the next best thing, he secured a washing machine, which, together with his saw and axe, furnished him an abundance of healthy exercise. His daughter had just strength to prepare the clothes, change the water, and rinse them when clean, while he was both able and willing,—under the circumstances—to turn the machine, by far the hardest part of the job. Meantime, however, the water works were destroyed by fire, and 'washing' became a more serious as well as more expensive business, involving an outlay of twenty-five cents a barrel for water, hauled from the river, for laundry purposes. As for the ordinary daily supply for drinking and cooking purposes, Mr. Morris carried that in buckets from Spencer's well, a square and a half distant from the parsonage."

As illustrating the power and influence of some of the meetings held by the Methodists, this passage from the "Life of Bishop Morris" is given: "The most remarkable demonstration of the Spirit took place in Wesley Chapel, at a watch night service on New Year's eve, when hundreds were prostrate at the same time, pleading for mercy, the joyful shouts of new-born souls mingling with the earnest cries of the penitent. The house was crowded above and below, and in every part of it the cry arose, "What must I do to be saved?" Not less than fifty were converted that evening, and fifty-six united with the church on probation. Forty-seven were added to the Fourth street church the next night, and seventeen at McKendree. From that time the revival was regarded as general in all the congregations, and continued with very little abatement for months. During this

great work of grace the official business of the church was not neglected. The class meetings were held regularly, and proved to be the most powerful auxiliary to the more public services; society meetings were held often, to which none but members and penitents were admitted. Much care was taken to instruct penitents and watch over those who had been admitted on trial as seekers of salvation; and as a result of this judicious administration, they were nearly all converted and became living and useful members.

"Early in the spring the pastors held a series of meetings in their several charges, beginning on Friday and closing with a love-feast on Monday night. At these meetings they concentrated all the Methodistic forces in the city day and night, except Sabbath, and the result in every instance was glorious. At the close of such an effort in Fulton, the very foundations of wickedness seemed to be broken up. Wives who had long prayed for their husbands, and mothers who had wept in secret for their prodigal sons and worldly minded daughters, saw them fall down at the foot of the cross to plead for mercy, and heard them rejoice subsequently in their glorious deliverance from the bondage of sin. The reformation of morals in that part of the city was very striking and the church grew and multiplied.

"Upon the whole, this was a memorable year in the history of Methodism in Cincinnati. While hundreds were made sorrowful by the loss of dear friends, more still were permitted to rejoice over the salvation of relatives and neighbors. The whole number of applicants for membership on probation was thirteen hundred; but as some of these were transient persons, driven out of the city by want of employment, and others were swept off by the wasting epidemic, the number enrolled by the preachers, who were very careful not to admit improper persons, was but one thousand."

The Methodists in Cincinnati have grown in numbers and influence until they form one of the most powerful of the churches in the city, as, of course, it is well known that they are the most numerous of the Protestant churches in the United States.

In the Cincinnati district, which includes a part of Hamilton county outside the city, there are 58 Methodist churches. The salaries of pastors amount in total to \$53,036. House rentals to \$7,575. Total for support of pastors, \$60,611. Total support for pastors, conference claimants, district superintendents and bishops, \$67,340. Total current expenses for church, sexton, fuel, light, etc., for Sunday schools, books, etc., \$29,459.

They have 59 Sunday schools, with 1,065 officers and teachers. The number of scholars of all grades is 9,340. There are 790 in the home department, and 610 children on the cradle roll. Total enrollment, 10,170. Current expenses of Sunday schools, \$6,357.

There are in full membership 10,599, with 485 probationers. There are 28 local preachers. The Epworth Leagues have 38 senior chapters, with 944 members, and 18 junior chapters with 628 members.

The probable value of the 58 church buildings is \$965,300. There are twenty parsonages, probable value, \$116,000.

Swedenborgians. In the order of organization in Cincinnati the Swedenborgian church comes next after the Methodist body. The New Jerusalem so-

ciety was founded here in 1811. The Rev. Adam Hurdus, called the Father of Swedenborgianism in the northwest, established it here. This church had in 1819 between forty and fifty members, and was preparing to build a small edifice for worship. It now has a very handsome new structure and a large membership.

The Friends had one of the earliest meeting houses in Cincinnati. It was a plain wooden building, between Fourth and Fifth streets. There were but a small number of Friends in this town previous to 1812. But quite a number of them had come in 1804-05 into the Miami country from the south east. In September, 1808, the "Miami Monthly Meeting" had been established at Waynesville. It also had under its care a number of "indulged meetings" under supervision of committees, and it is probable that the Cincinnati meeting was one of these. In 1812 a number of Friends families removed from the northward to Cincinnati. "A preparation meeting for discourse" was in 1813 opened here. In 1814 the regular monthly meeting was established in Cincinnati. In 1815 there were thirty-two families in the meeting. In 1819 the number of Friends families here had increased to forty, containing one hundred and eighty individuals. There are now two Friends societies here, the Orthodox and the Hicksite.

The Friends for some time previous to 1813 held their meetings in private houses, especially in that of Oliver M. Spencer. In 1812 they had a public meeting in the courthouse, on Main street south of Fifth street. This meeting was addressed by the noted English Friend, Elizabeth Robson.

While the Baptists established a church earlier at Columbia, and their preachers had appeared from time to time in Cincinnati, no church had been formed by them in this city until 1813. This congregation consisted at first of eleven members. Their first place of worship was a log house on Front street. In two years the membership had increased to thirty and the number of worshippers had doubled. In the summer of 1814 the first immersion took place. The congregation, having been presented with a lot at Sixth street and Lodge alley by Gen. John S. Gano, proceeded to erect a brick edifice.

In 1816 the congregation divided in two parts, each claiming to be the First Baptist Church. A council of Baptists of this region was called in March, 1816, to settle this dispute, and its finding was that the party containing the majority had the right to call itself the First Baptist Church. The minority, consisting of the minister and six laymen, for a time maintained an organization known as the "Enon Baptist Church," but not being recognized by the Baptist Association they soon went out of existence as a separate church.

The majority congregation came to be known as the "Original and Regular First Baptist Church." In 1831 it also disbanded on account of diminishing numbers, and its few members joined the Sixth (now the Ninth) Street Baptist church.

The original "Enon Baptist Church" having gone out of existence another colony from the old "First" went out in 1821 to form the "Enon Baptist Church of Cincinnati." Seven years after the old "First" had ceased to be, this second "Enon" church changed its name by due legal form to the "First Baptist Church of Cincinnati," March 5, 1838, and this has been its title ever since.

A brick church, large enough for a congregation of seven hundred persons, was dedicated on the 16th of March, 1822. It was built on a lot which had been bought, September 5, 1821, from Nicholas Longworth. This ground was on the west side of Walnut street, between Third and Fourth streets. Ten years later this church purchased from Mr. Longworth another lot in the rear of the first one, and in 1832 a church was on this spot ready for occupancy. At the end of another decade, October 10, 1841, still another church building was dedicated. This stood on the southeast corner of Seventh and Elm streets. This edifice was sold in 1844 to the Fifth Presbyterian Church, on account of financial pressure. In the settlement of this debt, the Baptists received a small church building and lot at the corner of Ninth and Elm streets. This, known then as the "Bethel Church," had been built in 1829 by some of the Baptists who, under the leadership of the Rev. John Boyd, had gone out from the Enon church. This organization occupied the building only two years and then dissolved. The congregation of the First Church used this building for some time. Later the people of the First Church held worship in the Medical College, on the northwest corner of Court and Plum streets. During that period their church building at Court and Wesley avenue was in course of erection. This church was dedicated in August, 1848.

The First Baptist congregation has experienced some very notable revivals. In 1828, the Rev. Jeremiah Vardeman, of Kentucky, held a series of revival services, during which one hundred and sixty-nine persons were converted and baptized. The church, so increased in numbers, soon sent off a colony, which formed the Sycamore Street church, which later, under the influence of the teachings of Alexander Campbell formed the "Central Christian Church" on Ninth street.

The "African Union Baptist Church" was formed in 1835 by forty-five colored persons who went out from the First Church.

The Walnut Street Baptist Church was established in 1846 by another colony from the First Church.

The First and Second Baptist churches united in 1869, under the name of the First Church.

The Ninth Street Baptist Church is now one of the most powerful and efficient religious organizations in Cincinnati. It has had a remarkable series of pastors, and the present pastor, Dr. Herget, is one of the ablest preachers and organizers in the city. This church is conspicuous for many reasons, and among these is the fact that though in latter days the falling off of church attendance is a general complaint the Ninth Street Baptist Church is always full at every meeting.

We give in another chapter a detailed account of the history of this powerful church.

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CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS HISTORY CONTINUED.

THE SIXTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH—INTERESTING HISTORY OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL—ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS—EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS OF 1911—CINCINNATI A CITY OF CHURCHES—THE SALVATION ARMY—GREAT REVIVALS.

In 1830, the Sixth Street Baptist Church (now the Ninth street) was organized by fourteen members from the Enon Baptist Church, whose place of worship was on Walnut, West side, between Third and Fourth streets, and five members from the church on Sycamore street.

The company was recognized as a Christian Church by a council called for that purpose, November 9th. of that year.

Records of many of the details of this organization during the first eight years of its existence are missing. We have, however, the names of the members of the little church as follows:

William Morgan, Ebenezer Marsh, Joshua W. Kendall, Thomas Harris, Thomas Mitchell, William Bruce, Luke Kendall, John Woolley, Thomas Bevan, Henry Miller, John Shays, Thomas Simpson, Elizabeth Morgan, Laura Kendall, Mary Bruce, Lydia Kendall, Lydia Woolley, Elizabeth Bevan, and Sarah J. Vallette.

The council met in the old city council chamber on the north side of Fourth, between Main and Walnut streets. Among the ministers who took part in the exercises were Rev. Dr. George Patterson, of the Enon church, and Rev. John Boyd, of the Bethel church. The right hand of fellowship was extended by Rev. S. W. Lynd, who had been visiting in the city for a short time and had preached in the Enon, and possibly in the Sycamore Street Church.

Immediately following the constitution of the church, a call was extended Rev. Samuel W. Lynd to become its pastor. He entered upon his duties the first Sabbath of the year 1831, at a salary of \$800 for the first year.

For a while services were held Sabbath mornings in the council chamber, above mentioned. In the afternoon they occupied, through the courtesy of the Enon church, their house of worship. For social and other meetings they met at the private houses of the different members.

Later they secured a house in what was then known as the Wing school-house, on the south-east corner of Sixth and Vine streets, on the site now occupied by the Hulbert block.

Contrary to the prophesies of some, who thought the movement, carried away by the popularity of the preacher, would be short-lived, the church, within

four months from the date of its organization, received almost the entire membership of the Original and Regular First Baptist Church, which ceased to exist as an independent church. By the close of the first year the young church was much strengthened in numbers and otherwise, and was enabled to erect for itself a house of worship. This was located on the south side of Sixth street, just east of Walnut. In dimensions, it was 40 feet front, by 75 feet deep, costing about \$12,000. It was incorporated by special act of the Legislature of Ohio, February 6, 1832, under the name of the Sixth Street Baptist Church, of Cincinnati.

During the first year the membership of the Bethel Church was absorbed by the Sixth. The Bethel was organized about 1829, and their place of worship was at the north-east corner of Ninth and Elm streets, Rev. John Boyd, a former pastor of the Enon Church occupying the pulpit.

With the addition of the Bethel, we find the Sixth—now the Ninth—formed from four (4) different sources: the Enon, Sycamore, the First (Original and Regular), and the Bethel. Coming, as they did, from churches between which there had existed prejudices and jealousies, the strength of Dr. Lynd was shown in his ability to unite, in one harmonious body, members showing that brotherly love which characterized the church in those early days.

The Sunday school, under the superintendency of T. J. Hawks, was established in May, 1831. The room was not very attractive, being in the basement of the church and almost wholly below the surface of the ground.

On Monday evenings, in this room, were held the prayer-meetings, and on Wednesday evenings, the weekly lectures. The first baptism took place in the Ohio river, at the foot of Vine street, March 8, 1831, the candidate being Mrs. Smallwood.

Additions to the church, by baptism and letter, were such that in the report to the association, in September, 1833, they showed a membership of 199.

The place of worship on Sixth street was now found to be inadequate to the increasing congregation. Opportunity presenting itself, the property was sold to a Presbyterian church, and the present lot on Ninth street, then quite removed from the central part of the city, acquired in 1836.

Preparations were at once begun for the erection of a house of worship. Some inconvenience was suffered on account of having parted with the Sixth street home until the new house was ready for occupancy.

Services were held on Sunday afternoon, by invitation of Dr. Peabody, the pastor, in the Unitarian church, then on the southwest corner of Fourth and Race streets, while the Sunday school held its sessions in the College building, on Walnut street, where the Mercantile Library Building now stands.

The new building, costing about \$30,000, compared favorably with the edifices of other denominations. It was ready for occupancy in the spring of 1837, and by reason of the change in location, the name was changed to the "Ninth Street Baptist Church."

In 1840 occurred the great revival, which left an impression felt by the church and this city to this day.

As a result of this revival some two hundred were baptized. At one communion service between one hundred and one hundred and twenty were received.

As a direct result of this work, four ministers were given to the cause of Christ, and the greater part of those who were converted during those few months remained steadfast in the faith.

After this season of blessing, there came a period of depression, during which the church suffered. Dissensions arose among its members, financial matters were subject of great concern, and other causes contributed to bring about the alienation, indifference and discontent, which, for a season, dominated the church.

Such was the state of affairs that Dr. Lynd felt called upon to use drastic measures to bring the members to a realization of the impending crisis. Peace and harmony having been restored, the work was taken up anew and continued without interruption until September, 1845, when Dr. Lynd, having received and accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church, of St. Louis, resigned his pastorate.

During part of Dr. Lynd's pastorate the church had, in addition to a large home school, two flourishing missions—one on George street, west of Plum, and one at or near the elbow of the canal.

After the resignation of Dr. Lynd the church was without a pastor for nearly a year. In September, 1846, a call was extended to Rev. E. L. Magoon, of Richmond, Va. The church during the year before the advent of the minister, liquidated a debt of \$2,500 and repaired the house of worship.

The short pastorate of Dr. Magoon was marked by greater interest of the church in work of benevolence, contributions to the foreign missions being larger than at any previous year.

Early in 1849 Dr. Magoon resigned, in order to perfect the arrangements for a new church in some favorable locality, but the project failed for lack of funds, and he accepted a call to the Oliver Street Church, of New York City.

In July, 1849, Rev. E. G. Robinson, received a call which was accepted. He came from the Walnut Street Baptist Church, of this city, which had been constituted in 1847. During the next month the members of the Walnut Street Church, some thirty (30) in number, followed the pastor, making the fourth congregation absorbed by the Ninth Street Church.

It was during the pastorate of Dr. Robinson that Joseph Emery began his labor as a City Missionary, which he continued until called home.

The use of the basement was granted in June, 1851, to Ary Vandalen, to address such Hollanders as might be induced to gather there, and in October following, the church voted a sum not exceeding \$300 toward the support of James De Rooy, as a missionary to this people. The mission was established on Webster street.

Information was received December 19, 1852, that Rev. E. G. Robinson had been elected senior professor in the Theological Seminary, at Rochester, N. Y.; his acceptance being urged by many of the leading men in the denomination. He relinquished the charge of the church in April, 1853, assuming at once his duties at the Seminary.

The church at this particular time was engaged in aggressive work. Besides the support rendered Bro. Emery and the missionary among the Hollanders, assistance was rendered the High Street Baptist Church, and a mission maintained on Cutter street.

It was during this summer—1853—that a Sunday school was established on Mt. Auburn, under the superintendency of Geo. F. Davis, with H. Thane Miller as leader of the singing. Out of this grew the Mt. Auburn Baptist Church, which was established in 1856 by nineteen members dismissed from the Ninth Street Church.

On December 14, 1853, a unanimous call was extended Rev. Wm. F. Hansell, of Philadelphia. He began his ministry among us the following February. It was a harvest season for the church. In February, 1855, through the instrumentality of H. Thane Miller, a Young Peoples' Meeting was established. Services were held on Friday evenings. Subsequently the regular weekly meeting of the church was combined with this, and the Friday night gathering has been an institution ever since.

In the summer of 1855, Philip W. Bickel was engaged as a missionary to work among the Germans. Subsequently, the converts were dismissed and recognized as an independent church, with Rev. Bickel as their pastor.

Pastor Hansell resigned July 30, 1858.

In December, 1859, an invitation was extended to E. T. Robinson, and the following March he began his work. Coming as he did, immediately upon the termination of his studies at Rochester, he was ordained May 15, 1860. During his pastorate the country was engaged in the great struggle of the Civil War. The strain proving too great, he broke down under it, and on the 21st of July, 1862, passed away.

In April, 1864, Rev. Wayland Hoyt, of Pittsfield, Mass., was called to this field. He began his ministry with us in the September following.

In 1865 the church for the first time engaged the assistance of an evangelist, inviting Rev. A. B. Earle, of Massachusetts, resulting in a large accession to the membership.

Work was commenced in the remodeling of the church in the spring of 1867. The cost was some \$90,000. Before the work was completed the pastor received a call to the Strong Place Church, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and closed his labor with us in October, 1867.

In January, 1868, Rev. Frank M. Ellis, of Bloomington, Ill., having accepted a call, commenced his work. His pastorate was a short one, ending November 13th of the same year, he having accepted a call to the Second Baptist Church, of this city.

Dr. Reuben Jeffery, then of the North Baptist Church, of Chicago, Ill., came to us as our pastor in February, 1869. He found the church burdened with a heavy debt, resulting from the building enterprise. During all the time these burdens were being borne, the church never allowed its offering for the extension of the Kingdom, at home or abroad, to fail.

Dr. Jeffery resigned the pastorate July 13, 1873, and removed to Brooklyn, N. Y.

During a period of eighteen months the church was without a pastor, but the pulpit was supplied with great satisfaction by Rev. G. O. King.

During this period what remained of the church debt was entirely removed and the church edifice renovated.

In January, 1875, a call was extended Rev. Samuel W. Duncan, of Cleveland, O., and accepted. He entered upon his duties in March, and served this church

eight years, resigning in 1883 to accept a call to the Second Baptist Church, of Rochester, N. Y. During his pastorate the church celebrated, in 1880, its semi-centennial. Dr. Duncan preached an historical discourse, which was listened to with great interest and satisfaction. This discourse was published in pamphlet form and contained facts of great value. Much that is stated in this paper was gathered from that source. Dr. Duncan's preaching was sound, earnest, forcible and of the highest order.

In the interval—some two years—between the pastorate of Dr. Duncan and his successor, the pulpit was supplied mostly by professors from the Theological Seminary, at Louisville, Ky.

During the summer of 1884, Johnston Myers, a student at the Rochester Theological Seminary, ministered to the church as a supply.

His services were so satisfactory that the church decided to call him to the pastorate. He came to us in May, 1885, at the close of his term in Rochester. His success was remarkable and continued so during a period of ten years, when the church membership, as reported to the association, was nearly 1600. Through his efforts the work at the stations was inaugurated and established in chapels owned by the church, which continue to be important factors in the general system.

To relieve the pastor of much of the burden, necessarily great, in carrying on a work of this magnitude, the church decided to secure the services of an assistant. Rev. W. D. Holt was selected for the office and his acceptance was received in January, 1891.

Mrs. I. B. Byl and her daughter, Mamie, served for a time as our Missionaries, and much of the success at the stations is due to their untiring efforts.

In 1895 Dr. Myers received a call from the Immanuel Church, of Chicago, Ill., and severed his pastoral relations with us in the summer of that year.

Without long delay, after the resignation of Dr. Myers, Rev. Warren G. Partridge, of Scranton, Penn., was called. He soon entered the work and continued for the space of eight years, to June, 1903, when he was called to the Fourth Avenue Baptist Church, of Pittsburgh, Penn., which pastorate he still serves.

Our attention had been called to Rev. John F. Herget of St. Louis, who, we were assured, was well adapted to carry on the work here according to our plans and methods. On our invitation, he visited us in December, 1903. A call was made and accepted, and he took charge, as pastor, of the prayer-meeting Friday evening, February 19, 1904. He is still with us, the work is prospering, the pastor and people are in harmony, and there appears no good reason why the church should not gain strength year by year in its various enterprises.

In 1880 we celebrated our semi-centennial, at which time we had increased from a little church of 19 members to one of 455. In 1905, at the time of our seventy-fifth anniversary, we numbered 1,221. Our present membership is 1604.

Special mention may not be out of order in naming a few of the many who have rendered long and special services during the 80 years of the church's history:

Deacon John Bevan donated the lot on which the church now stands. He served as Deacon from 1833 to 1856 and was one of the loyal members of Ninth

street. Deacons Crawford, Goldsmith and Sheppard were strong in doctrine, clear in judgment, safe in counsel, and considerate of the weakness of others. Gardner Phipps and Geo. F. Davis, Sr., men of means, who encouraged the church in times of financial depression with counsel as well as by material support. John B. Trevor, as a trustee, guided us through many gloomy periods. Geo. E. Stevens and Geo. B. Nicholas, as clerks, trustees and deacons, rendered service of much value. Victor Williams, our chorister for 50 years, was beloved by every one who served in the choir. Sarah R. Steer, known and claimed by the Baptists of the city as belonging to the denomination at large. H. Thane Miller and Edward J. Wilson, whose singing is remembered by the older generation. Deacons Davenport, McIntyre, Sage and A. J. Davis, those stalwart Baptists, whose presence and words were inspiring. Joseph Emery, who served so faithfully and well as city missionary. And last, but not least, Miss Charlotte Ewing, whose privilege it has been to listen to the teachings of our twelve different pastors, and who is still able to attend services in the church she loves so well.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

So far as we know, it is as natural for a Baptist Church to maintain a Sunday school as to make provision for a pastor. Unfortunately, there seems to have been some laxity in the matter of records in the earlier days of our church, and the same might be said as to later years.

We find very little data as to the period between 1830 and 1840, but from references we know that the church and school were organized the same year, namely, 1830 or 1831. It was known, of course, as the Sixth Street Baptist Sunday School, and met at the southeast corner of Sixth and Vine streets, in the Wing schoolhouse, the site now being occupied by the Hulbert Block.

After the erection of the church on Sixth street, south side, east of Walnut, the basement was used for Sunday school purposes. This property was sold in 1836 to a Presbyterian congregation and temporary quarters were found in the Talbot school rooms, on Walnut street, and afterwards in the Race street schoolhouse.

The basement of the new church on Ninth street was so far completed in the fall or winter that the school, in two sections—the one of the Talbot rooms, and the other of the Race street house—met at the latter place on Christmas day and marched to the new home on Ninth street to hear the inaugural address of James Cooper, the superintendent, and from New Year's Day, 1837, until the present time we have the "Ninth Street Baptist Sunday School."

Very little change was made in the arrangement of the room until 1867, when the church was remodeled. Even then there was but little attention to the basement so far as convenience for the school was concerned. The basement on Sixth street was but little better than a cellar. There was no carpet on the floor, and plain, but strong, benches served for seats.

The school prospered. A mission was established on George street, which, we have every reason to believe, was not without good results. It has been stated by more than one that the great revival of 1840 had its origin in the Sunday school.

We must bear in mind that seventy years ago the Ninth Street Church was on the outskirts of the city. The streets were for the most part unpaved, the houses were not in solid blocks as at the present time, the lighting was not by electricity, neither by gas, yet here in this room, in wet weather and fair, the teachers determined to hold, on Thursday evening of each week, a meeting for prayer, counsel and such matters of business as might be for the good of the school. These meetings were continued for some time, when, at one of them, the interest seemed intensified. On the following Monday evening at prayer-meeting the room was filled. The pastor was surprised and exclaimed "Some one has been praying; it is not I." From an old minute book of the Sunday school we find the following: January 26, 1840—Weather frosty. Great revival in church and school; no teaching; an inquiry meeting held. During the time of the revival the records were very brief, being confined to "revival continues," and giving the number of baptisms for each Sunday.

In 1855, in connection with the school, there was a Bible Class for young men, some sixteen or more, only one of the number being a professing Christian. At this time the regular evening meetings of the church were the prayer-meeting on Monday and the lecture on Wednesday. It was found to be inconvenient for the young men to attend the Monday evening meetings, as they were attending school and could not be released from their studies, so it was decided to hold an extra meeting on Friday for the young people. This continued for sometime without any apparent result and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction at the close of the Friday evening services, when one of the young men expressed his desire to become a Christian and asked that prayers might be offered in his behalf. A revival followed, many were added to the membership of the church, and Friday evening has since been the time for the regular prayer-meeting of the church.

During the pastorate of Dr. Hoyt, when the Rev. A. B. Earle conducted a season of revival services, quite a number of the members of the Sunday school were led to Christ and became prominent in the church history.

Again in 1869, in the beginning of Dr. Jeffery's ministry, nearly seventy-five from the Sunday school were brought into full fellowship with the church.

The first mission of the school was located on George street, manned principally by the first converts of 1831, 1832 and 1833. It is gratifying to read that they soon had a school of 250, and some of the valuable additions to the church were from this field.

The Second Presbyterian Church offered a higher rent in 1837 than our people felt able to pay, so the place was relinquished to them, and the result was the establishment of the Seventh Street Congregational Church.

A mission was started in 1834 at or near the elbow of the canal, in which considerable interest was shown for a time, but was finally abandoned for some reason which must have been satisfactory at that time.

The German Mission school was established in 1855 or 1856. Its first meetings were in the engine house on Webster street, with an annex on Mary street for the infant class; then in the German Baptist meeting house on Walnut street, and the school was finally handed over to the German Baptist Church.

Great activity was shown in the winter of 1852-1853 and the summer following. The letter to the association says: "Our Sabbath schools are well at-

tended. Many of the teachers attend two, and some three, schools every Sabbath," so that in those days, as in the present, it must have been somewhat difficult to secure a sufficient force to successfully carry on the work. It was during this summer that a school was begun under the trees on Mt. Auburn, by Isaac Russell, H. Thane Miller, R. A. Holden, Geo. F. Davis and some others, which afterwards became the Mt. Auburn Baptist Church.

In 1867 another mission was started at Central avenue and Wade street, in which our members were largely represented, but after two years it was abandoned.

In 1871 a second attempt was made among the German children on Race street, above Twelfth. After two years here the school was taken to the German Baptist Church, on Walnut street, and in 1873-1874 was moved to this the Ninth Street Church.

In this building, then, there were two schools—Ninth street and the Ninth Street Mission. In 1875 the two were united and the hour of meeting changed to 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. In October, 1880, it was again changed to 9:30 o'clock in the morning. For four years, beginning with 1852, there was a mission on Cutter street. In 1854 regular preaching services were commenced in March and continued until August, when they were discontinued and the Sunday school closed for want of a suitable place in which to meet.

The Harrison, or, as it was sometimes called, the Sixth Street Mission, on what is now Pioneer street, was quite successful during the pastorate of Dr. Duncan. It was continued some five years or more, but had to be abandoned for the same cause as befell the mission on Cutter street.

In those days it was customary to maintain a "library," and in the letter to the association in 1846 mention is made of 600 volumes which are replenished as needed, an appropriation of \$100 annually being voted for that purpose.

Mention is also made of work being done in the eastern part of the city helpers volunteering from the various Baptist churches. This is supposed to refer to the High Street Church interest.

We read in a letter to the association under date of 1853, of \$332 being applied by the church to Sunday school work.

Coming down to later dates, there have been various degrees of efficiency in Sunday school work. At no time has the interest lagged. The object has been more for decisive results than to show large attendance. On rare occasions the number has exceeded 1,000, but there has been the satisfaction of seeing the average maintained. During the pastorate of Dr. Myers, special attention was given to entertainments, embodying mental, moral and spiritual improvement of those under our care. The "Children's Hour," on Friday afternoons, drew from the day schools a large attendance. Various features, such as sewing societies, gymnastics, cooking classes and the like have kept the children interested and afforded opportunities for winning them to the higher life.

For the past twenty-five or thirty years various plans have been tried for the betterment of the school. Many have been rejected, parts of some adopted.

The separation of the school into departments has been a problem that gave the superintendents much thought and consideration. We think it has been solved, but not perfected.



AVONDALE TEMPLE



WESLEYAN METHODIST
EPISCOPAL CHURCH
East Fifth Street



SWEDENBORGIAN CHURCH, WALNUT HILLS



CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH
Ninth Street near Central Avenue



FIRST ENGLISH LUTHERAN CHURCH

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For a number of years the session has been held in the morning, from 9:00 to 10:00. Some forty-five minutes are allowed for the study of the lesson and supplemental work.

THE STATIONS.

In 1888 Rev. Johnston Myers, Pastor Ninth St. Baptist Church, became impressed with the idea advanced by an intimate friend of another denomination, whose zeal in church work was hardly second to his own, that there were many people in certain sections of the city to whom the Gospel must be carried if they received it at all. Children residing at some distance from any church were allowed to run the streets on the Sabbath, while the parents seldom, if ever, saw the inside of a church. The subject was canvassed at some length, and then, one evening after the Friday night service, the deacons gathered on the lawn of one of their number, and there on Mt. Auburn, with the great city spread out before them, plans for the establishment of the stations were formulated.

So confident were they that the object was one of necessity that there was not an opposing voice. So within a few days there had been arrangements made for opening a mission or branch of the church on Gilbert avenue, and it was designated as Station A.

It was a success from the start. Soon it was found that the quarters were too small, and a vacant saloon, corner of Gilbert avenue and Effluent Pipe street was secured, where services were held until the building was demolished to give way to the present structure known as Morton's. The Pendleton homestead on Liberty street was next secured and services held in it for the space of a year or more, until the new chapel on Hunt street was ready for dedication.

One week after Station A was opened there was held a meeting in Hopkins' Hall, southwest corner Fourth and Elm streets, and, after some discussion, the second branch or station known as B, was launched. Work continued at this point for one year and a half, when it was thought advisable to remove to another location. A good field was found in the East End, and the Odd Fellows' Hall on Martin street afforded a meeting place for the Sunday school and Tuesday evening service until the present chapel on East Third street, opposite Collard, was erected.

Noting the success of the two stations, our people became enthusiastic in the establishment of others. Vine street hill appealed to the committee as a desirable location for a third station. As in the case of the other two, the neighborhood was canvassed, rooms inspected, people interviewed, but nothing found to meet our requirements. A small room was finally secured which was so cramped that two sessions were necessary to accommodate the attendance on Sunday afternoons. First the infant, and then the intermediate and adult Bible classes would occupy the room, the session continuing for two or more hours.

From Martin street on the East to Orchard (now Steiner) street in Sedamsville on the West, is a long distance. Calls from the latter section were frequent. Workers in other demoninations urged our taking hold of the work in that locality. Offers of help came from many people. A committee was sent to investigate. The same trouble confronted them—no suitable room. It was found, however, that a tin shop was about to be vacated, and this was rented tempo-

rarily. This was on the main street. The room was crowded both at the Sunday and week-day services. Larger quarters must be had or the work would suffer in consequence. A friend of Ninth street—a good Methodist brother—came forward and offered two lots on Orchard street if we would erect a chapel. Up to this time we had been holding services in rented rooms, and, while we had hoped to have quarters of our own, the cost was something that gave the committee much thought and consideration. Our generous friend now came to our help and offered \$500 toward the chapel. Much encouraged, there was, through the efforts of the committee, enough money subscribed to justify us in starting on the new building. Suitable plans having been accepted, the work progressed rapidly. The building was finished, handsomely carpeted and equipped with necessary furniture, but there still remained a small deficit in the cost of construction.

On the evening of the dedication, however, the pastor deferred the services until a sufficient sum had been pledged to entirely wipe out the debt. A new home of worship, entirely our own and free from debt, caused much rejoicing among the members who were giving their time and energies to this branch of the work.

The East End, northern section and extreme west being well supplied, our attention was turned to that portion near the railroad and Milcreek. A carpenter shop on Eighth street, west of the present viaduct, offered attractions—or the reverse—sufficient to induce the station committee to rent the same for a season until better quarters could be secured. At this location the workers remained until the present chapel near the Price Hill incline was erected. Being the fifth in order, the chapel was designated as "E."

Five stations had now been established. There was a section of the city, however, the Brighton district, untouched. A mission was being conducted and supported by a member of another church of our denomination who was anxious to turn the work into the hands of Ninth street. Meetings were being held in a building on the Benckenstein property on Harrison avenue, just west of Spring Grove avenue. Some hesitation was shown as to the advisability of taking this additional work on our hands. A large corps of officers and teachers was found necessary to equip the five stations in operation, and an additional force would require sacrifice on the part of some who were already giving much of their time to other branches of our work. The committee, however, carefully considered the situation. The result was that the mission was taken in charge by Ninth street and became known as Station F. In course of time the property changed hands, the building was demolished, necessitating our seeking other quarters. The German Methodist Church on Spring Grove avenue, north of Harrison, kindly allowed us to occupy their church Sunday afternoons and one evening each week, so that temporarily, at least, Station F has comfortable quarters.

Six stations are thus identified with the work of the Ninth street church and have become part of its membership and working force. We assumed, however, some several years ago, at the request of the Cincinnati Baptist church Union, the work at the Dayton street church, and that particular enterprise was known as Dayton Street Mission. Changes took place in the control of the property, making it advisable to discontinue the work on that field and de-

vote our energies to the stations already in successful operation. The Church Union has again secured control of the property, and it is now occupied as the Roumanian Baptist Church.

Such in brief is the history of the stations as projected. Mention has been made of the erection of the chapel at Sedamsville, known as "D." The Chapel and the ground on which it is erected are the property of the Ninth Street Church, free and unincumbered from the date of its dedication. Two chapels—B and C—are on leased ground, but we are in hopes that before long the entire property will be Ninth street's in fee. Chapel "A" since its erection has been fully paid for, and within the past year the last payment was made on the ground on which Station E stands, thus making three chapels owned in fee by the church.

The varied experiences of each of these stations would be a story in itself. The question has often been asked, Have they paid? Unfortunately no complete records have been kept of the conversions at these chapels or through their instrumentality. One of the missionaries was asked in reference to the working of Station B during the time (eighteen months) it was located at Fourth and Elm Streets. She reported forty-two accessions to the church through the agency of this particular station—twenty-five or twenty-six by baptism, ten or twelve by letters from other churches, and several by restoration. This, of course, was the record of but one station for a short period. Since then the results have been varied—sometimes the work has been prosperous, at others there have been depressions.

That the stations have been productive of good in the neighborhood in which they are located is attested by those who are competent to judge. A policeman volunteered the information that Sedamsville was bettered since Ninth street had established a station there. The industrial schools have been the means of gathering the children on Saturday afternoons, imparting to them some useful knowledge, as well as instructing them spiritually. The benevolent societies have not neglected the needs of those in want, nor have the sick lacked for kind words and necessary attention.

The expense of carrying on the work at these stations has been at the least calculations \$2,000 per year, so that for the time they have been in existence there has been expended \$45,000, not including the cost of chapels and ground. The money has come mostly from voluntary contributions. We have had many friends interested in the success of the stations—the lawyer who suggested the idea and who gave liberally of his money; the real estate holder who donated the ground for Station D and gave a large sum towards the erection of the chapel; the good sister, a member of our own denomination, who made it possible to erect Chapel "C," now called Harwood Chapel in honor of her father; the brother who turned over to us Station F fully equipped; the trustee who gave much of his time to raising funds necessary for the weekly expenses; our former pastor who worked out the plan and gave his time and money to the successful issue of the undertaking, and in whose honor Station E has been named "Myers' Chapel;" the two missionaries—mother and daughter—who visited from home to home in the neighborhood of the different stations, and the faithful among officers, teachers, and those who have given of their time and means. Not only has our chapel work been a successful issue in our own church, but it has been

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an incentive to others to the extent that churches of different denominations have come to recognize Ninth street as a working church and have endeavored to increase the efficiency in their own fields of labor.

The city of Cincinnati has now thirty one Baptist churches.

On May 18th, 1817, the earliest Protestant Episcopal church in Cincinnati was organized. For this purpose a small group of people gathered in the house of Dr. Daniel Drake, on East Third street. The Rev. Philander Chase was the moving spirit of this little assembly, There were in the company but three communicants, the other persons, twenty-two in all, being non-communicants. The organization took the name of Christ church.

The next meeting place of the little assembly was in a room of a cotton factory on Lodge street, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Later the congregation of the Episcopalians met in the old First Presbyterian church. From March 23d, 1818, they assembled in the Baptist building on West Sixth street, which later was purchased by the Episcopalians.

The congregation increased during this period to nearly fifty families. The Rev. Samuel Johnston was the rector at this time. In 1818, the congregation bought, for thirty-five hundred dollars, lots for a cemetery and a site for a church. In 1819 an organ was purchased, which was in use until 1835 when a new church building was erected and a second organ was procured.

At the beginning of 1819, there were but eight communicant members, but during that year twelve more were added. Bishop Chase made the first Episcopal visitation in October of this year, remaining two Sundays. April 4th, 1820 the first sale of pews was held, fifty out of fifty-five being disposed of, for eight hundred and ninety-one dollars.

January 24th, 1820, the Female Benevolent Society of this church was organized.

This church was formally incorporated, May 17th, 1821, under the name of the "Episcopal Society of Christ Church, Cincinnati."

The Rev. Samuel Johnston remained as rector for ten years and three months, resigning in 1828. On account of division in the congregation, fifty-five members followed him and formed the St. Paul's parish, leaving but thirty-two members in Christ church.

For a time after this serious loss of membership, the Christ Episcopal church was ministered to by a Methodist preacher, the Rev. Dr. Bishop; at the end of his ministrations, the vestry extended to him a vote of thanks as well as financial compensation.

It is a singular fact, in view of present day interest in union of churches, that in the beginnings of this city there appears to have been more of this spirit in reality than at present. The earliest supporters of the First Presbyterian church were nearly all, if not entirely all, the male citizens of Cincinnati. The first Episcopal congregation worshipped for a period in a Presbyterian and then in a Baptist church. Then Christ church was served, during a vacancy, by a Methodist minister. Yet in 1910, the General Convention of the Episcopal church, held in Cincinnati, revoked the Richmond Convention canon in regard to freer exchange of pulpits between Episcopalians and others. These facts suggest retrogression rather than advance in the spirit of unity among the churches.

In May, 1828, the Rev. B. P. Aydelott, from Grace church, Philadelphia, became rector of Christ church. Two thousand, six hundred dollars, and a little more, were spent in improving the church building. An organist was employed at one dollar per Sabbath.

A lot for a new church building was procured, in November 1833, on Fourth street, between Sycamore and Broadway. The price paid was nine thousand dollars. During the time consumed by the erection of this church, the congregation met in the Mechanics Institute hall. The new structure was modelled after Stepney church, London.

The Rev. J. T. Brook, from Georgetown, District of Columbia, succeeded the Rev. Dr. Aydelott, resigned, in 1835.

The new church was completed in 1835, at a cost of fifty-five thousand dollars. During that year the diocesan convention assembled in this church.

Two assistants for the rector were employed, the Rev. Thomas Howell and the Rev. Alfred Blake. The Rev. Mr. Brook continued as rector until August, 1847, when he became a professor at Gambier Theological Seminary.

For two years, Bishop McIlvaine acted as rector. The Rev. Mr. Blake occupied this position also for two years. Then a call was extended to the Rev. Dudley Tyng, who served about one year.

The Rev. C. M. Butler D. D. of Washington City, came in 1854, and remained five years. The Rev. Kingston Goddard, D. D. was rector for three years and was followed by the Rev. John McCarty, who remained four years.

The Rev. W. A. Snively served from 1867 to 1870.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Situated on the heights of Mt. Auburn, with a large breathing space on all sides, stands the Children's Hospital, a noble church institution which serves afflicted children without regard to religious divisions or racial distinctions. It is open to visitors and may be reached by Auburn avenue cars, alighting at Mason street.

BETHANY HOME.

The Mother House of the Sisterhood of the Transfiguration is at Glendale, where Bethany Home shelters and rears to Christian womanhood, a large number of girls. There are on an average seventy children of all ages in the home at a time. There is a beautiful little chapel with carved wood screen and devotional pictures attached. The Sisterhood also works in the mountains of North Carolina and has charge of St. Ann's Home, in the city, for aged women, and mothers' meetings at the Cathedral and St. Luke's. It is reached by C. H. & D. trains and Glendale traction cars.

BETHANY HOME FOR BOYS.

The city air and surroundings sadly handicapped the efforts of those in charge of Bethany Home for Boys. It was, therefore, removed to Glendale and placed under the care of the Sisterhood, of the Transfiguration with excellent results for the spiritual, moral, mental and physical upbuilding of the boys who find a

home there. It is situated not far from Bethany Home and the boys march in cassock and cotta to daily services in the Bethany Home Chapel.

THE CITY MISSION SOCIETY.

Organized October 8, 1909, by the clergy and laity of the Cincinnati Convocation.

Officers—President, Bishop Vincent; vice-president, Rev. F. L. Flinchbaugh; secretary, Rev. W. M. Gordon; treasurer, Mr. Oscar C. Weil; superintendent, Rev. Canon Chas. G. Reade.

Office, Cathedral House, 223 W. Seventh street; 'phones: Canal 1985 or North 3810-R.

Holds services regularly, Sundays, Home for the Friendless West Court street, near Central, 3 p. m.; Widows' and Old Men's Home, McMillan and Ashland avenue, Walnut Hills, 3 p. m.; City Hospital, Central avenue and Twelfth street, 4 p. m. Services and visitations at other times at these and other benevolent, charitable and reformatory institutions of the city. Visitors welcome at regular services.

The St. Paul's parish, organized in 1828, erected its church on Fourth street, where the St. Paul building now stands. The St. Paul's church stood on that spot for fifty years.

From 1819 to 1831, Philander Chase was the Episcopal Bishop of Ohio. Charles P. McIlvaine succeeded him in 1832, holding this position until 1873, the year of his death. Dr. Boyd Vincent is the present bishop of southern Ohio, Protestant Episcopal church.

The Church of the Advent on Walnut Hills was organized in 1855. Other Episcopal churches are Trinity, Church of the Redemption, Church of the Atonement and Calvary in Clifton.

The Episcopal church has never been strong in this region, as compared with other churches. The diocese of southern Ohio reports in 1910 fewer members than in 1909.

The general convention of this church met in 1850 in Christ church from October 2d to October 16th. Referring to the files of the newspapers of that date it appears that twenty-five bishops gathered here, with representatives from twenty-six dioceses. Of these, only seventeen dioceses had lay representatives.

Among the names recorded at that convention is that of Bishop Chase, of Illinois, aged eighty-four years, the presiding bishop of the church; Bishop McIlvaine was the diocesan of the state of Ohio, it being then undivided. Among other bishops were Doane, Meade, Kemper, Otey, Whittingham, Potter, De Lancy, Polk and Elliott. The Rev. Dr. Wyatt of Baltimore, presided in the house of deputies; and the Rev. Dr. Howe of Philadelphia, was chosen secretary. The city of Cincinnati then had six Episcopal churches; now there are about thirty in the city and suburbs. The structure now known as St. Paul's Cathedral was in the builders' hands and its congregation was worshipping in a hall.

Some of the questions which came up concerned the trials of bishops, assistant bishops, and their selection and the proposition to print a German prayer book. In one of the speeches on this subject it was stated that Cincinnati had a population of 130,000 and that 40,000 of them were Germans.

The amounts received during the three years preceding the convention of 1850 for domestic missions was \$84,869 and for foreign missions \$116,259.

Then there was only one steam railroad leading from the city and thirty steamboats left the landing in a single day. In the whole United States there was only eight thousand miles of railroad in operation, and many of the deputies came by canal, stage coach or steamboat.

As to hospitality, the bishops were generally entertained in private homes, the hospitable people of all shades of religious belief throwing open their residences. The Burnet House had just been opened and was thronged with guests. No one could stay in the suburbs in these days, as the method of reaching them was by omnibus, and these buses stopped at six o'clock in the evening. One newspaper gravely suggested the establishment of hacks to provide for belated suburbanites.

The Mercantile Library and other public organizations extended their hospitality to the visitors.

A curious advertisement appears in the papers at this time. A steamer called the Cincinnati had been built and proposed to sail by way of the Ohio and Mississippi to the ocean, thence by the Straits of Magellan to San Francisco, expecting to make the voyage in one hundred days, for which they asked a fare of \$300.

The convention of 1910 met within sight of what used to be the Episcopal burying ground in Cincinnati, composing a large part of what is now Washington Park. It was purchased by the city for \$35,000 in 1860.

The Enquirer, in the autumn of 1910, commenting on the contrasts of sixty years ago, said: "The convention of sixty years ago met in a time when the elements that caused the Civil war were brewing, and newspapers of that day contain many references to events whose significance was not felt at the time. Hardly had the church convention opened than the first negro arrested under the fugitive slave law was taken in New York city. Texas had been admitted to the Union shortly before the previous triennial convention, and delegates from the southern states were seated in the assembly at Cincinnati. The African slave trade had its quietus administered to it while the convention debated over points of ritual, and at the same time free soilers made their first noticeable entrance into congress.

"Senator Thomas H. Benton, the implacable foe of slavery, stopped at the newly built Burnet House October 10th on his way to Washington, and no doubt argued with the clergymen registered there, many of whom were advocates of slavery. The absence of any mention of the question that was rapidly drawing a line between north and south is noticeable, as well as the lack of any reference to the passing events which could not have failed to perplex the minds of the clergy and laity. Discussion without end about details of religious observance, such as the proper posture to be observed in the baptismal service and the bishop's right to administer the Lord's Supper consumed the hours of the visiting Episcopalians.

"The same day that Senator Benton registered at the Burnet House the whigs gained control of the state legislature. In a paper of the following day, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe prints a short story on temperance, and a story by

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Dickens appears. On the closing day of the convention the *Southern Press*, of Washington, D. C. advocated 'dissolution of the Union and secession from our present federal compact,' followed by the comment of Cincinnati papers of the next day that 'Northern fanatics seek a dissolution of the Union to abolish slavery, but southern fanatics seek it also to perpetuate slavery. We say "Stick to the Union."'

"As the clergymen left the city mention of Jenny Lind's coming was printed in the same column with the notice of the proclamation of the governor of Georgia calling a convention to 'concert measures of resistance to the federal government because of the admission of California.'

"The House of Refuge was opened the first week of the convention, Alphonso Taft, father of the President, making the dedicatory address. The Mechanics Fair was then being held in Mechanics Institute, called by the press 'one of the finest buildings in the city.' It was at Sixth and Vine streets and had been completed only a short time. The 1910 convention could almost witness the abandonment of the old institute and the occupancy of the new building on the canal. The ministers of the former convention visited in a body the Observatory, then the largest in the middle west, at the invitation of Mr. Mitchell, and later inspected the Mercantile Library."

The Protestant Episcopal general convention of 1910 met in Music Hall from October 6 to the 26th. There were present representatives from sixty-five dioceses, twenty-two missionary districts, and ten foreign missionary districts.

The presiding bishop was the Most Reverend Daniel S. Tuttle, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Missouri. The officers of the House of Bishops were, chairman of the house, Right Rev. William Lawrence, D. D., Bishop of Massachusetts; secretary, Rev. Samuel Hart, D. D., Hartford, Conn.; assistant secretaries, Rev. George Francis Nelson, D. D., New York city; Rev. Thomas J. Packard, Rockville, Maryland.

Officers of the House of Deputies were, president, Rev. R. H. McKim, D. D., Washington, D. C.; secretary, Rev. Henry Anstice, D. D., New York; assistant secretaries, Rev. Carroll M. Davis, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. William C. Prout, Herkimer, N. Y.; Rev. James G. Glass, Anniston, Ala.; treasurer of the convention, Mr. William W. Skiddy, 82 Wall street, New York city.

Music Hall was chosen as headquarters of this convention, in accordance with a resolution passed at the previous convention in Richmond, Virginia, that other places than churches be utilized thereafter on account of the need for greater accommodations.

The executive board, in charge of all local arrangements, consisted of Wm. Cooper Procter, general manager; W. S. Rowe, W. Kesley Schoepf and Clifford B. Wright. Clifford B. Wright was also general treasurer of this board and the Rev. Charles G. Reade, general secretary.

To the general public, one of the most interesting features of this convention was the appearance as preacher of the opening sermon of The Right Reverend John Wordsworth, D. D., LL. D., Lord Bishop of Salisbury, a nephew of the great poet William Wordsworth.

The subject of Bishop Wordsworth's sermon was "Our Lord as a Reformer," and his text was from the gospel according to St. John, 2:21, "He spake of the temple of His body."

Among his more notable utterances were those that bore on the relations of the various churches to each other and Christian unity. Bishop Wordsworth said: "Yet Christ's idea of the unity of the church is not so distinctly revealed to us as to be an absolute guide in breaking down these walls (dividing into sections the area which He intended should be free and open). As the Good Shepherd He lays stress on the 'one flock,' not on the 'one fold,' (the true reading undoubtedly is 'They shall be one flock, one shepherd.')—i. e., more on the relations of the sheep to Himself than on their relation to their immediate teachers and surroundings."

One of the acts of the convention of popular interest was the vote against the elimination of the word "Protestant" from the official title of the Episcopal church on the title page of the Book of Common Prayer. The change was defeated by two votes, those of two prominent laymen and business men of Cincinnati, Wm. Cooper Procter and Kesley Schoepf. This is worthy of note here since it to some extent indicates that the Episcopal laymen of Cincinnati are in the Low Church party.

There was general interest in the presence in the city and at the convention of J. Pierpont Morgan, the eminent financier, who rented and occupied with his servants and chef from New York, the palatial "Dalvay" belonging to the estate of the well-known business man and Presbyterian, the late Alexander McDonald, the house declared to be the costliest and best appointed in this region. There, Mr. Morgan entertained as his guests many of the eminent members of the convention.

There appeared in the convention some disposition on the part of certain western deputies to revolt against what they claimed to be the domination of the Episcopal church by its eastern representatives. The westerners demanded larger representation on committees and their appeal had effect.

A resolution that one committee member be from each of the eight missionary departments on each of the thirteen standing committees was carried by a majority of more than a hundred.

The debate on canon 19, popularly known as the "open pulpit" canon, which had aroused much discussion since the convention of 1907, was ended by an interpretation sent in by the house of bishops. The construction put upon the canon by the bishops, and by which all the clergy must abide, is that it maintains strictly the position of the Episcopal church in restricting the ministry of the Word and Sacraments in Episcopal congregations to men who have received Episcopal ordination, while the bishop of a diocese may give permission to those who are not ministers of the church to make addresses in any of the churches on special occasions.

Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands, in speaking of "The Church's Mission and Christian Unity," made an address that appealed to the people of the city in general more than almost any other discourse delivered during the convention. Bishop Brent's declaration of "Christian unity if not church unity," found the audience thoroughly in sympathy, and frequent applause greeted his

utterances, notably his statement, "Suppose I should see a way of helping the Vatican in the way I thought it ought to be aided, I would aid it. If I saw a school of the Presbyterians or Methodists that needed support and saw that the church needed help through its school I would help it. The day has come when competition between the churches must cease and cooperation must take its place. A man must stand in his own conscience a member of the entire Catholic church. The desire to proselyte is a wicked spirit and not of Christ. There are moments when we must battle for certain things and make a negation, but men thirst today for affirmation, and I wonder how any preacher can find time for negation. Christian unity and ecclesiastical unity are not synonymous, thank God. We can have a large amount of Christian unity before ecclesiastical unity comes."

Bishop Graves, of China, sounded the same note. "Every man who works in China in the cause of Christ looks upon his fellow workers as his brothers. The missionary field cannot wholly solve the problem of unity, but it can create an atmosphere of charity, in which the hope of unity lies."

Bishop Brent, of the Philippine Islands, urged that the church lay aside its "pale or conventional Christianity and run the risk of losing its character by endeavoring to bring about the unity for which Jesus Christ prayed." He then advanced the idea of the federation of the Greek Catholics, the Roman Catholics and all Protestants.

EPISCOPAL CHURCHES OF CINCINNATI.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

St. Paul's cathedral, Seventh and Plum streets, noted for the beautiful Lehmer Memorial Organ, is the resultant from the union of several down-town parishes whose communicants removed to the hills, St. James', St. John's and old St. Paul's being thus absorbed. In the adjoining cathedral house is the handsome Memorial Chapter Room to the memory of the Rev. Edwin F. Small, with some interesting old portraits. A day school for boys and girls, a school of ecclesiastical embroidery and other notable features may be found there.

The cathedral is reached direct by Seventh street and North Fairmount cars and is one block from Clifton-Elm, McMicken-Elm, Warsaw avenue, Elberon avenue and Colerain avenue cars.

Services on Sunday 7:30 a. m., 11 a. m., 7:45 p. m. Daily celebration of the Holy Communion at 7:30 a. m. during convention and daily services at 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. Chapel open all day. Clergy: The Bishop; Very Rev. Paul Matthews, dean; Rev. Chas. G. Reade and the Rev. Jos. McD. McGrath, canons; Rev. J. D. Herron, assistant.

CHRIST CHURCH.

The Episcopal Society of Christ Church, Cincinnati.

As shown in Book I of the records of Christ church, the Reverend Philander Chase, former rector of Christ church, Hartford, Connecticut, preached and performed divine service, according to the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL



CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

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church, on May 18, 1817, in the town of Cincinnati. The following is copied from the records:

"Immediately after service, he explained his views in coming into this state of Ohio, and the success which had attended his labors in collecting and organizing churches to the glory of God and the good of human souls.

"Wherefore the following instrument of Parochial association was drawn up for signature, viz.:

"We, whose names are hereunder written, deeply impressed with the truth and importance of the Christian religion, and anxiously desirous to promote its influence in the hearts and lives of ourselves, our families, and our neighbors, do hereby associate ourselves together and thus form a parish by the name, style and title of the Parish of Christ church in Cincinnati, Hamilton county, state of Ohio, in communion with the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States of America, whose liturgy, constitution and canons we do hereby adopt.

"Signed, Ethan Stone, Thos. Danby, Jacob Baymiller, Griffin Yeatman, William Ruffin, Wm. M. Worthington, William H. Harrison, Thos. Henderson, Wm. M. Alexander, Ar. St. Clair, Jr., Edw. Horrock, S. D. Baldwin, James Taylor, Geo. Williamson, Lumen Watson, Elijah Bemis, James Chambers, William Jones, Richard Fosdick, Joseph Walker, R. D. Richardson, Hugh Lloyd."

The first wardens were Ethan Stone and Elijah Bemis.

The first vestry: William H. Harrison, Wm. Ruffin, Richard Fosdick, James Taylor, Griffin Yeatman.

The first delegate to the Diocesan convention was Ethan Stone.

The Reverend Mr. Cooper officiated prior to the coming of the Reverend Samuel Johnston, the first rector.

The first parish meeting was held March 23, 1818, at the Baptist meeting house.

Rectors since that time: 1818-1827, Reverend Samuel Johnston; 1828-1834, Reverend Benj. P. Aydelott; 1835-1851, Reverend John T. Brooke; 1852-1854, Reverend Dudley A. Tyng; 1855-1858, Reverend C. M. Butler; 1859-1861, Reverend Kingston Goddard; 1862-1866, Reverend John W. McCarty; 1867-1869, Reverend Wm. A. Snively; 1870-1876, Reverend Thos. S. Yocum; 1877-1887, Reverend I. Newton Stanger; 1888-1897, Reverend Robt. A. Gibson; 1898-1900, Reverend Alexis W. Stein; 1900, Reverend Frank Howard Nelson.

In July, 1833, the present church site was purchased at \$90 per front foot and the building of the present edifice begun. The congregation had met hitherto on Sixth street. On October 30, 1835, the church was consecrated by Right Reverend Charles P. McIlvaine, and it was opened for Divine service on Sunday, March 22, 1835.

Specially notable is the handsome and complete parish house, a gift of Mrs. Thos. J. Emery, most carefully thought out and arranged, doing a remarkable work.

The church on East Fourth street between Sycamore and Broadway, is passed by or is near most of the important street car lines from both sides of the Ohio.

Clergy: Reverend Frank H. Nelson, D. D., rector; Reverend W. H. Poole; Reverend H. Boyd Edwards.

CHURCH OF THE ADVENT.

The Church of the Advent is on Kemper lane, south of McMillan street, Walnut Hills. Reached by cars of Gilbert avenue, South Norwood, Madison road, Oakley, cross town lines. Get off at Kemper lane and go to right. Hours of service: Sundays (except first Sunday in month), Holy Communion, 7:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 9:45 a. m.; Morning Prayer and Sermon (Holy Communion and Sermon on first Sunday in month), 11:00 a. m.; Choral Vesper Service and Address, 4:30 p. m. During convention, midweek celebration on Wednesdays at 7:30 a. m.

The parish was organized July 26, 1855. The first rector was the Reverend Norman Badger. The following are the names of the succeeding rectors in the order of the rectorships: Reverend George C. Curry, 1859-1860; Reverend Wm. A. Smallwood, D. D., 1860-1865; Reverend Francis Lodbell, D. D., 1865-1869; Reverend Peter Tinsley, D. D., 1869-1901; Rector Emeritus, 1901-1908; Reverend Samuel Tyler, 1901. The following have served as assistant ministers in the parish: Reverend Messrs. D. W. Cox, Paul Matthews, Ernest M. Benedict, C. F. Brookins, William Worthington, Wm. Norman Guthrie, R. E. Bennett, Wm. S. Packer, Eugene F. Bigler, and Lester L. Riley, the present assistant. The original church building was erected in 1860. This was subsequently altered and enlarged in 1867, 1885, and 1907-1908. The original Sunday school building was erected in 1875. In 1890 it was made into a parish house, which in turn was enlarged by a memorial addition in 1904. The beautiful collection of autotypes and prints on the walls of the parish house and the new chancel deserve attention.

CHURCH OF OUR SAVIOUR.

Church of Our Saviour, Hollister street, Mt. Auburn. Half square from Auburn avenue or Auburn-Zoo cars. About the distance of two squares from all the Vine street lines. Services Sundays at 11 a. m.

CALVARY CHURCH, CLIFTON.

Calvary church is on Clifton avenue, above Greendale, and is reached by Vine-Clifton line, or Clifton-Elm (if latter, transferring to Vine-Clifton at end of Clifton-Elm line), and go to end of Vine-Clifton line, then walking one square to left beyond Clifton Public School building. The hour of Sunday service is 11 a. m.

Calvary church was organized January 5, 1856, by residents of Clifton, then a village, suburban to Cincinnati, and the residence of Right Reverend C. P. McIlvaine, D. D., the Bishop of Ohio. The present church edifice was built in 1867. *

The rectors of the church have been: Reverend William F. Lloyd, 1856-1863; Reverend Samuel Clements, 1863-1869; Reverend George D. E. Mortimer, D. D., 1870-1874; Reverend M. A. Johnson, D. D., 1875-1878; Reverend Edmund Rowland, D. D., 1878-1884; Reverend Douglas F. Forest, D. D., 1884-1891; Reverend Edwin F. Small, 1892-1901; Reverend Edward D. Thomas, 1902-1903; Reverend George Clarke Cox, 1903-1907; Reverend F. L. Flinchbaugh, 1908.

The church is a beautiful one with a fine parish house. A handsome marble altar is one of the features.

GRACE CHURCH, AVONDALE.

Grace church, Avondale, is situated on Reading road near Gholson avenue, and is reached by Avondale or Winton place car lines.

Hours of service: Holy Communion, 7:30 a. m. Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Morning Prayer, 11 a. m. Saints' Days, 9 a. m. During convention, daily celebration, 7:30 a. m.

Grace parish was organized in 1867. The Reverend Alfred F. Blake was the first rector. In 1869 the church was built and the first service held therein February 27, 1870. The parish house was built in 1880. In 1894, Mr. Blake resigned, closing a rectorship of twenty-seven years. The Reverend Dwight S. Marfield succeeded him and resigned in 1898. On Easter Day, 1899, the Reverend C. E. Hutchinson preached his first sermon and continued as rector till July, 1902, when he resigned. In January, 1903, the Reverend Richard L. McCready accepted the vestry's call. The rectory was purchased the same year. In January, 1904, the Reverend Robert L. Harris was called as associate rector and, in 1905, was made rector. Mr. Harris resigned October, 1906. The Reverend Wallace M. Gordon, the present rector, entered upon his work June 2, 1907. Mr. F. W. Pierce has been organist for thirty years and most faithful to his duties.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE.

St. Luke's is situated at the southwest corner of Findlay and Baymiller streets. John street car (out) passes church. Clark street car (out) and Colerain avenue car (in) pass in a square's distance. Other lines, Seventh street, North Fairmount, Westwood and Colerain avenue (out), pass two squares away.

Hours of service: Regular, Sundays: 7 a. m. Holy Eucharist; 9 a. m. Sunday school; 10:30 a. m. Holy Eucharist and Sermon (except on first Sunday in month Morning Prayer and Sermon); 7:45 p. m. Evensong and Sermon. Wednesdays: 7:45 Evensong and Address. Thursdays (and Saint's Days during the week): 7 a. m. Holy Eucharist.

During convention: Sundays the same. Week days: 7 a. m. Morning Prayer; 7:30 a. m. Holy Eucharist.

The name of the chapel in St. Luke's parish house, Ascension chapel, recalls the beginnings of the parish, for St. Luke's church grew out of Ascension mission, begun in the autumn of 1874. Services were conducted, for some time, by the Reverend Dr. Davidson of St. John's church and his assistant, the Reverend Daniel I. Edwards. After worshipping in the prayer house of a Moravian congregation, on Clinton and Baymiller streets, for about a year, the present church building on Findlay and Baymiller streets was secured. After the death of Reverend Dr. Davidson, the Reverend Dr. Dudley Rhodes, then assistant of the rector of St. Paul's church, took charge of the work till, in autumn, 1876, he was made the first rector of the Church of Our Saviour. He was succeeded

by the Reverend J. M. Stevens, and later by the Reverend Francis K. Brooke, the present Right Reverend Bishop of Oklahoma. From 1878 to 1883, the Reverend John Mills Kendrick, the present Right Reverend Bishop of New Mexico, was in charge of St. Luke's; from 1883 to 1894 the Reverend Lewis Brown; from 1894 to 1896, the Reverend Wm. H. Burbank; from 1896 to 1904, the Reverend Paul Matthews, who then was made Dean of St. Paul's cathedral; from 1904 to Easter, 1910, the Reverend Samuel G. Welles. On April 3, 1910, the present incumbent, the Reverend Ewald Haun, was called to the rectorship.

GRACE CHURCH, COLLEGE HILL.

Grace church, College Hill, is reached by the College Hill-Main cars. Sunday service at 11 a. m.

The parish was organized February 25, 1866, in the Chapel of Farmer's college, and the first rector was Reverend R. T. Kerfoot, who was succeeded by the Reverend F. K. Brooke and the Reverend John H. Ely. The Reverend Geo. M. Clickner is the present rector.

THE CHURCH OF THE EPIPHANY.

The Church of the Epiphany is situated at Locust street and Stanton avenue, Walnut Hills. Reached by cars of Zoo-Eden park or Vine-Norwood line. Stop at Stanton avenue and McMillan and walk down Stanton avenue one block. Norwood cars, get off Locust and walk two blocks west. Hours of service: 7:30 a. m., 11 a. m., 4:30 p. m.

Parish organized January 7, 1882. Church built April, 1884. The Reverend James D. Stanley, of Indianapolis, Christ church, was the first rector and did faithful work for six years. He was followed by the Reverend Carl E. Grammer, D. D., now rector of St. Stephen's church, Philadelphia. Dr. Grammer remained with the parish but three months and then resigned to become a member of the faculty of the Virginia Theological seminary. The Reverend Henry M. Ladd, now rector of Rutherford, New Jersey, was then rector for three years, doing faithful, earnest work. The present rector, Reverend Geo. N. Eastman, has been with the parish since December, 1891. Four years ago a fine parish building was erected, and the interior of the church itself greatly improved. Reverend Jas. Cosbey, Jr., is assistant.

EMMANUEL CHURCH, EAST END.

Emmanuel, East End, is on the line of the East End or Delta avenue cars, and is 2349 Eastern avenue. Sunday services at 11 a. m. Reverend Frank E. Cooley, rector.

GOOD SHEPHERD, NORWOOD.

The Church of the Good Shepherd, Norwood, with parish house adjoining, is situated at the corner of Ashland and Monroe avenues and may be reached by any Norwood car, alighting at Ashland, except South Norwood cars at Monroe. The present rector is the Reverend Francis H. Richey.

ST. PHILIP'S CHURCH, NORTHSIDE.

St. Philip's, Northside, is situated on Kirby avenue near Chase avenue and is reached by Colerain avenue car, getting off at Kirby avenue, or College Hill-Main car, transferring to Colerain at Knowlton's corner.

St. Philip's church was organized July 12, 1871, by the congregation of the Mission of St. James the Less in Cumminsville. The congregation was served for a time by Reverend George Mortimer, D. D., and Reverend M. A. Johnson, of Calvary church, Clifton, and by Reverend G. Bugbee. On January 1, 1878, Reverend John Ely became the first resident rector of the church, serving three years when Reverend T. J. Melish succeeded him in a faithful ministry of fifteen years. Since then the clergymen in charge have been Reverend C. S. Adams, 1897-1898; Reverend R. P. Eubanks, 1898-1899; Reverend Ralph P. Smith, 1899-1901; Reverend W. H. Mears, 1902-1904; Reverend G. M. Clickner, 1904-1907; Reverend G. C. Dickenson, 1908-1909. Since March 14, 1909, the church has been in charge of Reverend F. L. Flinchbaugh of Calvary church, Clifton.

ST. THOMAS, TERRACE PARK.

St. Thomas parish, of Terrace park, was the result of a mission at Montauk in 1871, under the Reverend Charles H. Kellogg. Organized as a parish April 19, 1876. First church building was the gift of Mr. T. R. Biggs. The new, beautiful stone church built in 1907, consecrated in January, 1909, was given by Mr. John F. Robinson as a memorial to his wife and daughter, both of whom died some years ago.

Incumbents since the organization of the parish: The Reverend J. N. Rippey; Reverend T. J. Melish; Reverend S. H. Boyer; Reverend H. VonGlehn; Reverend Geo. E. Edgar. The Associate mission under the Reverend Richard R. Graham with the Reverend J. Howard Melish, the Reverend Chas. Chapman, the Reverend Lawrence Idleman and R. B. B. Foote as assistants. The Reverend C. W. Spicer, Reverend John Haight, Reverend J. Benjamin Myers. The Reverend Francis H. Richey is in charge of the parish at the present time.

CHURCH OF RESURRECTION, FERN BANK.

This beautiful church embowered in trees is situated at Fern Bank, on the Ohio river, and is reached by the traction lines which leave Anderson's ferry on the Sedamsville city line. It is also on the Big Four and Baltimore & Ohio steam roads and not far from the remarkable government dam soon to be completed. Reverend Chas. J. French is the rector.

CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY.

The Church of the Nativity, Price Hill, was established as a mission under the administration of the Right Reverend Thomas A. Jagger. The first clergyman in charge was the Reverend John Mills Kendrick, the present Bishop of

Arizona and New Mexico. The corner stone of the church was laid December 13, 1891. The first service was held November 6, 1892. The church was incorporated under the laws of Ohio and was organized as a parish, April 3, 1893. The parish house was opened November 11, 1909. The Reverend Francis C. Woodard is the present rector.

The church is situated at the southeast corner of Hawthorne and Phillips avenues.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

Holy Trinity, Madisonville, on line of Madisonville cars. Sunday services 4 p. m. Reverend Frank E. Cooley, rector.

ST. JOHN'S.

St. John's, Fairview Heights, on Warner street, on line of Cross Town cars. Sunday services, 7:45 p. m. Reverend Francis A. Woodard in charge.

CHRIST CHURCH, GLENDALE.

This church reminds the visitor of the beautiful parish churches of England. It is built of stone, has a chapel, a parish house (The Olivia Procter Memorial), and a rectory, all of the same substantial material. It is on the summit of a hill and near the Glendale traction line at Corcoran's corner. The Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railway station is not far distant. The parish was founded in 1865 and has a fine record for missionary interest and beneficence. The rector, since 1894, was the Reverend Cleveland K. Benedict until 1911. This church has just called as its rector the Reverend Gilbert Prower Symons.

ST. ANDREW'S MISSION.

St. Andrew's mission is at the northeast corner of Eighth and Mound streets, and is reached by the following cars to Mound street: Sedamsville, Warsaw, Elberon—or Sixth street, Westwood, to Mound and walk north to Eighth street.

This mission was started under the direction of the Reverend Geo. H. Edwards, D. D., Archdeacon of Cincinnati, June 10, 1894. It is an important factor for the general uplift of the colored population of Cincinnati. The mission is now in a very healthy condition, under the care of the Reverend Roger C. James.

ST. MARK'S CHURCH, OAKLEY.

St. Mark's, Oakley. Take Oakley cars to Gilmore avenue. Sunday service at 11 a. m.

MISSION OF THE REDEEMER, HYDE PARK.

The Mission of the Redeemer holds its services in the Methodist tabernacle, Erie avenue, between Michigan avenue and Edwards road. Reached by Madison road, Madisonville or C. M. & L. traction lines. Sunday service: 11 a. m.

The first services were held on October 25, 1908, in the Hyde Park Town hall. The attendance was six, with a volunteer pianist for the music. During

the next two months the congregation rarely exceeded ten or twelve, but with the beginning of the new year they increased until they averaged about forty. Easter, 1909, saw the inauguration of a vested choir of twenty voices. The first communion was made on July 20, 1909, at which twenty-seven partook of the Sacrament. The work has steadily grown during the past year. About two-thirds of the total expenses, including the missionary's salary, are now being met by the mission, and within the next twelve months it is hoped to make the organization entirely self-supporting. The prospects for a church in the near future are exceedingly bright. Reverend Maxwell B. Long is in charge.

ST. PETER'S MISSION, CARTHAGE.

St. Peter's mission, Carthage. Take Millcreek Valley or Glendale cars. Sunday service 7:30 p. m. Reverend Wm. Kleinschmidt in charge.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, HARTWELL.

Holy Trinity, Hartwell. Take Millcreek Valley cars to Central avenue, or Glendale cars to Sheehan avenue. Sunday service at 11 a. m.

ASCENSION CHURCH, WYOMING.

Ascension, Wyoming, Burns and Worthington avenues. Take Glendale cars or Millcreek Valley cars to Burns avenue. Sunday service at 11 a. m.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH.

St. Stephens, Winton place, on line of Winton place cars. A beautiful little church near the famous Spring Grove cemetery. Sunday service 4 p. m.

CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

The Catholic churches of the city are as follows: St. Peter's cathedral, Eighth and Plum streets; Holy Trinity church, West Fifth street; St. Francis Xavier's church, Sycamore street; St. Thomas' church, Sycamore street; St. Ann's church, New street, known as the "Colored Catholic church;" St. Mary's church, Thirteenth and Clay streets; St. Patrick's church, Third and Mill streets; St. Paul's church, Spring and Abigail streets; St. Edward's church, Clark street; St. Anthony's church, Budd street; St. Joseph's church, Linn and Laurel streets; St. Henry's church, Flint street; St. Ludwig's church, southwest corner Walnut and Eighth streets; Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Wilder avenue; St. Michael's church, St. Michael street, Twenty-first ward; All Saints church, East Third street; St. Philomena's church, East Pearl street; Holy Angels' church, Torrence road; St. Rosa of Lima church, Eastern avenue; Church of the Holy Cross, Mt. Adams; Church of the Immaculate Conception; Church of the Holy Family, Price Hill; St. Lawrence's church, Warsaw avenue, Price Hill; Church of the Assumption, B. M. V. Gilbert avenue, Walnut Hills; St. Francis de Sales'

church, Madison and Woodburn avenues, East Walnut Hills; St. Stanislaus' church, southwest corner Liberty and Cutter streets; St. Augustine's church, Bank street; Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Marshall avenue; St. Patrick's church, Cumminsville; St. Boniface's church, Blue Rock and Lakeman streets, Cumminsville; St. Leo's church, North Fairmount; St. Stephen's church, Columbia; Church of the Atonement, West Third street; Church of St. Francis of Assisi, Liberty and Vine streets; Church of St. John the Baptist, Green and Bremen streets; St. George's church, Corryville; St. Bonaventura's church, Fairmount; St. Clement's church, St. Bernard; St. Andrew's church, Avondale; Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Broadway, opposite Harrison street; Church of St. Vincent de Paul, Sedamsville; Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Sedamsville; St. Elizabeth's church, Norwood; St. Aloysius' church, Elmwood place; St. Charles Borromeo's church, Carthage; Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Reading; St. Peter and St. Paul's church, Reading; St. James' church, Wyoming; Church of the Assumption, Mt. Healthy; St. Gabriel's church, Glendale; St. Anthony's church, Madisonville; Church of St. John the Evangelist, Deer Park; Church of St. John the Baptist, Harrison; St. Aloysius' church, Delhi; St. Joseph's church, North Bend; St. Agnes' church, Bend Hill; Church of Our Lady of Victories, Delhi township; St. James' church, White Oak; St. Aloysius' church, Bridgetown; St. Bernard's church, Taylor Creek; Church of St. John the Baptist, Dry Ridge; Church of the Guardian Angel, Mt. Washington.

The institutions are the Sisters of Charity; the Sisters of Notre Dame; Sisters of the Good Shepherd; Sisters of Mercy; The Little Sisters of the Poor; The Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis; The Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Clifton; The Passionist Fathers, on Mt. Adams; The St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum; The Sacred Heart Home for Working Girls; The Boys' Home; Mount St. Mary's of the West; St. Gregory's Preparatory Seminary; The St. Aloysius Orphan Asylum, Bend Hill.

The Catholic schools are parochial schools connected with each parish; the colleges and seminaries are: Mt. St. Mary's Seminary of the West, Price Hill; St. Gregory's Preparatory seminary, Cedar Point; St. Xavier's college, Seventh and Sycamore; St. Joseph's college, West Eighth street; St. Francis gymnasium, Bremen street.

There is St. Anthony's convent, Mt. Airy; Passionist monastery, Holy Cross Retreat, Mt. Adams; Mother-House of the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Joseph, Delhi township; the Good Samaritan hospital, Sixth and Lock streets.

"The United States Church Album Company," Cincinnati, 1896, published a souvenir album of the Catholic churches of Cincinnati and Hamilton county, inscribed to Archbishop Elder in honor of his golden jubilee of his priesthood. We quote extensively from that work.

"Christ church was the first Catholic church built in Cincinnati. It was erected in 1821. This church was erected upon the outskirts of the city proper, being located just north of the then corporation line, and now known as the northwest corner of Liberty and Vine streets, where the present St. Francis church now stands. The congregation was organized by a Dominican friar, Edward Fenwick, in 1818. The ground surrounding the church was used as a cemetery. The reason for building the church outside the city proper was

because the city ordinances at that time forbid the erection of a Catholic building within the city limits. Father Fenwick was consecrated a bishop in 1822, went to Rome in 1824, returning with Father Friedrich Reese.

"The history of early Catholicity in Cincinnati is replete with romantic interest. A hundred years ago the primeval forests covered the rounded slopes of the hills which formed the background of the future city. What prophecy could then have foretold, what imagination could then have pictured, what dreamer could have fancied Cincinnati as it is today with its magnificent Catholic churches and institutions, unsurpassed in beauty and numbers even by the older cities of Europe. The growth and prosperity of Catholicity in Cincinnati have been marvelous, and surely must be a matter of pride to all who have the welfare of the Mother Church at heart.

"The recital of the labors of the Catholic pioneers will, therefore, we are confident, be most heartily welcomed, showing as it does when and by whom the seed that has grown to such wonderful proportions has been planted. We shall content ourselves with giving a succinct account of the earliest records of the church, thus rescuing from oblivion facts which in due course of time will prove of incalculable value.

"The first priest to visit this section of the country was Rev. Edward Fenwick, a member of the Dominican Order. This was in the year 1814. Father Fenwick visited Ohio twice every year starting out from St. Rose, Kentucky, where already in 1806 he had established a convent of the order. On one of these visits, his travels were rewarded by the discovery of seven Catholic families in this city. The most prominent of these sturdy Catholic pioneers was Mr. Michael Scott, who had emigrated to Cincinnati from Baltimore in 1805. As a proof of the piety and zeal which characterized this man, it is related that he on one occasion, at Easter, traveled from Cincinnati to Lexington, Ky., to hear mass and receive the sacraments. The first mass ever offered up in this city was on an improvised altar in the house of Mr. Scott, who then resided on Walnut street, near Fourth, on the site now occupied by the American Book Company. After attending to the spiritual wants of the few resident faithful, the missionary was wont to go to Chillicothe, Lancaster and Somerset.

"Father Fenwick in subsequent visits to Cincinnati, encouraged the Catholics to build a church. The meetings and also mass when he passed through the city, were held in a building then standing on Flat Iron Square, bounded on the north by Fourth, on the west by Ludlow and on the east by Lawrence street. There the Catholic pioneers met in a little room ten by twelve. As near as can be ascertained the Catholics at this time consisted of the following named persons: Michael Scott, John Sherlock, Patrick Reilly, James Gorman, J. M. Mahon, J. White, P. Walsh, P. Geoghegan, Edward Lynch, Robert Ward and their families.

"The building of a church became then the next consideration. This was however, not an easy task, for the pioneers were not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. Under date of September the 8th, 1817, the subjoined call for a meeting of Catholics was issued. It appeared in the *Western Spy*, of Cincinnati, and in the *Ohio Watchman*, of Dayton, Ohio.

"A CATHOLIC CHURCH.

"The Catholics of the town and the vicinity of Cincinnati and those of the county of Hamilton, are requested to attend a meeting to be held at the house of Michael Scott on Walnut street, a few doors below the Seminary, on October the 12th, for the laudable purpose of erecting and establishing a Catholic church in the vicinity of Cincinnati. They will likewise please take notice that great encouragement is already held out to them. 'Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of the faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set at the right hand of the throne of God.' Hebrews: Chapter XII:2.

"The meeting was held at the appointed time, but no definite action as to the building of the church was taken till four years later. Nine men, seven women and four children were present at this meeting. A few weeks prior to this event, the number of Catholics had been increased by the arrival of four German families. They were Simon Oehler, Joseph Hechinger, J. Zoller and Christian Dannheimer. They arrived on the 24th of September.

"On the 15th of May, 1818, the venerable Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, Kentucky, to which diocese Cincinnati belonged, started on a mission tour from that city. He was accompanied by the Revs. M. Bertrand and Janvier and two young men going to Detroit named Godfroi and Knags. The entire journey was made on horseback. They first visited Frankfort, Georgetown and then Cincinnati. The bishop reached Cincinnati on the 19th of May and remained here two days, during which he encouraged the handful of Catholics to persevere and strive to build a church. He visited all the families, then resident, and baptized one child. He was astonished at the rapid improvement of the city, but he was saddened at the thought, that while he saw so many fine churches erected by the sects, the Catholics had not even a chapel wherein to worship God.

"After having visited all, he proceeded on his journey to Detroit. After his departure the little band of Catholics seeing the necessity of a church building, but not having the means wherewith to purchase the necessary grounds and build a church structure, resolved to call upon outside aid. A committee consisting of Messrs. Michael Scott, John W. Mahon, John White and P. Walsh, was appointed to solicit subscriptions. Among themselves the Catholic pioneers could do but little, they were all, for the most part, poor, depending for sustenance upon their daily earnings. The doors of the homes of their non-Catholic fellow citizens, as well as their purses, were closed for them; for bigotry and a bitter hatred against everything Catholic prevailed here at that time. To obtain, therefore, funds for the erection of a church was a very difficult matter. The following is a copy of an appeal sent out by the committee. It was addressed to John Carrere, Esq., a merchant of Baltimore, Maryland:

"CINCINNATI, November 23, 1818.

"Sir:—Permit us to address you on a subject which we deem important. We are authorized in behalf of ourselves and the Roman Catholics of this town, that, considering ourselves like the lost sheep of the house of Israel, forlorn and forsaken, destitute of the means of exercising the duties of our holy religion,

without guide, church or pastor, while we behold all other members of the community enjoying these benefits; we are compelled, from the paucity of our numbers, and the consequent want of pecuniary resources, to call upon our brethren throughout the Union for their assistance towards the erection of a Catholic church.

"For the speedy accomplishment of so desirable an object, we entertain a confident hope of your hearty cooperation. We therefore, respectfully, but earnestly solicit your aid and your influence.

"Relying on your zeal and promptitude, we shall shortly expect to be favored with your reply directed to Mr. O. Reilly, of the firm of Perrys & Reilly, Brewers, Cincinnati, we are, sir,

Respectfully, your obedient servants,

MICHAEL SCOTT, *President*,

JOHN M. MAHON,

JOHN WHITE,

P. WALSH, *Secretary*,

Committee."

"On the 21st of June, 1819, Bishop Flaget on his return trip from the north again visited the city. In his 'journal' he speaks of the condition and prospects of Catholicity in Cincinnati as follows:

" 'It is a great misfortune that no Catholics come to settle in the neighborhood of this splendid city. At present there are no other Catholics in Cincinnati than laborers and clerks, and—such as are to be converted. Yet, I think nothing should be neglected to establish religion here: for the mercy of God is great, and when He pleases, He can multiply His children.'

"Truly, God has multiplied His children in Cincinnati, and good Bishop Flaget had the happiness, ere he went to his reward, to see his anticipations more than realized. Considering its humble beginnings, the progress of Catholicity in this city has, therefore, indeed been wonderful. The city where seventy-five years ago a mere handful of Catholics assembled, is now more than one-third Catholic in belief and practice.

"The city's population by a census of 1818 was, according to the directory of 1819, nine thousand, one hundred and twenty, the excess of males being 753, divided as follows: Males of 21 and upward, 2,364; females, ditto, 1,632; males from 12 to 21, 840; females, 823; males under the age of 12, 1,549; females, ditto, 1,545; and people of color, 367. In the year 1810 the population was estimated at about 2,300. In the year 1813, from a census made by the town council, it amounted to about 4,000, and at the present time, 1819, says the directory, the city is supposed to contain more than 10,000—an increase truly astonishing.

"Of the character of the population the directory says: 'This mixed assemblage is composed of emigrants from almost every part of Christendom.' The greater part of the population are from the middle and northern states. We have, however, many foreigners among us, and it is not uncommon to hear three or four different languages spoken in the street at the same time. Being adventurers in pursuit of fortunes, a spirit of enterprise, and a restless ambition to acquire property, are prevailing characteristics. The citizens of Cincinnati are generally temperate, peace-

able and industrious. Gaming is a vice almost unknown in the city. Under the influence of a strict police, good order is maintained; fighting or riot in the streets is very rare, and is uniformly punished with rigor.

"In the meanwhile the little Catholic band labored strenuously to secure the church and the necessary building site. Some money had been obtained by subscription and through the aid of friends in other places. Plans for the church building were made by Mr. Scott, an architect and builder by profession. The timber for the building was taken from near Alexandria, Kentucky, and furnished by one Mr. William Reilly. To some of our readers it will no doubt appear curious, that the material for the church was taken from such a distance, when timber abounded in this section. No doubt bids for the building were asked for, and, as in our times, the lowest bidder received the contract. This is the only explanation that can be given, unless it be further that Mr. Reilly, being at the time a resident of Kentucky, was known to the Dominican Fathers, and by them recommended for the work. Mr. Reilly cut the timber on his land, hauled them to the Ohio river, rafted them to Cincinnati where he had them hauled a distance of nearly two miles, as he said, from the river. The building was put up north of the Northern Liberties, then the corporation line of the city. Having the timbers delivered, Mr. Reilly mortised the frame and worked on the building until he had the rafters placed in position; he then left it to be finished by resident carpenters. Mr. Reilly attained the age of 96. He died at Alexandria in January, 1882.

"In the year 1819, the corporation limits of the city had been extended as far north as Liberty street, west to Mill Creek and east to Deer Creek. When the pioneers, however, made known their desire to build a church, they met from the very outset with great obstacles. A city ordinance forbid the erection of a Catholic church within the city limits. Bigotry and hatred against everything Catholic then prevailed, and upon the whole sorely tested the faith of the pioneers. What were they to do now? They all had their homes in the lower portion of the city. The law forbid the erection of a church in the city proper, and if they wished a church at all, they must erect it outside the corporation line. After a little, a piece of ground, consisting of lots Nos. 1 and 2, located on the northwest corner of Vine and Liberty streets, was purchased by the trustees of the congregation, which had but a short time ago been incorporated, according to the laws of the State, under the name of 'Christ Church.' Said trustees were the Messrs. Patrick Reilly, John Sherlock, Thomas Dugan, Edward Lynch and Michael Scott. The property mentioned was purchased from Mr. James Findlay. The price agreed on was fifteen hundred dollars. Lot No. 1 fronted on Vine street 81 feet and 8 inches; lot No. 2, forty feet, running westward 120 feet, thence south 80 feet. On this spot, then 'Christ Church,' the First Catholic Church of Cincinnati, was erected in 1821. Upon the same identical spot now stands the beautiful church of St. Francis Assisi, in charge of the Franciscan Fathers. The church was built of frame. Its dimensions were 55 feet in length by 30 feet in width.

"On August 27th 1821, lot No. 3 adjoining lot No. 2, and like it fronting 40 feet on Vine street, running 120 feet west, was purchased by Mr. Michael Scott for the sum of \$800. This lot was used for cemetery purposes. There were

placed to rest the first deceased of the faith. This spot is, therefore, a hallowed one, and the congregation of St. Francis may well feel proud of having erected their church upon this historical spot. In the vaults below the church, there yet repose a number of remains taken from the first Catholic cemetery; and, as in the Holy Land, it has ever been the privilege of the Franciscan Order to guard the holy places, so here they guard the remains of our pioneer Catholics, and the spot first consecrated to God and His church.

"Preceding the purchase of the above mentioned lot, viz: on the 19th day of June, 1821, the See of Cincinnati was erected by Papal Bull and the Rev. Father Edward Fenwick appointed first bishop of the new diocese. The Bull arrived in Kentucky on the 23d of October following.

"On the 13th of January, 1822, Cincinnati's first bishop was consecrated at St. Rose, Kentucky, by the Most Rev. Ambrose Marechal, of Baltimore, who was assisted by the Rt. Rev. B. J. Flaget, of Bardstown, Kentucky, and the Dominican Fathers Hill and Wilson. Bishop David preached the sermon.

"At the end of March 1822 Bishop Fenwick set out for his new See. He was accompanied by Revs. A. Ganihl, J. B. Hutchins, C. D. Bowlin, O. S. D., and Vincent Badin, deacon. The latter was shortly after his arrival in Cincinnati raised to the priesthood and was the first Catholic priest ordained in Ohio. He was a relative of the first priest ordained in America, Father Stephen Badin, whose remains are resting below the present St. Peter's cathedral. Of his arrival in the episcopal city of Cincinnati, Bishop Fenwick says: 'No provision was made for our reception. We were compelled to send to the market for the first meal we took in our episcopal town. Likewise there were no provisions made for the keeping of the party.'

"The bishop then rented a small two story brick house on the junction of Ludlow and Lawrence streets. He was often so poor that he had not a dollar to send to the market and was frequently obliged to go into debt in order to meet the payment of rent.

"Bishop Fenwick's arrival in the city was announced in the Liberty Hall and Cincinnati *Gazette*, of March 30, 1822, thus: 'We congratulate the Roman Catholics of this city and environs, upon the arrival of the Right Rev. Dr. Fenwick, lately consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati and the state of Ohio. This circumstance not only interests Catholics, but all the friends of literature and useful knowledge, as we understand that his intention is ultimately to open a school, aided by the members of his order, long distinguished for their piety and learning.'

"The greatest obstacle against progress in church matters, however, was the extreme poverty of the members forming the first congregation. The most were absolutely poor, so much so, that not only the head of the family but all the grown members thereof were compelled to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. The influx of German Catholics then began and added to the number of the first congregation.

"The bishop, and with him his clergy and people, who all resided in what is now the lower part of the city, saw the necessity of having their church located nearer. The distance to what is now Vine and Liberty streets, was great, and in inclement weather the tramp on Sundays, through cornfields and orchards, through

mud and water, was not at all pleasant. Vine street did not then glory in a granite street or sidewalks. Accordingly, the bishop set about to purchase a more suitable lot upon which to place his cathedral. Dr. Fenwick concluded to go to Europe and solicit aid. He was received with open arms by Pope Leo XII, who also supplied him generously with money and church utensils. Visits were also made in France and substantial aid was accorded the apostolic prelate.

"While in Rome, Bishop Fenwick made the acquaintance of Rev. Frederic Rese, who had just completed his studies at the Propaganda. The young priest offered the bishop his services. They were accepted and Father Rese at once set out for America. He arrived here in the latter part of the year 1824. There were at that time at work in the city and other missions of the state, the Fathers S. H. Montgomery, Thomas S. Hynes, J. Aug. Hill, Thomas Martin, Vincent de Raymacher and N. D. Young. During this year the number of baptisms in Christ church reached 76. In the absence of the Bishop, Rev. Hill acted as administrator. He was an eloquent and powerful speaker, and the little church soon proved inadequate to the demands made upon it on Sundays. When Father Hill preached, numbers of Protestants attended, all standing room in the church was taken up and even the window sills were utilized to accommodate the visitors.

"Early in the year 1825, Bishop Fenwick returned to his episcopal city. On the 15th of February, he purchased from Elmore Williams and wife the remaining fifty feet of lot No. 73, fronting 49 and a half feet on Sycamore street and immediately adjoining the property previously bought, for the sum of \$1,200. He then set about to prepare for the erection of a Cathedral. Mr. Michael Scott drew the plans therefor. On May the 18th of the same year, the corner stone for the old Sycamore street cathedral was laid. On December 17th, 1826, Bishop Fenwick had the happiness to consecrate the new edifice, and he himself records the fact that 22 converts were soon after added to the congregation. The new cathedral was of brick and dedicated under the patronage of St. Peter. It stood on the ground upon which St. Xavier Church of the Jesuits now stands, and remained the cathedral church until 1845, when the building was transferred to the Jesuit Fathers and the cathedral congregation assembled in the new and present structure on Plum street.

"On February 2d, 1829, Revs. Martin John Henni and M. Kundig were ordained priests by Bishop Fenwick.

"On the 11th of May, 1829, Bishop Fenwick opened the seminary. It was dedicated to St. Francis Xavier and placed in charge of Rev. S. H. Montgomery, and began with ten pupils, four in theology and six in the preparatory class.

"The next day the bishop, accompanied by Rev. James J. Mullon, set out to visit the Indian missions in Upper Michigan. On the 27th of October four Sisters of Charity arrived and established a school, also took charge of the orphans, of whom there were six.

"Upon his return from the Indian missions, having received 29,000 francs from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, Bishop Fenwick purchased an additional piece of ground, next to the cathedral, for seminary purposes, also a lot opposite the church for a school. The cost of the first named piece of property was \$4,000. The old church building had, after the completion of the



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL



**PILGRIMAGE OF THE CHURCH OF THE
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION ON GOOD
FRIDAY**



ST. FRANCIS DESALES CHURCH



new cathedral, been transferred to the rear of the lot and fitted up as a residence for the bishop and priests. The German and English being the two chief languages among the faithful, services were rendered at 9 a. m. for the Germans, and at 11 a. m. for the English speaking members of the congregation. In October of that year Bishop Fenwick was present in Baltimore upon the First National Council.

"The seminary and Bishop's residence could not be made to serve their purpose any longer. A new and larger building was necessary. Accordingly, a new seminary was planned and preparations for its building made at once. This was known as the 'Athenaeum' building, on Sycamore street north of St. Xavier Church. The venerable edifice was destroyed only a few years ago, to make way for the present handsome college building.

"The tireless labors of Bishop Fenwick soon began to tell upon him. He died a martyr to his duty, on September 26, 1832, at Wooster, Ohio, whither he had gone on missionary work. He fell a victim to cholera, which was then fiercely raging. After the death of Cincinnati's pioneer bishop, Father Rese administered the diocese till October 6, 1833, when he became the first bishop of Detroit.

"Bishop Fenwick's successor in the See of Cincinnati was Dr. John Baptist Purcell, president of Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland, one of the most remarkable and illustrious men in the Catholic church history of America. Bishop Purcell was consecrated in the Baltimore Cathedral, October 13, 1833, by Archbishop Whitfield. He set out at once for Cincinnati, and by his indefatigable zeal and indomitable courage succeeded wonderfully in his work of spreading the gospel, building churches and schools and thus attracting by degrees a large Catholic population, which by its honest thrift and earnest enterprise, helped to make Cincinnati a great city. On July 19, 1850, Cincinnati was raised to the rank of an archdiocese and, Bishop Purcell created Archbishop. The church continued to grow rapidly. Owing to the brilliant talents of Archbishop Purcell and the condescending kindness and superior intelligence of the priests, the Catholics gained rapidly in the esteem of the people and soon commanded considerable influence.

"On May 21, 1876, Archbishop Purcell celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. From all parts of the world he received testimonials of esteem and affection; all recognized his marvelous work for religion; all admired him for his noble qualities of head and heart. The manifestation of the love the faithful bore him was touching in the extreme. But the day of sorrow was to come. The venerable prelate was to drink a chalice of bitterness, which has never been so completely drained by any prelate of the church. Laden with grief as with years, he went down to the grave. We refer to the financial troubles of 1879, which are too well known to need any detailed mention. The broken-hearted Archbishop, after begging the Holy See for a coadjutor, retired from the scene of his long activity, in the 81st year of his life and the 47th of his episcopacy. At the Ursuline Convent, Brown county, Ohio, tender hands and sympathizing hearts cared for the grief stricken 'Patriarch of the West,' till on July 4th, 1883, death ended all his earthly joys and sorrows. The great work achieved by his self-sacrificing successor, Archbishop Elder, in restoring order out of chaos and

giving to religion a fresh and vigorous impetus, is at present, as all know, a familiar topic.

"And thus the Mother church began, flourished and is prospering in Cincinnati and Hamilton county.

"William Henry Elder, D. D., the next Archbishop of Cincinnati, was born in Baltimore, Maryland, March 22d, 1819. His great grandfather, William Elder, emigrated from England and was one of the first settlers of Maryland. So it is seen the subject of this sketch was an American of the Americans, whose forefathers fought for the religious freedom and progress of the colony which laid the foundation of Catholicity in America.

"After thorough education in this country and abroad, having been ordained to the priesthood and having been consecrated, May 3, 1857, as Bishop of Mississippi and having served for many years in that capacity with great usefulness he was in January, 1880, made coadjutor with the right of succession to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Cincinnati. Three years later, in July, 1883, he succeeded to the See on the death of Archbishop Purcell.

"Few men would have cared to assume the enormous responsibilities that Bishop Elder was compelled to assume when he came to Cincinnati, but he was too brave to refuse the cross that was offered him. It was soon seen that the Holy See selected wisely in calling the heroic Bishop of Natchez to the archdiocese of Cincinnati, for a more disinterested, energetic and saintly prelate America has never known. The many noble deeds of Archbishop Elder will never be made fully manifest until that great day when all secrets shall be revealed and God will render to every one according to his works."

He was loved by all during his life, and was mourned by all at his death, October 31st, 1904.

"Archbishop Henry Moeller was born in Cincinnati December 11, 1849. He was consecrated Bishop of Columbus, Ohio, August 25, 1900, was promoted to the archiepiscopal See of Areopolis and made coadjutor to Archbishop Elder, with the right of succession, April 27, 1903. He had been for twenty years Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, previous to his appointment to the See of Columbus.

"He was graduated with the highest honors at St. Xavier's college, and then studied in Rome for seven years. June 10, 1876, he was ordained to the priesthood by Mgr. Lenti, in the Church of St. John Lateran, the Cathedral church of Rome. Returning to Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell gave him charge of St. Patrick's church, Bellefontaine, but a few months later, recognizing his scholarly attainments, made him one of the faculty of Mt. St. Mary's seminary. In 1879 he accepted the position of secretary to Bishop Chatard, but was recalled in July, 1880, by Archbishop Elder, who needed him himself for that office. He discharged for a number of years the exacting duties of secretary and chancellor of the Cincinnati diocese, in a most eminent and satisfactory manner to his superior, the clergy and the people. His ability is unquestioned, his honesty of purpose undoubted. All recognize his deep learning, his mature judgment and his practical knowledge of things generally."

As archbishop he commands the love and respect of all classes in his diocese.

"The site of the present St. Peter's Cathedral was purchased by Bishop Purcell in 1837, from Judge Burnet, for \$24,000. The funds for this purchase he received from the Society of the Propagation of the Faith in France and Vienna. These two societies continued to assist him with funds for the building of churches in his diocese until the total amount so derived amounted to \$96,000. On the Feast of the Ascension of our Lord into Heaven, 1841, he laid the cornerstone of the present St. Peter's cathedral on Eighth and Plum streets. The new St. Peter's cathedral was consecrated on the first Sunday in November, 1845, by Archbishop Eccleston, of Baltimore. It was five years in the course of erection. It cost, when completed, with portico and tower, \$120,000. Reuben R. Springer furnished the clock and the chimes which cost, it is said, about \$15,000. Hiram Powers was the sculptor who made the angels for the altar. The cathedral contains a number of celebrated paintings. The 'St. Peter Liberated by an Angel,' by Murillo, was spoil of war taken by the French from Spain during the Peninsular campaigns. Cardinal Fesch, the uncle of the Emperor Napoleon, gave this picture to Bishop Fenwick."

Mr. Springer, who was a member of St. Peter's, gave about \$30,000 toward this church. He gave \$10,000 toward building the cathedral, \$5,000 toward the spire and tower, \$5,000 for the chimes and clock, \$4,800 for the heating apparatus, \$2,200 for four stained glass windows, \$1,500 for the central altar, made in Italy, and \$700 toward the bishop's residence, which cost \$5,000.

Mr. Springer gave \$14,000 toward the Refuge of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd on Bank street. He presented the Girls' Protectory on Baum street, also under care of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, with \$6,000. This eminent philanthropist also gave to the Sisters of Charity, for the Good Samaritan hospital, \$5,000. Considerable amounts were also provided by him for the seminary at Mount St. Mary's, the orphan asylum at Cumminsville, and other Catholic institutions. In addition he was a very large contributor annually to all the Catholic institutions and charities of the city.

The numerous and important charities of the Catholic church in Cincinnati are noticed at length under the chapter on Charities. Their work has been, and is, among the most important, extensive and valuable in this city and region.

The Catholic educational institutions are treated at length in a chapter on "Education in Cincinnati."

According to the statistics of the national census bureau, the membership of Catholic churches in Cincinnati is more than twice as great as that of the combined Protestant churches. The figures were gathered in 1906, and show 106,211 Catholics and 51,520 Protestants. The number of Protestant organizations reported is 193 and the Catholic bodies number 43. The report, as compared with the previous one of 1880, shows an increase of 75 per cent in the number of Protestants enrolled in churches and 68 per cent increase in Catholic membership for the sixteen years.

Among Catholic educational institutions are Mt. St. Vincent's academy; Notre Dame convent and academy; Mount Notre Dame academy, Reading; Notre Dame academy, Court and Mound streets; Academy of the Sacred Heart, Clifton; Academy of the Sisters of Mercy, Freeman avenue and Kenner street.

Other charities are: St. Joseph's Infant asylum, Norwood; Home for the Aged; Home for Destitute Colored Children, Carthage, Florence avenue; Home for the Aged Poor, Clifton Heights; St. Francis hospital; St. Mary's hospital, Betts and Linn streets; St. Aloysius Orphan asylum, Bond Hill; The Sacred Heart Home for Working Girls, Broadway; Protectory for Boys, Mt. Alverno, Delhi township; St. Joseph's Home, Liberty and Logan streets.

Convents: Convent of Notre Dame; Our Lady's Summit, East Walnut Hills; Convent of the Good Shepherd; Our Lady of the Woods, Carthage; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Bank street; Convent of the Good Shepherd, Baum street; Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Fourth street, between John and Central avenue; The New Novitiate of the Sisters of the Poor of St. Francis, at Hartwell; Convent of St. Clara, Third and Lytle streets; The Ursuline convent, Brown county.

During the latter part of September, 1911, the Roman Catholics held a National Eucharist congress in Cincinnati, which was one of the most important and impressive religious assemblies ever held in this country. As it was the largest ecclesiastical assembly the Catholics have held in this city, it is appropriate that a full account of it should be given in this volume.

As the elaborate newspaper accounts from day to day give a full picture of all the proceedings and are of historical value and will prove of interest not only to present readers but to those of the future, we insert herein extensive quotations from the several daily journals of the city:

The *Commercial Tribune* of September 27, 1911, said: "Catholics will celebrate a Eucharistic congress. Numbers of distinguished prelates will attend exercises to be held at St. Peter's cathedral. The fifth national eucharistic congress of the United States will open in this city tomorrow morning at St. Peter's cathedral for a four days' session. The congress will be the largest Catholic affair in point of attendance ever held in this city.

"The national congress is second in importance only to the international conferences. The event here is made even more important by the fact that Bishop Camillus P. Maes of Covington, Kentucky, is lord protector of the American branch of the Eucharistic league. The Rev. Francis Varelmann of St. Elizabeth's church is director of the Cincinnati league. The purpose of the order is to stimulate greater devotion to the blessed sacrament, or the Eucharistic Lord, so that it may be universally recognized as the central dogma of the faith.

"If the plans of Archbishop Moeller carry out, all the Catholic churches in the city will be decorated for the occasion. Every Catholic church bell will ring for five minutes following the opening of the first session.

"The congress will open with a procession and pontifical mass. The celebrant will be the Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., archbishop of Cincinnati. The Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., archbishop of St. Paul, will deliver the sermon. His subject will be 'The Eucharist, the Complement of the Incarnation.' Following the mass at 11 o'clock the Rev. Joseph Selinger, S. T. D., of St. Louis, will read a paper, 'The Real Presence.' The Rev. A. P. Tornes of Detroit, will follow with a discussion, the nature of which has not yet been made public. Recess will then be taken.

The session will be resumed at 2:30 p. m., by the Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. D. C., of Fort Wayne, Indiana, who has chosen as his subject 'The Priest

and the Eucharist.' The Rev. J. H. Rhode of Rockford, Illinois, and the Rev. J. H. Guendling of Fort Wayne, Indiana, will bring the first day's session to a close with interesting talks. Between 7:30 and 8:30 has been designated as the holy hour.

"The musical program for the first day is as follows:

„ProceSSION, 'Ecce Sacerdos,' Elgar; propers of mass, Votive Mass of the Blessed Sacrament; ordinary of mass, Silas' Mass in 'C,' by picked choir of fifty boys and men; motet at offertory, 'O Domine,' Palestrina; Recessional Psalm CL., C. Frank.

"It is expected fully one-third of the hierarchy of the country will be present. Several hundred dignitaries have already signified their intention to attend.

"Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Falconio, who will be unable to attend the congress, have sent messages to be read.

"The meeting will come to a close Sunday. The apostolic parade and benediction will be held in the afternoon in Norwood Heights, and it is expected to be the largest gathering of its kind in the city. An open air altar has been built on the porch of the archbishop's home, from which the benediction will be celebrated. In the parade more than 1,000 priests and knights will be in line. Archbishop Ireland will hold the place of honor.

"The manner in which the different notables will form in line is as follows: Uniformed knights, seminarians, priests, orders, monsignors, bishops and archbishops. The largest delegation of visitors to the meeting will come from Hamilton, Ohio, which city will send about 1,500.

"The following is the complete program and the various committees in charge of the affair:

"Thursday, Sept. 28—9 a. m.: Procession and pontifical mass; celebrant, Most Rev. Henry Moeller, D. D., archbishop of Cincinnati; sermon, Most Rev. John Ireland, D. D., archbishop of St. Paul, subject, 'The Eucharist, the Complement of the Incarnation'; 11 a. m.: session; paper by Rev. Joseph Selinger, S. T. D., St. Louis, subject, 'The Real Presence'; discussion, Rev. A. P. Tornes, Detroit; 2:30 p. m.: session; paper by Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Fort Wayne, subject, 'The Priest and the Eucharist'; discussion, Rev. J. H. Rhode, Rockford; Rev. J. H. Guendling, Fort Wayne; 7:30-8:30 p. m.: Holy Hour, during which a short exhortation or meditation on the Blessed Sacrament is recommended.

"Friday, Sept. 29—9 a. m.: Pontifical mass, celebrant, Rt. Rev. Henry J. Richter, D. D., bishop of Grand Rapids; sermon, Rt. Rev. James J. Hartley, D. D., bishop of Columbus, subject, 'Why We Believe in the Eucharist'; 11 a. m.: session; paper by Rt. Rev. Edward D. Kelly, D. D., auxiliary bishop of Detroit, subject, 'Belief in the Eucharist Prior to the Reformation'; discussion, Rt. Rev. John J. Lawler, D. D., auxiliary bishop of St. Paul; 2:30 p. m.: session; paper by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Joseph Rainer, Milwaukee, subject, 'Effects of Communion on Adults, Particularly Converts'; discussion, Rev. Chrysostom, O. F. M., Cincinnati, and Rev. Joseph Meckel, Alton; paper by Rt. Rev. Mgr. William F. McQuaid, Boston, subject 'Frequent Communion and the Means of Promoting It'; discussion, Rev. F. A. Roell, Indianapolis, and Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, Cleveland; 7:30-8:30 p. m.: in all the city churches, holy hour.

"Music—processional and propers of mass, same as first day; ordinary of mass, Schubert's mass in 'G' (Grone edition), choir; motet at offertory, 'Ave Verum,' Mozart; recessional, 'Laudate,' Tye.

"Saturday, Sept. 30, 9 a. m.—Pontifical mass; celebrant, Rt. Rev. Denis O'Donaghue, D. D., bishop of Louisville, Sermon, Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D. D., bishop of Toledo; subject, 'The Eucharist, the Center of Catholic Life.' At 11 a. m. session, paper by the Rev. Joseph Husslein, S. J. Milwaukee; subject, 'The Advantages of Early and Frequent Communion.' Discussion, the Rev. J. B. O'Connor, O. P., Newark; the Rev. J. D. O'Neil, Chicago. Holy hour, 7:30 to 8:30 p. m.

"Music: Processional, 'Ecce Sacerdos,' Thielen. Propers of the mass, same as on previous days. Ordinary of mass (1) 'In Festis Duplicibus,' sung by seminarians. Motet at offertory, 'Ecce Panis,' chant. Recessional, 'Salve Regina,' chant.

"Sunday, Oct. 31, 10:30 a. m.—Pontifical mass; celebrant, Most Rev. John M. Farley, D. D., archbishop of New York. Sermon, Most Rev. James H. Blenk, D. D., archbishop of New Orleans; subject, 'The Individual and Social Necessity of Eucharist Faith.' At 3 p. m., solemn procession of the blessed sacrament and benediction on the grounds of the archiepiscopal residence, at Norwood Heights. Sermon, the Rev. Robert B. Condon, D. D., La Crosse; subject, 'Emmanuel or God With Us.'

"Music: Processional, 'Ecce Sacerdos,' Elgar. Propers of mass, same as on previous days. Ordinary of mass, Silas' mass in C, by men and boys' choir. Motet at offertory. 'Panis Angelicus,' C. Franck, Recessional, 'Ave Maria,' C. Franck. Hymns to be sung by all in procession: 'To Jesus' Heart All Burning,' 'The Papal Hymn,' 'The Divine Praises After Benediction,' 'Holy God.'

"Committees as follows have had charge of the various work: Reception—The Rev. W. D. Hickey of Dayton, the Rev. Eugene Buttermann, O. F. M., rector of St. Francis college; the Rev. Louis Tieman, pastor St. Rose church. Printing—The Rev. Dr. John E. Schoenhoeft, pastor St. Lawrence church; the Rev. Boniface Russ, C. PP. S., of Carthagen, O. Mass accommodations—The Rev. Joseph Grimelsman, S. J. rector St. Xavier college; the Rev. Casimer Taylor, C. P., rector Holy Cross church. Finance—The Rev. M. Mulvihill, rector St. Peter's cathedral; the Rev. Bernard Moeller, chancellor of Cincinnati archdiocese; the Rev. J. F. Brummer of Greenville, O. Press—The Rev. Bernard J. Ill, C. S. C., rector of St. Joseph college; the Rev. John T. Gallagher of Dayton, O. The Rev. Francis Varelmann of St. Elizabeth church, Norwood, is chairman of the general committee.

HIGH OFFICIALS ARE HERE.

"The first of these have reached the city and will attend the reunion of the alumni of Mount St. Mary Seminary of the West, at Ellenora, O. Bishop M. C. Matz of Denver, arrived Tuesday morning and is the guest of the Franciscan Fathers, at 1615 Vine street. Bishop Francis Chatard of Indianapolis arrived yesterday and is the guest of Archbishop Moeller at the archiepiscopal residence at Norwood Heights. Bishop Peter Hurth of India arrived Monday.

"Of those already in, the majority are quartered at the Burnet house, which hostelry expects a large number today.

"Those who arrived last night were the Revs. J. P. H. Berresheim, Louisville; C. Treiber, Canton, O.; F. A. Goebel, Coshocton, O.; Joseph Merkley, Nashville, Tenn.; J. F. Delaney, Ed. Mungovan, George Hortsman and J. F. Fitzgerald, Fort Wayne, Ind.; J. A. Costello, Indianapolis; J. W. Courtney and L. E. Gaffney, Detroit; T. J. Carroll, Wyandotte, Mich., and Gilbert P. Jennings, Cleveland.

"In addition to the priests Miss Helen May Irwin, church editor of The Catholic Columbian Record of Fort Wayne, Ind., arrived and registered at the Burnet house. Miss Irwin will 'cover' the religious event for seven Catholic publications.

"At the Palace hotel the Revs. M. J. Byrne of Lafayette, Ind., and E. J. Houlihan of Oxford, Ind., registered.

"The Rev. M. S. Molloy of Springfield, O., registered at the Munro.

"Archbishop John Ireland, one of the most noted of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this country, is expected to arrive today. He has reserved rooms at the Havlin hotel.

"The following have engaged rooms at the Burnet house and expect to arrive today: Bishop Maurice Fitz of Erie, Pa.; Monsignors Fay and Bradley of Cleveland, Monsignor Reilly of Albany, N. Y.; Monsignor J. Boyle of Johnston, Pa., and the Revs. B. Bregal of Elwood, Ind.; J. J. Colligan of Wyoming, Pa.; Vincent Dwyer of Indianapolis, J. B. Feeley of Indianapolis, P. J. Gleeson of Nashville; J. H. Swendling of Peru, Ind.; J. Hefferman and T. J. Horan of Newark, N. J.; S. P. Jennings of Cleveland, O.; Andrew J. Johnson of East Columbus, O.; T. S. McGovern and T. J. Johnson of Lewisville, O.; J. R. Quinlan of Fort Wayne, Ind.; F. A. Roell of Richmond, Ind.; Thomas V. Cobin of Chattanooga; Charles Thiele of Fort Wayne, Ind.; E. J. Wirnder of Cumberland, Md.; Martin J. Stiffy of Harrisburg, Pa.; J. F. Flannery of Davenport, Ia., and S. H. Huintman of New York.

WHAT THE EUCHARIST IS AND OBJECT OF CINCINNATI CONGRESS

"Eucharist is a term derived from the Greek word Eucharistia, which means Thanksgiving. In the Catholic church it designates the Sacrament of the Altar, the doctrine of which declares that Jesus Christ is actually present under the appearances of bread and wine in the sacrament. The doctrine is popularly known as that of the Transubstantiation.

"The Eucharistic Congress is an association of prelates and priests of the church, whose purpose it is to hold conferences for the dissemination of this doctrine and the encouragement of devotion toward it among the laity. Two features are prominent at every congress held—one is the most elaborate celebration of the Roman Catholic ritual possible; the other, conferences of the members, at which papers are submitted and discussions held.

"There are two congresses, national and international. The one being held in Cincinnati is a national one. The international congress this year was held in Madrid, Spain, in June.

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The first Eucharistic Congress was held in Lille, France, in 1881, under the direction of Bishop Gaston de Segur. It has only been held in Rome once, in 1905, when the Pope himself celebrated the opening mass. The first international congress in an English-speaking country was in London, in 1909; the first one in North America, in Montreal, last year.

"The first National Eucharistic Congress in the United States was held in St. Louis in 1901; the second, in New York, in 1905; the third, in Pittsburg, in 1907, and the fourth, in Notre Dame, Ind., in 1909. The one now in session is the fifth.

"Bishop Maes, of Covington, has been the National President since the beginning.

DIGNITARIES OF CHURCH ATTENDING EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS IN CINCINNATI.

"Two Archbishops—John Ireland, of St. Paul, and James Blenk, of New Orleans—are present at the Eucharistic Congress. Two more are expected—John Farley, of New York, and John J. Glennon, of St. Louis.

"Sixteen bishops are in Cincinnati—Bishop Camillus Maes, of Covington; Bishop R. Scannell, of Omaha; Bishop Peter J. Hurth, of India; Bishop M. C. Matz, of Denver; Bishop Nicholas Gallagher, of Galveston; Bishop John J. Hennessy, of Wichita, Kas.; Bishop Francis Chatard, of Indianapolis; Bishop Chas. A. Molton, of Buffalo; Bishop John P. Farrelly, of Cleveland; Bishop James J. Hartley, of Columbus; Bishop Kelley, of Savannah, Ga.; Bishop John Jansen, of Belleville, Ill.; Bishop John E. Fitzmaurice, of Erie, Pa.; Bishop Canavin, of Pittsburg; Bishop Joseph Schrembs, of Toledo, O.; Bishop A. H. McSherry, of Africa, and Bishop John J. Lawler, of St. Paul.

"Nearly 1,000 priests are present."

The *Times-Star*, Sept. 28, said:

WAS CRISP AND TO THE POINT—REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, PRESIDENT NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, GIVES VIEWS.

"The Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of the Notre Dame university, in an interview yesterday afternoon, stated that R. H. Crane, the Chicago millionaire, who recently condemned the present college system as being immoral, was one of those narrow minded persons who was powerless as to the knowledge of educational achievement. The income of \$100,000 a year was but a small part of success in life.

"There are two kinds of fools I meet in my work,' said Father Cavanaugh, 'and if I were not a clergyman, I would use a strong adjective before the word "fool!"'

"There is one kind of fool who thinks that what was good enough for him is good enough for his son. He forgets that the opportunities opened to him will never be opened to his descendants. Not long ago an emigrant arrived at Castle Garden, but he soon found out that the Stars and Stripes had two meanings; he looked up and saw the stars for other people and stripes for himself. The future belongs to people who will educate their children in the right way.

"The other kind of fool (and the same adjective belongs there) is the man who wants his son to have a better chance than himself. He doesn't want



CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY

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him to work so hard or so long. That man should have his son to work just as hard to give more profit to humanity and himself.'"

PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS—BISHOP RICHTER OF GRAND RAPIDS, CELEBRANT AT CEREMONIAL.

The Rt. Rev. Henry Joseph Richter, bishop of Grand Rapids, was the celebrant at pontifical high mass, with which the second day's session of the Fifth Eucharistic Congress opened at St. Peter's cathedral, Friday morning. Archbishop Farley of New York, who arrived Thursday night, and Bishop Farrelly of Cleveland, also just arrived, were present among the prelates in the sanctuary. The Rt. Rev. James Hartley, bishop of Columbus, O., preached on "Why We Believe in the Eucharist." His sermon was an exposition of the doctrine of the Real Presence both as a sacrifice and a sacrament. The paper read on the opening of the business session in the cathedral hall was by Bishop Edward D. Kelly, auxiliary bishop of Detroit. It dealt with belief in the Eucharist previous to the Reformation. The most interesting paper of the afternoon session is expected to be that of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rainer of Milwaukee, dealing with the effect of communion on adults, particularly converts. It will be discussed by the Rev. Chrysostom of Cincinnati and the Rev. Joseph Meckel of Alton. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. William McQuaid of Boston will address the convention on "Frequent Communion and Means of Promoting It," to be discussed by the Rev. F. A. Roell of Indianapolis and the Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings of Cleveland, O.

SCHUBERT'S MASS—WAS FEATURE OF MUSICAL SERVICE FRIDAY MORNING.

The feature of the musical programme at the Eucharistic convention Friday will be the singing at vespers of Mozart's "Ave Verum," one of the most famous compositions in the entire literature of choral music. For the morning service the processional was the same selection as was chosen for the first day of the congress. Schubert's mass was substituted for that by Silas with very good effect and was excellently rendered by the choir of men's and boys' voices under the direction of John Fehring, choirmaster of the cathedral. The fine calibre of the young voices, which add so much to the harmonious effect of the musical service, has been quite universally remarked, as has been the chanting of the seminarians of the various passages and responses.

The *Commercial-Tribune*, Oct. 2d, said:

Local Catholics have, during the greater part of the past week, enjoyed a soul feast such as is not given to all of that creed, and consider themselves blessed by the providence that made the Queen city the meeting place of the fifth eucharistic congress. During the greater part of the meeting the weather was ideal, but yesterday morning lowering clouds foretold a coming storm.

The afternoon services were held at Archbishop Moeller's residence at Norwood Heights and just as a vast throng was filling every available street car that the traction company could press into service, the sun burst forth from behind a cloud in a glory that was a promise of blessings to come.

As has been usual, despite the weather conditions of yesterday morning, St. Peter's cathedral was filled to its fullest capacity and thousands stood outside of the sacred edifice straining ears to hear the trembling tones of the organ, the voices of the choir and the chant of the prelates as they solemnized the mass. A subdued murmur could be heard emanating from this mass of persons from time to time. They were lost in devotion, oblivious to the falling rain, giving responses to the mass.

The scene at the residence of Archbishop Moeller in Norwood Heights was one that will be remembered by Catholics who were present for all time. Catholics were not alone in the vast crowd, for persons of all creeds and denominations, many of them actuated by a desire to behold prelates of whom they heard for years, and churchmen who had traveled from other ends of the earth, were present.

Uniformed knights were in evidence and bands vied with each other in swelling strains. Local pastors present were surrounded by members of their congregations and pointed out to them the men whose names will be remembered with reverence and go down to fame in the annals of the Catholic church. Children were there in profusion and the kindly priests and prelates stopped ever and anon to give them the blessings of the church.

When word went around the grounds that Father Conden was about to deliver his sermon the mass of humanity surged toward the improvised pulpit and in a moment every inch of space in that part of the grounds was packed.

SERVICE AT ST. PETER'S.

Yesterday's elaborate services at St. Peter's cathedral, followed by the more impressive programme in the afternoon at the grounds of the archiepiscopal residence, Norwood Heights, closed the greatest of all national eucharistic congresses. It was a day that will never be forgotten in the history of Catholicism. Graced with four archbishops, numerous bishops, some coming from the remotest parts of the earth, and hundreds of priests and visitors from all over the country, the grand assembly disbanded and the participants left for their homes last night.

For the past four days the great congress has been spending its time in arranging for the future affairs of the Catholic church. There have been services going on at all times of the day, and Catholics in this city and surrounding country have had a feast in listening to discourses delivered by some of the most famous men in the Catholic church, among them Archbishops Ireland, Farley, Blenk and Moeller; famous bishops as Hartley, Schrembs, MacSherry of South Africa and others, and many priests. The music of the congress is claimed to have been the finest ever rendered at a religious occasion in the Queen city.

At yesterday morning's service at St. Peter's the big cathedral was crowded to capacity. The inclement weather seemed to have no effect on the crowds, members of which waited for hours in order to get a chance to procure a seat at the service. The pontifical high mass was celebrated by Archbishop John M. Farley of New York city. The altar was surrounded by archbishops, bishops and priests. Dressed in the robes that pertained to their high rank, they made a most imposing scene.

UNITARIANS.

(By the Rev. George A. Thayer.)

The Unitarians of Cincinnati first gathered in a house of worship of their own on Sunday, May 23d, 1830. For two years this little company of men and women had been debating the ways and means of establishing a church whose principles were dear to many of them from the associations of their birthplace in New England. On the date given above they dedicated a modest building upon the southwest corner of Fourth and Race streets, to the essential teachings which had been made famous over the land and to a certain degree across the ocean by William Henry Channing. As a considerable number of these worshippers had made their mark upon the community by superior culture, public spirit and moral quality, this simple beginning of the Unitarian church, though in the course of its history it was to have its shadows, started the tradition of freedom, character and courage in religion which its congregations have maintained.

There was no lack of church accommodations for the moderate population of Cincinnati at that time, for ten years later there were some forty houses of worship of all faiths, Jew, Protestant and Catholic, and presumptively a like proportion of one church to about a thousand people existed in 1830, the city population being 24,831.

But the Unitarian faith has always been the Protestantism of Protestantism, the assertion of a daring and independence in theological opinion which did not characterize most of the creeds of Christendom, for while Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Methodist and the other leading denominations substantially agreed in their conceptions of the Triune personality of God, the Unitarian stood essentially alone in declaring the theological tradition of sixteen centuries of the Christian church as a departure from the deliverance of Jesus and his apostles.

Channing and his associates had challenged the rest of Protestant Christendom to a reexamination of the foundations of faith, and the men and women who were moved by these appeals must needs set themselves apart from the popular churches. This intellectual independence was the inspiration of the leaders of the movement; but with them stood a considerable number of persons who were drawn into the establishment of the new church by friendship for its founders or for one or another of the various causes which attract men and women into new religious undertakings, so that in course of time it happened that some of the persons whose names are conspicuous upon the books of the church treasurer for the first few years are found in other churches, having gone back to the creed which was more in accord with their convictions or with the traditions of their families.

The first report that remains of any thought of establishing a Unitarian church in Cincinnati is in a letter of the Rev. John Pierpont of Boston in 1828, who partly at the instigation of some of the Boston Unitarians, who were eager to spread their faith, and partly at the invitation of Cincinnati men and women, came here in 1828 and under the inspiration of our attractive Spring seasons, so strikingly in contrast with the laggard New England winters, and of the de-

lightful social entertainment for which certain Cincinnati families of that day were noted in the letters of Eastern visitors, wrote home in fervid praise of the promising readiness of the field for the seed which he was sent to sow.

There was occasional preaching in halls for the next year or two, whenever a preacher of the faith could be obtained, which was seldom; for as compared with the time and strength consumed in a journey now between the two cities, the Unitarian minister from Boston, where almost alone pulpit supplies could be found, must endure a three or four thousand miles' journey.

On the 20th of May, 1829, Elisha Brigham paid Isaac Condin \$3,700 for a house and lot for a Unitarian church upon the corner of Fourth and Race streets; and nearly a year later, on the 21st of January, 1830, the "First Congregational Church of Cincinnati" received its legal incorporation, under the trusteeship of Elisha Brigham, Jesse Smith, Nathan Guilford, George Carlisle and William Greene.

The name "First Congregational," so liable to be confused later with the title of certain Trinitarian churches, was probably suggested by the fact that a large proportion of so-called First Churches of the Massachusetts towns in the great schism of 1815, when the old time New England Congregational Church divided into two bodies, the one accepting the doctrine of the Trinity and its associated articles of creed, the other becoming Unitarian, went with the new Unitarianism so that the name First Congregational might seem to imply the primitive Congregationalism or Christian democracy.

There are wood cuts extant of the church edifice, architecturally modelled upon the wooden meeting houses which adorn many villages all over the North, which in the year after the purchase of the land arose upon Fourth and Race streets at a cost of \$6,812. On the morning of May 23d, 1830, the building was dedicated to the offices of religion, the Rev. Bernard Whitman of the village of Waltham, Mass., conducting the services. The Rev. John Pierpont, pulpit orator and poet, contributed of his spirit in default of his bodily presence at the baptism of his ecclesiastical offspring by writing a dedication hymn, which is preserved in the Unitarian ministers' record book of Cincinnati in the somewhat primitive print of the typographical art of the Cincinnati of 25,000 inhabitants. Bernard Whitman, the preacher of the day, left behind or subsequently sent here a notable figure of the city's life in the person of his son, Judge Henry Whitman.

There came to Cincinnati about the time this church was being formed a remarkable English woman, Mrs. Frances Trollope, famous both for her own literary work and for the productions of the more distinguished novelists and historians her sons Anthony and Adolphus, who has left a not wholly flattering picture of the state of society in the town in her book "Domestic Manners in America." She had come here by the only comfortable approach, the Mississippi and Ohio rivers through New Orleans, a tedious and save for the interest of the streams themselves, a disagreeable journey, and had attempted a mercantile venture which proved calamitous. Possibly her disposition to observe impartially the character of this Western community was somewhat warped by these unhappy experiences, for though she speaks favorably enough of what nature had done for the beauty of the place she represents the social conditions

as insufferably dull, sordid and vulgar, and altogether wanting in any intellectual interest.

But when she tells of her summer residence in the northwestern part of the city near what has been known as the Mohawk bridge, and recounts that one of her household was one day lost in the woods which covered the hills all round the north and west of the town, she suggests what some of the early Unitarian visitors repeated with enthusiasm that the vale encircled with wooded hills of the primeval forest sloping towards the river, which had made the situation inviting as a place of settlement for the pioneers who first drifted hither from the sources of the Ohio, was still possessed of the graces which gave the city what now, amid the clouds of smoke and the decaying buildings which mostly occupy the lower terrace, seems a fantastic and grotesque title of the Queen of the West.

It is easily conceivable that a new and rapidly growing town made up largely of fortune seekers, or of men and women whose talents were in their stout arms and untiring energy, was not of a high spiritual tone; and religion, the first resource of those who have any aspirations for things of the soul, often assumed the character of the worship of frontiersmen, raw and barbaric in its ideas, and alternately noisy and gloomy and morose in its outward manifestations.

As for the natural features, the few men and women of taste and refinement, of whom the Unitarians had their full share, occupied and made the most of the inviting river views which are now covered by the St. Nicholas and the Burnet hotels, and the adjacent Third street region, fronting upon gardens which responded quickly to the cultivation of flowers and shrubbery; and such people infused some leaven of cultivated manners and intellectual ambitions into their neighborhood.

The ministers who supplied the Unitarian pulpit of that first decade from 1830 to 1840 were invariably graduates of Harvard bringing with them something of the atmosphere of the older culture of the Atlantic coast; and those who gathered around such spiritual guides constituted a much needed softening and elevating influence upon their town's ambitions.

Of the ministers who were settled here in the first ten years two, Edward B. Hall and Ephraim Peabody, afterwards filled with distinction the pastorates of two of the most influential New England Unitarian churches; while William Henry Channing, a nephew of the famous divine, was especially beloved by the group of talented persons with whom he was most associated in this country and in England where he passed his later days.

Among the laymen whose names appear upon the table beneath the window of the church of the Redeemer are those whose work survives in their activity in education and literature, especially in what they did to establish a public school system. The first statute levying a tax upon all the counties of Ohio for the maintenance of public schools was framed and urged through the legislature by Nathan Guilford, who had for many years before agitated the duty of educating the child and edited the Educational Almanac, while William Greene, John P. Foote, Timothy Flint and James H. Perkins, as well as others in less prominent ways, figure in those early annals of the town as members of school boards or agitators for improved popular instruction or authors of school books.

One of the first literary ventures of the town was the "Western Messenger," primarily an organ of Unitarian doctrine but with its pages largely occupied by essays, stories and poems contributed by Channing, Perkins, Wm. D. Gallagher and John C. Vaughan. Perkins and Gallagher edited the *Cincinnati Mirror* in 1835. Poetry is apt to be the avocation or diversion of men and women of literary talent, and from the beginnings of Unitarianism until the present there never was a time when the Unitarian church required original hymns or other metrical contributions to its solemn or festal services which did not produce one of its own number to fully meet the dignity of the occasion with graceful verse. So the first programmes of the church dedication and of the ordination of ministers, if they were wanting in names of local clergymen to perform the becoming ecclesiastical ceremonies made up in rich hymns composed by some member of the flock.

Three or four names from this congregation are especially typical of the public spirit of those formative days of the church and town, Timothy Walker, the able and upright judge who died untimely at the age of 53, George Carlisle, William Goodman and Charles Stetson among the merchants. Many of the men and women who formed the early congregation have been commemorated by their descendants in beautiful windows and tablets in the Church of the Redeemer. It was not the purpose of those who undertook to choose the names which should be preserved as church founders to include any of the ministers, but one exception appears in the case of James Handasyd Perkins, who was in fact only incidentally the ordained guide of the congregation, being by preference a teacher and worker among the poor, but called at two separate periods to preach and altogether acting as minister for more than two years.

Mr. Perkins was an intimate friend of Mr. Channing who was settled here in 1839, and when the latter resigned his ministry on account of certain conscientious scruples, the congregation appealed to Mr. Perkins, one of their members, to temporarily fill the gap. This he did for many months, and again when a newly settled successor, Mr. Cornelius Fenner, died after a five months' ministry, Mr. Perkins resumed the charge. The congregation had reason to be exceedingly grateful and happy that a man of such sweetness of moral quality and of eminent talent for public address was available in its crises of history, for a constant source of weakening to the parish prosperity lay in the brief duration of its ministerial settlements for twenty years. The men who came here full of promise stayed, the longest, but four years, and between their ministrations there would be many weeks when the church must either be closed or some layman read a sermon; never a satisfactory state of things. Notwithstanding these vicissitudes the church kept together a band of respected and influential men and women until the approach of the civil war whose atmosphere excited commotions in the theological as well as in the political world.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway had a somewhat tempestuous period of ministry, from 1856 to 1862. The years of that ministry began a division into two societies, the majority of the congregation going apart into the Church of the Redeemer, which existed thirteen years in its place of worship on Sixth and Mound streets, under the ministries of Amory D. Mayo and Charles Noyes, eventually reuniting with the First Congregational church under the Rev. Charles W. Wendte. During that separation, in 1864 the first house of worship was

sold and replaced by a commercial block and the proceeds were expended in the erection at a cost of \$36,000 of the church on the northeast corner of Eighth and Plum streets, which in turn was sold in 1889.

Eleven ministers have been formally installed over the church, the tendency from 1850 being to give each incumbent a slightly longer term of service, which would indicate more stability in the purposes of the congregation. (The present minister, Dr. Thayer, has been with his people since 1882, and is one of the most esteemed pastors of the city.—Editor.)

In May, 1900, a window was unveiled in memory of the founders and friends of the church in the period between 1830 and 1840. Miss Ellen P. Sampson, a daughter of William S. Sampson one of the first members of the church, whose family to the third generation is active in the church, undertook the larger part of the correspondence necessary for reaching the scattered descendants of the early members of the church. She signed the contract with the Tiffany company while yet the needed money was not entirely in hand, and she with others of her family gave generously to the purchase. The memorial has as its central figure Truth, the desire and object of reverence of all sober minds; that truth which with its sword destroys error, which enlightens our darkness of mind with its torch, which opens the doors of life with its key, and which crowns its followers with a wreath of verdure and beauty.

The ministers of the "first Congregational Church of Cincinnati" have been, Edward B. Hall, Sept., 1830-June 13, 1831; Ephraim Peabody, May 20, 1832-Feb. 1836; Benjamin Hunton, August 1837-May 1838; Wm. Henry Channing, May 10, 1839-May 1841; James H. Perkins preached occasionally in the interval from Feb. 1844; Cornelius G. Fenner, June-November 1846; James H. Perkins, 1847-Dec. 1849; Abiel Abbot Livermore, May 26, 1850-July 6, 1856; Moncure D. Conway, Dec. 21, 1856-Nov. 1862; Charles G. Ames preached during 1863; church at Fourth and Race sold Feb. 1864; Thomas Vickers, Jan. 6, 1867-April 5, 1874; Charles W. Wendte, Jan. 19, 1876-April 16, 1882; George A. Thayer, Oct. 5, 1882.

Ministers of the Church of the Redeemer, A. D. Mayo, Jan. 1863-1872; Charles Noyes, Jan. 5, 1873-June 1875.

JUDAISM.

Judaism is treated in this book at length in a separate paper elaborately and carefully prepared by one of the leading Jews of the city. We may state here however a few general facts in regard to the growth of Judaism in this city. It is asserted that the first Jew who came to this city arrived in 1817. In 1835 there were here Jews in sufficient numbers to build a synagogue. In 1840 the Jews formed three per cent of the population. In 1850 there were three thousand, three hundred and fifty-six Hebrews in this community.

A congregation of people of this faith existed here in 1822, but they were not yet strong enough to erect a synagogue, but they used for worship a small building of frame on Main, between Third and Fourth streets.

A congregation of the Reformed Jews, the "Congregation of the Children of Israel, Reformed," was organized in 1830. They dedicated in 1869 the Mound Street Temple.

In 1844, the congregation of Benai-Jeshurun, the Children of Jeshurun, Reformed, was organized. This is a very strong and rich congregation. Its temple is of Moorish architecture and is very handsome. Rabbi Wise, whose reputation extended over the whole nation, was for many years in charge and was also the President of the Hebrew Union College.

The Jewish charities and educational institutions are numerous and important, and these are dealt with in detail under other chapter headings.

CONGREGATIONALISM.

The first Congregational church of this city was founded in 1840.

We have already noted, under the history of Presbyterianism, something in regard to the Vine Street Congregational church. This was at first a Presbyterian church. In 1831 it was founded by a colony from the First Presbyterian church, as the Sixth Presbyterian church, a name which it bore until 1846. The statement from that church's manual gives the reason for the exodus of the colony from the mother church: "The cause which originated this church movement was pulpit defense of American slavery, drawn from the Bible, and denunciation of those who agitated the subject of emancipation."

A number of members of the First Presbyterian church, April 5th, 1831, applied to the Presbytery of Cincinnati to be organized as the Sixth Presbyterian church of Cincinnati. The request was granted and the organization was effected four days later. The original members were Amos Blanchard, Mary Blanchard, A. F. and Louisa Robinson, Rev. Franklin T. and Catherine Vail, Chancy P. and Lydia Barnes, William S. Merrell, Daniel Chute, Thomas L. Paine, Betsey H. Washburn, Lewis Bridgman, Harriet Treat, William Holyoke, Horace L. Barnum, Daniel K. Leavitt, Osmond Cogswell.

The church at once took an advanced anti-slavery position. The students in Lane Seminary were at this time in growing sympathy with abolitionism, and many of these affiliated themselves with the Sixth church on this account.

In 1838 this congregation passed a resolution, stating: "Resolved, That no candidate applying for admission to the fellowship of this church will be received by the session who either holds slaves or openly avows his belief that the holding or using men as property is agreeable to God."

This congregation also as its first act adopted a total abstinence pledge for all its people. This was as follows: "Resolved: That all persons admitted to this church adopt the principle of entire abstinence from the use of ardent spirits, except for medicine."

The first place of worship of this church was in Wing's school house. Later this congregation used the Bazaar, the college building, the Universalist church on Walnut street, Burke's church (the old First Presbyterian), on Vine street, and the Mechanics Institute.

In February 1836, this congregation bought for eight thousand dollars the church property of the Baptists on Sixth street. For twelve years they held services there. October 22, 1848, they took possession of the lecture room of the handsome building on Vine street, near Ninth. They occupied this church for many years, and but recently have sold it, with the expectation of rebuilding elsewhere.



THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS IN SESSION AT MUSIC HALL, DURING THE WORLD'S
CONVENTION OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN 1910

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This Sixth Presbyterian church became in November, 1846, by a unanimous vote of the congregation, the Sixth Congregational church of Cincinnati; and soon afterward this name was changed, by act of the legislature, to the Vine Street Congregational church.

This congregation has had a marked and notable career, and has been one of the best known churches in the city. It organized the Western Free Missionary society, which merged with the American missionary association. It inaugurated the Reform Book and Tract society, now known as the Western Tract society.

It has had marked periods of revival in 1834, 1838, 1840, 1842, 1853, 1858, 1863, 1870 and 1877.

Its manual announces that "an untrammelled pulpit, and the application of the Gospel to every known sin, have been and still are fixed principles of action in the life of this church." It has exercised very rigid discipline among its members and has not hesitated to exclude from the communion such as have not conformed to its standards and ideals.

The Rev. Herbert Bigelow is now the pastor, and he is well known as a leader in social reforms. The congregation is just now, in view of rebuilding, without a church home but maintains a vigorous activity and will doubtless in due time be again under its own roof and continue its warfare for righteousness unabated.

The First Orthodox Congregational church was organized in 1843 as the George Street Presbyterian church, with thirty-seven members from the Second Presbyterian church; in 1847 it became the First Orthodox Congregational church. Later it assumed the name of the Seventh Street Congregational church. The corner stone of its building on Seventh street, between Plum street and Central avenue, was laid July 16, 1845, the sermon being preached by the noted Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

There are now eight Congregational churches in the city.

LUTHERAN CHURCHES.

In 1814 the German Lutherans and German Presbyterians joined forces and formed a German Lutheran congregation, with the Rev. Joseph Zesline as pastor. Although they had no church building of their own they met every Sunday and had preaching in German and English.

In addition to what the few Lutherans could do toward building a church, they were aided by people of other churches and they received their proportion of the funds for religious purposes derived, according to the original compact with the general government, from the sales of lands in the twenty-ninth section in every township of the Miami purchase. So they succeeded in erecting a church home.

About 1825, the Rev. Jacob Crigler, from Pennsylvania, where he was then settled, passed through Cincinnati on his way to Kentucky. While in this city he was informed that there was here no English-speaking Lutheran church. When, in 1834, he changed his residence from Pennsylvania to the vicinity of Florence, Kentucky, he renewed his interest in the establishment of such a church in Cincinnati. Mr. Crigler was the presiding officer of the Missionary Society of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the West, which held its sessions in October,

1841, in Indianapolis. In union with the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio, this body agreed to maintain for one year the Rev. Abraham Reck as the English Lutheran missionary in Cincinnati. The Rev. Mr. Reck accordingly came to this city in December, 1841, and at once began preaching in a room of an engine house at Vine and Canal streets. The Rev. John Krack, who had been a member of the United Brethren church, also preached occasionally for the Lutherans.

The First English Lutheran Church of Cincinnati was formally organized in the old College building on Walnut street, on February 20, 1842, by the Rev. Abraham Reck and the Rev. Jacob Crigler, the latter at last seeing fulfilled his desire of many years before. Mr. Reck was the pastor of this congregation until November, 1845. Among the first members of this church were Samuel Startzman, the first superintendent of the Sunday school, Hon. Henry Kessler, J. M. Straeffer, Michael Straeffer, Thomas Heckwelder, Isaac Greenwald, David Hawley, J. E. Jungeman, Mark Dorney, Thomas Walter, Adam Apply, William Walter, John Lilley, John Everding, John Meyers, George Meyers, Andrew Erkenbrecker, and others, with their families. Later, there came into the membership such well known men as John Everhard, Herman Schultz, Jacob Guelich, Henry Schaeffer, Thomas Bowers, George Fisher, Monroe Lowrie, Charles Whemer, Edward Lauton, Alonzo Adams.

Mr. Reck was succeeded in the pastorate by the Rev. William H. Harrison, D. D., April 18, 1846. He continued in charge until his death by cholera in November, 1866. The Rev. Joel Swartz, a professor in Wittenburg College, Ohio, became the next pastor and remained one and a half years. The Rev. Dr. John B. Helwig, afterwards president of Wittenburg College, was the fourth minister of this church and remained with the congregation four and a half years. The next minister, the Rev. Rufus W. Hufford, continued as pastor a year and a half. The Rev. Ephraim Miller became the minister in March, 1875, and continued as such until October, 1878. He was succeeded by the Rev. H. W. McKnight. There are now seven Lutheran and sixteen German Evangelical churches in this city.

THE DISCIPLES.

The Christian or Disciples church. The noted Alexander Campbell was not only the founder of the church of this name but was the leader in the establishment of this denomination in Cincinnati. He was born in Ireland in 1788, was educated at the University of Glasgow, and came to America as a licentiate of the Seceder Church of Scotland. His father, a minister of the same church, was already settled in Western Pennsylvania and under him the young Campbell continued his studies and preached his first sermon, in July, 1815. He quickly became a popular preacher. His views and those of his father were considered novel, and father and son, with such as agreed with them, formed an isolated congregation called "The Christian Association," organized as "the Brush Run Church." The senior Campbell was its elder and Alexander was its licensed preacher.

The main points of the teaching at this time were "Christian union can result from nothing short of the destruction of creeds and confessions of faith, inas-

much as human creeds and confessions have destroyed Christian union; nothing ought to be received into the faith and worship of the church, or be made a term of communion among Christians, that is not as old as the New Testament, nor ought anything to be admitted as of divine obligation in the church constitution of management, save what is enjoined by the authority of our Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles upon the New Testament Church, either in express terms or by approved precedent." The Bible and nothing else was their confession of faith or creed.

Mr. Campbell's marriage in 1812 with the daughter of a Presbyterian turned his attention to an examination of the Scripture mode of baptism, which he concluded was that of immersion. Consequently he and his father, with the majority of the members of his church were immersed June 12, 1812, by a Baptist minister, Elder Loos, to whom he said, "I have set out to follow the apostles of Christ and their Master, and I will be baptized only into the primitive Christian faith."

Next, the congregation, acting, as they believed, in accordance with the New Testament, ordained him to the ministry. He organized several churches, which joined, though openly acknowledging their view of the Bible, the Baptist denomination. But in 1827 they were formally excluded from the Baptist communion. From that date the Disciples of Christ, or the Campbellites as popularly called, spread rapidly as an independent and earnest body of Christians. In 1823 Mr. Campbell extended his labors into Tennessee and Kentucky. In 1840 he founded Bethany College at Bethany, W. Va.

Mr. Campbell was a famous debater; indeed by his first public debate he may be said to have called public attention to the existence of his denomination. This was at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, in 1820, with the Rev. John Walker, a Presbyterian, on the subject of baptism. Again, he debated in 1823 at Washington, Ky., with the Rev. William McCalla, another Presbyterian. In 1828 he debated at Cincinnati with Robert Owen on the Truth of Christianity. In the same city in 1836 he debated with Archbishop Purcell on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome. In 1843 he had one of his most famous debates with the Rev. Dr. N. L. Rice at Lexington, Kentucky, on the distinctive points of his own communion. Mr. Campbell was gifted with a fine presence, great ease and skill of utterance. His private life was stainless and full of Christian grace.

The Disciples of Christ, or Christians, often called Campbellites, wish to be known only by the names applied to the followers of Christ in the Scriptures. They reason that sectarian names are unscriptural and causes of division. In harmony with Acts 11:26; 26:28; I. Peter 4:16, and Rev. 21:9, they as individuals and as a people call themselves simply "Disciples of Christ, or Christians," and their churches "Churches of Christ," or, using the adjective "Christian Churches." Under this title they plead for the union of all lovers of Christ.

The Disciples have made rapid growth, and now number in this country alone more than a million and a half members.

The churches they have in Cincinnati are strong and flourishing. They have also in this city a publishing house, which issues twenty-six different periodicals, with an aggregate circulation of 900,000 copies. Their principal publication, "The Christian Standard" is one of the leading religious papers of the country, both in circulation and in influence.

CINCINNATI—THE QUEEN CITY

THE CHURCH OF ZION.

The followers of Alexander Dowie, popularly known as "Doweites," have an organization here. The official title of this denomination is "The Holy Apostolic Catholic Church of Zion." They believe in the cure of disease by faith.

NEW THOUGHT.

The New Thought Temple in this city is at McMillan street and Peebles Corner. The pastor is the Rev. Harry T. Gaze, a brilliant and earnest man. Some of Mr. Gaze's ideas are as follows: "I daily aspire to a more perfect life. I am determined to unfold the ideal." "My ideals are constantly expanding." "I charge my mind with creative energy." "The body responds to my concentrated thought." "My moods are subject to my control." "My body is as new as the body of a child." "My life grows stronger with the passing years." "My best days are before me." "In an exercise for rejuvenation choose one of the above affirmatives, or formulate your ideal in your own words. Then center the mind clearly upon it. Persistently call the mind back to the chosen statement and hold it there until the mind is charged thoroughly with its influence. Choose a special time for this concentration."

BIBLE SCHOOL.

The "Bible School" is a flourishing little college of believers whose only text book is the Scriptures. They are a very devout and earnest group and have gathered into their company zealous persons who are engaged in studying the Bible and fitting themselves to teach it among their associates.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

"Christian Science." The Church of Christ, Scientist, has now two organizations in Cincinnati. About twenty-five years ago the people of this faith began in this city. They had at various times several organizations. About five years ago what is now known as the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Cincinnati, was organized, inheriting the charter and members of previous societies. Within recent years this society has grown rapidly. It met for some time in an edifice in Avondale that was purchased from another religious organization. The increase of its membership compelled it to build a large and handsome church, which is on Park avenue, Walnut Hills. This edifice was built at an expense of between \$115,000 and \$120,000. The congregation moved into it in March 1911.

The *Commercial-Tribune*, April 22nd and 24th, said:

Another link in the chain of Christian Science churches which have attracted attention by their simplicity and beauty will be added tomorrow morning when the First Church of Christ, Scientist, holds initial services in its new edifice in Park avenue, near Francis lane, Walnut Hills. No special exercises will mark the opening of the structure. The only sign of the event will be the extra service at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a duplication of the morning service.

The structure into which the Christian Science congregation moves from Rockdale avenue and Reading road, where it has worshiped for half a dozen years, is the first to be built in the vicinity of Cincinnati expressly for the denomination. Designed by Architect S. S. Beeman of Chicago, like most of his other churches it shows a marked departure from conventional lines of ecclesiastical architecture.

"The style is basically classical," said Architect Henry M. Hooper, the supervising architect, yesterday. "It is a very beautiful specimen of revived colonial architecture adapted to the auditorium type of church.

"A noticeable feature of the building is the harmony of the interior tones. Buff prevails throughout the entire decoration. The organ is designed in open fret-work of buff, and the art-glass windows of the clere story give a fused yellow light that tones with the decorations. The panels of Rookwood on either side of the clere story, setting forth inscriptions from the Bible and Mrs. Eddy's writings, provide a new material for lettering in church structures, valuable chiefly because the tile harmonizes so much better with soft tones than the usual gilding or painting. The pews and consol are of mahogany, the carpet a French blue.

"The auditorium has the typical aisles and clere story of cathedral architecture, pointing the vision to the beautiful scriptural motto surmounting the organ, 'Preach the Gospel; Heal the Sick,' also in Rookwood. This is the first time that the pottery has made lettered tile for a church. Below the organ screens run across the entire platform, which is surrounded by a handsome balustrade. The pews radiate from the readers' platform, rising to the rear. They will seat about 900.

"An unusual feature will be the situation of the Sunday school room, over the foyer and the entrances, a second story room in the front of the building. Windows will open into the auditorium, which can be slid out of sight. By sliding out the glass of the foyer, also, the seating capacity can be increased by 300.

"The foyer is a dignified entrance hall, floored with Rookwood tile in mosaic and provided with drinking fountains and cloakrooms. At each side staircase halls lead to the Sunday school rooms and to retiring rooms in the basement.

"The organ is said to be one of the finest in Cincinnati. It was designed by Edwin H. Lemare of London, who will give it a thorough testing before its acceptance in a recital during the next month. The organ was built by Skinner of Boston.

"The exterior is colonial without the dome. Heavy columns front the structure, which is approached by two flights of steps, guarded on each side by a heavy metal lamp. The cost of the property has been about \$115,000, of which \$17,000 went into the lot."

The other Christian Science congregation in the city, Second Church of Christ, Scientist, worships at 25 East Eighth avenue. The old edifice of First church on Rockdale avenue will be sold.

The usual officers of the church will participate in the opening services tomorrow. A. J. Thorne, first reader; Miss Mabel Nelson, second reader; Mrs. Adolf Hahn, organist, and Mr. J. M. Pendry, soloist, or as he is called in his church, the precentor.

The Salvation Army established its work in Cincinnati soon after it began to spread in America, and its achievements in this city have been very memorable. Its early reception here was very much the same as in other places, and here as elsewhere as its methods bore good fruit it gained the esteem and support of all classes of people. The people of all the churches are among its backers, and the same can be said of hosts of those who are outside any church connections. The Army here has the usual barracks and homes and aids and equipment with which all lands are now so familiar. Its methods here are the same as elsewhere and are equally effective. It is the custom of the Army to ask for and receive opportunities to have their representatives speak in the various churches, present their work and in many cases they receive financial aid. While the Army is a distinct organization, separate from all churches, it is backed by the churches as if it were a great arm of interdenominationalism and doing work that is practically impossible for the churches themselves.

The Army has achieved here many notable deeds. It, from time to time, has had its greatest leaders visit it. General Booth himself has been here, and when on his visits has spoken in the churches as well as elsewhere and has been received with high honors as among the foremost workers of the world for the benefit of humanity.

The Salvation Army long ago passed out of the stage of misunderstanding, among well informed people.

Rider Haggard, who for some years has made a special study of the work of the Salvation Army and the result of whose studies has been published in a remarkable book called "Regeneration," says that an intelligent and fair-minded inquirer into the actual facts about the Army "would discover that about five and forty years ago some impulse, wherever it may have come from, moved a dissenting minister, gifted with a mind of power and originality, and a body of great strength and endurance, gifted, also, with an able wife who shared his views, to try, if not to cure, at least to ameliorate the lot of the fallen or distressed millions that are one of the natural products of high civilization, by ministering to their creature wants and regenerating their spirits upon the plain and simple lines laid down in the New Testament. He would find, also, that this humble effort, at first quite unaided, has been so successful that the results seem to partake of the nature of the miraculous.

"Thus he would learn that the religious organization founded by this man and his wife is now established and, in most instances, firmly rooted in fifty-six countries and colonies, where it preaches the Gospel in thirty-three separate languages; that it has over 16,000 officers wholly employed in its service, and publishes 74 periodicals in 20 tongues, with a total circulation of nearly 1,000,000 copies per issue; that it accommodates over 28,000 poor people nightly in its institutions, maintaining 229 food depots and shelters for men, women and children, and 157 labor factories where destitute or characterless people are employed; that it has 17 homes for ex-criminals, 37 homes for children, 116 industrial homes for the rescue of women, 16 land colonies, 147 slum stations for the visitation and assistance of the poor, 60 labor bureaus for helping the unemployed, and 521 day

schools for children; that in addition to all these, it has criminal and general investigation departments, inebriate homes for men and women, inquiry offices for tracing lost and missing people, maternity hospitals, 37 homes for training officers, prison-visitation staffs, and so on almost ad infinitum.

"He would find, also, that it collects and dispenses an enormous revenue, mostly from among the poorer classes, and that its system is run with remarkable business ability; that General Booth, often supposed to be so opulent, lives upon a pittance which most country clergymen would refuse, taking nothing, and never having taken anything, from the funds of the Army. And lastly, that whatever may be thought of its methods and of the noise made by the 23,000 or so of voluntary bandsmen who belong to it, it is undoubtedly for good or evil one of the world forces of our age."

Haggard tells further of a Sunday in June when he attended a "Free Breakfast Service" at the Blackfriars' Shelter in London: "I entered the great hall, in which were gathered nearly 600 men seated upon benches, every one of which was filled. The faces and general aspect of these men were eloquent of want and sorrow. Some of them appeared to be intent upon the religious service that was going on, attendance at this service being the condition on which the free breakfast is given to all who need food and have passed the previous night in the street. Others were gazing about vacantly, and others, sufferers from the effects of drink, debauchery or fatigue, seemed to be half comatose or asleep.

"This congregation, the strangest that I have ever seen, comprised men of all classes. Some might once have belonged to the learned professions, while others had fallen so low that they looked scarcely human. Every grade of rag-clad misery was represented here, and every stage of life from the lad of sixteen up to the aged man whose allotted span was almost at an end. Rank upon rank of them, there they sat in their infinite variety, linked only by the common bond of utter wretchedness, the most melancholy sight, I think, that my eyes ever beheld."

Mr. Haggard listened to the exhortations of the officers and witnessed a pitiful procession to the "penitent bench," and he says: "The age of miracles is past, we are told, but I confess that while watching this strange sight I wondered more than once that if this were so what that age of miracles had been like. Of one thing I was sure, that it must have been to such as these that He who is acknowledged even by sceptics to have been the very Master of mankind would have chosen to preach, had this been the age of His appearance, He who came to call sinners to repentance. Probably, too, it was to such as these that He did preach, for folk of this character are common to the generations. Doubtless Judea had it knaves and drunkards, as we know it had its victims of sickness and misfortune. The devils that were cast out in Jerusalem did not die; they reappear in London and elsewhere today, and, it would seem, can still be cast out.

"I confess another thing, also, namely, that I found all this drama curiously exciting. Most of us who have passed middle age and led a full and varied life will be familiar with the great human emotions. Yet I discovered here a new emotion, one quite foreign to a somewhat extended experience, one that I cannot even attempt to define. The "contagion of revivalism," again it will be said. This may be so, or it may not. But at least, so far as this branch of the Salvation Army work is concerned, those engaged in it may fairly claim that the tree

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should be judged by its fruit. Without doubt, in the main these fruits are good and wholesome."

Mr. Haggard's conclusion, after visiting some forty institutions organized by the Salvation Army, studying their plans for curing drunkards, watching their women go out on the Piccadilly pavement at midnight to hand literature to lost women, entering the maternity homes where illegitimate children are brought into the world, learning their methods of reclaiming criminals, was that the Salvation Army, whatever its limitations, is using the methods best suited to the people with whom it has to deal. He says: "The Salvation Army is unique, if only on account of the colossal scale of its operations. Its fertilizing stream flows on steadily from land to land, till it bids fair to irrigate the whole earth. What I have written about is but one little segment of a work which flourishes everywhere, and even lifts its head in Roman Catholic countries, although in these, as yet, it makes no very great progress.

"How potent then, and how generally suited to the needs of stained and suffering mankind, must be that religion which appeals both to the west and to the east, which is as much at home in Java and Korea as it is in Copenhagen or Glasgow. For it should be borne in mind that the basis of the Salvation Army is religious, that it aims, above everything, at the conversion of men to an active and lively faith in the plain, uncomplicated tenets of Christianity to the benefits of their souls in some future state of existence and, incidentally, to the reformation of their characters while on earth.

"The social work of which I have been treating is a mere by-product or consequence of its main idea. Experience has shown, that it is of little use to talk about his soul to a man with an empty stomach. First, he must be fed and cleansed and given some other habitation than the street. Also the Army has learned that Christ still walks the earth in the shape of charity; and that religion, after all, is best preached by putting its maxims into practice; that the poor are always with us; and that the first duty of the Christian is to bind up their wounds and soothe their sorrows. Afterwards, he may hope to cure them of their sins, for he knows that unless a cure is effected, temporal assistance avails but little. Except in cases of pure misfortune, which stand upon another and so far as the Army work is concerned upon an outside footing, the causes of the fall must be removed, or that fall will be repeated. The man or woman must be born again, must be regenerated. Such, as I understand it, is at once the belief of the Salvation Army and the object of its efforts."

Ex-President Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, compares the Salvation Army with the Franciscan Order of the Middle Ages. He writes: "No history of the Thirteenth Century pretends to be complete unless it deals with the wonderful religious revival associated with the rise of the Franciscans, and no history of the Nineteenth Century, and probably no history of the Twentieth Century, will be complete that does not deal with the work of the Salvation Army. For many years the general attitude of cultivated people towards this work was one either of contemptuous indifference or jeering derision. At last it has won its way to recognition, and there are few serious thinkers nowadays who do not recognize in the Salvation Army an invaluable social asset, a force for good which works

effectively in those dark regions, where, save for this force, only evil is powerful."

The city of Cincinnati, through the Salvation Army workers here, has seen something of the same renovating and regenerating work which these writers describe. The Army here is active and aggressive, and is accomplishing a vast deal, but it stands in need of the help and backing of the generous people of the city that its mission may be still more effective.

One of the strange, eccentric religious movements of the second quarter of the 19th Century, known as "Millerism," touched Cincinnati to a degree. This was at its height in 1843 and '44. The leaders of the movement in Cincinnati were a Mr. Hines, a Mr. Jacobs and others. They opened their services in the Cincinnati College building and continued to hold them there for some time. As crowds were attracted, they erected a crude structure, eight feet square and with seating capacity for two thousand people, near Mill Creek. They issued a paper called "The Midnight Cry" and propagated the idea that the end of the world was at hand.

They announced first that the end of all things would occur December 31, 1843; then the 23d of March, 1844; then at midnight of October 22, 1844. Cist's Miscellany for November, 1844, gives the following account: "All these periods were referred to in succession in The Midnight Cry, and so firmly was the faith of the Millerites fixed on the last calculation that the number published for October 22d was solemnly announced to be the last communication through that channel to the believers. In the progress of things, both in the press and tabernacle, as might have been expected, deeper exercises of mind among the Millerites was the result, and within a few days of the twenty-second all the brethren had divested themselves of their earthly cares, eating, drinking and sleeping only excepted. Chests of tools which cost forty dollars were sold for three. A gold watch worth one hundred dollars was sacrificed for one-fifth the value. Two brothers of the name of Hanselmann, who owned a steamboat in company with Captain Collins, abandoned to him their entire interest in it, alleging they had nothing farther to do with earthly treasures. John Smith, an estimable man, once a distinguished member of the Baptist church and a man of considerable property here, left it all to take care of itself. A distinguished leader in this movement shut up his shop and placed a card on the door, "Gone to meet the Lord,"—which in a few hours were irreverently replaced by some of the neighbors with "Gone up."

"One of the believers, the clerk of one of our courts, made up his business papers to the twenty-second, and left later business to those who were willing to attend to it. Another, a clerk in one of the city banks, resigned his position in order to devote his entire attention to the Second Advent preparations; and others settled up their worldly business, paying their debts so far as was in their power, and asking forgiveness of their unpaid creditors, when they were unable to discharge the account. Others, again, spent weeks in visiting relations and friends for the last time, as they supposed. In short, after all these things, all ranks and classes of the believers assembled at the tabernacle on the nights of the twenty-second and twenty-third successively, to be ready for the great event.

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"In the meantime considerable ill-feeling had been engendered among the relatives of those who had become infatuated with these doctrines, as they saw their wives or sisters or daughters led off by such delusions, to the neglect of family duties, even to the preparing of ordinary meals or attending to the common and every day business of life. The spirit of lynching was about to make its appearance. Crowds upon crowds, increasing every evening, as the allotted day approached, aided to fill the house or surround the doors of their building. A large share were ready to commence mischief as soon as a fair opportunity should present itself. On the last Sabbath the first indications of popular displeasure broke out. Every species of annoyance was offered to the Millerites at the doors of the tabernacle, and even within its walls, on that and Monday evening—much of it highly discreditable to the actors. At the close of an exhortation or address, or even a prayer by the members, the same tokens of approbation, by clapping of hands and stamping of feet, as are exhibited at a theatre or a public lecture, were given here, interspersed with groans of 'Oh Polk!' 'Oh Clay!' shouts of 'Hurrah for Clay!' 'Hurrah for Polk!' 'Hurrah for Birney!' and loud calls of 'move him,' 'you can't come it,' varied occasionally with distinct rounds of applause. A pigeon was let into the tabernacle also, on Monday evening, to the general annoyance.

"On Tuesday the crowds in and outside the building, still increasing, and not less than twenty-five hundred persons being within the walls, and nearly two thousand in the street adjacent, a general disturbance was expected. But the mayor and police had been called on, and were upon the ground and distributed through the crowd. The clear moonlight rendered it difficult to commit an excess irresponsibly; and above all, Father Reese, venerable for his age, erudition and skill in theology, and his magnificent beard, occupied the great mass outside the doors, as a safety-valve to let off the superfluous excitement. At nine o'clock the Millerites adjourned,—as it proved sine die,—going home to watch at their respective dwellings for the expected advent. They held no tabernacle meeting on Wednesday evening, to the disappointment of the crowd, which assembled as usual, and to which, by way of solace, Reese again held forth. At nine o'clock the out-door assembly dispersed, also without day. Wednesday evening having dissipated the last hopes and confounded all the calculations of the Adventists, they have since, to a great extent, resumed that position in the community which they previously held. The carpenter has again seized his jackplane, the mason his trowel, and the painter his brush. Eshelby has tied on anew the leather apron, and Brother Jones again laid hold of the currying knife. The clerk in the bank, whose post was kept in abeyance until he should recover from his delusion, is again at his desk, and John the Baptist, by which well-known sobriquet one of the principal leaders is designated, has gone back to his houses and his farms, content to wait, as other Christians are waiting, for the day and hour to come, as the chart has pointed it out."

This was one of the very few outbreaks of what may be deemed erratic religion in this city. In the main the various churches have been conservative, and have proceeded upon their way in teaching and training their children and people in faith, righteousness and good works.

In strong contrast with what would be likely to move popular interest today was a noted debate between the Rev. D. N. L. Rice of the Central Presbyterian Church and the Rev. E. M. Pingree of the Universalist church. This discussion was held in the tabernacle, beginning February 24, 1845, and lasting for eight days. Crowds thronged the edifice and even clambered upon the roof. Three eminent citizens of the city of that day, Judge Coffin, Mr. William Green and Mr. Henry Starr, were the judges. The sessions were orderly and quiet in spite of the throngs and intense interest.

As indicating the change in the public mind in regard to such discussions, there was held in 1909, in Music hall, a debate between two men of considerable repute in their own religious bodies. The debate was upon certain of what are generally considered minor differences between Christians. Though both men were powerful speakers and the debate was well advertised, the interest was limited to a very few.

This suggests a change in the popularity of methods and the emphasis upon cardinal rather than the lesser principles of religion. The membership of the churches has steadily increased; the revenues of the churches are larger than ever; interest in vital religion is probably greater than ever; the people give with great liberality for charitable purposes; but discussions of differences between the various religious bodies no longer appeal half so much as emphasis upon the central matters on which they agree. During the general convention of the Protestant Episcopal church in 1910, there was a slight and scattering discussion in some of the newspapers between one or two defenders of the Roman Catholic point of view and certain who spoke from the Episcopal standpoint, but so far as one could judge there was no general interest in the matter. The people in general simply regarded both churches as parts of the army of righteousness, allowed each to think as it might choose provided there was charity for all and non-interference.

The spirit of the city is for toleration, charity, cooperation. No enthusiasm can be aroused over discussion of the superior claims of this or that church, or the exclusive validity of this or that form.

On the other hand, general evangelistic revivals enlist a large amount of interest and enthusiasm. Gypsy Smith in 1910 filled Music hall at each of his meetings for a couple of weeks. Sam Jones in 1905 packed the same hall during all his services.

The most conspicuous revivalistic success of the late decades was the first series of meetings Sam Jones held in this city, during the Eighties. Probably nothing was ever seen in the history of the city in the way of religious services comparable to these meetings. The noted revivalist was then achieving a national reputation. Literally thousands of persons were turned away from the doors of Music Hall at every meeting. Jones frequently had to be passed by policemen over the heads of the crowds that he might reach the hall and the platform. Hundreds of men were converted and many lives changed in all their after careers by these services. "Deacon Smith," the famous editor, declared Jones' outpouring of thought and language an unrivalled intellectual feat. The whole city was moved by the bombshells this gifted man threw against the forces of iniquity.

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The Miami Bible Society was organized in 1814, with the object of providing Bibles for the poor. Its first president was the Rev. O. M. Spencer. The Rev. Joshua L. Wilson, D.D., was the secretary and William Burton was the treasurer. A Female Auxiliary Bible Society was organized in 1816, and within three years its membership had increased to one hundred and thirty.

The Young Men's Bible Society was established in 1834, and was auxiliary to the American Bible Society.

An African society for the spiritual and educational benefit of colored people was formed in 1817. The leader in this movement was Charlotte Chambers, whose first husband was Colonel Ludlow and who afterward married the Rev. Mr. Riske. An African school was established under the leadership of several superintendents of Sunday schools, in a wing of the Lane Seminary building. Among the pupils were some persons above fifty years of age. The colored people took much interest in this work, and more than seventy persons of this race entered into the movement to train their children as missionaries and to build up schools in Cincinnati for colored children. This organization at Lane is said to have been the first of its kind in Ohio.

The Sunday School Union Society was established at about the same date. The membership fee was one dollar. Five members, with a Sunday school superintendent, could form a branch school. The society furnished supplies from the treasury, and such a school was taken under the supervision of the society.

In 1818 the Cincinnati Sunday School Society was established. During the same year the Wesley Sunday School Society was founded. In 1819 the Sunday School Society of the Protestant Episcopal church came into existence.

In 1817 a local tract society was founded. In 1818 the Western Navigators Bible and Tract Society, for distributing religious literature among sailors on the inland waters, was established.

The American Tract Society, in 1840, chose Cincinnati as a center of supplies for its colporteurs in the west and northwest. An agency was established. In 1850 the Tract Society was distributing from this city more than fifty thousand dollars worth of religious matter. Its work has grown steadily and now its distribution is very large. 7

The total value of church property is estimated at \$5,062,987.

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