

OHIO'S FIRST CAPITAL.

TWO hours' railroad ride southward takes the traveller from the present capital of Ohio, the local seat of government for over three millions of people, to the quaint, conservative old town which was the birth-place and cradle of the State—its capital at the beginning of the century, when it contained only a few thousand scattered settlers.

Chillicothe presents at this



OLD STATE-HOUSE.

day an appearance which is suggestive of its age and early importance. Modern architecture has done but little to brighten the sombre aspect of the dignified, substantial old residences which line the quiet, deeply shaded streets, or to modify the antiquated and somewhat grimy appearance of the long lines of business blocks which many years ago formed the busy mart of "the ancient metropolis." One of the earliest settlements within the present boundaries of Ohio, Chillicothe, from a combination of natural advantages, as well as from the energy and ability of its leading men, came suddenly into prominence, and for many years occupied a position which made it the envy of all the other embryonic cities of the West. It did not fulfill, however, the golden promise of its youth, and was eclipsed in a few decades by towns which had no existence until a score of years after the date of its own origin. It

was the adopted home of a class of men who were as judicious and as enterprising as any who came into the territory northwest of the Ohio, and as the residence of quite a coterie of eminent men and the capital of the infant commonwealth of the West, it was widely and favorably known

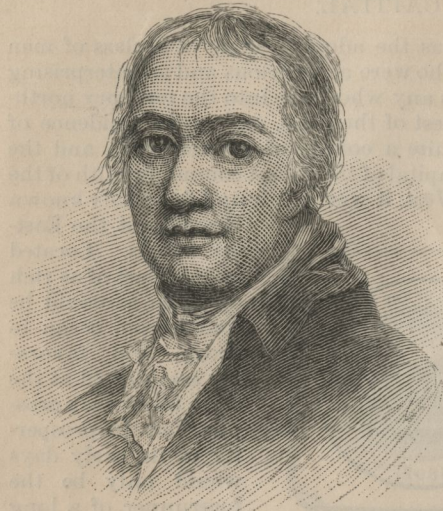
throughout the Eastern States. Located in the heart of as rich a region as could be found from ocean to ocean, and favorably established at the start, there was a prospect that the prosperity of its early days would only be the forerunner of a long career of constantly increasing strength;

but there was disappointment in store for those who had high expectations, even if they were founded upon the best of reasons. The great Ohio canal, of which De Witt Clinton was projector, gave the busy little town a powerful impetus of growth, and for many years its life was fed by this active artery of commerce. As the usefulness of this really vast internal improvement was superseded, however, by other means of transit, the stream of traffic upon the canal became rather venous than arterial in its flow, and Chillicothe lost its richest source of nourishment. Losing at an early day its political prestige as the State capital, it still continued to thrive in business; but losing the canal commerce, and being slow to secure the benefit of railroad stimulus, the old town which had proudly led all of its rivals, and passed through a period of phenomenal progression, arrived at almost a stand-still condition.

Chillicothe is classic ground. It was here that the first State northwest of the Ohio was ushered into organic being; and upon the heights of Cemetery Hill repose the mortal remains of four famous men who have been its Chief Executives. Two historic houses, rich in associations which recall the bravest of pioneers, men who were among the founders of the State, stand stately and sentinel-like upon a high plateau overlooking the old town. The academy, which was the *alma mater* of



1881



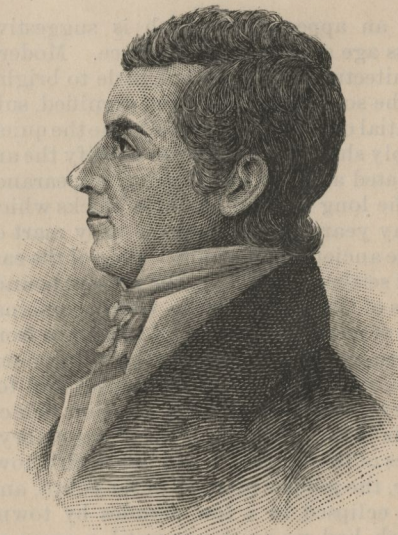
NATHANIEL MASSIE.

a generation of men who have grown gray since they passed over its threshold, is still a place of learning for the youth of the town. Famous Ohio statesmen, men who have made their mark in high places, have been school-boys here. Not far away, in a quiet street, is a plain old house which is pointed out as the birth-place of the wife of an Ohio President, and scattered through the town are several humble places which have been the homes of men whose names were widely known in literature, politics, and law.

Chillicothe is charmingly envired. The broad valley through which the Scioto flows southward to the Ohio is bordered by high bluff banks upon the west, and by a chain of mountain-like hills upon the east, the highest of which lifts its timbered crest six hundred feet above the river which washes its base. The lover of the beautiful can here find elements of the rugged, wild, and picturesque in precipitous heights and rocky formations; or if he more admire the gentler aspects of nature, his eye may be guided along the far-sweeping slopes of green pasture-land, or from the crest of the valley wall he may let his vision wander from one fair feature of the landscape to another, through an infinite variety of form and wealth of color, to the dim blue hills miles away, or the valley fading to the horizon. This valley was the centre of densest population of the prehistoric race, and perhaps

the seat of empire, for nowhere else do memorial mounds exist in such numbers as upon its bottoms and uplands; nowhere else do so many defensive works appear, or such a number and variety of sacred inclosures. The Indians, too, regarded this as a favored land, and it was undoubtedly for centuries the abode of either the Delaware or Shawanese nation. The river was the war-way down which the braves of these tribes floated silently and stealthily to strike their implacable enemy the Creeks, and in later years the isolated stations of the whites in Kentucky. Logan, the Mingo, whose pathetic eloquence and sad story have stirred the hearts of so many modern sympathizers with his woe, delivered the impassioned speech upon which his fame rests, before Lord Dunmore's interpreter, only a few miles north of the site of Chillicothe, and his name has been honored, not by the rearing of any memorial, but by its application to the grandest of nature's monuments upon the Scioto—Mount Logan. The country is rich in legend of the dusky race, and history has preserved the annals of many a battle and skirmish in which the Indian sought to preserve a favorite hunting ground from the encroachments of his pale-faced brother.

Virginia, it is a notable fact, was the second one of the original colonies to cede to the United States its claim upon the ter-



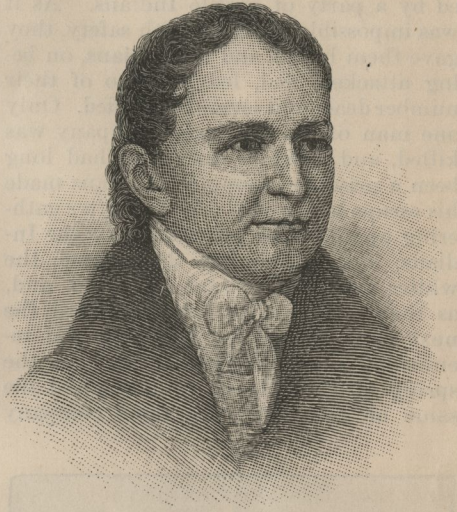
EDWARD TIFFIN.

ritory northwest of the Ohio, doing so in 1784, preceded only by New York, while Connecticut was the latest, consummating a similar measure in 1786, "the last tardy and reluctant sacrifice of State pretensions to the common good." Virginia's act of cession contained a clause, reserving upon certain conditions a tract of land lying north of the Ohio, and between the Scioto and Little Miami rivers, for the payment of the bounty awards due her Revolutionary soldiers of the Continental line. This reservation, known as the Virginia Military District, was almost entirely settled by families from the Old Dominion, and thus a Virginia was formed in the Northwestern Territory. Chillicothe soon after it was founded became the place of location for the land-office of this district, and situated near the centre, north and south, of the enormous territorial county of Ross, which included nearly the whole of the reservation, it became its seat. It thus occupied a position which entitled it to the name (if it did not receive it) of the capital of New Virginia. As Marietta (more properly than Conneaut) may be called the Plymouth of the West, so can Chillicothe be termed the Jamestown of this New Virginia; and as the daughter of the Mother of Presidents, Chillicothe nobly maintained the family prominence and honor by becoming the Mother of Governors.

Of the five men elected Governors of Ohio whose homes were in Chillicothe, one, Nathaniel Massie, never served. Three others, Edward Tiffin, Thomas Worthington, and Duncan McArthur, were pioneer statesmen, and have long since passed away. The fifth, William Allen, only recently died, and his long life linked the past with the present, politically and socially.

The very earliest history of Central Southern Ohio brings before the reader Nathaniel Massie, the foremost pioneer of this region. Massie was a native of Virginia, and was a boy soldier in the Revolutionary war. When only twenty years of age, in 1783, he went out alone to seek his fortune in Kentucky. Employed by the Surveyor-General of the Virginia Military Reservations in that State and the Northwestern Territory, he soon became expert in the then useful and lucrative though dangerous calling of a surveyor, and as early as 1790 was the leader of an adventurous party locating land-warrants

north of the Ohio. Previous to Wayne's treaty in 1795, every survey in the Virginia Military District was made by stealth. In 1791, Massie formed the first settlement in the reservation, and from that time on-



THOMAS WORTHINGTON.

ward was almost constantly engaged in locating and surveying the best land along the streams northward, each year pushing further into the wilderness. In the midst of the most appalling dangers, suffering in the winter from the severe cold, sometimes almost starving, always subject to the sudden fierce attack of a wily, watchful, jealous foe, and sometimes having a sharp battle with the Indians, Massie and his men toiled on, the valiant van-guard of an army of peace.

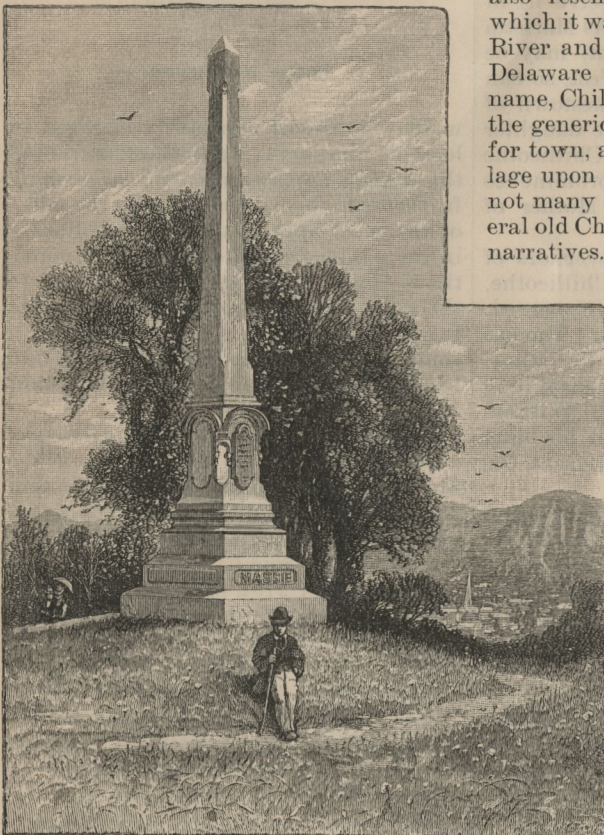
Duncan McArthur, also destined to take a prominent part in the affairs of the State which was to develop from the wilderness, was with Massie in most of his expeditions, and was the hero of several daring adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

By the year 1794, such an enthusiasm had been created in Kentucky by the glowing descriptions of the beauty of the scenery and the fertility of the soil in the Scioto country, which were circulated by Massie's followers, that portions of two Presbyterian congregations in Bourbon County determined to emigrate thither in a body. Their dislike of slavery was also an inducement to them to make a change; and being both impelled and attracted, they were eager to emigrate as early as

possible. Accordingly in the spring of 1795 we find a company of about sixty men met by appointment to penetrate the romantic wilds north of the Ohio. They reached a point near the site of Chillicothe, and there their progress was checked by a party of hostile Indians. As it was impossible to retreat with safety, they gave them battle, and the Indians, on being attacked, fled, leaving two of their number dead, and several wounded. Only one man of the Kentucky company was killed, and a white man who had long been a prisoner among the Indians made his escape to his own people. After gathering up all of the peltries left by the Indians, and plundering their camp, the whites retreated toward the Ohio, and, as they apprehended, were attacked the next morning by the pursuing and reinforced party of Shawanese. In the spring of 1796, Massie rendezvoused the same or essentially the same company

of men, and dividing them into two equal parties, again sought the favored locality in which he hoped to see a great town grow up. One division of the colony went by land, and the other up the Scioto in pirogues, carrying implements of husbandry, and those few articles which were indispensable to the pioneer. They landed at the mouth of Paint Creek (Olon Sepung), below the site of Chillicothe, at what has since been known as "the Station Prairie," and soon thirty ploughs had turned up three hundred acres of the fertile bottom-land, and it was planted in corn. Massie proceeded to lay out the town which a few years later became the scene of so many events important to the scattered settlers of the West. He was the owner of the tract on which the town was laid out, and he gave to each of the first settlers a lot within the plot, and a hundred acres of land near by. The town was laid out after the plan of Philadelphia, and in fact the situation also resembles much that of the city which it was sought to imitate, the Scioto River and Paint Creek representing the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The name, Chillicothe, chosen by Massie, was the generic name among the Shawanese for town, and although they had no village upon the site chosen, there was one not many miles distant—one of the several old Chillicoths celebrated in Indian narratives. The settlement thus estab-

lished, the one furthest advanced toward the interior, increased very rapidly in population, and the surrounding country soon received large numbers of settlers. The influx of immigrants was something wonderful for those days of slow travel and slow growth. Men of great ability, energy, and foresight were attracted to Massie's settlement by the fame of his exploits and the *éclat* with which the pioneer village sprang into existence, as well as by the flattering prospect which the richness of the region warranted. In 1798, there came among the immigrants from Virginia three men who were



THE MASSIE MONUMENT, IN THE CHILLICOTHE CEMETERY.

to be notable in State history—Worthington, his brother-in-law Tiffin, and Robert Lucas—all three afterward Governors. The last-named located a few miles southward, but still in the valley, and the others in Chillicothe. But with the reputable element came also a rabble of rakes, gamblers, adventurers, and outlaws, worthless to the community in every sense—a heterogeneous herd, ready to defy decency and trample order and law under foot. Virginia vices were imported as well as Virginia virtues.

A pioneer says: "When the settlers first came, whiskey was \$4 50 per gallon, but in the spring of 1797, when the keel-boats began to run, and the Monongahela whiskey-makers having found a good market for their fire-water, rushed it in in such quantities that the cabins were crowded with it, it soon fell to fifty cents; men, women, and children, with some exceptions, drank it freely, and many who had been respectable became inebriates. Many of Wayne's soldiers and camp-women settled in the town, so that for a time it became a town of drunkards and a sink of corruption. There was a little leaven, which in a few months began to develop itself." In 1800, Congress, recognizing the growing importance of Massie's settlement, and doubtless, too, influenced by its central location as to population, made it the capital of the Northwestern Territory. Worthington and Tiffin had met with the first session of the Territorial Legislature at Cincinnati, and they retained their places, meeting with the second at Chillicothe, and also with the third, in 1801. Here then came Arthur St. Clair, Governor of the Territory, clothed in the august robes of state, and already disliked because of his haughty bearing, his arbitrary rulings, and more than all else because there still clung to him the odium of his unfortunate military defeat. During the session of 1801, "the Governor and several of the legislators having been insulted at Chillicothe," a law was passed removing the capital to Cincinnati again. But the Territorial Legislature was not to meet again anywhere.



ADENA, RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR WORTHINGTON.

The unpopularity of St. Clair was causing many to long for a State government. The Federal Governor, to defeat the consummation of a plan which he foresaw would leave him without an occupation or an office, advanced a scheme for changing the ordinance of 1787 in such manner as to effect a division of the Territory, making the Scioto river the boundary line. This measure, had it been carried, would have long postponed the organization, as neither of the divisions of territory would have had for many years a sufficient population to have entitled it to a change in the administration of its civil affairs. Massie, Worthington, and Tiffin labored zealously against the change which was urged by St. Clair, and Worthington left late in the fall to lay before Congress a statement of the evils that must arise from a re-ar-



FRUIT HILL, THE RESIDENCE OF DUNCAN McARTHUR.

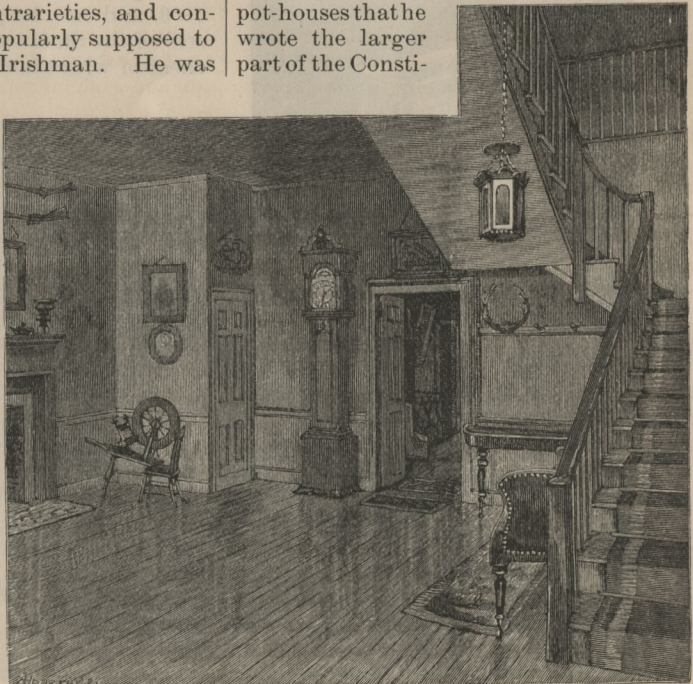
rangement of the boundaries of the prospective Northwestern States, and if possible to procure permission to call a convention for the formation of a State from the eastern portion of the Territory, having the boundaries originally provided by the ordinance, and to effect that organization "which, terminating the influence of tyranny, should meliorate the circumstances of thousands by freeing them from the domination of a despotic chief." In April, 1802, Congress passed an act to enable the people within the present boundaries of Ohio to form a Constitution, organize a State government, and to obtain admission into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. The people, eager to avail themselves of their new privileges, ordered and held an election, and chose delegates to represent them in a Constitutional Convention. This Convention assembled in Chillicothe on the first of November, 1802, and held its session in the "old stone State-house," in which the Territorial Legislature had assembled in 1801. The building was commenced in 1800, and finished in the following year. It was generally devoted to State purposes, and also served as the place for holding the local courts. Many years after the removal of the capital to Columbus, this first State-house of Ohio remained as a reminder of Chillicothe's proud early days; but about fifty years from the time it was built it was found that the plain, simple little struc-

ture, which was once thought amply commodious for the use of the State, was too small to serve the needs of the county, and it was destroyed to make room for a finer structure.

The Constitutional Convention brought to Chillicothe an assemblage of the ablest men in the Territory—such men as Charles Willing Byrd, William Goforth, and Jeremiah Morrow, of Cincinnati, Rufus Putnam and Judge Ephraim Cutler, from Marietta, and Samuel Huntington, from the Connecticut Reserve; but no locality had a stronger or more brilliant representation than Chillicothe. Among her delegates were Massie, Worthington, Tiffin, and Michael Baldwin, an erratic genius, who, previous to that time enjoying a local celebrity as the ablest and most brilliant member of the bar in the infant settlement, then first came before the people in a broader capacity. The Convention closed its labors after a session so short as to be worthy of the emulation of modern legislators, and it gave to the people a Constitution "which bore in every provision the marks of democratic feeling, of full faith in the people." And it may be added that the Constitution was never submitted to the people in whom it professed such full faith. Thomas Worthington is known to have been the member by whom was introduced the clause which secured to Ohio the mouth of the Maumee, the site of Toledo, and a valu-

able strip of territory, and he also was the originator of one or two other provisions; but Michael Baldwin, there is reason to believe, was the author of the greater part of the Constitution. No other man in the Convention possessed at the same time so large a legal knowledge and so great literary ability as he. He was one of that vast number of men to whom the world, or some part of it, has been indebted for most valuable services; but his great strength was handicapped by elements of weakness and venal faults—follies which impaired his usefulness, but did not destroy it. His ability, eccentricity, and prominence among the pioneer public men of the West entitle him to more than passing notice. He was both famous and notorious at an early day, and though his career in Chillicothe was short, and he left no monument or relic of his residence there, he was one of the marked characters of the town and State. He had located in the village as early as the last year of the last century, for the records show that he was in that year admitted to practice in the courts. Although he emigrated to the West from Connecticut, he was in all probability an Irishman, as his name would imply, and his character too, for that matter, for it was made up of all the incongruities, contrarities, and contradictions that are popularly supposed to belong to the typical Irishman. He was strongminded and physically, able to cope successfully with the best minds he met with, and equally well provided with that physical prowess which was necessary to the winning of respect from the roughs, and which brought victory in personal encounter. Well read in law, and familiar with general literature, he was, when he had a mind to be, as winning and graceful in private conversation as he was fluent and forcible in public oratory. These qualities won

for him many admirers, but other qualities which he possessed repelled the better element of the community; and thus losing the universal respect which he might have commanded, poor Baldwin suffered many falls in public favor, was only for brief periods successful, and led a sorry career, full of vicissitudes. He was kind-hearted and generous when he had means to be generous with, as he seldom did. Full of rollicking humor, and fond of wild fun, he developed a strong love for liquor, which was very naturally indulged in the unsettled town, until the once brilliant man sank from a high position into obscurity. Unrest or unhappy recollections of past life probably made him an easy prey to demoralizing influences, or at least such was the indication afforded by his actions. He became, very soon after his settlement in the West, recklessly dissipated, abandoning himself to the wildest orgies and protracted sprees, from which he would emerge into a condition of clear-headedness and temporary respectability to perform the most arduous legal labor, or to take a leading part in some political movement. The tavern of one William Keys was his favorite resort, and it is traditionally asserted that it was at this pioneer of pot-houses that he wrote the larger part of the Consti-



HALLWAY AT ADENA.

tution of Ohio, using a whiskey barrel for a table and a wine keg for a seat. It is a matter of record that the landlord sued Baldwin for the sum of £25 13s. 10d., which amount, with the exception of three items, was aggregated from a long list of charges for "toddy," "rum," "plain spirits," "brandysling," and "drinks for the club." The exceptional items were three suppers at 6d. each, but with every one of these charges there was one of "3s. for 1½ pints of brandy," which was certainly quite a Falstaffian proportion of meat to drink. Baldwin was the captain of the "Bloodhounds," an organization of the roughs and fighting men of the town, who did his electioneering for him, championed him in his quarrels, and occasionally liberated him from jail. The "Bloodhounds" undoubtedly constituted the club for which Baldwin ordered treats. Their captain was in the custom of drilling the "Bloodhounds" in mock military manner. Drawing the motley crowd up in line, Baldwin with great dignity would command, "Attention—Bloodhounds!" And then after the orders to "uncase gourds" and to "case gourds" had been complied with, the company was put through the manu-

al of arms—and legs—Baldwin giving with ringing voice the orders, "From the right shoulder—*strike!*" "From the left shoulder—*strike!*" "With the right foot—*kick!*" etc., greatly to the amusement of the throng of spectators always present on the Bloodhounds' muster days.

Baldwin did not always need the service of his rough constituency. On one occasion, when imprisoned in the jail for debt, or perhaps for some wild freak when in one of his whirlwinds of dissipation, he awoke to the consciousness that his fellow-prisoners were not of the kind with which he could enjoy companionship. Being locked up with a lot of thieves and low marauders was more than his dignity and pride, which chanced then to prevail, could stand; and so he kicked the door down, and the jail-birds out, saying, "I'm a gentleman, and I can not share my apartments with such as you."

With the organization of the State government there came into office several already prominent Chillicotheans, Edward Tiffin being elected Governor, Nathaniel Massie Speaker of the Senate, Michael Baldwin Speaker of the House, and William Creighton, Jun., Secretary of State. The first General Assembly met in the old stone State-house at Chillicothe in March, 1803, and not long after the first great seal of the State was devised, exhibiting a sheaf of wheat and a bundle of arrows in



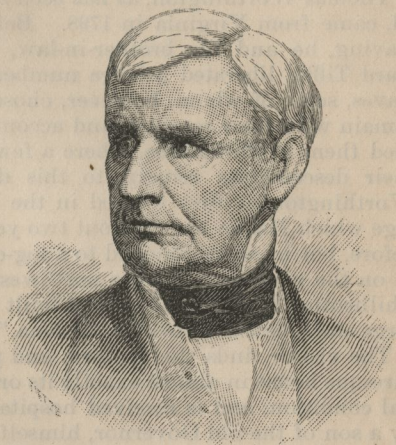
THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, FRUIT HILL.

the foreground, with rugged hills beyond, supposed to represent in idealized or conventionalized forms Mount Logan and the other elevations which form a sort of mountain chain east of the old capital. Years afterward, when the great internal improvement was effected of which De Witt Clinton was the father, a canal-boat was added as emblematical of commerce.

Governor Tiffin made an excellent helmsman for the new ship of state, and in 1805 was unanimously re-elected. The most notable official act of his gubernatorial career was the arrest of the Burr-Blennerhasset expedition. There are a few old citizens who can remember Ohio's first Governor—the mild-mannered, pure, and scholarly man, who, after serving as the Chief Executive of the State, was United States Senator, and then refused other important offices because he could not wean himself from his Ohio home.

Michael Baldwin, the irrepressible and incorrigible, was no more dignified, abstemious, or moral in his position as Speaker of the first Ohio House of Representatives than he had been in former years or lesser stations. He presided over the Chamber in 1803, 1804, and 1805. It is a matter of tradition that for his own pecuniary benefit, and for the entertainment of those among the legislators who had a penchant for gaming, he established in his rooms the game of "vingt-et-un," himself acting as banker and dealer, and as a matter of course winning more frequently than any of the other players. On one occasion, after much drinking and a late sitting at the gambling table, Baldwin found himself in possession not only of all the money of his companions, but of many of their watches. In the morning the House of Representatives was found to be without a quorum; but Baldwin, accustomed to heavy drinking and late hours, was in his place back of the Speaker's desk. Rapping savagely with his gavel, he demanded the roll-call of the House, and then sent the sergeant-at-arms out with orders to bring in the delinquent members. After an hour or so that functionary returned, followed by about a dozen members of the Ohio Legislature, whose blood-shot eyes, suffused faces, unsteady, shambling steps, and general air of shamefacedness indicated the late hours they had kept and their heavy indulgences. With much austerity of manner, Baldwin reprimanded the tardy

members, reminded them of the cost to which the infant State was subjected by payment of their *per diems*, and was proceeding to further elaborate his censure



WILLIAM ALLEN.

on their late arrival and the consequent delay of legislation, when one of the delinquents, exasperated beyond control, cried out: "Hold on there, Mr. Speaker, hold on! How could we tell what time it was when the Speaker of the House had all of our watches?"

Before and during the time when the State government was being organized, many local improvements were being made, which rendered the town more worthy of the honor which had been conferred upon it. Gradually the institutions of civilization were springing up in the new settlement. In 1800, Nathaniel Willis, grandfather of the poet, established in Chillicothe one of the earliest newspapers west of the Alleghanies, the *Scioto Gazette*, which has been published continuously ever since, and is now the oldest newspaper in Ohio. Churches were organized, and houses of worship built, schools provided, business projects entered upon, and an era of prosperity inaugurated which was unrivalled in any of the Western settlements. A little later than this period the Madeira House was built—a hostelry which in early times was known to all Western travellers, and famed for many years as the best tavern between Baltimore and Cincinnati. And here in this new town, then containing only a few hundred people, singular to state, in

the year 1814, was issued the first number of the pioneer religious journal of America, the *Weekly Recorder*, founded and for several years successfully edited by John Andrews, a Presbyterian preacher.

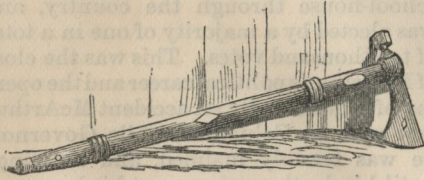
Thomas Worthington, as has been stated, came from Virginia in 1798. Before leaving, he and his brother-in-law, Edward Tiffin, liberated a large number of slaves, some of whom, however, chose to remain with their masters, and accompanied them to Chillicothe, where a few of their descendants remain to this day. Worthington at first located in the village which Massie had laid out two years before, but he soon removed to a log-cabin on the plateau two miles northwest of Chillicothe, where he afterward built the large stone house known as "Adena."

The visitor finds this historic and picturesque house in almost exactly its original condition, and is received hospitably by a son of the old Governor, himself almost fourscore years of age. The house, we are told, was fully completed in 1806, the work having been begun in 1798, and progressing very slowly on account of the hugeness of the undertaking in a pioneer settlement, and the difficulty of obtaining many of the materials.

Thomas Worthington, on coming to Ohio, was possessed of considerably more of this world's goods than most of the pioneers enjoyed, and coming from a home of old-style luxury, he naturally desired to form one in the West which should supply some of the elegancies as well as the necessities of life, and one in which he could comfortably entertain his friends. Accordingly he took great pains to select a picturesque location upon the great tract of land which he bought, and employed that famous architect, the elder Latrobe, of Washington, to design his dwelling-place. The work was done strictly in accordance with the plans he furnished, and mostly by workmen who were sent West by him. The edifice rose slowly, and the utmost care was taken to secure thoroughness and insure durability. The heavy stones, quarried in the vicinity, were carefully laid by experienced masons in walls two feet thick, and all of the wood-work was made massive and strong, but simple. The nails and the iron and brass work were brought from Philadelphia, and the glass from Pittsburgh, at great cost. The marble for mantels was packed on horses across the

mountains from the Quaker City at an expense of seven dollars for every hundred-weight. The cost of the house was, for the time, enormous, twice what it would have been a score of years later; but when completed, it was a marvel of beauty and luxury to the backwoodsmen—a palace in the wilderness. People flocked to Adena from all parts of the country round about, even from Kentucky, to gaze upon the massive walls of this many-chambered two-story stone mansion. The novelties of papered walls, the large panes of glass, curtains, and marble mantel-pieces, we are told, seemed especially to attract attention, and excite amazement and admiration. The house was seldom without visitors. During the earlier years of their occupancy the Worthingtons entertained hosts of people, among them some of the most eminent men of the time, who came to consult with their host upon grave public questions, as well as to enjoy the hospitality of the finest house in the West. Aaron Burr was at Adena not long before the dark close of his brilliant, audacious schemes. John Polk, James Monroe, Henry Clay, Lewis Cass, William Henry Harrison, Daniel Webster, and Thomas Corwin were among those whose footsteps have echoed in the old-fashioned hall, or upon the stone-floored veranda. And to this list may be added Paul Cuffey, the celebrated preacher; Judge Bibb, of the Supreme Court; Poletica, the Russian diplomat; General Macomb, commander of the army under Monroe; De Witt Clinton and Thomas A. King, Governors of New York; Thomas Ewing, Samuel F. Vinton, James Brown, member of Congress, and afterward ambassador to Paris; and a host of lesser lights among the statesmen of a past generation. Early in the history of the State, when the line of Indian battle had scarcely swept westward beyond the Miamis and the White-water, and when the settlements along the Scioto were still occasionally startled by rumors of danger, there was a great gathering of the braves of different tribes at Greenville, under Tecumseh, and his brother the Prophet. The Governor dispatched Thomas Worthington and Duncan McArthur to ascertain the object of such an assemblage. The commissioners were entirely convinced of the sincerity of Tecumseh in his protestations of pacific intentions toward the United States; but as there was a deep-seated and wide-spread

feeling among the whites that the Indians had gathered for the purpose of attacking the scattered settlements, and making a general massacre, Tecumseh, Blue Jacket, Tahre (the Crane), and a chief called the Panther, were induced by Worthington and McArthur to accompany them to Chillicothe, to more effectually allay the feverish excitement and apprehension of the people. Tecumseh made a speech which gave the settlers perfect assurance of safety, and won for him many warm friends and admirers. He was the guest



TECUMSEH'S TOMAHAWK, AT ADENA.

for a fortnight of Mr. Worthington, and on departing left his tomahawk as a souvenir. It is still treasured among the articles of historic bric-à-brac at Adena.

Governor Worthington was not destined to enjoy an old age of retirement and rest in the happy home which he created. Active in the service of the State and the nation from the time he settled in Ohio until his untimely death (in 1827, at the age of fifty-four years), he had but little time to pursue the pleasures of study or the amenities of social life, and was only at Adena during the rare and brief intervals of absence from public duty. The great influence he brought to bear in securing the organization of the State government won for him the respect and gratitude of its people, and they evinced their appreciation of his character and work by electing him Senator from the new State—a position in which he became the participant in most of the important measures of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison. At the close of his career in the Senate he was elected Governor of the State, in which capacity he was the promoter of all those wise and beneficent measures which were the foundation of Ohio's prosperity. He founded, in 1815, the State Library, selecting in Philadelphia, with the aid of his son, the present occupant of the old homestead, the first installment of books which were placed in the Capitol at Columbus, the

nucleus of a vast library. He was elected Governor a second term, and on his retirement from the office was given important appointments which still kept him in the service of the State. For over thirty years in public life, no man in Ohio did more to form the character and advance the interests of the State.

Half a mile from Adena, and upon the same plateau, is Fruit Hill, the residence of two Governors—originally the homestead of Duncan McArthur, and latterly of William Allen.

Stern, rugged Duncan McArthur, whose name was a household word throughout the West—scout, surveyor, soldier, famous both as General and as civil leader—lived here in a log-cabin, and before the erection of the Worthington mansion built a large stone house on the site of the present structure. The original residence was, however, almost entirely destroyed by fire, and only a small portion remains, incorporated with the newer but still ancient pile of substantial masonry. McArthur's career was a curious one, and yet one which has had many parallels in the history of the Northwest. He was born in Dutchess County, New York, in 1772, and when eight years of age removed with his father to the Pennsylvania frontier. His parents were natives of the Highlands of Scotland, and his mother belonged to the Campbell clan, so celebrated in Scottish history. Young McArthur had a generous strain of the sturdy blood of the Highlands in his veins, and probably inherited something of the Scotch love of action and adventure, for at the age of only eighteen years we find him a soldier under General Harmer in his campaign against the Indians. In 1792 he acted with so much intrepidity at one of the most fiercely fought battles of the time that he immediately became a hero in the eyes of the hardy frontiersmen.

From that time on until after the settlement of Chillicothe he was constantly braving the dangers of the wilderness, either as a spy among the Indians or as a surveyor with Massie. He assisted Massie in laying out the "ancient metropolis," and in the course of his business became a rich landholder, and settled on one of his large tracts, now known as the Fruit Hill estate. He was a member of one of the early Legislatures, and being a high officer in the militia, on the breaking out of the war of 1812 went to De-

troit, and was there, with the regiment he commanded, included in Hull's surrender. After his return as a prisoner of war on parole the Democratic party elected him by an immense majority to Congress, a position which he resigned to go into the field and to the front of action as Major-General. Under the "general call" he led to the Sandusky plains an army of nearly eight thousand men, mostly from the Scioto Valley, which, history says, "was almost wholly stripped of its male population." This general turn-out of the militia bore evidence that Massie, McArthur, and the few pioneers who followed them into the valley of the Scioto and made its first settlement had infused something of their own daring into the mass of the community. After the resignation of General Harrison, the command of the Northwestern army devolved upon McArthur, and from that time until the declaration of peace he conducted a most energetic and effectual campaign. Returning to his home, he again held many civil offices within the gift of a grateful State, and ten years after the close of the war in which he had won such high military honors was elected to Congress, in which body he became a strong supporter of what was then called the American system, and exerted a large influence in its favor, for although an uneducated man he had practical business habits, energy, perseverance, and the soundest of judgment. His enormous private business needing all his attention, he declined re-election for a third term, but a few years later he was brought forth from his retirement by the anti-Jackson party, which elected him to the gubernatorial chair. Upon the expiration of his term of office he was a candidate for Congress, being put into the field to heal dissensions in the party. Upon McArthur's nomination the other candidates withdrew, and his friends everywhere were very confident that the ex-Governor, an old politician, and popular man of affairs, could sweep the district against a young and comparatively unknown man, a mere stripling—William Allen. Between McArthur and Allen there was a hot fight, or rather between Allen and the ex-Governor's friends, for McArthur himself made but little effort in the canvass, probably thinking it unnecessary. Some of his enemies used as a campaign document against him a small handbill headed

with rude wood-cuts of coffins, and detailing in horrible colors the shooting of four deserters at the Chillicothe camp during the war of 1812 by McArthur's orders. This act, which was probably nothing more than one of the stern necessities of war, and perfectly justifiable under the circumstances, was denounced as the act of a blood-thirsty monster, and perhaps with some effect. It was the old campaign cry against McArthur, and had been used every time he was a candidate for office. Allen entered the contest with vigor, made speeches in almost every school-house through the country, and was elected by a majority of one in a total of ten thousand votes. This was the close of McArthur's political career and the opening of Allen's. By an accident McArthur met with in Columbus, while Governor, he was terribly maimed, and remained until his death a prisoner at his home.

The young man who won the victory over the ex-Governor of Ohio, and who was destined to hold the highest position within the gift of the State, came to Chillicothe as a poor boy one winter early in the twenties. He was a native of North Carolina, and born in 1806. His life, however, from early childhood until his eighteenth year, when he came to Ohio, was passed in Virginia. Making the entire journey from Lynchburg to Chillicothe on foot, and a large portion of it alone, he was warmly welcomed on his arrival by his half-sister and her husband, the mother and father of Allen G. Thurman, with whom he made his home. He attended for a time the "old academy," and then began the study of law. Young Allen was tall and large of his age, and he exhibited a mental precociousness which was in keeping with his physical advancement. He was soon admitted to practice at the bar, and almost immediately thereafter developed very unusual oratorical ability. After his first political success he rose rapidly in the favor of the public, and in 1836 was elected United States Senator. When he took his seat the year following he was the youngest man who ever had a place in that body, being in his thirty-first year. It is a fact not generally known that William Allen was offered the Democratic nomination for the Presidency in the Washington Convention of 1848. The friends of Cass and Van Buren being unable to agree, and the dissension having developed to

such a degree that it was feared neither in the event of nomination could conciliate the partisans of his opponent, Allen was strongly urged to allow his name to go before the Convention as a compromise candidate. He declined on the ground that such action would be treachery to Cass, whose friend and adviser he was. After a second term in the Senate, Mr. Allen went into the retirement of private life. Marrying a daughter of Governor McArthur, and taking up his residence at Fruit Hill, he made no effort to emerge from his seclusion until 1873, when he accepted the Democratic nomination for the Governorship. Thus came before the people, in a personal canvass, a man who almost forty years before had entered the United States Senate, but who, from his long retirement, was almost unknown to the younger generation of politicians. On the expiration of his term of office, Governor Allen sought no further political preferment. He remained at Fruit Hill enjoying his books, and almost to the very last superintending the great farm which surrounded his home. His tall, erect form was a familiar sight upon the streets of Chillicothe, and as he was easily accessible, hosts of visitors from the town and from abroad, the distinguished and the obscure, sought "the sage of Fruit Hill," to converse with him and to receive his counsel. Even in the last few weeks of his life his physical and mental vigor seemed scarcely impaired. His voice was strong and clear, and as he warmed with the growing interest of conversation upon some broad topic, his manner became strangely impressive, and his words as eloquent as when he was a score of years younger. There was no indication of the near approaching close of life's earth chapter in the early summer of 1879, and yet, after a few days' illness, Death laid his hand upon the silvered, venerable head, and the clear blue eyes were closed forever.

The Governor's room in the old stone house, from which we have wandered to recount the lives of its two famous occupants, is still undisturbed. The vine which shades the window looking out upon the lawn and hill-slope, and upon Chillicothe beyond, has been bared by winter winds, and grown green again, but the fragrance of its blossoms floats through the open casement into a lonely chamber. By the reading table, with its homely de-

vice for holding books, there is a vacant, well-worn easy-chair, and all of the simple articles of furniture throughout the room remain in the position in which they were arranged by its departed occupant. Over thirty years of the Governor's life were passed at this historic house, and his powerful personality seems still to pervade the place.

A great concourse of people attended the funeral of the widely known and well-loved old man, and a long procession wound down the half-mile hill, and through the hushed streets of the town, and up to the summit of another high hill, following the remains of the last of Chillicothe's Governors to their final resting-place. No more beautiful cemetery can be found in the West than Chillicothe's city of the dead, overlooking the peaceful, sunny valley of the Scioto and its rambling, village-like city of the living. Poor mortality could have no resting-place hallowed by more harmonious beauty of nature, and glorious immortality no more suggestive earthly symbol or assuring mystic promise, than is here afforded.

Here sleep a goodly company of the distinguished dead—Massie, Tiffin, Worthington, McArthur, Allen, and many more, younger men—who by civil means fostered and with arms defended the State which their predecessors founded.

THE SUMAC-GATHERERS.

I.

I WAS on a visit to my friend Mr. Burney, living at his place called Glenburney, in the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia. It was in the month of September, 187-, and the weather was the most beautiful imaginable. Certainly nothing is more exquisite than the fall in Virginia, and the airs were so mild even toward night that the family would go out to the porch after tea and sit there, watching the faint flush die across the mountains in the west, or the moon rise over the shaggy battlement of the Blue Ridge, which was not more than two or three miles, as the crow flies, from the Glenburney house.

I looked at the exquisite landscape from the porch on the evening of my arrival. Night was near. The air was perfectly still. Along the west, seen across rolling fields and a belt of woods, from which peeped up the roofs of the little village of Milldale, lay the long range of the North

Mountain, of a deep rich purple, crowned with a bright orange, shading off into delicate green. Far off to the southwest rose the Massanutten like a purple wave, with Strasburg under the crest, and to the east the Blue Ridge shut in the prospect—a prostrate giant, touched on its summits by the fading light, and slowly merging its bald outline in the gloom. A moment came at last when you could not tell where the mountain ended and the sky began. Was it a cloud, or a range of heights? The question remained unanswered. There was no moon, but the whole universe seemed to be pervaded by stars. The dusky twilight charmed and soothed, and looking toward the Blue Ridge, where the little twinkling lights of night seemed to spring up from the very horizon, I said to my friend Burney,

"I really seem to have wandered away into star-land."

"I see you are looking at the mountain," he replied, with a smile. "But you are mistaken if you suppose that those lights are stars: they are the fires of the sumac-gatherers."

"The sumac-gatherers?"

"Yes; the work of collecting sumac is in full progress. Those brilliant stars of your fancy are fires in front of tents d'abri—small shelter affairs."

I looked again, and more attentively. Even then it was difficult to believe that the twinkling lights were not stars. They covered the side of the mountain far and near. The wooded declivity rising almost directly from the banks of the Shenandoah was brilliant with them, soft glow-worms glimmering in the autumn night.

"Tell me who the sumac-gatherers are?" I said.

"Have you never heard of them before?" said my friend, with a smile. "Well, that proves, my dear Willing, that you are a stranger to 'Old Virginny'—since the war at least. Sumac-gathering has become an industry, with army head-quarters, so to say, at Richmond, but corps head-quarters at Winchester and elsewhere. The Virginia mountain sumac is said to be the best in the world after the Sicilian, and here you see how it is procured."

I began to be much interested by this time, and said: "I always make it a point to confess my ignorance where I am ignorant. What is sumac, and what is it good for?"

"It is a small shrub," my friend replied, "with lanceolated leaves, which turn of a bright crimson at this time of the year, and are used for tanning fair leather and dyeing. With the various mordants the sumac makes a variety of very rich and beautiful dyes of great excellence, which are chiefly used in calico-printing. Virginia seems to be the favored region for this valuable shrub. It thrives here without cultivation, covering the whole mountain with its blaze of scarlet. It is, besides, in shape a very beautiful plant. Do you see that ailantus-tree there with its Oriental leaves? The sumac closely resembles it."

"And they are gathering it—I mean the people in the tents d'abri yonder?"

"Yes. They have now been engaged for some days. They make it a sort of frolic. They are poor 'mountain people,' as we call them, and the sumac crop is a very important source of revenue to them. The leaves and twigs on which they grow bring a cent a pound at Winchester, where there is a large sumac factory, and many a poor family depends for its brown sugar and Rio coffee throughout the winter on this industry. They pitch their tents, wives, children, and all, with provisions and cooking utensils, and by daylight and all day long everybody is engaged pulling the leaves and making up bundles. At night they talk and laugh and sing around the fires in front of the little tents—you see them yonder—and then lie down on their 'pine-tag' beds, and go to sleep under the stars."

Having given me this explanation, my hospitable host changed the subject to politics and the question of the Virginia State debt, but this topic failed to interest me. It has been said that everybody has a "wild side" in him—something which makes him revolt from convention and commonplace, and thrill with vague pleasure at the unconventional, nomadic, and new. Here was something of this sort. These people, taking their wives and children and pitching their tents on the mountain-side, interested me. Looking toward the glimmering glow-worm lights, I could fancy the groups around the fires, and hear their songs in imagination, and live their wild careless life with them. No doubt this attraction rose from contrast. I had come from a Northern city, where I resided, to spend a few weeks in the valley, and the scenes around me were