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2

### Preface.

[Advent of see p.257]<sup>2</sup>

The good younger son and brother, Arthur Malcolm Lane, [In November 1877]<sup>3</sup> before leaving the “old Home Nest”, to “scratch” for himself, on hearing his father relating some of his own boyhood or early manhood exploits, said: “Father you occasionally let out something about your early life, but really we children know but little about you. I wish you would write out your history so that we can sometime, find out more about you”.

Promising to do so, I had this substantial Record book made, and from time to time have written out and entered therein the chief events of my life, embracing more or less of the history of many other members of the family. From the perusal of a Geneological history of the Lane Family, compiled by Rev. Jacob Chapman and Rev. James H. Fitts,<sup>4</sup> of New Hampshire, in 1891. I find that I may not have been technically correct as to the origin, and advent in America, of our immediate lineal ancestry, but all herein recorded on my own personal recollection, may be relied upon as substantially, if not literally, accurate.

And though some of my youthful idiosyncrasies as well as many of my adult eccentricities, may be regarded rather as a warning to be shunned than an example to be imitated. I feel that all of my surviving children, and such of my grand children as may have sufficient patience to wade through these pages, will be benefitted by their perusal; the writer’s life having providentially been spared many years beyond what, at its commencement, might reasonably have been expected, being at the date of this writing, January 29, 1894, just 78 years and 7 months old. S. A. Lane.

3

## Autobiography

### Birth – Childhood – Education.

I was born June 29<sup>th</sup> 1815, in the town of Suffield, County of Hartford and State of Connecticut, one of the very loveliest of the many lovely towns in the lovely Valley of the Connecticut, situated on the West bank of the river, sixteen miles North of the City of Hartford, and ten miles South of the City of Springfield, in the State of Massachusetts.

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<sup>1</sup> Page number printed in book

<sup>2</sup> Written in margin

<sup>3</sup> Written in margin

<sup>4</sup> Citation for title in question: Chapman, Jacob, and James H. Fitts. *Lane Genealogies*. Exeter, N.H.: The Newsletter press, 1891.

Parentage<sup>5</sup>

My father, Comfort Lane, was the third of the five sons of Gad Lane, a lineal descendant of the traditional “three brothers” of the name of Lane who immigrated from England to America at an early day, settling, respectively, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut. My mother, Betsey Sikes, [Betsey Sikes]<sup>6</sup> was the second daughter of Gideon Sikes, also a descendant of the “three brothers” of that name, who immigrated +c, one settling in Massachusetts, one in Connecticut, and the third in Rhode Island.

Paternal Grand Father.

My Grandfather, “Gad”, <insertion: Lane> though not a Revolutionary soldier, was of very great service to the Continental army, being a very skillful blacksmith, and not only shoeing the officers’ and Troopers’ horses, repairing army wagons +c but fabricating pikes, cutlasses and other rude but effective implements of warfare. After the close of the war, though quite an extensive farmer, as well as the keeper of a country tavern, he still carried on his shop for the accommodation of his neighbors, as well as for the traveling public. He delighted, in his old age, to keep his grandchildren

**4**

supplied with jack-knives of his own manufacture, and once, when I was visiting the family, the old gentleman – then in the 85<sup>th</sup> year of his age – turned out, just for the fun of the thing, you know, a Jews-harp and a fine tooth comb. The former was rather a hoarse toned instrument, the jaws being about five inches in length and the tongue at least three-eighths of an inch in width at the bulge, its vibrations nearly jarring the teeth out of the jaws of those who attempted to play upon it. The comb was made of steel, and the teeth were only calculated to “rake out” the “fatlings of the flock”, being at least an eighth of an inch in width and fully the same distance apart. The old gentleman was not only plucky to the last in the practice of his “profession”, but he was also “game” to the last in the matrimonial line, for, after burying his third wife, when about eighty years old, he slyly entered into a fourth matrimonial engagement with a widow lady but a few years his junior, the “untimely” interference of the children of the “youthful” couple alone preventing the consummation of the nuptials. He died in the ninety-second\* year of his age.

\*[I was present at the death and funeral of grandfather Lane, and it was then understood that he was over 91 years old, but the same Genealogy, page 12, gives August 31, 1744, as the date of his birth, and November 27, 1833 as the date of his death, making him but 89 years, 2 months and 27 days of age when he passed away.]<sup>7</sup>

Maternal Grandfather.

My Grandfather, “Gid,” <insertion: SIKES<sup>8</sup>> was a soldier of the Revolution, and, in the later years of his life, received a pension from the government. He was a farmer, but made about quarter-yearly excursions into neighboring towns and counties as a peddler of glass-ware, which occupation he followed nearly to the end of his long life, dying April 13, 1846, aged 92 years 10 mos, 15 days. Grandfather Sikes was also somewhat matrimonially

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<sup>5</sup> This, and all headers, believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph

<sup>6</sup> Written a second time in margin

<sup>7</sup> Paragraph written in the margin of the page and believed to be written at a later date

<sup>8</sup> Written in a different hand than author’s

inclined, having had three wives and raised three “crops” of children – fourteen in all – one son and five daughters by the first; one son and one daughter by the second and two sons and five daughters by the third.

#### Occupation of Father.

My father was, by trade, a Carriage maker, or, as it was termed in those days, a “Wheelwright”. Soon after his marriage, which took place July 15<sup>th</sup> 1807, he established himself in business in his native town, about a mile and a half northeast of the center, on a street called “Crooked Lane”, so named, probably, from the fact that, branching off from the main North and South road, about half a mile north of the center, it pursues the tortuous course of an original foot-path from the village to the settlements upon the river above: the path becoming a lane and then a street, as the land through which it runs were settled upon and improved.

#### Diversity of Employment.

Through all kinds of wagons and carriages, then in vogue, were manufactured in my father’s shops, his great specialty was the building of Stage-Coaches– “Staging” being in fact the great business of the country, at that time. In addition to the various mechanical branches carried on – wood-work, blacksmithing, painting, trimming +c – a small farm of some thirty-five or forty acres was cultivated. As our school kept but little more than half the year, there was most generally something useful for us boys to do, though we were, by no means, deprived of a proper proportion of play and innocent amusement. Thus I had an opportunity of getting a tolerable insight into the arts and mysteries of currying horses, milking cows, chopping firewood, plowing,

## 6

planting, hoeing, weeding, reaping, mowing, raking, digging and picking up potatoes; gathering apples; making cider; husking corn; threshing grain +c. Tobacco-raising and cigar-making, were also, then as now, prominent branches of agricultural and mechanical industry in the fertile valley of the Connecticut. An acre or two of our very best land was devoted, each year, to the growing of the “delectable weed”, and one or two girls were almost constantly employed in working it up, when properly cured, into “genuine imported Habanas”. Among my earliest recollections is the extreme “pleasure” which I daily “enjoyed”, in passing through the field in search of the voracious and “sweet-scented” tobacco worm, “suckening” the plants +c. +c.

#### Youthful Haps and Mishaps.

During those juvenile and youthful days I also obtained quite a smattering of the different mechanical branches carried on in the shops. One of the earliest of my juvenile “mechanical” operations occurred in this wise. When I was perhaps four years old the proprietor of the stage line brought one of his coaches to the shop for some slight repairs. While the workmen were at dinner, I clambored up into the Coach, in which the trimmer had left a dish of brass-headed nails, and his trimming hammer. I made such good time in my labors, before the trimmer returned from his dinner, that I had firmly planted some two or three hundred of said brass-headed nails in various portions of the coach – the floor, the seats, the panels +c. though it was, of course, very annoying, the owner of the Coach persuaded my father not to punish me, and often joked me as I grew older, at my dexterity in “hitting the nail upon the head”.

In the wood-shop, I became quite an expert in the use of tools, though serious mishaps, not only to the tools, but to my person, also, occasionally occurred, as sundry scars upon my fingers, toes and legs, even now, bear witness. One of the most serious occurred in this wise: Wooden pins were used for pinning the frame work of wagon and carriage bodies together. These pins were made by driving, with a heavy iron hammer, small pieces of hard wood through an iron or steel former, letting the pins, when thus formed, fall through a hole in the bench to the floor below. When I was some seven or eight years old, while one of the workmen was thus employed, I crawled under the bench to gather up the falling pins. Securing a handful I reached up to lay them on the bench, in doing which I thrust the thumb of my right hand directly beneath the descending hammer. The result was a thorough demoralization of said thumb, the first joint being to nearly amputated by the blow as to adhere to the upper joint by a small portion of the muscle and skin, only. The old "Family Doctor" was sent for, who, on examining the dismantled digit, called for a pair of shears to complete the amputation. This my mother would not permit him to do, insisting that I would never be able to write without a thumb. Well, the old fellow patched it up as well as he could, binding it firmly together with splint and bandage, and ordered that it should be kept constantly and thoroughly saturated with New England Rum for a week, when he would call and see how it was doing. The result was that the joint was saved, and though, with its cloven and corrugated nail, and its general resemblance to the head of the mud-turtle, it was, in my youthful days, a source of considerable annoyance. It has ever proved a true and loyal thumb, thanks to my mother and New England Rum.

8

The next most severe, and in some respect more serious accident that occurred to me, through the use of tools, happened in this way: The large gate to the picket fence which enclosed our large vegetable garden, having fallen into dilapidation, when I was about eleven or twelve years old, I obtained permission from my father to build a new one. Not finding a piece of timber of the proper size for the bottom rail, I undertook to hew on out with a wagon maker's hatchet, in the same manner that carpenters, with the broad-axe, in those days hewed out the timber for the frame of a house. The work progressed finely until the rail was about two-thirds finished, when an unlucky glance buried the corner of the hatchet deep into the cap of my left knee. The services of the old Doctor being again called into requisition, he sewed the wound together, the mishap confining me to my bed and the use of crutches; six months or more elapsing before I could move the joint, that leg having been rather clumsy in consequence, to the present time.

Blacksmith's Blower and Striker.

The blacksmith-shop, also, had certain attractions for me, and being a great favorite with the boss blacksmith, Mr David Curtis, I was accorded many privileges in that department that were not granted to the other juveniles of the household. I became an expert at blowing the forge bellows, quite skillful at tapping nuts and wielding the serew-plate, and, on a pinch, though rather short and light for that purpose, I occasionally officiated as a striker. I was also permitted, when the fire and anvil were not otherwise occupied, to tinker on my own account, though, my efforts often

resulted about like the performances of that other amateur blacksmith that we read of. Boasting to his companions that he could make a Jewsharp he boldly essayed to do so, but somehow the iron would'nt take the required shape for a Jewsharp and he concluded to make a house-nail. After sweating over the forge and the anvil for half an hour, or so without accomplishing the desired result, he finally brought the iron to a white heat and plunged it into a tub of water exclaiming "I can make a hiss, any how!"

#### Embryo Painter.

But the paint shop was my especial delight. Here I was given full swing and permitted to revel almost "fancy free": and, as it was the intention of my father to have me learn that branch of the business, as my next older brother, Henry, had already been dedicated to the "wheelwright" department, I was especially encouraged and instructed in the use of the brush and the mixing of colors. Though my father did not live to carry out his intentions, in regard to me, the insight into the painting business which I then obtained, had an important bearing upon my subsequent life.

#### Father as an Inventor.

In addition to being a first-class workman at the carriage business, my father was something of an inventor, having invented and placed in operation a number of labor-saving devices, for morticing hubs, working tenons on spokes, sawing felloes +c +c, which, together with turning lathes, both for wood and iron, were driven by horse-power machinery, also of his own invention. This horse-power was under a large staging, at the South end of the shop, connected with the paint room above, and reached by a broad flight of stairs in front of the shop, up and down which carriages, wagons +c were run for painting, delivering +c, as desired. This power consisted of a central vertical, octagonal

## 10

wooden shaft from which extended, about eight feet from the ground, eight horizontal arms, about twelve feet in length, to the ends of which was attached a rim, or wheel, about twenty-five feet in diameter. Wooden cogs depended from the under side of this wheel which fitted into a pinion about two feet in diameter, on the end of the driving shaft which extended into and part way through the shop. The "motive" power of this wonderful machine consisted of "Old Bob", the family horse, attached, in the rear, to a horizontal lever extending from the central shaft to the outer circle, and made to travel in the proper circular course by a strap extending from the bit to the end of a spring pole extending from another angle of the central shaft to a point a few feet forward of his nose. On the horizontal lever, about mid-way, was located the "Engineer's" seat, a position which was often filled by myself, which in hand, during my boyhood days, an employment that went very nicely for a little while, but one that used to become terribly monotonous, both for the driver and "Old Bob", on a four or five hour's pull.

#### The Suffield Cotton Gin.

The most important invention that my father made, was a machine for separating cotton from the seed, and was named the "Suffield Cotton Gin". This was undertaken at the suggestion of a Southern gentleman, by the name of Meeker, who frequently visited my father on business, having an extensive Carriage Repository in the City of Charleston, South Carolina. After working up the

general plan of the machine, to enable him to prosecute the work to greater advantage, he took two gentlemen by the name of Leavitt – cousins – into partnership, each binding himself to defray one-third of the expense and each to share equally in the profits. In the building of some of the nicer portions of the machine, and of the model that was to be sent to Washington, in obtaining a patent, Captain William Wadsworth, a very skillful mechanic from Hartford, was employed for a considerable length of time. The Captain was a large, fine-looking man, very intelligent and gentlemanly, when sober, but greatly addicted to intemperance, and when intoxicated quite profane, though never ill-nature. One Sunday morning there was a noise in the Captain's room, which opened off from the family sitting room, that jarred the the<sup>9</sup> entire house to its very foundations. My father, followed by the rest of the family, immediately rushed in to see what was the matter. The Captain was sitting flat on the floor, the most comical looking object imaginable. He had undertaken to shave himself, as was his custom, but being too drunk to properly perform the job, after getting his neck and face thoroughly lathered, from the upper part of his chest to the roots of his hair, he had succeeded in irregularly scraping and haggling over about one half of his face, when, by some means, he lost his balance, and fell sprawling upon the floor. After looking at him a moment, my father exclaimed, "Well, Captain, for a man only half shaved, you are the worst shaved man I ever saw!" drunk as he was, the Captain saw the point of the joke, and with a maudlin leer responded "Thas so, Judge Lane, thas so". My father was called "Judge" Lane from the fact that during the later years of his apprenticeship, some difficulty aris-

## 12

ing between a couple of his fellow workmen, it was agreed to refer the matter to him, and, to get at the facts in the case, he had organized a sort of Court, appointed counsel to examine and cross-examine witnesses, the "Judge" summing up the testimony, pro and con, and rendering a verdict with the utmost gravity. Then, instead of saying that a man was half drunk, or pretty tight, it was customary to say "he's about half-shaved" or "pretty well shaved", which will, of course, make the joke which father perpetrated on the Captain perfectly apparent. On the occasion in question the Captain was assisted on to his bed where he slept off his drunk in time to finish his tonsorial operations, and make himself presentable at supper time, conducting himself with as much dignity and good nature as though nothing had happened. Sometimes father would intimate to the Captain that his work was progressing rather slowly, when the old fellow would straighten himself up to his full height, and impatiently respond: "Judge Lane, if you want me to botch it, I can botch it – but I swear I wont!" Among the children of the household I was the Captain's favorite, and he did me the honor of making for me a silver pen, the first metal pen of any kind that I ever saw, and which I kept and used many years.

### Securing Letters Patent.

Well, the "Suffield Cotton Gin" was at length completed, and father visited Washington for the purpose of getting it patented, in which he was successful, much less "red tape" then being necessary in the procuring of Letters

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<sup>9</sup> Author repeated the word, "the".



Attorney General  
of the United States.

“The Schedule referred to in these Letters Patent, and making a part of the same,  
“containing a description, in the words of the said Joshua Leavitt, Comfort Lane and Thaddeus  
“Leavitt themselves, of their improvement in the machine for separating the seed from the  
“cotton, called the “Suffield Cotton Gin:”

“A rack, made of wood, iron, or any other metal, from three to six inches high, and from  
“twelve inches, to any requisite length, into which are inserted a number of perpendicular  
“rounds, made of iron, or other

15

“metal, through which cotton is drawn by the hooks, and which rounds are placed at a central  
“distance from each other, sufficient for the hooks to pass between them, and prevent the seed  
“from being drain through said rack.

“Fifty or more hooks, in two separate equal gangs, attached, by clamps and screws, to  
“two separate horizontal cranks, which pass across said machine, at a proper distance, one above  
“the other, to give the necessary room for each of said gangs of hooks to operate without  
“interference; and which cranks, with the addition of wheels and pinions attached to them, give  
“motion to the two gangs of hooks; said hooks, cranks +c made of steel, iron, or other metal; the  
“hooks to be in length twelve inches or more, and the proportionate width, thickness and  
“strength, to perform the part assigned them.

“Through, or near, the center of each of said hooks, is cut a longitudinal groove of two  
“inches or more, and half an inch or more wide, through which groove, for each gang of hooks,  
“passes a fulcrum, or rod of iron, steel, or other metal, which fulcrum, or rod, is confined at each  
“end, and assists in giving a proper motion to the hooks; also to steady and strengthen them in  
“their operation. The hooks to be connected to the aforesaid clamps, each by a pivot at the upper  
“end, with head and shoulder, which will accelerate their necessary vibrating motion. At one end  
“of the before named cranks, is secured a cam, made of steel, iron, or other metal, which cams  
“serve to give a zigzag or sideways motion to each of the gangs of hooks, necessary to perform  
“their duty.

“The slant or side motion of the hooks, calculated from ten to forty degrees, more or less.  
“Connected with one end of each of the before named cranks, is a spring, calculated to regulate  
“the side motion of each of the two

16

“gangs of hooks, by their operation upon; and control over, the cams, which cams give an  
“opposite side motion to the cranks and hooks. The rack first mentioned to be suspended, by one  
“or more springs, from the frame of the machine, and work in a groove at each end. The whole  
“machine is put in motion by a main wheel of six inches or more diameter, which is connected  
“with a pinion; which pinion drives another which gives motion to two wheels situated on the  
“end of the two cranks, by which the hooks and cranks are put in motion. The two last mentioned  
“wheels, on the cranks, possess a horizontal motion, on the pinion which gives them motion. A

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<sup>15</sup> Wavy line runs along this line.



“balance wheel, of six inches or more diameter, is connected with the main wheel, to regulate the  
“motion of the machine.

“Connected with, and attached to, the above machine, is a feeder, made of wood, tin, or  
“other metal, and put in motion by gearing from the main wheel; which feeder runs on a separate  
“axle, and which is placed under, or nearly under, the rack, on which a pinion at each end is  
“secured; one of which pinions is connected with and marks into the main wheel, at one end; and  
“at the other end with the larger wheel, which gives motion to the feeder, in which feeder are  
“points set, of sufficient length and strength, and at proper distances, to take the cotton from the  
“hopper, hereafter described, and deliver the same to the hooks.

“A hopper, made of tin, or other metal, and placed opposite the points of the hooks,  
“through which are grooves, at from half an inch to any required distance apart; through which  
“grooves the points of the feeder, or roller, operate and draw the cam.

17

“An agitator, attached to the machine by a pivot in its center, which operates in the  
“hopper as an assistant to the feeder, and is put in motion by cogs or cams attached to a shaft  
“which is moved by the wheel of the feeder.

“The whole calculated to be worked by any given person.

“Invented at Suffield, in the county of Hartford, and State of Connecticut, March 4<sup>th</sup>  
“1825, by

Joshua Leavitt  
Comfort Lane  
Thaddeus Leavitt.”

“Witnesses,  
M C Gay<sup>16</sup> ”  
Wm Gay.

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17

### Father Visits the “Sunny South”.

A nice model, about one foot by two, had been constructed by Capt Wadsworth which was taken by my fathre – who had been deputed by the “firm” to transact all its business – to Washington to be deposited in the Patent Office, in accordance with the Patent Laws then in Vogue. A larger sized machine, perhaps three or four by six or seven feet in size, had also been built, and taken with him as far as New York, and to be taken thence to South Carolina, in case his mission to Washington was successful. Facilities for traveling were not so good then as now, as will be seen by the following summary, which I have compiled from papers belonging to my father now in my possession. Leaving Suffield March 15<sup>th</sup> 1825, he was taken to Hartford by his own conveyance, my brother Henry, going with him to drive “Old Bob” back. At Hartford he took passage on board the Steamer “Oliver Ellsworth”, for New York where he arrived on the morning of the 16<sup>th</sup>. The journey from New York to Philadelphia was performed by stage, a stoppage over night being made in Trenton,<sup>18</sup> N. J.

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<sup>16</sup> Names followed by a flourish.

<sup>17</sup> Double underline marks the end of this section.

<sup>18</sup> Best guess

18

From Philadelphia to Baltimore the journey was made on board the Steamer “Philadelphia”; the remainder of the journey— from Baltimore to Washington— being performed by stage, the entire journey occupying five days.

Having successfully accomplished his object, as above shown, on the 24<sup>th</sup> day of March, he returned to New York by the same modes of conveyance, reaching the latter city March 29<sup>th</sup>. Here he took passage on board the Ship “President”, a sailing vessel, for Charleston, S. C. ocean steamers, either coast-wise or otherwise, not then being known; paying for himself and his freight forty dollars passage money, some five or six days being required for the journey. The machine, which was only intended to be worked by hand, was placed on exhibition both in the city and on neighboring plantations. It did its work thoroughly, and well, and was thought, by those who witnessed its operations, to be a great improvement over the Whitney Gin as then constructed and operated. Though no sales were made very great inducements were held out that if the proposed machine, to be worked by horse power, should perform its work equally rapid and well, it would meet with large and profitable sales. So, after an absence of fifty-six days father returned home, and made his report to his firm of the financial aspects of which were substantially as follows:

“In 56 days services in going to the City of <sup>19</sup>	
“Washington to obtain a patent for the	
“Suffield Cotton Gin and to South	
“Carolina for the purpose of trying,	
“exhibiting or selling the above Gin,	\$56.00
“To cash expended on the above business	<u>220 37 ½</u>
	\$276.37 ½

19

In addition to the foregoing item of \$276.37½ expended in bringing the machine to the notice of the Cotton Powers of South Carolina, I find, by the memoranda before me, that the entire cost of construction of the hand-power machine and the model was \$565<sup>32</sup>, the aggregate<sup>20</sup> outlays of the Company up to this time, say, May 10<sup>th</sup> 1825, being \$841<sup>69½</sup>

Larger Working Model Built.<sup>21</sup>

It was now determined to build a larger and more substantial machine, but as all the parts and proportions had to be drafted and re-calculated, the process of construction was necessarily slow. Added to this the two Leavitts, though building largely upon the future immense profits arising from the sale of the “Suffield Cotton Gin”, were, just at that time, decidedly short, and did not furnish their proportion of the funds as promptly as was desired, and, as father’s time and means were almost wholly needed in his regular business, the enterprize somewhat lagged. For the most part, however, Capt Wadsworth and Mr Ebenezer Wyman, a pretty skillful halfandhalf<sup>22</sup> blacksmith and machinist, from West Springfield, were kept pretty constantly

<sup>19</sup> Flourish drawn to the right of paragraph

<sup>20</sup> Best guess, probably supposed to be “aggregate”

<sup>21</sup> Believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph

<sup>22</sup> Best guess

employed until the completion of the work, some time in the summer of 1826, Capt Wadsworth and Mr Wyman were each paid one dollar per day, and board, for their labor; the Company allowing father a dollar and a half per week, each, for their board; and paying him one dollar and twenty-five cents per day for labor actually performed on the machine, and for time spent in the interests of the firm.

Visit to South Carolina. No 2.<sup>23</sup>

I find, by the papers, that some time during the summer of 1825, Mr Joshua Leavitt sold one-half of his one-third interest to Mr William Hancock, of Hartford, and that a year or so later the other half of his one-third interest was transferred to Messers Henry Kirkum and David Burbank, also of Hartford. Col. Thad. Leavitt having in the mean time gone into bankruptcy, his interest in the Company was represented

**20**

by Mr Luther Loomis, his assignee, than the most wealthy and prosperous merchant in Suffield: and on the completion of the new horse-power machine, in size some five or six by ten or twelve feet, in the fall of 1826, the parties in the interest executed the following document, which explains itself:

“Know all men by these presents, that we, Comfort Lane, Thaddeus Leavitt, by his assignee, Luther Loomis, of Suffield; + William Hancock, Henry Kirkum + David Burbank, of Hartford, all of Hartford County + State of Connecticut, are the present owners of a certain machine constructed for the purpose of cleaning the seeds from “cotton + called the “Suffield Cotton Gin”. – The said Lane being the owner of one-third part, said Loomis, as assignee, the owner of one-third part, + the said Hancock, “Kirkum + Burbank owners of the remaining one-third part of said machine–

“Now, therefore, be it known that we, the undersigned, proprietors and owners of the above named machine, in our several individual and joint capacities, do, by these presents, for the purpose of carrying into effect, operation + sale, for the benefit of said persons concerned, constitute + appoint Comfort Lane, of said Suffield, our true and lawful attorney for us, and in our name + behalf, to sell, assign and transfer unto any person or persons the whole or any part of our rights in or to the said “Suffield Cotton Gin” (so called) + for that purpose to make and execute all necessary acts of assignment + transfer; + furthermore, one or more persons under him to substitute with like full powers. Furthermore; the said Comfort Lane is hereby by us authorized to take said machine, or “Suffield Cotton Gin”, to Charleston, State of South Carolina, or any place in the United States, for market + sale and the said Lane is to use his best endeavors in the sale of the same, + we, the aforementioned proprietors

**21**

“in said machine, do hereby agree that we will each one pay our equal proportions of the necessary expenses (according to the rights we possess + own) attending the said transportation or sale of said machine– The said Lane to have a full compensation for his time and services and expenses in the business of said Company concern, + to be accountable to said Company or owners for all sales + every transaction relative to said business concern.

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<sup>23</sup> Believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph

Title: S.A. Lane Autobiography

“In witness whereof we have set our hands + seals this 16<sup>th</sup> day of November, A. D. “1826.

“Witnesses for L Loomis + C Lane <sup>24</sup>	Luther Loomis assignee <sup>25</sup> [Seal] <sup>26</sup>
“ Wm Wadsworth	to Thaddeus Leavitt
“ W. C. Gay	Comfort Lane [Seal] <sup>27</sup>
“Witnesses to the signatures of Wm <sup>28</sup>	Wm Hancock [Seal] <sup>29</sup>
“Hancock, Henry Kirkum	Henry Kirkum [Seal] <sup>30</sup>
“+ David Burbank,	David Burbank [Seal] <sup>31</sup>
“ Issac Perkins	
“ Manning Goodwin	

“State of Connecticut<sup>32</sup>

“Hartford Country Suffield, November 17<sup>th</sup>, A. D. 1826.

“ Personally appeared Luther Loomis, assignee of Thaddeus Leavitt, and Comfort Lane,  
“signers and sealers of the foregoing instrument, and acknowledged the same to be their free act  
“and deed.

“ Before me, W. C. Gay  
“ Justice of the Peace.

“ State of Connecticut<sup>33</sup>

“County of Hartford City of Hartford, Nov 18<sup>th</sup>, 1826.

“ Personally appeared William Hancock, Henry Kirkum + David Burbank, signers and  
“sealers of the foregoing Power of Attorney, and before me severally acknowledged the same to  
“be their free act + deed. I also certify that W<sup>m</sup>. C. Gay Esq of Suffield, in said County of  
“Hartford is a Justice of the Peace + thereby qualified to take acknowledgments of deeds.

“ attest:

“ [Seal]<sup>34</sup> Isaac Perkins  
“ Notary Public”

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<sup>24</sup> Flourish drawn from first to third lines

<sup>25</sup> Flourish drawn from first to second lines

<sup>26</sup> Hand drawn seal with word “Seal” written in it

<sup>27</sup> Hand drawn seal with word “Seal” written in it

<sup>28</sup> Flourish drawn from first to fifth lines

<sup>29</sup> Hand drawn seal with word “Seal” written in it

<sup>30</sup> Hand drawn seal with word “Seal” written in it

<sup>31</sup> Hand drawn seal with word “Seal” written in it

<sup>32</sup> Flourish drawn from first to second lines

<sup>33</sup> Flourish drawn from first to second lines

<sup>34</sup> Hand written seal with word “Seal” written in it

Thus “armed and equipped according to law”, father again proceeded to South Carolina, about the 1<sup>st</sup> of December. 1826, remaining there the greater portion of the Winter of 1826-7. There is nothing among his papers now in my possession relative to this second journey South, or to show why his mission was not attended with success. My own recollection is that, as on his former visits, the machine worked in a perfectly satisfactory manner, and that large hopes of future success were entertained, by both himself and his copartners, on his return home, but that somehow the planters were distrustful of the ability of their negroes to successfully operate a machine so much more delicate and complicated in its construction than the machines then in use. At all events, further experiments were made from time to time and a number of Southern gentlemen, interested in the progress of the work, visited us during the summer and fall of 1827 and the Spring and Summer of 1828. But the death of my father in September of the latter year, put an end to both experiments and negotiations, and the “Suffield Cotton Gin” shared the fate of thousands of other really ingenious and deserving inventions, failure and oblivion – except as herein recorded and made a part of the history of the Lane Family and this auto-biography.

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#### Childish Peculiarities.

After my birth, my mother, then quite a feeble woman at the best, was deranged for some three or four months, and I was sent away from home to “board”, a woman by the name of Thomas, living some three miles further North, in Agawam,<sup>36</sup> whose own child, born about the same time, had died

when but a day or two old, acting as my “foster mother” during that time. To that circumstance Mrs. Thomas being rather a positive woman– was jokingly attributed the difference in disposition that seemed to exist between myself and the other juvenile members of our family, I being generally regarded as the “spunkiest” of the lot. It is said of me that when a little shover, still in petticoats, on being thwarted in any of my juvenile enterprises, or desires, I would stand, sit, or lie, for hours at a time uttering a sort of monotonous “boo-hoo” without shedding a single tear, or being diverted from my purpose by any degree of threatening or coaxing whatever. It is authentically related that upon one occasion, when I was about four years old, after I had been bawling an hour or so, while sitting on a pile of shavings in the shop, the boys undertook to frighten me out of my sulks, by setting fire to the shavings. Accordingly, having guarded against burning up the shop, by sweeping away the surplus shavings, and providing themselves with a bucket or two of water, they ignited the outer edge of the pile of shavings I was sitting on. But I did’nt “scare worth a cent”, and kept right on with my boo-hoo-ing, without manifesting the slightest interest in the proceedings. As the fire closed in around me, nearly reaching the skirts of my dress, without a flinch on my part, “Uncle John Parmelee”, as he was familiarly called, a favorite journeyman and particular friend of the family, snatched me from the midst of the flames with the rather profane remark, uttered in his peculiar drawling tone,

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<sup>35</sup> Double underline marks the end of this section.

<sup>36</sup> Agawam, MA.

“God! I believe the little devil would set there and burn to death before he would  
“give up; and I glory “in his spunk!”

“Uncle John” afterwards removed to Chardon, in Geauga County, Ohio, where he established himself in business in company with his son. When visiting him there, as I did several times, after coming to Ohio, he used to relate,

## 24

with tears in his eyes, this little incident, and vari<sup>37</sup> other reminiscences of his early manhood, when he was a fellow-apprentice with and an employee of “Judge” Lane, in Old Suffield.

### Incipient “Yankee Trick”.

The use of cider, as a common beverage, was universal in those days, and for the use of the family, the workmen in the shops, and the visitors to the establishment, there was usually a supply, of about one hundred barrels of that commodity laid in every fall. Besides what was used in the house, both with meals, and between meals, there was almost literally a constant stream of cider flowing from the cellar to the shop. As I became old enough, I was, when about, a sort of “tapster general” for the entire establishment; of course imbibing my full share of the delectable fluid, with the rest. One rather annoying result, if nothing worse, of this continuous imbibation, not only by myself, but by the other boys, apprentices included, was an undue “odoriferousness” of the beds we respectively occupied, as well as of certain portions of our nether garments. Cider intoxication was, in a greater or less degree, of daily occurrence, not only among certain “customers”, but among some of the hands about the shops. There were, also, a number of neighborhood “tramps”, who would make the “grand rounds” of the streets, daily, for the purpose of gratifying their appetites for cider; our wood shop being a favorite resort for that class of portable nuisances. Among them was an old fellow by the name of Jonah King. He was lame and walked with a cane, and at about such an hour, regularly every day, he would come limping in, steer straight for the cider mug and drain its contents at a single draft. Then after taking awhile in the garrulous style peculiar to old

## 25

age,<sup>38</sup> and the pious style peculiar to himself, he would say: “Now! Lanson, wont you get me a little more of your good cider?” On returning from the cellar and handing him the pitcher, he would never let go his hold as long as a drop remained. The thing, at last, got to be a little monotonous to me, and so one day I brought him a quart or so of good strong Cider Vinegar. Not stopping to taste it, he took one of his most elongated swigs at it before discovering what it was. Suddenly, forgetting his piety, he uttered some rather profane remarks about the imposition that had been practiced upon him, and the men and boys in the shop joining in the laugh, when the “cream” of the joke became apparent, “Uncle Jonah” left the shop in high [...] <sup>39</sup> and did not trouble us again for several months. His “enterprise”, however, was in no wise <sup>40</sup> abated, and he managed to return home cider drunk every night, to the day of his death, a year of two afterwards.

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<sup>37</sup> Best guess, probably an abbreviation of the term “various”

<sup>38</sup> Written in margin before the rest of the sentence

<sup>39</sup> Indecipherable word, appears to be “eludgem”

<sup>40</sup> Best guess

Sudden Change in Prospects.

When I was thirteen years old the aspect of affairs was entirely changed by the sudden death of my father, September 21<sup>st</sup>, 1828, age 45 years, 3 months 23 days. Though he had been doing a large, and in reality a profitable business in the Carriage making line, yet by losses sustained in becoming surety<sup>41</sup> for other parties, and in the potent<sup>42</sup> right<sup>43</sup> enterprises heretofore spoken of, together with the depreciation of the values of the property sold under the hammer, his estate was found to be insolvent. In the settlement of the estate, besides a reasonable portion of the household goods, and the year's support allowed by law, my mother was assigned, as dower, one-half of the house, one half of the barn, and five or six acres of land, including the garden and orchard, during life, the property being sold, at auction, to Mr. Milton Lester, subject to that incumbrance. Some fifteen or sixteen years later, after she had been several years away and realizing but little for the rent, above the necessary

**26**

repairs, she sold her dower interest in the property to Mr Lester, and thus the family wen<sup>44</sup> entirely alienated from the dear old homestead.

Thus, after the first year after father's death, no money or other living resources having been left to her, beyond what could be raised upon the land spoken of, the question of providing for the family became a very serious one.

My father was a Free Mason, and was buried with Masonic "honors", though the order was there in rather bad odor, on account of the then recent excitement growing out of the abduction and supposed assassination of a man by the name of Morgan, in the Western part of the State of New York, for having renounced the Masonic faith and disclosed the secrets of the Order. My father's Masonic brethren were very profuse in their expressions of sympathy, and their proffers of assistance, but those expressions and proffers never assumed any tangible form. I well-remember the intense indignation I felt for a canting<sup>45</sup> old hypocrite by the name of Austin, who used to call every few weeks, while passing, in taking the produce of his farm in the Southwest part of town, to the City of Springfield, nine miles to the north of us. He was not only a brother Mason but also a prominent member of the Hasting's Hill Baptist Church, to which my father had belonged. On one occasion, when he has been especially lavish in his expressions of sympathy for "Dear Sister Lane", and anxious to know what he could do to aid her, my mother told him that she had a few pounds of butter to spare, and as it would bring a better price in Springfield than at the stores in our own town, she would be much obliged if he would take

**27**

it along with him and sell it for her. The old curmudgeon replied that his customers were very particular about the quality of their butter, and though he had no doubt she made a good article, he would rather not take it lest it should injure the reputation and sale of Mrs. Austin's make of butter. He never called again. This circumstance at the time very greatly prejudiced my young

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<sup>41</sup> Best guess, could also be "security"

<sup>42</sup> Best guess

<sup>43</sup> Best guess

<sup>44</sup> Presumably the word "went" but missing a "t".

<sup>45</sup> Best guess

mind both against Masons and Baptists, though in my later intercourse with the world that prejudice has been dissipated, for though, as in all similar organizations, unworthy men will now and then be found among their members, the majority are honorable and generally well-meaning people, though often falling woefully short of the full performance of their duty to their fellows or themselves.

#### The Surviving Family.

At the time of my father's death, but five of the seven children which had been born to my parents were living; four sons and one daughter. The first born, Samuel Alanson, born Feb 11<sup>th</sup> 1808, died January 13<sup>th</sup>, 1809, at eleven months and two days of age. The second born, Comfort Vandorsan – the latter portion of his name being given him in honor of a Dutch Landlord who had been particularly kind to my father and mother while stopping over night at his hotel, when en-route to visit several of my uncles in the northern portion of the State of New York, a short time previous to his birth– was born January 9<sup>th</sup> 1810. Having received an Academic Education, under the tuition of Suffield's favorite instructor, Mr. Reuben Granger, he had been for some two or three years officiating as clerk in the store of Messrs. Owen + Hurlbut, the well known paper manufacturers of South Lee, Berkshire County Massachusetts, about fifty miles to the northwest of Suffield. At father's death a messenger

## 28

was immediately dispatched for him to attend the funeral; but he was also found to be very sick, with typhus fever, and it was a long time before it was deemed advisable by his physician, to break the sad intelligence to him, his convalescence and recovery were so slow. The third born, Henry Leander, was born Dec. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1811, who had already commenced his apprenticeship in the woodshop, soon after father's death re-apprenticed himself to Messrs. George + Henry Francis, then the leading Carriage Makers in Hartford, with whom he served his full term, becoming a most excellent workman. The fourth born, myself, was born June 29<sup>th</sup> 1815, I was named after the dead first born, but christened "Alanson", only, my parents leaving it optional with me, when I should grow up, to adopt the full name of "Samuel Alanson", or not, as I might think best. This, when about 18 years old, I concluded to do, not only because I preferred the two initials "S.A." to the one initial "A", but, also, because in a place where I was then temporarily located there was a Mr. Augustus Lane whose letters used to get rather unpleasantly mixed up with mine, occasionally. I remained at home a year, or so, after my father's death, with the help<sup>46</sup> my next youngest brother, Lorenzo, managing the little farm, besides doing considerable work for the neighbors, when my battle with life fairly commenced; a faithful, though in many respects imperfect, account of which, for the benefit of my children and grand children, and such others as feel an interest in its perusal, I propose to give in the following pages:

The fifth son, Lorenzo, born July, 28, 1817, was at the proper age, apprenticed to

## 29

Mr. Lyman Stockbridge, one of the most popular and successful Merchant Tailors of the City of Hartford, with whom he served to the end of his term, afterwards entering into, and for several years successfully carrying on, that business in Chicopee, Massachusetts.

The sixth son, Julius, was born April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1820, and died, of measles, April 17<sup>th</sup> 1822.

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<sup>46</sup> Presumably missing the word, "of" by accident



The seventh child – the only daughter – Betsey Maria, named in honor of her mother, and a faithful domestic in the family, a distant relative, Maria Halliday, was born November 11<sup>th</sup>, 1824.

On the 11<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1829 – six months after father’s death – the eighth child and seventh son, was born, who was named Julius Meeker, the first name being for the dead Julius, and the last in honor of a gentleman named Meeker, from Savannah, Georgia, a dealer in carriages, wagons +c. who often visited father on business, and who had become a very great favorite with mother, as well as the rest of the family.

Removal of Family to Chicopee.

Mother continued to occupy the old homestead for some eleven or twelve years after father’s death, the occupant of the other part of the house, Mr. Rodolphus<sup>47</sup> Snow, tilling her little patch of land on shares. At this time, my two brothers, [Comfort and Lorenzo, having embarked in]<sup>48</sup> business together, in Chicopee, carrying on, in the same room, a Stationary store upon one side, and a Merchant Tailoring establishment upon the other – mother leased her home in Suffield, and removed to Chicopee, to keep house for the boys, then both unmarried. The two younger children accompanied her, Betsey Maria learning to make fine custom vests, and Julius Meeker, at the proper age, entering upon an apprenticeship to the tailoring business.

“Lant” as a Farmer.

As before stated, during the year that I remained at home, after father’s death, besides working on our own little place, and preparing a

**30**

year’s supply of stove<sup>49</sup> wood, with the assistance of brother Lorenzo, and an occasional lift from a somewhat dissipated half-brother of mother’s, by the name of Thomas Sikes. I did considerable work for the neighbors, by the day, generally receiving about one-third the pay though doing considerably more than one half as much work as a full grown man. Our nearest neighbor upon the South was Captain Henry Wright. Having quite a large farm, besides the one hired man, employed by the year, he employed several extra hands during “haying and harvesting”, all the grain then being cut with the cradle or sickle, the now universal Reaping and Mowing Machines, then not having been dreamed of. Desiring to do all I possibly could to assist my mother, I applied to the Captain for work, and was taken on at thirty-seven and a-half cents per day, the price for a full hand then being about \$1.00.

Resenting Imposition.

With the men who worked by the day an hour was allowed for dinner and “nooning”, and no work was required of them after supper. But for me, also a day laborer, but a boy, after my dinner was swallowed, while the other hands were lying on the grass under the shade of his umbrageous Elms, there was always some errand for me to run, or some chore for me to do; while I was ~~also~~ also required to help the hired man through with his milking and other farm chores, after supper. Sometime during the second week, I one evening suggested to the hired man that I thought it a little unfair that the Captain should require so much more of me than he did of the rest of his hands, and I was

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<sup>47</sup> Best guess, personal name.

<sup>48</sup> Written over faded writing, possibly as a correction.

<sup>49</sup> Best guess, possibly “store”.

duly reported to my employer as saying that I was “not going to milk his devilish old cows”. After paying me off, on Saturday night, I was accordingly taken to task for my insubordination, and given to understand that if I could’nt do what was required of me, without grumbling, he could give me no further employment. I told the Captain, in substance, that though his man had misrepresented my language, he had’nt misrepresented my feelings, and that I thought it a downright imposition to require of a boy what he would’nt dare to ask a man to do, under the same circumstances; and ended by saying that I wouldn’t work for him any longer at any price, or on any terms. An old friend of my father’s, Mr. Milton Lester, who was then temporarily occupying a part of Capt. Wright’s house, and who was in the room at the time, followed me to the gate and congratulated me on my “independence”, and when the circumstance was related by Mr. Lester to a neighbor, directly across the way, Mr. Amos Sikes, a brother of “Aunt Delias”, he came to me and said; “Lant, I glory in your spunk! I’ll give you all the work you want, during the balance of the summer, at the same price, and you need’nt milk the cows either, unless you do it in the working hours.”

#### A Blistering Episode.

In accordance with my father’s intention, an effort was made to secure a chance for me to learn the Painting business. The only opening that presented itself was in a Chair and Pail and Tub Manufactory at Poquonock,<sup>50</sup> a small village about seven miles to the Southwest of Suffield. Arrangements were accordingly made for my entrance into that establishment, the first of November, 1829; but about a week previous to the appointed time, the entire concern was destroyed by fire, and, as it could not be rebuilt and got<sup>51</sup> running again under about a year, that project was given up.

## 32

When it had been decided that I could not go to Poquonock, a small farmer and peddler, by the name of Julius King, who spent a good portion of his time away from home, proposed to mother to take me until I became of age, and not only provide me with food and clothing, and teach me what he “knew about farming”, but when I became older to induct me into the “arts and mysteries” of a circulating vender<sup>52</sup> of Yankee Notions. This was thought, by both mother and our friends, generally to be an excellent chance for me. Mr King was such a fine man, and Mrs King was such a nice woman. Accordingly, about the middle of November, 1829, I gathered together my scanty wardrobe and departed for my new home, which was about two miles to the northwest, in what was known as the “Gunn District”, from the fact that the School House was adjacent to the farm of Mr. John Gunn. Things passed off pleasantly, during the winter, Mr. King being absent most of the time, and I, besides attending School five and a half days in the week, putting in my spare time in doing chores about the house and barn, and chopping fire wood; it being expected that, in addition to that needed for consumption during the winter, enough wood should be worked up to last all Summer, which was accordingly done; not only my mornings and evenings, but also half my holidays, on Saturdays, being devoted to that object.

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<sup>50</sup> Poquonock, CT.

<sup>51</sup> Best guess, could also be “get”

<sup>52</sup> Best guess

As Spring opened my farming operations commenced. Fences were repaired, plowing was done, planting was attended to, the cultivating and hoeing was progressing finely and I was winning

33

the hearty commendations of both the neighbors, and of my employer, on his brief visits home, at intervals of about two weeks. In the mean time, I had discovered certain traits of petty meanness about Mrs. King, that I did not very much relish. Besides a general scrimpage of the table, (a boy of 15 years of age usually has a ravenous appetite.) certain “goodies”, prepared for the rest of the family, and for company, were studiously kept out of my reach, but not always out of my sight; while certain articles of clothing, that had been promised me, were withheld until I was rapidly becoming a regular tatterdemalion (for boys clothes will wear out, you know.) But I “grinned and bore it” and worked on through harvest, and into the dog-days of August, when, while hoeing in the corn-field, I discovered several large blisters upon my arms and shoulders, made by the scorching sun, through the holes in my shirt. Well-knowing that a couple of new shirts had been made for me, but withheld as long as a rag of the old ones should remain upon my back, I deliberately “stacked” my hoe in the middle of a row, and took a “beeline”, across lots, for home, where I astonished my mother and several neighboring women, who were making her an afternoon visit, by an exhibition of my rags and my blisters, and a graphic description of the treatment I was receiving at the hands of my narrow-souled mistress, Mrs. Emily Adams King.

Mother, though not a whit less indignant than myself, thought I had better go back and talk the matter over with Mrs. King, who, when she saw that I was really suffering for the want of the new shirts, would probably give them to me to wear. But my native “spunk” was up, and go back I would’nt. “She might keep her shirts, and go to thunder with them”, was the naughty but emphatic position which I took.

34

Mr. King returned home in a day or two, and came over to see what the trouble was, his wife being unable to give him any light upon the subject. On being shown the shirts which I had been compelled to wear, with the blisters upon my arms and shoulders, he frankly acknowledged that it was too bad, and that he could not blame me for leaving, but if I would go back such a thing should not again occur, and that every thing should be made satisfactory. I plainly told Mr. King that while I highly respected him, I as heartily despised his wife, and no consideration could induce my return. Finding me inflexible in my determination, he kindly sent home my little stock of clothing, including the two new shirts in question, the only outlay, excepting my victuals and lodging, that had been made in my behalf in return for nearly three-quarters of a year’s pretty hard service. But my “back” was so decidedly “up” that I declared I would never wear them, but would send them back to the maker. Mother, however, finally persuaded me not to do so, and they were passed over to Lorenzo, while some cloth, which mother was about to make up for him, was converted into a couple of shirts for me. Though I afterwards often met Mr. King, I never saw Mrs. K. again until some twenty-five years thereafter, when, on one of my visits to Suffield, I gave her a call, her husband having then been dead some five or six years. After

learning who I was, she seemed quite pleased to see me, urged me to stay to dinner, and in no way, in the least alluded to the little “unpleasantness” above related.

On getting an inkling of my “ragged shirt” experience my old friend, Amos Sikes, again came to the rescue, and

35

not only gave me employment, at fair wages, during the balance of the season, but, as he was intending to be away from home most of the time during the winter, offered me the chance to do chores for my board and go to school during his absence. This offer I gladly accepted, and though his wife was a schemer, and would get more work to the square inch out of a boy than any woman I ever knew, she was always pleasant and a liberal provider, and I got through the winter first rate.

#### An Embryo “Counterjumper”.

This brings me to the verge of my sixteenth year. About this time a gentleman named Billings Brown\*<sup>53</sup>, from Norwich, Conn. purchased a grist and saw mill, and opened a store in South Lee, Mass; the store being contiguous to the one in which Brother Comfort was clerking. Knowing C.V. to be a good clerk, Mr. Brown very naturally enquired of him where he could get a good boy for his store. Well, C.V. very naturally bethought himself of his younger brother, the result being that in the spring of 1831 I received a “call” to go to South Lee, which call I most gladly accepted. The matter was most amply discussed, not only in the family, but by the entire neighborhood. Mrs. Sikes, the good woman I was living with, while admitting that my “education” was good enough, thought I would fail in “doin up things”, her idea of a good clerk centering in his abilities to do up the good he sells.

#### The Departure From Home.

Well, having, by a thorough revision and renovation of my wardrobe, and the joint contributions from my friends – among which was a Scotch plaid cloak, presented to me by Maria Halliday – been rendered presentable, I started for my new field of labor on the 29<sup>th</sup> day of April 1831~ Though the distance was but about fifty miles,

36

doing<sup>54</sup> to want of connection of the two stage lines over which I had to travel, I did not reach my destination until about noon the next day, the greater part of the journey being up and over and between the famous Berkshire hills and mountains.

#### A Kind and Cordial Reception.

I was kindly received by my future employer, whom I had never before seen, and the next morning, May 1<sup>st</sup> 1831, I entered upon my new duties. Mr. Brown was a man about thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet in height, with a genial face, and pleasant address, quick in his motions, and a rapid but very distinct utterance. I had expected to receive valuable aid and instruction in regard to the mercantile business from Brother C.V. but, in the mean time, after arranging matters between Mr. Brown and myself, his term of service with Messrs. Owen + Hurlbut had expired, and, at the date of my arrival he had left the Village, so that I was not only a

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<sup>53</sup> Further explanation of name written in the left upper margin: \* Father of Henry Billings Brown, one of the present Judges (1894) of the United States Supreme Court~

<sup>54</sup> Best guess, could also be “going”

“stranger in a strange land”, but deprived of his counsel and experience, so much needed at that important period of my life. Mr. Brown, however, was very patient, as well, as kind and pleasant, and I got along very nicely, finding no difficulty, whatever, in “doin’ up” all the goods that I succeeded in selling.

Hotel and Boarding House Life.

At first, I boarded at the hotel and subsequently at one of the Paper Mill Boarding Houses of the village, lodging in a nicely fitted up bed-room adjoining the store; but walking to the village of Stockbridge, about a mile and a half, every Sunday morning spending the day and going to Church,

37

with Mr. Brown and his family, who rented a place in that delightful village, while their own new house, adjoining the store, was being built.

Eccentric But Clever.

In the Spring of 1832, Mr. Brown commenced the erection of a new mill, and during the Summer, paid very little attention to his Store; his stock of goods becoming so much reduced that I became greatly discouraged; and concluding that I could never learn to be a merchant, at that rate, I entered into an arrangement, through Brother Comfort, with a Baptist Brother of his, Mr Austin Hayden, of Pittsfield, about twelve miles north of Lee, to take a position in his store, on the first of November of that year. Mr Brown, though a very excentric man, in many respects, was always very clever and good natured and it was with a good deal of regret that I finally left him. Though not a professor of religion, and of pretty liberal ideas, generally, Mr Brown was by no means a profane man, and yet he was wont, now and then, to express himself so emphatically as to smack rather strongly of profanity, though not at all intended as such. An incident or two will illustrate this peculiarity. He had a very fine private library, one large case of his books, while his house was building, being left in the bedroom which I was occupied, at the back end of the store. While I had free access to it, I was strictly enjoined not to lend any of the books. This injunction I had scrupulously obeyed until a bright and intelligent young lady, living about a mile from the village, getting sight of the case, while trading with me, begged so sweetly for the loan of a certain book that I let her have it. It so happened that Mr Brown was in the store when she returned the book, at the same time requesting the loan of another.

38

Putting on a bold front I said to Mr Brown that I had disobeyed him, by lending one of his books, and I would be glad to get his permission to loan another. “Certainly! Certainly!” said he, smiling to the very roots of his luxuriant wig. After the young lady had selected her book and left the store, Mr Brown enquired who she was, and on being told her name, and where she lived, he enthusiastically exclaimed: “She’s a devilish pretty girl! a devilish pretty girl- a devilish pretty girl! You can lend her every book in the library, if she wants them!”

At another time I heard him down cellar, saying in an excited tone of voice: “The devil! the devil! the devil! The devil! the devil! the devil! The devil! the devil! the devil! and so on, growing more emphatic with every repetition of the Satanic cognomen. I rushed to the cellar door, in alarm, and cried “Why, Mr Brown, what’s the matter?” to which he responded: “The devilish rats have got into this butter box.

A "Moving" Device.

We were very greatly annoyed by a set of village loafers, who, making the store a lounging place, especially in the evening, would, like a flock of turkeys at roost, perch themselves upon the counters, on either side of the store. Both Mr. Brown and myself had endeavored to break up the practice, but as he was not generally at the store in the evening, the nuisance continued unabated until I hit upon the following expedient: With a small sized gimlet I bored, from the under side of the counter, until the point of the gimlet just pricked through the top, the hole thus made being invisible to the eye, except on the closest inspection. I then adjusted a small sized darning needle in the

39

end of a short lever, so arranged that by a string attached to the other end and carried over a small pulley to the desk, several feet off, I could, by a pull, project the point of the needle upward, through the pants of any person who might be sitting on that particular portion of the counter. My first practical test of the apparatus was a very comical affair, indeed. When the loungers had all got comfortably mounted in position, and the usual village gossip was being proceeded with, pretending to be very busy with the books, I gave the string a slight jerk, watching the effect out of the corner of my right eye. The fellow I was experimenting on, as the point of the needle struck him, gave a slight upward start, but immediately settled back into position again. A few minutes afterwards, I gave the string a little harder pull. The victim gave a more vigorous upward start, and quickly passed his hands under the seat of his pantaloons; but, feeling nothing sharp there, again settled down, and went on with the story that he happened just then to be relating. After a little I gave him another thrust, a little harder still, which caused him to jump from the counter, and not only pass his hand over the seat of his pants, but also over the surface of the counter in search of the cause of his annoyance. Finding nothing he again rubbed his seat and his conversation. In a few minutes, and just as he had reached the "nub"<sup>55</sup> of his story, I gave the string a jerk that elevated him about six inches, perpendicularly, whereupon he jumped from the counter in great wrath, and seizing the fellow sitting next to him from the counter, also, and was about to give him a severe pummeling for pricking him; but the fellow so vehemently protested his innocence, and ignorance, that he finally let him off. By this time some

40

of the rest of the crowd discovered the hole in the counter and the secret was out. Then, for several nights, the knowing ones would perch themselves on the counter, as usual, leaving that particular place unoccupied, until some chap not in the secret would mount and receive his jab, to the general merriment of the entire crowd. In the mean time I went to work quietly, and fixed similar contrivances, at intervals of about two feet, on both counters, so arranged that one pull of the string, at the desk, would raise them all at the same instant. Having made a thorough test of the apparatus, to see that each needle worked freely, when the pull was made, I proceeded to put it into practical operation. Waiting until the roost was full, with the exception of the original objective point into, and upon, which the "roosters" were endeavoring to [...] <sup>56</sup> some unsuspecting victim, I gave a jerk that instantly brought the entire crowd, some twelve or fifteen in number, to

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<sup>55</sup> Best guess, could also be "rub"

<sup>56</sup> Indecipherable word, could be "invite"

a perpendicular, upon the floor. The excitement ran pretty high for a short time, and there was something demonstration made towards sealing the counters, and spiking my guns; but the boys finally laughed the matter off, as a good joke and wanted me to show them the apparatus which I did, and they pronounced it a very ingenious arrangement. Though, carefully marking the openings in the counters, they would for awhile try to seat themselves between the points of danger, they soon got sick of that, as a minutes work would change the position of the needles, while a trifle of wax, through which the needles would readily penetrate, converted them

41

into “marked batteries”, that they at last began to be afraid of, and the “counter-jumping” proclivities of the frequenters of that store were pretty effectually cured, Mr Brown was absent at the time, and a day or two before his return, while a couple of prominent business men of the Village were in the store engaged in conversation, though perfectly aware of the contrivance – for every man, woman and child in the entire village knew of it, by the time – one of them quietly seated himself upon the counter, near the desk \_\_ As a gentle reminder, and with a wink at the other gentleman, who stood facing me, I gave the string a slight pull, the effect of which was to throw the victim into such a rage that he jumped over the counter and jerked down the particular “spud” that had pierced his cuticle, and swore that he would report me to Mr Brown, on his return. Readjusting the dismantled battery, I awaited the return of Mr Brown, with considerable solicitude, being desirous of explaining the matter to him, before the irate customer had an opportunity to do so. This I succeeded in doing, showing him the apparatus and fully explaining its workings, and giving him an accurate account of the experience I had had with it, and its results. As I concluded my explanation, showing him the points of twelve or fifteen needles above the surface of the counter, by a single movement of the hand, he exclaimed, in his usual enthusiastic and emphatic manner; “That’s a devilish ingenious contrivance; devilish ingenious! They’ve no business on the counter. Prick ‘em ~ prick ‘em every time, no matter who they are!” After this I had no further trouble, but as the fame of the thing was now so general, I seldom had an opportunity for the exercise of my high prerogative. One day, however, while talking with a gentleman present, Mr Brown himself, in a fit of absentmindedness, seated himself upon the counter

42

directly over one of the “spuds” The opportunity was too good to be lost. I mildly drew the string causing Mr B. to quickly abandon his position, and heartily pass his dexter hand to the rear. A half angry flash spread over his countenance, but quickly comprehending the “situation”, and observing the smile upon the faces of those present, he good naturedly said; “That’s right! That’s right!” I’m no better than the rest of them. Prick ‘em – prick ‘em all – they ve no business on the counter!” I had no further trouble from counter-roosters, while I officiated as counter-jumper for Mr Billings Brown.

#### Gallantry and Giddiness.

My year and a half’s residence in South Lee, was generally very pleasant, and farworthes<sup>88</sup> some of the most cherished memories of my life. It was a very social place, with but little of the arristocratic element among the people, and though naturally very bashful in society

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<sup>88</sup> Best guess

especially in the presence of ladies, I immediately became a “hale-fellow<sup>89</sup>, well-met” in the various social circles of the Village and could very generally “take my pick” in escorting the girls home from meetings, singing-schools, parties +c. One of the very prettiest of the girls, however, Miss Lois Day, rather “fought<sup>90</sup> shy” of me, a boon companion of mine, “Jim” Williams, seeming to be her especial favorite. Six or seven miles from the Village of South Lee, at Tyringham, there was a “Shaker” settlement, which was a favorite resort of the young people of the surrounding villages, especially on Sunday, for the double purpose of witnessing their peculiar mode of worship, and of having a “good time generally”. Thinking to outflank Jim I one day, about the middle of the week, invited Miss Lois to accompany me to

43

the Shaker meeting on the following Sunday, which invitation she promptly accepted, with apparent pleasure. On Saturday evening, however, she sent me a note declining the honor, but without giving the slightest reason therefor. As I had engaged a horse and buggy, and made every arrangement for the excursion, I kept my own counsel in regard to the matter, and took a couple of girls from my boarding house to the Shaker meeting, and bided my time to get even with Miss Lois.

[An Angry Rival]<sup>91</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ Soon after this, the successor of brother C. V. in the store of Owen + Harlbut – John B. Wells – a band-box-y little fellow, about my own age, but not near so tall as myself, invited Miss Lois to accompany him to a neighboring town, to attend the wedding of his brother, which she did. After this, for awhile, he became her exclusive escort, and “crowded” a good deal over me and several other chaps, that had a “hankering” in the same direction. This raised my “dander” a trifle, and so I determined, if possible, to “cut him out”. In pursuance of this determination, one Sunday evening, as the young folks were leaving Church, I slipped in between Lois and John, in the vestibule, and asked her if I should have the pleasure of seeing her home? “No, I thank you!” was her very emphatic reply, and I subsided; but provokingly blockaded Johnny’s way until she got entirely outside and so mixed up with the crowd, that upon reaching the steps he could not find her, and she had to go home alone. This so enraged the “little bantam” that then and there, in the presence of quite a number of persons, he gave me a tremendous slap on the side of my head, with his open hand, knocking off my hat by the blow. Quietly picking up my “beaver”, without striking back, nor in any manner resenting the indignity, I went to my room and laid my plans for getting even with him.

44

The next morning I went into the store of Owen + Harlbut and enquired of John what he meant by striking me as he did the night before. “Lant’ Lane you’re a darned saucy fellow,” said he. “Why so?” I enquired. “For trying to go home with Lois” he replied. “Well, my fine fellow,” said I, “if you’re mad about my trying to go home with her, you’ll be madder yet, when I do go home with her, some of these nights”. “You can’t do it!” he screamed, as I turned to leave. “You’ll soon see whether I can or not.” I retorted, as I passed out of the door.

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<sup>89</sup> Best guess

<sup>90</sup> Best guess

<sup>91</sup> Written in the margin



[Strategic —]<sup>92</sup> Well knowing that Jim Williams could go with Lois, if he chose to do so, I laid in with him to assist me in carrying out my little plan. It being coolish weather, while I wore a plug hat and a cloak, Jim wore a fur cap and an overcoat. So, according to arrangement, just before the close of the meeting, on the next Sunday evening, I went out of the Church, followed in a few minutes by Jim. Reaching the vestibule we exchanged out outside toggery, I donning his coat and cap, and he my cloak and hat. Stationing myself near the door, when the rush came at the close of the services, as Miss Lois came from the brightly lighted auditorium into the dimly lighted vestibule, I whispered "I'll see you home to-night", and offered my arm which she readily accepted. We had gone several rods<sup>93</sup> before I ventured to speak, and when I did commence talking, she suddenly withdrew her hand from my arm, and exclaimed: "Why, who are you? I don't know you!" "Dont know me, Lois? Why, how ridiculous!" said I, "Who is it, Lant Lane?" "Certainly it is!" said I. "You did'nt think

45

it was John Wells, did you?" "No. I thought it was Jim Williams! Why, you had on a hat and cloak when you left the church, what has become of them?" "O, I just swapped with Jim Williams," said I: "our clothes just fit each other", "Some deviltry, I'll warrant", said she and nothing further was said upon the subject \_

[A Pleasant Visit]<sup>94</sup> \_ We chatted pleasantly during the balance of the walk, and on reaching her home she invited me in, where I had a cosy chat with the old folks, ate an apple or two, enjoyed a glass of mulled cider, and, taking an early departure, returned to my room, to laugh over the joke with my co-conspirator, Jim Williams, my bed-fellow for the night, – by previous appointment.

[The Favorite Now]<sup>95</sup> – The next day the gossip of the village was at fever<sup>96</sup> heat; the ruse I had played off on Lois, and the discomfiture of John, being the chief topic of conversation, and producing a vast deal of merriment. I did not see Lois again until the following Friday evening, when I met her at Singing School. I expected, of course, after what had happened, that any further attempt on my part, would be indignantly repulsed, but I was determined to "try it on". To my surprise she readily accepted my services, and, on the way home, a full explanation was made of the causes which had culminated in the trick I had played upon her, and thenceforth, while I remained in the village, I was the champion beau-ist, so far as Lois was concerned; John Well being entirely tabooed, and even Jim Williams standing no show at all when I was around.

#### A "Queer" Transaction.

I used to get off a good many practical jokes on my friend John, who, thought himself about the sharpest little business man in the Village. The only time that I was ever

46

guilty of knowingly passing counterfeit money, occurred in this wise: A young friend of mine had by some means come into the possession of a bogus silver dollar. Showing it to me one day I offered him a dime for it which he accepted. Happening into the store of Owen + Harlbut, a few

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<sup>92</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>93</sup> Best guess, could be "roads"

<sup>94</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>95</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>96</sup> Best guess

evenings afterwards, several of the "boys" being present, I enquired of John if he had any good eating raisins. Producing a box of choice Malaga's, I enquired the price, "Nine pence (12½ cents) a pound" he replied. "Well," said I, pulling out my bogus dollar, "I've got a counterfeit dollar here, but if you'll take it at your own risk, and give me the change in good money, I'll take a pound." Taking the coin into his hand, he carefully looked it over, sounded it upon the counter, bit it with his teeth, and finally saying that it was as good money as he wanted, proceeded to do up the raisins and give me the change. "Now, John," said I, "I tell you plainly that that dollar is counterfeit; that I bought it for ten cents, and if you take it you do it on your own responsibility". "I'll risk it!" he exclaimed as he handed me the raisins and the change. I then went back to my own quarters, with a few chums I had let into the secret, where we devoured the raisins, and had our own fun over the transaction, wondering how Johnny would work out of it when he found out how he had been sold. I expected, of course, that Mr Harlbut would immediately detect the baseness of the coin, enquire of John where he got it, and forthwith send him to me to get it redeemed. Hearing nothing from it for two or three days, I finally

47

went in and enquired about it. "It's gone!" said John. "What!" said I, "you haven't really paid it out, have you? Why it was a rank counterfeit, and I only passed it on you as a joke, expecting to have to redeem it as soon as "Uncle Tommy" got his eye on it. Did he see it?" "Yes," said he; "Mr Harlbut looked at it pretty sharp, thought it looked a little "queer" and asked me who I took it of. I told him you gave it to me, and after looking at it again he threw it back into the drawer, and said he guessed it was all right." "Do you know to whom you gave it?" I enquired. "No" said he. "Well," said I, "it will be sure to come back to you, and when it does bring it in, and I'll redeem it." But it was never heard from, and I was 77½ cents in cash and a pound of raisins ahead by the deal.

#### A Pleasant and Liberal Parting.

The day for my departure at length arrived, and Mr. Brown took me into the little bed room and library, for a parting talk. He said that he had always been perfectly satisfied with me, and regretted to have me leave him. He knew that he had'nt been able to give me a very good chance; but after getting through with his building, he intended to pay more attention to his store; and he had furthermore intended, on my coming of age, to either take me into business with himself, or get me a situation in some wholesale house, in New York. Wishing me every success in life, and slipping a ten dollar bill into my hand, as a parting gift, though he had always been quite generous in supplying me with pocket money, in addition to a liberal supply of such clothing as I needed, he accompanied me to the hotel, saw me safely on board the stage, shook me cordially by the hand, and feelingly bade me good bye. On visiting South Lee once or twice afterwards, I was very kindly

48

received by Mr Brown and family, and a number of years afterwards he became my guest, for a day or two, while on a business visit to Akron.

#### An Unsatisfactory Change.

I arrived in Pittsfield, and entered upon my new duties, in the store of Mr. Austin Hayden, November 1<sup>st</sup> 1832, boarding in Mr Hayden's family. I found Mr Hayden to be a very

different man from Mr Brown. He attended closer to the business which I desired to learn, but he was also closer in every other respect. No definite arrangement had been made in regard to the salary I was to receive, but he had said that if, on trial, I suited him, there would be no difficulty about the salary. Of course, I expected that my year \_ and \_ a half's experience with Mr Brown, would entitle me to considerable to an advance on what a green clerk would receive. After I had been with Mr Hayden about two months, I asked him in regard to the amount I was to receive. He replied that though there were plenty of boys in the village that would be glad to clerk for their board, yet owing to the experience that I had had he would pay me thirty dollars for the first year, forty dollars for the second, and so on, advancing ten dollars a year until I was of age, and let me have such goods as I needed at ten per cent above cost. I frankly told Mr Hayden that I could not remain on those terms, but would much prefer to go back to Mr Brown, if he would receive me, for he had done a great deal better than that by me while I was with him. Finally Mr Hayden came up to my figures, vis:

49

Fifty dollars for the first year with an advance of twenty-five dollars per year while I remained with him, and let me have such goods as I needed at cost.

Bigoted and Parsimonious.

The peculiar characteristics of Mr Hayden were very often manifested in his family in this wise: When Mrs Hayden would notify him that she was out of sugar, he would exclaim: "What! That sugar gone so quick? This won't do – this is sheer extravagance and you'll have to do without sugar for a week." So with butter, tea, and various kinds of groceries. As a result of this meanness, a conspiracy was entered into between Mrs Hayden – a most excellent woman – and myself, by which the family larder was quietly supplied with the inhibited articles, Mr Hayden, himself, only suffering deprivation while the ban was on, a matter easily arranged, as it was his custom to send me home first for dinner and supper, he coming in later and eating by himself. He was also very close in his dealings with his customers, as well as with his clerks and his family; always insisting upon the very last penny in a trade, and universally taking the extra half cent in making change where the sum was  $12\frac{1}{2}$  –  $37\frac{1}{2}$  –  $62\frac{1}{2}$  or  $87\frac{1}{2}$  cents, as was then made necessary by the fractional silver coins in use at that time, viz; 50, 25,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  and  $6\frac{1}{4}$  cent pieces. In addition to the old fashioned, large sized copper cent, copper half cent pieces were then in vogue. One day a little fellow, whose head would just about reach the top of the counter, came in with a half cent which he wished to invert in a cooky, the price of which was a penny. Anxious to secure the money, and yet adhere to the system of saving which he so rigidly practiced, Mr Hayden broke the cooky into two equal parts, giving the little fellow one in exchange for his half-penny and eating the other half himself. Yet he was strictly honest, always keeping good goods and giving exact weight and measure.

50

As before intimated, Mr Hayden was a Baptist, in his religious predilections, and, as might well be inferred from his business proclivities, he was not only very tenacious in his adherence to the dogmas and observances of his own Church, but very intolerant in regard to all others. When I first went to live with him, I also attended the Baptist Church, and sat in the family pew. As I became more acquainted in the Village, and began to associate with the young

people, I would occasionally take a seat in the gallery, and sometimes attend other churches. Mr Hayden used always to make particular enquiries as to my whereabouts during meeting hours, when I was absent from the family pew; and while not particularly pleased at my sitting in the gallery of his own Church, he expressed the greatest anxiety that I should not attend other Churches, especially the Episcopal, the services of which denomination he used to designate as downright Popery

[After Two Years.]<sup>97</sup> \_ When I had been with Mr Hayden just six months, making in all two years that I had been away from home, I concluded to go home for a short visit. I probably should have gone home sooner but for this circumstance: When arrangements were being made for me to go to South Lee, and while the question was being discussed as to whether I was sufficiently handy at “doin up things” to make a good clerk, Mr Amos Sikes, who was an inveterate quiz, used to joke me about getting homesick; saying: “it wont be two weeks before Lant will be back again”. This somewhat excited my native spunk, and I indignantly declared that I would stay away two years before visiting home.

51<sup>98</sup>

[A “Moving” Lecture.--]<sup>99</sup> Well, every thing was in readiness for me to leave early on Monday morning to be gone two weeks. I had got some new clothes, drawn the little balance due me in money, secured my seat in the stage +c. just before closing up the store, on Saturday night, Mr Hayden took me into the little counting room for a talk. The substance of the talk was, that he was well-pleased with me, as a clerk; that I had been faithful and honest with him in his business, courteous to himself, pleasant and obliging to his wife and kind and considerate with the children. But I had fallen into one or two bad habits that I must break myself of, if I was to return and continue on with him. He had noticed, he said, that, in conversation with Mrs Hayden, I was in the habit of saying “Yes” and “No”, as if conversing with my equals, and that henceforth, in talking with her I must say, “Yes, ma’m”, and No mam”. He also said that, when I first came to live with him, I regularly attended the Baptist Church, but for some time past I had been there but very little, and was wandering around, on Sunday, from Church to Church, or, for aught he knew, about the streets. Now, if I was to come back, it must be upon the distinct understanding that I would thenceforth attend the Baptist Church with the family, every Sunday, unless sick, or otherwise unavoidably prevented.

[Back again Up.]<sup>100</sup> \_ I replied to his somewhat lengthy social and moral lecture, by saying that if I had been disrespectful to Mrs Hayden, I was very sorry for it, for she had treated me with the utmost kindness, and that I would apologize to her that very night. As for the Church matter, I considered him intolerant and unreasonable, and that though I did not like to change situations again,

52

so soon, I should not come back to him on the terms mentioned; He said that I had better reflect on the matter until Monday morning, for it would be a pity for me to break off then, when I had got to good a start in the business, for so trivial a matter. I replied that I did not want to take any

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<sup>97</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>98</sup> Page number printed in book.

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time to reflect on the subject; that I did not regard it as a trivial matter; that, though a boy, I was too independent to submit to such intolerance. Again spunky, you see!

[A Kind "Mistress" -]<sup>101</sup> On returning to the house, that night, I explained the situation to Mrs. Hayden, and duly apologized to her for the disrespect which I had unwittingly shown her, at which she laughed heartily, not only freely forgiving me for all past "offences" in the "Yes", and "No" line, but for all future transgressions of a similar character. She seemed most sincerely to regret the course which Mr Hayden had taken with me, and on Monday morning, while the breakfast was being prepared, she handed me a package and told me to put it in my trunk. Upon examining the package, after getting home, I found it to contain Sunday shirt collars, cravats, socks, pocket handkerchiefs, and other articles, both useful and ornamental.

Successful Canvasses for Books.

On my arrival at home, not a soul knew me, excepting my mother who had visited me at South Lee, when I had been with Mr. Brown about a year; so great a change in my personal appearance had two years produced. This was the first of May, 1833, I then lacking a little less than two months of being eighteen years old. After a visit of some two weeks, renewing acquaintances, and brushing up old friendships, I went

53

to Hartford, where my brothers, Henry and Lorenzo, were then living, with the view of getting a situation in a store, there, and finishing my mercantile education. A pretty thorough effort, however, failed of success, young men, then as now, being plenty, and "soft" places comparatively scarce.

["Down East" -]<sup>102</sup> In my researches for work, I fell in with a printer by the name of George W. Kappel, the publisher of a port of wall chart, entitled: "A Chronological Compendium of Interesting Historical Events, from the Commencement of the Christian Era to the Present Time".<sup>103</sup> It was a gaudy colored sheet, about two by three feet, for which he was finding a large sale through peddlers, canvassing agents +c. The offer that Mr Kappel made me, was perfectly stunning -- \$18<sup>00</sup> a month and all expenses paid. I gladly closed in with the offer, and, taking a large roll of the "goods", carefully protected by an oil-cloth wrapper, started, by stage, for Worcester, Mass, Worcester County being assigned to me as the territory in which I was to operate. I first canvassed the city of Worcester, entering upon the business with considerable diffidence and many misgivings. Though I did not sell the "invaluable work" to every family upon whom I called, I still met with considerable success. After "doing" the city I extended my travels into the outlying towns and villages of the county, reporting to my employer at the end of the month with about one hundred dollars in money, which after paying me my "salary" netted him some fifty dollars over and above the cost of the "goods", outfits, expenses +c.

["Up North" -]<sup>104</sup> Mr Kappel was so well pleased with my performance, that he next sent me to New Hampshire, to canvass Merrimac County, for Goodrich's History of the United States, at twenty dollars per month, and expenses paid.

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<sup>102</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>103</sup> Citation for title in question: Barber, John Warner, and George W. Kappel. *Chronological Compendium of Important and Intresting [Sic] Events,; Which Have Occurred from the Commencement of the Christian Era, to the Present Time.* [Hartford]: Printed and sold by G.W. Kappel, Hartford, Conn, 1832.

<sup>104</sup> Written in the margin

Securing my outfit, and my instructions, from the publishers, I took the stage for my new field of labor, stopping at home, for a day or two, to visit my mother and the two younger children, Betsey Maria and Julia<sup>105</sup> Mecker. Resuming my journey, I passed on, up the Valley of Connecticut, through Springfield; Northampton, Hatfield, Deerfield, Greenfield +c in Massachusetts, to Brattleboro in Vermont; but one incident worthy of record, occurring on the route. There were nine passengers in the coach, and three upon the outside – two with the driver, and one – myself – on the upper deck, behind the driver. While jogging moderately along, through the town of Deerfield, by inadvertance, in trying to avoid a slight mud-hole, the near forward wheel ran off the edge of the road, which was raised some ten or twelve inches above the general level of the street, and over we went. Though there was a good deal of a scare, and a terrible screaming from the three or four lady passengers on board, the over-turn was so easily accomplished that no serious damage was done to either the passengers or coach. The driver, and the two passengers beside him, were thrown into a promiscuous heap, near the fence, the driver fortunately holding to the lines and preventing a stampede of the horses. Being so much higher than the rest I was thrown entirely over the fence, and landed in a potato patch, without further damage than a dirty coat and a slightly fractured pair of pantaloons.

[A Mountain Ride –]<sup>106</sup> Arriving at Brattleboro, where I remained over night. I took passage with a mail carrier, in a “one horse shay” – a two wheel vehicle then largely used in New England, with the body hung on “fore and aft” leather springs, denominated “through-braces”, like those used upon the old fashioned Stage Coaches. In this way, I had a delightful ride over the more mountainous portion of South Western New Hampshire, being two days in reaching Concord, the county seat of Merrimac County, and the Capital of the State; stopping over night at the Village of Keene, about mid-way.

[A Big Crowd –]<sup>107</sup> Arriving at Concord, after dark, I found the city in such a state of excitement, and so crowded with people, that I could neither obtain lodging or a meal of victuals in public house or private residence; the second day there after being set for the visit of President Andrew Jackson, and Vice President Martin Van Buren, with the members of the Cabinet and other high officials from the National Capital, who were then making a grand tour through the Eastern States. “Old Hickory” was then in the extreme height of his popularity, and the entire military of the State, and a large proportion of its inhabitants, were in attendance, it being one of the most imposing military and civic displays that I ever witnessed. For three days I had to pick up my living from the various eating booths scattered about the city and its suburbs; and for three nights sleep in stage coaches and such other places of temporary shelter as I could smuggle myself into. It being warm weather I did not suffer any very great inconvenience from so doing, excepting that I did not succeed in securing any “stated amount” of refreshing slumber, nor a very large surplussage of pleasant dreams –

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<sup>105</sup> Personal name, best guess

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The “Old Hero”, and his suite, having at length departed, in a grand cavalcade of stage coaches, as they had come – this being before the commencement of the Railroad Era in New England – and the immense throng having dispersed, I set myself at work in my new role of Book Agent, after a careful study of my instructions, which were substantially as follows:

First; Call upon the pastors of the several churches and, if possible, secure their signatures to the prospectus. If unable, or unwilling, to take and pay for the book, agree to give them a copy, on account of the influence of their names in getting the right kind of a start.

Second; Call on the Doctors, and then the Lawyers, State, County and City officials, and get their names to the list, giving them, if necessary to do so, a writing that it should be entirely optional with them to take the book, or not, as they might think proper, on the presentation of the same.

Third; Call upon merchants and other prominent business men, gentlemen of leisure, +c, and after thus securing the names of the leading men of the principal town of the territory to be worked up, “go for” the balance of the population, visiting every office, shop, and residence in the city, and from thence radiating into every village, hamlet and street in the county.

I made a thorough canvass of Merrimac County, obtaining some five hundred bonafide names to my list, besides the “dead-heads” and “stool pigeons”, which I had marked with a private character, so that the person delivering the work could have a fair understanding of the matter. It took me about three months to accomplish the

work, and it was an exceedingly pleasant summer to me; the people of New Hampshire being very kind indeed.

#### A Genial Over-Sunday Acquaintance.

One pleasant Sunday, while passing the day at the only “tavern” of a country town, a few miles from Concord, I had for a fellow-guest, and room-mate, a young man by the name of James R. Miltimore,<sup>108</sup> two or three years my senior, from Brattleboro Vermont, who was making the journey, on foot, from Brattleboro to Portland, Maine. We attended church together; we visited the jail, which, though not the county town, was located there, and in which was confined a young man under sentence of death for murder; we roamed the fields and meadows, gathering wild fruits, and flowers; we killed a huge black snake which, being surgically inclined, my companion dissected; and after getting into our room at night, feeling rather hard in my bed, I “dissected” that, and discovered that it was not only filled with hens feathers, but that the hard substance upon which I had found it so uncomfortable to sleep, was a rooster’s head! This we left, properly labeled, upon the dressing table of our room, for the edification of the chambermaid, and the landlord and landlady, should it be brought to their notice. Altogether the thirty-six hours companionship made us warm friends, for the time being, and we separated, on Monday morning, with mutual regret, little dreaming that we should, a few years later, become permanent, and still warmer, friends in the great battle of life.

#### The Homeward Tramp.

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<sup>108</sup> Personal name, best guess

On getting through with my work in New Hampshire, being rather short of friends, and not wishing to wait for remittances from my employer, besides desiring to see something of a region of country through which the stage route did not run, I made the journey

**58**

from Concord to Springfield, Massachusetts, a distance of about 130 miles, on foot, with the exception of such chance rides, of a mile or two at a time, as I was fortunate enough to

<insertion: secure>  
[A Cruel Snub. -]<sup>109</sup> Near the close of the third day out, as I was trudging along, still about two miles from the village where I was intending to stay over night, I heard the sound of an approaching buggy, and, on looking around, saw that its sole occupant was a young man about my own age. As he came up I asked him, politely, for a ride. He stopped, enquired where I was going, where I came from +c, to which I gave him respectful answers, when he contemptuously retorted: "Well, as you seem to be pretty well used to walking, I guess you can walk the remaining two miles into town without any difficulty", and cracking his whip drove rapidly off [Prompt-Reparation. -]<sup>110</sup> On reaching the village, I stopped at the first hotel I came to, the landlord of which received me very kindly, took my little bundle, asked if I wanted supper, supplied me with water and towel, enquired how far I had walked that day, sympathized with my evident fatigue, +c. When I had been there some 15 or 20 minutes, who should come in but the identical young man who had so cruelly repulsed and insulted me, three-quarters of an hour before – and furthermore he proved to be the son of the landlord who had given me so kind a reception. Upon learning this, I called for my bundle and told the landlord that I would go on to the next hotel, offering, how ever, to pay for the supper which I had ordered but had not yet eaten. The landlord asked me for an explanation,

**59**

which I proceeded to give him, detailing, in full, the treatment I had received at the hands of his son, and adding that I did not want to remain in the same house with him over night. The old gentleman gave that young man a lecture that he would never be likely to forget, and urged me so hard to stay that I finally did so, and in the morning he would'nt take a penny for my entertainment.

[A Genial M. D. -]<sup>111</sup> Resuming my journey, while three or four miles from the pleasant village of Amherst, near noon of the fourth day of my tramp, a benevolent looking old gentleman, riding along in a chaise, overtook me and invited me to ride with him, which invitation I gladly accepted. The old gentleman chatted very pleasantly, and plied me with so many questions that, by the time we had reached the village, he had drawn from me my entire history. As we came to a hotel, I told him I would get out there, but he smilingly replied that there was a better hotel, for me to stop at, at the other end of the village, and presently drove into the yard, and up to the door, of a large, handsome house, which proved to be his own home. The old gentleman, who proved to be a physician, introduced me to his family, showed me through his large library, in which was quite an extensive cabinet of curiosities; furnished me with an excellent dinner, gave

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<sup>109</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>110</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>111</sup> Written in the margin



me a vast amount of good advice, and, at about two o'clock, sent me on my way rejoicing. These two incidents made an impression upon my mind that I have never forgotten, and to this day, if I am riding alone, I can never overtake a person travelling on foot, however shabby he may be, without inviting him to ride; while, perhaps, I am more given to promiscuous hospitality, in consequence thereof, than I otherwise should have been.

60

Peddling on my "Own Hook",

Reaching Springfield in the evening of the fourth day, of my journey, I secured a ride home with a neighbor, the next afternoon. After spending a day or two with mother and the younger children, and visiting among the neighbors, I took the stage to Hartford, and reported to my employer. He was extremely well pleased with my work, and promptly paid me off in cash, so that with what I had saved of my former earnings I was the possessor of an aggregate cash capital of about \$75<sup>00</sup> – sufficiently colossal in its proportions, I thought, to enable me embark in business upon my own "hook". So I returned to Suffield, bought myself an antiquated horse and a light thoroughbred wagon, partly on credit; built and painted, with my own hands, a peddler's box to fit the wagon, with partitions, drawers, locks +c, and returned to Hartford to "stock up". Here, through the aid of my late employer, I laid in a supply, chiefly on commission, of cheap jewelry, gaudy lithographic prints, "Chronological Compendiums", pins, needles, lead-pencils, and other Yankee notions, and started forth upon my mercantile travels. My first objective point was Suffield, where I did quite and extensive, though not remarkably profitable, business among old neighbors and acquaintances, for a few days. Then I journeyed up the Valley of the Connecticut, as far as Greenfield, in Massachusetts; struck up through the mountains to North Adams, stopping a day at Shelborne Falls, when, in a sort of patent-right, self-supporting college, brother C. V. was eating bran bread and fitting himself for a missionary to Burmah, which high calling he was subsequently compelled to abandon for inglorious trade. From North Adams, I proceeded South to Pittsfield, calling on my old employer, "Penny Hayden", as he was often called, from his well-known parsimonious proclivities.

61

Thinking I had come back to him, to stay, he received me very kindly, indeed; for I learned that he had had, since I left him, a number of clerks on trial, whom he either did not like, or they did not like him, their engagements, consequently, being very short. From Pittsfield, I went to South Lee, of course giving my friend Brown a call, who, together with Mrs Brown, and other acquaintances received me very cordially, indeed. From thence, bearing off South-westerly, I struck down through the western portions of Massachusetts and Connecticut, bringing up at Hartford about the first of December. On "taking an account of stock" I found that, saying nothing about the cost of my horse, wagon, and harness, I had cleared less than half what I had previously received for my services by the month. I therefore concluded to "close out the concern", and take up with an offer made me by Mr Kappel, to go South, on a Brook Agency, at \$25<sup>00</sup> per month, and found, Returning to Mr K, and other parties, such portions of my commission goods as I had not disposed of, I sold out the balance, together with my "rolling stock" – horse, wagon, harness +c – at auction. There was something of a sacrifice on the rig, so

that when every thing was settled up I came out just above where I started in – even; the time I had spent on my peddling expedition being a dead loss.

A Visit to South Carolina Georgia etc

On returning home to Suffield, to fit up for my Southern Expedition, I took with me a new wooden Yankee Clock, for which I paid Mr Kappel \$1<sup>75</sup>, as a present for mother, which clock proved to be a first-rate time keeper, being used in her own and brother Lorenzo's family, for nearly thirty years. After replenishing my ward-robe I returned to Hartford, and received my outfit and instructions, my destination being Augusta, Georgia; and the works I was to canvass for being Taylor's History of the United States, and a

**62**

Universal Gazeteer, the author of which I do not now recollect. Just as I was about starting, Mr Kappel, who had a brother living in Augusta, conceived the idea of going with me, to personally superintend, and engage in, the work of canvassing. He accordingly sent me forward to New York, with instructions to remain there until I heard from him. There were no railroads in Connecticut, in those days, and, it being winter, navigation on the Connecticut river was closed. So I took the stage to New Haven, and from thence a steamboat, via Long Island Sound, to New York. There I took a room at the celebrated Tammany Hall Hotel – then kept on the European plan – at \$2<sup>00</sup> per week; getting my meals in the restaurant of the hotel, or elsewhere, as might be most convenient. The second day after my arrival, a letter was received from Mr Kappel saying that as soon as he could arrange his business, he would join me – say in a week or ten days. I put in the intervening time in visiting the various places of interest and amusement; Castle Garden, Barnum's Museum, Bowery Theater +c, also taking a trip, by steamer, to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to visit and spend the Sabbath with my cousin Elihn<sup>112</sup> Cook, (since Judge Cook), who was then engaged in teaching a select Normal School in that city.

[On Ship-board–]<sup>113</sup> On the arrival of Mr Kappel, soon after my return to New York, we engaged passage for Charleston, S. C. on the ship “John C. Calhoun”, there being no coast-wise steamer, between those two points, at that time. The ship was a large and very fine one, and was owned by the Captain, whose name is not now remembered – a very fine man, and a citizen of Charleston;

**63**

his ship being named after the great leader of the South Carolina Nullification scheme of 1832, whom he greatly admired. We weighed anchor about three o'clock, on Friday afternoon, January 2<sup>nd</sup> 1834, working our way slowly down the Bay, and getting out to sea some time during the night. It was the first time that I had been on the ocean, or any other large body of water, and being in perfect health, I fairly laughed at the suggestion that I should be sea-sick. At supper, Friday evening, and at breakfast, on Saturday morning, my appetite at the table remained unimpaired; but at dinner, on Saturday, I was not a bit hungry. Presently, I began to feel decidedly unwell, and by the middle of the afternoon I had vomited up nearly everything but my boots, and was compelled to go below, and “turn in”. During the night a terrific gale sprang up, which continued nearly all day Sunday, and as it was a “Norther”, and the vessel was following

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<sup>112</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>113</sup> Written in the margin

the course of the Gulf-stream, we made tip-top time; Monday morning finding us off Charleston, making the entire distance between New York and Charleston – about one thousand miles – in a little over two days and a half. On Monday morning, the sea was almost a dead calm, and it was nearly dark before we reached the dock. The weather was warm and pleasant – in marked contrast with the frigid climate of New York – and having got over my fearful sea-sickness, I had a delightful day of it.

Over the Longest Railroad then in the World.

This being my first experience in a slave state, every thing seemed very odd and strange to me, indeed. Charleston more resembled a great prison, than an ordinary city. The buildings, both business blocks and private residences, were of brick, built flush with the street, and all yards and gardens were enclosed

**64**

by high brick walls, with heavy iron barred gates, the top of the walls bristling with sharp iron spikes, or broken glass bottles, points upward, to prevent the negroes from climbing over, either for purposes of plunder or escape.

[The “Secesh”<sup>114</sup> City. –]<sup>115</sup> Remaining in Charleston some two or three days, we started for Augusta, Georgia, on the then longest railroad in the world – The “Charleston and Hamburg”,<sup>116</sup> – and the first railroad that I had ever traveled on. The distance was about 130 miles. We started about eight o’clock in the morning, and at six o’clock in the evening had made about 100 miles, at which point we staid over night. Here, for a mile or two, the grade was so heavy that the locomotive could not be safely used, and a stationary engine, with the necessary hoisting apparatus was being erected for the purpose of raising and lowering trains; though I presume as steep grades are now overcome, easily, with the improved locomotives, air brakes, and other appliances in use at the present time. The only way we had of getting from this summit to Hamburg the western terminus of the road, was by hand cars, similar to those now used by track repairers, only larger, navigated by negro power. The first half of the distance, however, did not require much power, of any kind, owing to the down grade, over which we rushed at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour, but the last half started both the sweat, and the peculiar odor, of the cable<sup>117</sup> manipulators of the cranks.

[Augusta. –]<sup>118</sup> Reaching Hamburg, a small, straggling and unimportant village, on the North bank of the Savannah river, we crossed, on a covered wooden bridge, to the City of Augusta, in Georgia. — Augusta was then a handsomely located city, of from 6,000 to 8000 inhabitants; its streets being wide and regularly laid out, and well-lined with shade trees; while its buildings, both public

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<sup>114</sup> Best guess

<sup>115</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>116</sup> Hamburg, Aiken County, SC; now non-existent

<sup>117</sup> Best guess, possibly “sable”

<sup>118</sup> Written in the margin

and private, were more like northern cities than either Charleston or Hamburg, or, indeed, any other of the numerous places visited during my sojourn in the South, excepting perhaps Mobile, Alabama.

[“Snuff Dipping”. –]<sup>119</sup> We immediately became domiciled in the family of Mr Michael J. Kappel, a brother of my employer, who had lived in the South several years, and who, being a printer was then a compositor on one of the city-dalies. The wife of this Mr. K. was a native of the “Sunny South”, and though a very fine, cleaver, woman, had some personal habits, and housekeeping notions, that were strange enough to a freshly imported Yankee boy, like myself. Her most striking peculiarity<sup>120</sup> was “snuff dipping”, the first of that species of “critter” that I had ever seen or heard of. She kept, constantly by her side, whether sewing, washing, ironing or cooking, a large box of Scotch, or yellow, snuff, from which, with a common tooth-brush, she would, every few minutes, take a “dip”, and thrusting it into her mouth, thoroughly rub her teeth and gums with it. This, at first, seemed a pretty disgusting operation, to me, but as she was always neat about it, and did not “slosh” the vile stuff around, over her dress, or whatever she might happen to be handling, I soon got used to it, and could eat of her cooking, with as keen a relish as other<sup>121</sup> Southern cooks, generally; though it was all a grand burlesque on the Northern style of cookery.

[At Work. –]<sup>122</sup> After spending some three or four days, in looking about the city, and becoming somewhat accustomed to the ways of the people, we started out upon our respective missions, about the middle of January 1834; Mr Kappel taking the cities of Augusta, Macon, Sparta, +c, and myself taking the country, and smaller towns and villages, for a distance of 150 miles above Augusta, on either side of the Savannah river, in both Georgia and South Carolina.

Georgia is sub-divided into counties, only, of from 30 to 40 miles square, there being no townships, as in the North; the County-seat, as a general thing, being the only village in the county.

## 66

South Carolina is similarly divided, but the divisions are called Districts, instead of Counties, the “shire town generally being denominated the Court House”, as “Edgefield Court House”, “Columbia Court House”, +c. I traveled altogether on foot, carrying, as baggage, an extra shirt, a few bosoms and collars, a couple of pairs of socks, an extra silk pocket handkerchief, a copy of each of the books I was canvassing for, and a small mounted United States map, an accompaniment to the History of the United States. I was a good deal puzzled, at first, at the apparent sparseness of the population; the inhabitants upon the main, or county, roads, being both few and far between; and nearly every house a sort of one-horse tavern, universally charging the same, if not higher, prices for entertainment, as at the regular hotels as the county-seats.

I soon began to get the “lay o’ the land, however, on finding that what in the north would be taken for a simple cart-path, leading into the woods, was in fact a road, leading to a first-class plantation. At these plantations I generally found the people very hospitable, urging me to stop to dinner, or stay over night, and never charging, or receiving, any compensation therefor.

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<sup>119</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>120</sup> Best guess

<sup>121</sup> Best guess; possibly “often” or “after”

<sup>122</sup> Written in the margin

[Quite Successful. –]<sup>123</sup> I seldom failed to get a subscriber for one, or both, of my books, at these plantations. Though not more than one-third of the planters, themselves, or their wives, could read or write. The contrast between the people there and those of New England was very marked, in this respect; as I found one man, only, in my entire canvass of Merrimac County, New Hampshire, who could not read. Though illiterate themselves, the Southerners seemed very anxious that their children should learn to “read, write, and cipher”, three or four families often combining in employing private tutors – generally Northerners – for the education of their children, public schools being then, as now,

67

wholly unknown in that region of the country.

[“Hand to Mouth”.--]<sup>124</sup> There was one thing, about their manner of living, that was not only strange to me, but at times very inconvenient. They never cooked any victuals ahead, what was left, if any, from the family meal, was eaten by the slaves, and not a mouthful of anything could be bought, or begged, between meals. Rather a poor country for “tramps”, as I often found, by experience. Excepting in the hotels, at the county seats, the living among all class consisted entirely of fried bacon, corn-bread, hot saleraters<sup>125</sup> biscuits, and coffee without milk: and occasionally a fried chicken. No potatoes – save a few sweet potatoes in the season of them – no butter, no cakes, no pies, and no sauces, of any kind.

[Manner of Living. –]<sup>126</sup> The dwellings of the better class of planters were generally two story frame structures, with porches front and rear; hall through the center; with chimneys at each end of the building, invariably upon the outside. They used fire-places altogether, both for warming their rooms and for doing their cooking – the kitchen always being in a separate building, from two to four rods in the rear of the dwelling. One of their customs, peculiar and sometimes disagreeable to a northerner, was, that in their very chilliest weather, (for they had no real hard freezing weather, as at the North,) when it was necessary to build rousing fires to keep themselves comfortable, they invariably left all their doors wide open.

[Close Packing. –]<sup>127</sup> Two-story dwellings, however, were the exception, rather than the rule; the great majority of the planters’ houses being but one-story, and very many of them having but a single room, even for quite a large family. In such houses, there would be a front and rear door, opposite each other, with a single window on each side of the house. At one end of the room would be a fire place, and at the other

68

a couple of beds, which, with a table, a large chest, and half a dozen chairs, and stools, comprised the entire visible furniture of the family. I was often puzzled to know where I was to sleep, in such a household, consisting of husband and wife, with eight or ten children, ranging from infancy to 18 or 20 years of age; both girls and boys. At the proper time, however, a

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<sup>123</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>124</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>125</sup> Best guess; could be “salerations”

<sup>126</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>127</sup> Written in the margin

trundle-bed would be drawn out from under each of the larger beds, and the younger portion of the household would be stowed away in them. By and by the old gentleman would intimate that perhaps he and myself had better step outside awhile, to give the old woman and the gals a chance to go to bed. At a given signal we would re-enter, disrobe ourselves, and take possession of the unoccupied bed, one or two of the larger boys, perhaps, finding a bunking place upon the floor. In the morning, the feminines, and the youngsters, would be early [...] <sup>128</sup>, and outside, leaving the coast clear for “pap” and the “stranger” to arise and dress.

#### The Bright Side of Slavery.

Besides the kitchen, several shanties, for the house servants, were located near to, and in the rear of, the family mansion; the “nigger quarters”, or the shanties for the plantation hands, and their families, being located some distance off; frequently from one-eighth to one-fourth of a mile. I used, frequently, to accompany some of the “young masters”, in the evening, on their “grand rounds”, to see that all was right among the “niggers”. We generally found them hugely enjoying themselves, either engaged in some athletic sports, singing or dancing “juba” by the light of pitch-pine torches – this mode

69

of illumination then being the only one in vogue among the slaves, and, in fact, among a large proportion of the white population, instead of candles, lamps +c, as at the north. A “juba” dance is where, in the absence of a musical instrument, some lusty negro slaps out a tune, with his brawny hands, upon his right thigh, at the same time vigorously keeping time with his huge foot upon the ground. Sometimes a rudely constructed one-string banjo was made use of, in addition to the “juba”, and occasionally there would be an unintelligible vocal accompaniment, by the entire “troupe”. Some of their gymnastic exercises were very supple, and muscular, indeed; almost rivaling those of the most expert athletes of the present day. Their singing, though uncultivated, and wierd, in the extreme, was always very melodious, and their dancing comical and grotesque, beyond description. I often attended slave meetings, in the villages, on Sunday, and, in two or three instances, their camp meetings, in the country. Their sermons and exhortations were both solemn and comical, and their singing – both the words and the tunes – an odd mixture of ludicrousness and pathos.

#### The Horrors of Slavery.

I also witnessed many of the horrors of slavery, as well as its brighter features, in the course of my travels in the South. The separation of families, by the sale of husband and wife to different parties, living at a distance from each other; and the sale of their children to still other parties, widely separate from each other, was of very common occurrence. The rushing through, of field hands, under

70

the lash of a cruel overseer, was also an almost every day affair. The hunting for fugitives, with blood-hounds, was several times witnessed. In one instance, just as I came to a plantation, the hunters were coming in with their “game” – a splendid looking young negro, about sixteen years of age, who, on account of some harsh treatment received or impending, had attempted to runaway. Though every plantation was literally swarming with savage looking dogs, in almost

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<sup>128</sup> Indecipherable word; best guess “arisen”

endless variety of breed and species, trained blood-hounds, for hunting runaway slaves, were only kept by professional slave-hunters, from six to ten, perhaps, in each county, or district. On the disappearance of a “boy” or “girl”, of any age, from five to a hundred, one of these “professors”<sup>129</sup> would be forthwith summoned. Arriving upon the plantation, if there was any garment that the “boy” or “girl” had worn, or anything – hoe, axe, broom, mop +c, that they were in the habit of using, the hounds were permitted to smell of it, when they would almost immediately strike upon the track and follow the scent, with unerring certainty, until the fugitive was overtaken. And though no such article could be produced, by performing a few rapid gyrations around the plantation it would be but a short time before the track of the runaway could be singled out from among those of the other negroes on the plantation, and followed with equal certainty and precision. The older “boys”, or “girls”, on finding that the hounds were closing in on them, would generally manage to get up into some tree, or otherwise protect themselves from the ruthless teeth of the savage animals, only,

71

perhaps, to be worse mutilated at the hands of their equally savage masters, or still more blood-thirsty overseers. In the case alluded to, the “boy” being young and inexperienced in the absconding line, suffered himself to be run down by the dogs, each planting his savage teeth deep in the calves of the poor fellow’s legs, and holding him fast until the two legged brutes came up with them. After reaching the plantation, the mistress of the boy, with the assistance of the boy’s weeping mother – one of the house servants – carefully bound up the lacerated legs, after which, notwithstanding his own and his poor mother’s piteous pleadings for mercy, he was tied with his hands above his head to a tree, and another “boy”, forty or fifty years of age, was compelled to give him some fifty or sixty lashes with a triple-thonged whip, upon the bare back, causing the blood to run far more copiously, than did the teeth of the blood hounds, from his mangled legs.

#### Barbarism Personified.

Another instance of the cruel barbarity of the institution of slavery came under my observation. A girl, some 19 or 20 years old, apparently perfectly white, had, several months before my visit there, come into the village of Clarksburg, and hired herself as superintendent of the dining room of the principal hotel of the village, representing herself as a Northern girl whose parents lived in Savannah. So carefully had she concealed her real origin, and so circumspect had been her conduct, that a white native blacksmith of the village had courted and engaged to marry her. A short time before the marriage was to take place, a large middle-aged man, a wealthy planter from one of the South-Eastern counties of the State, made his appearance at the

72

hotel, and claimed the young lady as his slave. The indignation of even the slaveholders of the village – to say nothing of the intensity of feeling among such Northerners as happened to be sojourning there – was very great, but the “Colonel’s” proofs were so undoubted, and the slave-code was so stringent, that no person dared to interfere. An effort was made to purchase the “chattel”, was to give her her freedom, and permit her to marry the young blacksmith, who was

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<sup>129</sup> Best guess, possibly “professions”

still willing and anxious to fulfill his engagement; but the villainous old curmudgeon utterly refused to sell her, besides which, when he got ready to start for home, he not only made her walk and carry her clothing in a bundle, but he actually tied her, with a cord about her neck, to the pommel of the saddle

Officiating as a Clock Tinkerer.

The entire Southern country had, several years before, been flooded with Yankee wooden clocks, which had been just long enough in use to begin to get out of order. Being from Connecticut – where nearly all of the clocks then in use were manufactured – the natives thought, as a matter of course, that I must know all about a clock, and so, almost the first thing, after finding out where I was from, was: “Stranger, can’t you fix our time-piece for us? It has’nt run for nigh on to a year, though it used to keep first rate time.” Certainly, I knew all about clocks – that is, I knew that they needed to be clean and plumb to run well, and I very seldom failed to start them off all right, after taking off the hands and face, blowing the dust out of the works, adjusting the weight cords, and righting them up a little, so as to get them in beat. Though I never took any pay for such services, it was a great help to me in my

73

canvassing, as well as in lessening my traveling expenses.

Novel Hog-Slaughtering usages.

I have spoken of bacon being one of the chief articles of food then, as it, probably is now, of the Southern people. The manner of killing and dressing their hogs, and curing their pork, was very different from the way in which such things are done in the north. Their hogs, instead of being kept in pens and fattened on corn, were allowed to run at large in the woods, subsisting upon acorns, and such other nuts, roots +c as they could pick up; never attaining to any thing like the rotund condition of the ordinary northern porker. When slaughtering time came around, in the late fall, or early winter, a gang of negroes and dogs would be sent into the woods to surround the drove, and hold the slab-sided quadrupeds in check. While the overseer, and two or three negro-sharpshooters, would shoot down as many as they could handle for the day. The defunct swine were then snaked to the scalding well, with mules, and the dressing process commenced. This process, to a Yankee, was truly a novel one. They had no large kettles for heating their water, or large tubs and tanks, such as Northern farmers and butchers make use of for such purposes, but used, instead, scalding wells. These wells were some five or six feet in diameter and from three to four feet deep. They were first lined with a thick coating of clay – except when dug in a clay soil – to make them water tight, and then substantially stoned up, like an ordinary well, with heavy cobble-stones and boulders. Convenient to this well is a large pile of similar cob-

74

ble stones, arranged over a sort of rude fire-arch, in which is burning a brisk fire of pine knots, and other highly inflammable fuel. These stones, when sufficiently heated, are, by means of long forks, sometimes of iron, but oftener of wood, thrown into the well, which has, during the shooting and snaking process, been filled with water, “toted” from a neighboring “branch” in small tubs upon the heads of the female and juvenile “chattels”. In an incredible short space of time the water becomes scalding hot; the “disgruntled” grunTERS are soused in, two or three at a



time, and the work of scraping the bristles off begins. This portion of the work accomplished, and the entrails removed, the carcasses are laid away to cool, on a platform of rails raised a foot or two above the ground. After getting cold – it never freezes in that climate – the hog is split open upon the back, the head, shoulders and hams are taken off, the spare-ribs – and they are spare – are taken out, and the curing of the meat begins. It is not salted down in barrels, as with us. Each plantation is provided with a large smoke house, generally built of logs. Across one end of this is a tight floor. On this floor, in one corner, is spread a thin layer of coarse salt, on which is laid several sides of the pork, with the skin side down. These, in turn, receive a liberal sprinkling of salt, when another layer of pork is added, and so on, until the entire stock is packed down. The hams – but little thicker than the sides – shoulders, jowls +c, are similarly stacked and salted, in the opposite corner. After

75

remaining in pickle from two to four weeks, the entire batch is hung up to the rafters and on poles, and left to drain for a day or two, and a week or ten days' continuous smoking, with corn cobs, completes the work. During the slaughtering season, the negroes hold high carnival, the hearts, livers, lights, ears, feet, tails +c being given almost entirely to them, while they also get a liberal supply of the spare-ribs and other portions which cannot readily be worked up into bacon. Sausage, souse, head-cheese, and other similar "swinish delicacies", so much in vogue among the people of the north, were then, as I presume they are now, wholly unknown to the people of the Southern country.

Table Luxuries Very Rare.

In the cities, and larger villages, fresh meats, poultry +c. was in moderate supply; but among the planters, with the exception of an occasional meal of fried chicken, and now and then some kind of mild game, very little fresh meat was indulged in. A few lean cattle roamed the woods, in the same manner as the swine, for the most part shifting for themselves. Now and then a bullock would be killed, but a small portion of which would be eaten fresh, the bulk going through the same process of pickling and smoking, drying +c, as the pork, [The "Dairy". –]<sup>130</sup> Milk was very seldom made use of, and butter was an almost unknown commodity, on the plantation. The few milck cows they had, were permitted to roam, at will, through the woods, and, if they happened to come around, were milked, but were seldom sought for; the milk that was thus procured, generally being fed to the children of the plantation, both white and black.

[“Loud”<sup>131</sup> Butter –.]<sup>132</sup> At the hotels, in the villages and cities, northern made butter was used – called “Goshen Butter”, no matter where produced; but generally of so rank a quality as to be offensive to a freshly imported Yankee, like myself at that time.

76

[Corn “Fodder”. –]<sup>133</sup> The Southern mode of subsisting horses and other live-stock, as compared with northern custom, was very noticeable. They had neither hay nor oats, but fed altogether corn

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<sup>130</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>131</sup> Best guess

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and “corn-fodder”. This last named article was composed of corn leaves, stripped off from the stalks while green, and after proper curing, tied up in small bundles and stacked or packed away in their miserable apologies for barns, or sheds, almost universally built of logs and poles. From three to five of these bundles of “fodder”, and from eight to twelve ears of corn, was sufficient for a night’s feed for an ordinary horse; and about the same quantity of corn, without the “fodder” for the morning feed. Excepting in the very longest days in summer, feed<sup>134</sup> was never given to their horses in the middle of the day

[Vegetables, Fruits etc.]<sup>135</sup> Corn and cotton were almost the only crops raised; the first for home consumption, and the latter for market; the exceptions being an occasional field of tobacco, and now and then a patch of sweet potatoes. Wheat, rye oats, barley +c, were entirely unknown, the limited quantity of wheat flour used, coming from the North. Garden and field vegetables such as Irish potatoes, turnips, beets, carrots, parsnips, beans, peas, squashes, pumpkins +c, were never found there, excepting such as were brought into the cities, and larger villages, from other localities; while apples, peaches, pears, plums +c, were equally strangers to them – watermelons and tomatoes being almost their only fruit – and vegetable luxuries – the latter being known there as “love apples”, and were eaten, uncooked, and unseasoned, as we do apples, and almost exclusively by the negroes. In

77

fact, almost the only variation from the “hog and homing” system of diet, consisted of an occasional accession to the bill of fare, of fried eggs, or fried chicken, and, on rare occasions, of roast turkey, peacock or Guinea-fowl, every plantation, nearly, having quite a liberal supply of the several varieties of live-stock named.

A “Kantankerous” Official.

I was about four months in making the “grand rounds”, having been quite successful in my canvassing – considerably more so than my employer, who had for nearly a month been engaged in delivering the books to his subscribers, and having nearly completed his work. I had, from time to time, received remittances from Mr Kappel, at points agreed upon, for the payment of my expenses, and had calculated so closely that I had paid out the very last quarter, for my dinner, on the day of my return to Augusta. Reaching Hamburg, I had to cross the Savannah river, on a toll bridge, the fare being, for footmen, a “’leven-penny-bit” – or twelve and a half cents, – the toll-gate being upon the Augusta side. Walking across the bridge, I stated to the gate-keeper – a regular over-bearing bundle of Southern pomposity – the fix I was in, saying to him that as soon as I could see my employer, or his brother, I would return and pay him. But he immediately fired up; said I “could’nt come any such d\_\_d Yankee-trick” over him – that it was “a \_\_d \_\_d likely story that a well-dressed young fellow” like me should have no money, and that I could not pass without paying him. I tried to reason the matter with him, and offered to leave with him, as security, my subscription list, sample books, +c, but he said that he did’nt “want the d\_\_d trash”, and that if I did’nt pay him his toll he would send

78

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<sup>134</sup> Partially overwritten word.

<sup>135</sup> Written in the margin

for a policeman and give me into custody. I then said to him that I would go back to Hamburg, and send over a note to my employer, but, with a perfect avalanche of oaths, he said that would only make the matter worse, as I would then be cheating him out of two tolls instead of one. At this juncture a carriage, containing several ladies and gentlemen, was approaching the bridge, from the city, when he, with a perfect howl of rage, exclaimed, “Well, go along G\_d\_d\_n you and dont let me see you here again, without money!”. I passed on, went up into the city, found Mr K, procured from him a United States Ten Dollar bill, returned to the bridge, handed the bill to the old curmudgeon and requested him to take out the toll I owed him. He immediately became very obsequious, and endeavored to smooth the matter over; said they were impased upon, every day, by people attempting to pass the bridge, under one pretext or another, without paying toll, +c, and always, after that, when I had occasion to pass the bridge, he was pleasant and affable, in the extreme.

#### Delivering the Goods.

I immediately commenced delivering my books to subscribers, within twenty-five or thirty miles of the city – traveling on horseback – packing them in two pairs of large leather saddle-bags, one forward and one behind the saddle upon which I rode; having a box of books also sent by stage to the nearest village out of Augusta – Mr K. then using the one-horse Yankee-peddling wagon, which he had shipped from Hartford, having purchased a horse on the commencement of his canvass. It was his intention, on the completion of his

79

own work, to accompany me on my rounds; he delivering books in and about the villages, while I perambulated through the country. But there was a hitch, at the office of publication, and the work had to be suspended; and, after waiting two or three weeks, word came that the balance of his order could not be filled for at least three months. Then Mr K determined to return home, to see if he could’nt hurry the matter up, leaving me to complete the work, when the books did arrive.

#### A Brief Respite.

In the meantime, it then being the summer season, I busied myself in touching up, with gaudy water colors, a variety of lithographic prints – military heroes, such as Napoleon Bonaparte, Lafayette, Washington, Jackson, +c. and noted women, such as Lady Washington, Josephine +c, which, with a great variety of Yankee notions, which Mr K. had brought along, to aid in paying our expenses, I hawked about the city and surrounding country. Thus passed the Summer, and still the books did not come. During this time, the brother of Mr. K, with whom I boarded, had a call to go to the village of Washington, the county-seat of Wilkes County, Georgia, to take charge of a new political paper, about to be started there.

#### Fighting the Nullifiers.

It will be recollected that two years previous, in 1832, the great nullification movement, under the leadership of John C Calhoun<sup>136</sup>, had taken place in South Carolina. Other Southern States, then, as in the rebellion of 1861, largely sympathized with that movement, particularly the boarder counties of Georgia. The prompt action of “Old Hickory” – President Jackson<sup>137</sup> – in squelching that incipient rebellion, had produced a strong re-action in the intervening years, and

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<sup>136</sup> Calhoun, John C. (John Caldwell), 1782-1850.

<sup>137</sup> Jackson, Andrew, 1767-1845.

a Union Party had been formed. Up to this time, Wilkes County, which was then, as now, (1879) [Written in 1879]<sup>138</sup> the home of Robert Toombs<sup>139</sup> – then a rising

**80**

young lawyer – had been, politically, overwhelmingly “States Rights”, the only newspaper in the county, the “Washington Sentinel”, being intensely nullification in its sentiments. Now, however, it was determined, if possible, to reverse the order of things, and a Union organ was started, under the somewhat imposing title of “Southern Spy”, a Doctor Hay, an old resident of the county, being selected as its Editor.

[“Change of Base”]<sup>140</sup> After Mr Kappel had been there about two weeks, he made his arrangements to have his family join him, depending upon me to move them. I accordingly procured a huge covered plantation wagon, drawn by four mules, with a “colored gentleman” as driver, and loading in the household goods, hitched the old cow on behind and started them on their winding way – Mr Kappel being a Yankee, and very fond of bread and milk, would keep a cow, anyway, in spite of the jeers and sneers of his native-born neighbors. The family, consisting of Mrs K, their son “Mike”, some twelve or thirteen years old, a tabby-cat, a canary bird and myself, with a variety of trunks, band-boxes, and other items of personal baggage, were stowed away in the peddler’s wagon, before referred to, and following closely in the “wake” of the full rigged “plantation schooner” above mentioned, the grand cavalcade quietly plodded on, toward its up country destination. We reached Washington, distant about fifty miles from Augusta, about noon on the second day. Moving their effects right into the house which had been provided for them, the family were as much at home, by supper time, as though they had lived there all their lives. There being no stoves and pipes to adjust the cooking being done in the inevitable outside kitchen, while the living room was

**81**

warmed, when the weather required it, which was but seldom, by a wood fire in a large brick, or stone, open fire-place.

[New Vocation.–]<sup>141</sup> I still remained with them, awaiting the arrival of my books, intending to busy myself, as at Augusta, in fixing up and disposing of my pictures, and other notions. But, as the political campaign waxed warm, and the business of the new office increased, they needed more help – a sort of half-and-half assistant editor, mailing clerk, and printers “devil”, which position I temporarily assumed. The election was a very “hot” one, resulting in – besides a good many mutilated eyes and noses on either side – a complete revolution of the county, every candidate of the Union Party being triumphantly elected.

A Smattering of “The Art Preservative”

I remained in the office of the “Southern Spy” until the close of the campaign, acquiring therein that “smattering” of the printing and newspaper business, which, in a large degree, gave hope and color to a considerable portion of my subsequent life. While there, I not only practiced writing short editorial and local items, but, besides attending to the subscription books, and, with

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<sup>138</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>139</sup> Toombs, Robert Augustus, 1810-1885.

<sup>140</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>141</sup> Written in the margin

the help of the colored boy who did chores about the office, doing all the mailing. I also learned to set type, making such progress as not only to be able to help them out of the drag, when hard pressed in the composition room, but getting so that, at the end of my two months service in the office, I could do about half a regular day's work at type-setting.

Experience as Night-Watchman

While in Washington, I also had a little experience as a night watchman. In the cities, of course, they had regular policemen; but in the villages, all of the

**82**

able-bodied white males, between the ages of 18 and 45 years, were enrolled and organized into a "Night-Patrol", whose duty it was to walk back and forth, on a certain assigned beat, like soldiers on guard; one half of about every third night, to keep the "niggers" from absconding, prowling +c. the first watch was set, with regular military precision, at 9 o'clock – at which hour every negro was expected to be in his quarters – continuing on duty until half-past one; the sergeant of the Guard for the night going around and placing the second watch at the hour designated; the last watch remaining on duty until day light.

[Halting the "Boys"–]<sup>142</sup> Every negro, found moving about after 9 o'clock, was challenged, and brought to a halt, and if he could not give a proper account of himself, by showing a permit, or pass, from his master, to be out on some important business – after a doctor or watching with the sick, he was taken to the calaboose, and duly reported to his master for "discipline and correction", in the morning. Being a new-comer, matters were so arranged that my watch invariably came the latter part of the night; but I never flinched from my duty, always promptly turning out, at the call of the Sergeant of the Guard, a part of whose business it was, a few minutes before the time, to pass around and rouse from their slumbers, the members of the second watch. Washington was remarkably quiet, and orderly, for a Southern town, and there was in reality, but little for the patrolmen to do; but few arrests – not more than one a night on the average – being made by the entire force, while I was there: my own experience, in that direction, being confined to the halting and examining of two 40 or 50 year old "boys", both of whom were properly

**83**

provided with permits, from their respective "massers". Every patrolman carried with him a dark-lantern, so that, if occasion required, he could both see his prisoner and read his documents; also being armed with a good sized club, a rude wooden watchman's rattle, and a couple of old-fashioned single barreled brass<sup>143</sup> pistols, revolvers not being in vogue at that time.

Again on the Wing.

Receiving advices of the arrival of my books, at Augusta, soon after the close of the campaign, I repaired to that city, and made preparations for the completion of my work. Finding that my travels would be very greatly facilitated thereby, I procured a second horse and harness, and, exchanging the thrills of my wagon for pole, neck-yoke +c, I started out with a double-rig, early in November and completed my work, in a generally satisfactory manner, in about six weeks, reaching Augusta, on my return trip through South Carolina, about the 20<sup>th</sup> of December.

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<sup>142</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>143</sup> Best guess

Having figured up matters, and duly reported to my employer, I concluded to try and get a situation, as clerk, in some of the Southern Cities, instead of returning North. In closing up with Mr. K. I retained the wagon and team, at about two-thirds their cost; and also the small stock of books, and Yankee notions, remaining on hand, at about the same rate of discount from cost. Besides my team and “traps” valued at about \$250<sup>00</sup> I had about \$100<sup>00</sup> in money, as the result of my labors for Mr K, both North and South, and my labors in the “Spy” office, together with sundry other small ventures upon my own account, exclusive of my earnings in Washington –

**84**

[A. Genial “Chum”.-]<sup>144</sup> Taking along with me, as a traveling companion, a printer, a few years older than myself, by the name of William H. T. Need, a compositor in the “Southern Spy” office, during my connection therewith, we started overland for Mobile, Alabama. Need stipulating to pay his own personal expenses, and I those of myself and team. We traveled slowly, stopping awhile in each of the villages through which we passed, to enable me to dispose of my few remaining goods. From Augusta we passed Southwesterly to Milledgeville, the capital of the state; then a very desolate looking town, on a barren red-clay hill, and from thence to Macon, which, next to Augusta, was the pleasantest and most business-like town that I had seen, either in Georgia or South Carolina.

From Macon, we took a westerly course passing through the territory of the Creek Indians, then occupying their original hunting grounds, before relinquishing them to the United States government for a home beyond the Mississippi. Stopping at a country tavern in the western part of Georgia one Sunday, to rest our horses and get a bite to eat for ourselves, we found not only the landlord but all of the “boys” of the establishment absent; Sunday being “visiting day”

A Novel Proposition.

We found there, however, a bright young mulatto, about twenty years of age, from a neighboring plantation, who had come to this way-side Inn, to visit his “gal”. He was very kind, in helping us to unhitch, and feed and water our horses, +c, and when, during the familiar little chat we had with him, he found that we were from “de Norf”, he seemed to be very greatly delighted, the slaves, even at that early day, seeming to consider Northerners their peculiar friends<sup>145</sup>

**85**

[“Nigger” Stealing.-]<sup>146</sup> After “beating around the bush” awhile, he boldly proposed that we should steal him. On questioning him, he stated that his “ole massa”, who had always treated him very kindly, had recently died, and that he had “done been sold” to a “new massa” who “done whipped” him so often that he could’nt “done stan it no mo’ no how”. We told him that we were not going North but further South, so that we could not take him to the Land of Freedom, even if it would be safe for us to attempt to do so. He said that he did’nt care about being free, if he only had a “good massa like ole massa”, and that if we would “only jes let him done go along” with

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<sup>144</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>145</sup> Best guess

<sup>146</sup> Written in the margin

us, after we “done got over into Alabama”, we might “done sell” him, and have all the money we could “done get” for him, if we would only “done” find him a “good massa”

[Value of a “Nigger”—]<sup>147</sup> I asked him what he considered himself worth, and he replied that his new master had “only done” paid eight hundred dollars for him at “de public sale”; but that “befor’ ole massa had “done gone dead” he had “fused” to take a thousand dollars for him “ebber so many times”. We told him that the thing would’nt work – that if we made the attempt and got caught at it, it would cost us our lives; the laws being then, as always, very severe on “nigger stealers”. But he urged that there would be no danger, for he could “fix it dat nobody would nebber done know nothing about what had done gone with him”. I asked him how he could do that? “Why, you see, massa”, said he, “on de udder side ob de nex’ town, whar you’s guine ter stay ober night, dar’s a big piece o’ timber. I’ll jes done run away ter night, and be in dat ar timber when yous come along in de mornin’. Den I’ll jes done git in de wagon, back o’ dem big boxes and trunks, I can ride tree or fo’ days ‘thout nobody a knowin’ I’m dar. Den I can done come out an’ be your driver, an’ take car ob your horses, an’ when you done gits ‘way off ober inter

## 86

Alerbam you can done sell me, an hab all de money you can git for me, as I done tell you befo’”. “But”, enquired I, “supposing they put the bloodhounds on your track and follow us, what then?” “Why, massa”, he replied, “dem dogs could’nt done foller us, not no how. Dey could foller me as far as I runned, or walked; but when I done git in de wagon, dey lose de smell, and arter dat dey could’nt done find it agin, not no how”. It was decidedly a cunning scheme, and might, possibly, have been successfully carried into execution; but we were not disposed to engage in “nigger stealing” as a means of making money, while the chances of detection were too great for us to take the risk in a humanitarian point of view. I really felt sorry for the poor fellow, on our finally telling him that he could not take him along with us, he seemed to be so sadly disappointed. But we cheered him up by telling him that by kindness and obedience to his new master he could win kind treatment from him, and that, perhaps, before many years, freedom would come to all the slaves, so that he could choose a master for himself, and perhaps become his own master, so that when we finally parted from him there was an expression of hope upon his swarthy, but shining, countenance that, if living, he has probably long since realized.

### A Night in an Indian Wigwam.

On reaching the Indian country, we found that it was some fifty or sixty miles through their territory, with no inhabitants upon the main road, either natives or otherwise, excepting trading posts kept by white men at intervals of about fifteen miles. At quite short intervals Indian trails, or foot paths, would branch off from the

## 87

main road, and on these trails, and their ramified branches, were located the wigwams of the “Noble Red-man”. With the exception of those found lounging about the the trading stations, we did not meet with a single Indian on the main road, during our entire journey through their territory. The road was rough, and our progress was necessarily very slow. On the second day, darkness overtook us before reaching our intended stopping place, a small white settlement on

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<sup>147</sup> Written in the margin

the west bank of the Wetumpka River. Being in a dense wood, it soon became so pitchy dark that not a vertigo of the road— blind at the best — could be seen; and we had to trust entirely to the instinct of our horses, which, though generally infallible, proved defective in this instance. While creeping slowly along we suddenly found ourselves brought up standing; our wagon snugly wedged in between a couple of large trees. Getting out to reconnoiter, we found that our horses had mistaken an Indian trail — which was the plainest of the two — for the main road, and had consequently “switched us off on to a side track”. Having no means to strike a light — friction matches being thus a thing of the future — we had to grope our way, as best we could in the darkness, in search of the road; but after going back nearly if not quite a quarter of a mile, failed to discover the point of divergence. Finally, concluding that the trail itself would lead us to some friendly shelter, even if but an Indian wigwam, we unhitched our horses from the wagon, and marched boldly forward upon the trail we had been following; myself taking the lead with one of the horses, and my chum following with the other, in single file. Half a mile or so brought us to a wigwam, or rather a small log hut, the open door of which, in spite of the hostile demonstrations of a couple of savage dogs, I boldly approached and entered. Here, we found a couple of squaws only, one middle aged, and the other perhaps 18 or 20.

**88**

[Torchlight Procession.]<sup>148</sup> In trying to make them understand that we were lost, I several times repeated the words “Wetumpka River”. At last the old woman seemed to comprehend what we wanted, and, lighting a pine-knot torch, started through the woods, at about right angles to the path we had been following, in a westerly direction, as near as we could judge, motioning for us to follow. So follow her we did, and, in about ten or fifteen minutes, we came plump upon the bank of the Wetumpka river, towards which, as its moving waters glistened in the light from her torch, she triumphantly pointed. This, of course, availed us nothing, and we could do no less than follow her back again.

[“Whooping ‘er up”. —]<sup>149</sup> On again reaching the hut, we found there a stalwart young Indian, from 19 to 20 years of age. In endeavoring to explain the “situation” to him, both by words and signs, I several times repeated the words “got lost”, “want some supper” — “want to stay all night” +c, +c. Asking the old woman for a torch, he lighted it, and motioning us to follow, he started off through the woods, in an easterly direction. He proved to be not only a safe, but a very jolly guide. Every few steps he would repeat “got loss”, “got loss”; “suppaw”, “suppaw”; “stay all night”, “stay all night”, +c. Then he would laugh until the woods would all ring again. Then he would yell — it seemed to us like a regular war-whoop — so that he could be heard at least a mile. This he would follow up, with what appeared to be snatches of a lively song: then commence again “got loss”, “suppaw”, “stay all night”, winding up with his jolly laugh, war-whoop +c. With the curious shadows produced by the blazing torch upon the surrounding pitchy darkness, in the dense forest through which we were traveling, and the singular performance of our “gay and festive” guide, the scene was one well calculated to elevate

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<sup>148</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>149</sup> Written in the margin



[at age of 19]<sup>150</sup>

the hair on the head of a nineteen year old boy, like myself, who had before never had any experience among genuine wild Indians.

[Princely Entertained.—]<sup>151</sup> About fifteen minutes walk brought us to another wigwam, or hut, somewhat larger and better than the one we had just left. As we came up to the door, the inmates, who had been notified of our approach by the noisy demonstrations of our guide, met us at the threshold. The “head center” of the household was a fine looking man, about fifty years of age, and from his light complexion I thought he must be what is termed a “half breed”. His wife, apparently five or six years younger than himself, their married daughter, about twenty-one or two years of age, her husband, about twenty-five and their “pappose”, of some six or eight months, with the stalwart youth who had brought us thither, completed the family. After a few words of explanation from the young man, they all set vigorously at work to make us feel “at home” with them. The men helped us to unharness and feed our horses, providing, for that purpose, corn and corn fodder, which was stored in a small barn or stable built of logs and poles, similar to those in vogue among the “pale faces” of that section of the country; while the women commenced preparing supper for us. First, they pounded some corn in a “dug out” log mortar, with a wooden pestle, which they wet up with water and moulded into a sort of “Johnny” cake, as the Yankees call it, or “Hoe” cake, in Southern parlance, and baking it by standing it up on edge, against a suitably shaped stone kept for that purpose in the corner of the fire place; also at the same time roasting a couple of good sized sweet potatoes by covering them with ashes and hot embers. They then fried for us, in an iron pot, some kind of fresh meat which we took to be the flesh of a black bear, which we knew to abound in those diggings

## 90

having caught sight of one of the critters near our line of travel during the afternoon. A sort of coffee, probably from some kind of dried roots, was also made, and the rude table, though spreadless, was set with gaudy colored plates, and cups and saucers, knives, forks, spoons +c. When the “suppaw” was ready, we were, by signs, invited to take seats at the table, on a couple of clumsy three-legged stools, with some eight or ten of which the wigwam of our distinguished hosts was provided. We had eaten nothing since morning, and were consequently both very hungry. I ate heartily of “the food set before me, asking no questions for conscience’s sake”, but my chum could eat but little, confining himself almost entirely to his sweet potato. He evidently did not fancy the style in which our copper-colored cooks handled things.

[Indian Jollity.<sup>152</sup>—]<sup>153</sup> While we were eating out “suppaw” the entire family, squatted upon the dirt floor of the cabin, carried on an animated and apparently a very jovial conversation. A nice whalebone, ivory-ferruled whip, which I had brought along, was the subject of close examination and much curious speculation. Our hats, which we had doffed, while eating, were also admiringly inspected, and tried on all around, and our overcoats, as well as the clothes upon our persons, were duly commented on

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<sup>150</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>151</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>152</sup> Best guess

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[Indian “Jokist”]<sup>154</sup> At the close of our really – under the circumstances – excellent meal, and while the women were “ridding” up the table, washing the dishes +c, the men invited us out to properly care for our horses for the night. The moon had risen, in the mean time and it was now quite light While the old Indian and the son-in-law went to work to surround the horses

91

with a cribbing of poles, from twelve to fifteen feet in length, of which there was a large pile near by, the younger Indian started off into the woods, with a small tub, for some water, which he brought in upon his head. While the horses were drinking I enquired, in the best Anglo-Indian jargon that I could command, and by signs, how far he had to go for water, when he replied, in English with a pretty broad accent “Two mile”. “Two miles!” I repeated, in astonishment, when he broke out into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which his brother-in-law heartily joined; but which the old Indian tried to suppress; at the fine joke he had so successfully played off on the “pale faces”

[Indian “Suppaw”.]<sup>155</sup> The cribbing completed, we returned to the cabin, where, during our absence, the family evening meal had been spread. This consisted of a small wooden tub of mush and milk, which had been standing in the chimney corner, covered over with a flat stone. The tub was placed in the center of the cabin floor and the family seated themselves around it. In the tub was a large spoon-shaped wooden ladle. The old Indian first took a mouthful and replaced the ladle in the tub. Then the old squaw took a mouthful, likewise throwing the ladle back into the tub. Then the young squaw, followed by her husband and brother, took their respective turns at the ladle. Thus it went round and round, leisurely, until the meal was finished; a constant flow of talk and merriment, with occasional snatches of singing – and undoubtedly many a witty joke, at our expense – was kept up during the entire meal, the cabin, during the evening, being brilliantly illuminated by blazing pitch-pine torches, inserted between the stones of the hearth and fireplace. [Indian Cabin. –]<sup>156</sup> At about nine o’clock preparations were begun for getting to bed. The cabin was

92

about twelve by fifteen or eighteen feet in size, built of larger poles, laid up log-house fashion, with stone fire-place, and stick chimney; the crevices between the poles being filled with mud “chinking”, the roof being covered with several layers of bark, held in position by poles, fastened at either end by large flat stones.

[Indian Bedding. –]<sup>157</sup> Across one end of the cabin was a platform about six feet in width, a couple of feet or so from the floor, composed of poles, across the top of which were stretched raw-hides, tight and smooth as a drum-head. Spreading a blanket next to the wall, on one side of this platform, they rolled up some of their own garments and tucked them under the outer edge of the blanket, for pillows, and motioned to us to lie down. Without divesting ourselves of any of our clothing, we mounted to the position indicated, Need taking the back or wall side of our “luxurious couch”. Another blanket was then carefully spread over us, and our “retirement” was

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<sup>154</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>155</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>156</sup> Written in the margin

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accomplished. Other blankets were then spread upon the platform and occupied; first, by the old Indian next to me; next to him his venerable squaw, and next to her the younger squaw, and her pappoose. This made a comfortable bed-full, and the two younger Indians had to take their chances on the floor. The novelty of the situation kept me awake for awhile, but by and by I fell asleep and slept soundly until morning, disturbed only once by the old Indian getting up and going out to drive away some of their own horses, that were running loose in the woods, which were trying to get up a little rumpus with our ponies.

93

[Again Astir –]<sup>158</sup> With the peep o’ day the cabin was astir, and we arose from our slumbers, if not refreshed, at least with our heads upon our shoulders, and our scalps upon our heads. Signifying our desire to be right off, our entertainers helped us to harness our horses, and get our traps together for a start. Giving each of them, including the squaws and pappoose, some silver coins – as much or more in all than supper, lodging, breakfast and horsekeeping would have cost us at a first class hotel, we shook hands with them all round; bid them good by, and started through the woods in the direction of our wagon. No sooner had we started, each leading a horse, Need going ahead, as seeming to understand our bearings better than I did – then, on looking around, I saw that the three “buck” Indians were closely following us, in single file and in dignified silence. From fifteen to twenty minutes’ walk brought us to our wagon, in which we found every thing safe and sound, just as we had left them. Making a reconnoissance, we found that we were but a few rods from the main road, the trail we were on having run for a long distance almost parallel with it, the road keeping on the top of a sharp ridge, and the trail at the foot of the ridge, and gradually sloping off towards the river. The Indians aided in getting our wagon up into the road, and hitching our horses thereto, watching our operations, and examining our wagon and other “fixings”, with the utmost curiosity. When every thing was ready for a start, I opened one of the trunks, and presented each of them with a gaudy colored lithographic print, and also one for each of the squaws and the pappoose. Then I opened another trunk, and took out six dozen gilt-finger rings, assorted sizes, each dozen tied together with a bright red or blue ribbon; giving one bunch to each of

94

the Indians, and one each for the squaws and pappoose. They seemed to be far more pleased with these baubles, than with the money we had given them; the younger Indians, in particular, holding the rings up to their ears and noses, and fairly dancing and shouting with delight. We then shook hands with them, again, and started forward on our journey, all three of the Indians standing perfectly still, in their tracks, and watching us until we were out of sight.

[Indian “King”. –]<sup>159</sup> On reaching the river, it was some time before we could attract the attention of the ferryman upon the opposite side, owing to the fact that they seldom had calls from that side so early in the morning, it then being but a very few minutes past sunrise. But we finally got across, and found the white people there perfectly astonished at our appearance from that direction, in such apparently fresh condition, so early in the morning. On relating to them our adventure, and describing the place and the people with whom we had staid overnight, they

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<sup>158</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>159</sup> Written in the margin

told us that it was a family of considerable distinction – the old Indian being one of the “Kings”, or petty chiefs of the tribe. They also told us that both the old man, as well as the rest of the family, could both understand and speak English, quite readily; but that when strangers came among them, as we had done, they would pretend that they did not understand the language, so as to more particularly learn what might be said about them. We learned, furthermore, that the tribe were not very friendly towards the whites at that time,

95

and that while they would in no event have molested us, or our property, after having thrown ourselves upon their hospitality for the night, it would not have been at all strange, had some evil have befallen us after leaving them, and before reaching the river, had we been indiscreet enough to speak disparagingly of them during our sojourn with them. In fact, within ten days, or two weeks, from that time two different parties, of two white men each, were murdered and robbed on the same road over which we had traveled through the territory.

Another Indian Episode.

From the ferry, we pursued a southwesterly course to the then new village of Wetumpka, where we tarried over night, at its solitary hotel, sleeping on an unpatented “spring bed bottom”, formed of oak splints, woven together, like a basket or a splint-bottomed chair; with but a single blanket spread therein, and a similar piece of goods for a “kireer”<sup>160</sup>. The price of lodging, however, was fully as much as though the bed had been composed wholly of swan’s down. From thence we traveled west, through Montgomery, Greenville and some other small villages, to the Alabama river, down which, on the east side, we traveled to near its mouth, where we shipped ourselves, horses and wagon, on a steam boat to the city of Mobile, some twenty-five or thirty miles distant

[The Drink of Rum.]<sup>161</sup> The day before arriving at the steam-boat landing, we met a good-looking Indian in the road, with a two gallon jug in his hand. He was fully rigged out in Indian toggery, with a super-abundance of brilliant feathers about his head, and with a savage-looking tomahawk, and scalping-knife, hanging from his belt. He seemed to be in a very jolly mood, indeed, and, on coming up with us, was very pressing in his courtesies, not only several times shaking us

96

cordially by the hand, but insisting that we should drink with him. As he could, and did, talk broken English, we learned from him that he belonged to a party of Seminoles, on a hunting expedition from Florida, who were encamped a few miles from there, and that he had been dispatched to a neighboring village for a supply of Rum. Not then being quite so strong a tee-totaler as I am now, and to please, or rather not to dis-please the Indian, I balanced the ponderous jug on one of the hind wheels of the wagon, and took a slight sip of the “fire-water”, Need, also, following my example. Presenting him, in turn, with a dozen gilt finger rings, we shook hands again with him, several times, and parted, the two parties, probably, mutually well-pleased; the Indian with his brass jewelry, and the “pale faces” at so good a riddance of what, had he been a trifle drunker, might have proved a troublesome customer.

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<sup>160</sup> Best guess

<sup>161</sup> Written in the margin

Sundry Experiences in Mobile.

On reaching Mobile, about the middle of January, 1835, Need immediately found employment in a printing office, and I began casting about for a situation, in the line of business with which I was most familiar – clerking – having first treated myself to a “bran-new” suit of clothes, throughout, which made a pretty heavy inroad upon my stock of ready money. I spent several days in answering advertisements, and in canvassing the city for a situation, but I found about an average of twenty young men from the North, to every vacancy that would be likely to occur for the next one or two years, and my efforts in that direction were unavailing. I then bethought me of

97

the printing business, which, I imagined, I had during my connection with the Washington Spy, at least half learned. I accordingly sought an interview with the proprietor of the office in which Need was employed for a “sit” and received the magnificent offer of seventy-five dollars and my board for the first year, with a raise of twenty-five dollars a year for three years, which offer I most respectfully declined.

[Nearly a Drayman. –] <sup>162</sup> In the course of my investigations I learned that Draying was a money-making business, and that a number of white men owned from one to three or four drays each, hiring slaves to drive them, but superintending and looking after the business and finances themselves. Having already a couple of good horses, suitable for that business, I concluded to dispose of my peddling wagon and purchase a couple of drays, hire a couple of darkeys, and become a “boss drayist”. But to my utter discomfiture, I could not find a single dray, new or old, for sale in the city: so that project had to be abandoned. I then concluded to sell my wagon, team and other traps, and “watch out” for a chance to engage in some other business, which would come within my means. I sold my horses at private sale at about what they had cost me in Georgia, disposing of the wagon harnesses, and other property, at something of a sacrifice, at auction; so that, after all expenses for keeping, commissions +c were paid, I had, in all, about \$225<sup>00</sup> in money on hand.

[A Tempting Offer. –] <sup>163</sup> One day, I noticed an advertisement in one of the city papers to the effect that any person, with fifty dollars in money to invest, could hear of a very profitable business by addressing “AB” through the Post Office. I wrote, as directed, appointing an in-

98

terview in my own room, at the hotel where I was boarding. At the appointed time, a very gentlemanly appearing man, perhaps thirty years of age, put in an appearance, who told a story something like this: He said he was a northern man, but had been for several years a salesman in a wholesale grocery house in New Orleans. At first, he attended strictly to his business, and, getting a good salary, laid up money. But, as he got more acquainted in and about the city, he used to occasionally drop into the gambling saloons, which were as public in New Orleans, then, as stores and other business places were. After awhile he was induced to try his “luck” on some one of the numerous games then in vogue there. At first he was partially successful, but after awhile his losses became more frequent than his gains. Then he would try again, hoping, by

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<sup>162</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>163</sup> Written in the margin

some lucky hit, to retrieve his losses; but he had only got in deeper, until finally he had not only lost all he had, but his situation, also. Failing to find another situation in New Orleans, he had come to Mobile, but had been equally unsuccessful there. But he knew how to manufacture an article for which there was a large and constant demand, which could be sold at a very large profit, and that article was Shoe Blacking. The business could be started on a capital of \$50<sup>00</sup> for the purchase of material, and boxes, and if I would furnish the capital he would furnish the skill, and each should share equally in the profits. But, though a good deal taken with the fellow, and his project, I was

99

afraid of him. If he had become so infatuated as to gamble himself both out of money and out of a good situation, would he now be proof against the allurements? and would he not be liable to be fleeced again in the same manner, and jeopardize my little "pile", also? I thought it not only possible but highly probable, and so declined the honor, thus missing the opportunity, perhaps, of placing myself at the head of the gratert<sup>164</sup> "shine 'em up" establishment in the world.

Encountering an old Acquaintance.

Before my father's death, a fine-looking, well-educated, but extremely dissipated man, about thirty-five years of age, used frequently to visit the shop, often taking dinner with the family, and sometimes staying over night. He belonged to one of the wealthiest and most respectable families of the town, and after graduating, with honors, at Yale College, at the age of twenty-five years his father had supplied him with a handsome sum of money and started him in business in the city of New York. Falling into dissolute habits he had squandered all his money and, at the end of five years, returned home a polished vagabond. The family would gladly have supported him in idleness, could they have kept him sober, and for several years earnestly strove to do so, but had finally been compelled to cast him off. After father's death, and the closing up of our shops, I had lost all trace of him; not even knowing that he was alive. One day, while I was sitting in the bar-room of the hotel where I was stopping, several rough-looking, and somewhat boisterous, customers came in, and called for something to drink. While they were discussing their toddy, I recognized, in the leading spirit of the company, my whilom friend and fellow townsman, "Jim" Phelps, with whom, in my younger days, I used to be quite a favorite,

100

being chief-tapster for the old carriage shop, and supplying him liberally with cider, during his frequent visits thereto. As the crowd were leaving the bar-room, he being among the last to go, I stepped up to him and extending my hand said: "How do you do, Mr Phelps?" He took my proffered hand, and gazing at me steadily for a moment, he responded: "Young man, you have the advantage of me, for I don't know you from the Angel Gabriel!" "You surely have not forgotten Alanson Lane, of Old Suffield?" said I. "What!" said he, stepping back a couple of paces to take a good look at me, "you don't tell me that you are Alanson Lane, son of Comfort Lane, of Crooked Lane, in Suffield, Connecticut, near Springfield, Massachusetts?" Then turning suddenly to the landlord of the hotel, who had just entered the bar-room he exclaimed, "Landlord, permit me to introduce to you my very particular young friend, Alanson Lane, son of Comfort Lane, of Crooked Lane, in Suffield, Connecticut, near Springfield, Massachusetts!"

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<sup>164</sup> Most likely "greatest" though appears as "gratert"

“Well”, said the landlord, “Mr Lane had been with me for several days, and has every appearance of being a respectable young man, but he is certainly none the better for being a friend or acquaintance of yours.” “Now, landlord, that is very unkind of you, very unkind, indeed, after all the patronage I have brought to your bar; permit me to bid you good bye – good bye forever! I shall henceforth bestow my patronage elsewhere!” Then, turning to me, he said: “Lane take a little walk with me: I want to enquire about the old town.” So I walked up the street a short distance with him, answering, to the best of my ability, the many questions he had to ask. In the course of our walk and talk, I enquired of him what he was doing,

101<sup>165</sup>

“Well”, said he, “I am a murderer of wood – a sort of carpenter and joiner.” “You see”, he continued, “the old Governor made a great mistake in my case; he spoilt a first-class mechanic, in trying to make a second-class merchant of me. So, you see, when being thrown upon my own resources – root hog or die, you know – I naturally took to the business that I was the best adapted to, and here I am, ekeing out a miserable existence, as a third or fourth class carpenter and joiner; though, if I do say it myself, a far better workman than two-thirds of the botches in this city who claim to have served a regular apprenticeship at the business”. Finally, reaching the corner of an obscure street, or rather alley, he stopped, and seizing and cordially shaking my hand, he said: “My business lies in this direction. I shall see you again, before you leave the city. If, in the mean time, I can be of any use to you, do not fail to command me; for your lamented father, Judge Comfort Lane, was one of my very best friends. If you need me, you have only to enquire for me to find me, for every body, in the city of Mobile. knows Colonel Jim Phelps. Good bye, my boy! When you get to Old Suffield, remember me kindly to your respected mother but not a word to my own family, for to them, I am both dead, and damned. Again, farewell!” – and gracefully waiving his right hand, and turning upon his heel, he was gone, which was the last time I ever saw, or heard, of “Colonel Jim Phelps”.

#### Flitting to New Orleans.

Finding no available opening in Mobile, which, next to Augusta, I found to be the pleasantest city met with. in my entire travels in the South, I determined to try my chances in New Orleans, which city I reached by steamer, via Lake Ponchartrain<sup>166</sup>, with about eight miles staging, from the Lake to the city – Here, I also made a thorough canvass among the mercantile establishments of the city, but, being a stranger, with not even one letter of

102

introduction or recommendation, I, of course, stood no chance of succeeding among so great a throng of competitors as I had to encounter. The proprietors of one grocery house seemed to be quite well pleased with my knowledge of the business, as disclosed by my answers to the numerous questions with which they plied me; my handwriting and my manner of making entries in a test account book, and my ready [...] <sup>167</sup> of numerous examples of addition, multiplication, division +c which they gave me. The thing looked quite encouraging until one of the firm asked to see my references. I frankly told him that I had none, but that if they would give me a little

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<sup>165</sup> Page number printed in book

<sup>166</sup> Misspelled in text, actual spelling: Lake Pontchartrain

<sup>167</sup> Indecipherable word, looks like “exeention”.

time I could write some. They laughed heartily at the novel proposition, seeming to think that kind of reference would be fully as valuable as the majority of such documents. Having a number of applicants, they invited me to call again, the next day, and on doing so, I found that the vacancy had been filled

[“Open House”. –]<sup>168</sup> I found New Orleans, in many respects, very different from any other city that I had ever visited, either North or South. Sunday was, with them, their great weekly holiday. They had churches, to be sure, and a great variety of religious services; but almost every kind of business run right along, every day alike. Theaters, museums, circuses, and other places of amusement, were in full blast, reaping their richest harvests on Sunday nights, while their drinking and gambling houses were more largely thronged, and patronized, than on any other day or night of the week.

103

[A “Financial” Venture –]<sup>169</sup> The gambling houses, like the hotels and stores, open to the street, were a great novelty to me, and I made quite a careful study of them. I saw men both winning and losing upon the various games then in vogue, faro<sup>170</sup> and roulette appearing to be the most popular. Though the losses seemed to preponderate, occasionally a player would appear to win a considerable sum, with which he would triumphantly depart. Subsequent observation, however, convinces me that the generality of the “lucky” ones were either “decoy-ducks”, to entice greenies, like myself, to take a hand, or that the owner of the wheel or table simply allowed them to occasionally win to lead them into farther and deeper play. It was certainly a very great temptation to the uninitiated; it seemed so very easy to win. One evening, after supper, I put four silver quarters into my vest pocket, with the intention of going to the theater, admission to which was one dollar. On my way to the theater, as it was yet early, I dropped into one of the various gambling dens, which I had to pass. While watching one of the roulette wheels, with the pitiful story of my Mobile shoe-blackening friend vividly in my mind, the thought occurred to me that I would try my “luck”, and, if I won, it would be so much clear gain, and if I lost, I would only lose the dollar in my vest pocket, and by staying away from the theater I should be, financially, just as well off. Anyhow, I accordingly laid one of my quarters upon one of the numbers of the roulette table and won. I tried it again and again won. The third time I lost and the fourth time won. Thus I kept on winning, with an occasional loss, until I had accumulated four or five dollars. Then, I began to lose oftener than win, until I had lost, not only all I had won, but the original quarter I had put down. I then turned upon my heel, and left the room,

104

that being my first, last, and only, personal experience as a gambler. So, instead of going to the theater, I went to the circus, the admittance to which was fifty cents; thus effecting an actual saving of twenty-five cents by the operations of the evening.

“Floating” up the Mississippi.

Failing to do any thing in New Orleans, excepting to fearfully deplete my not very full exchequer, though sorely tempted by the golden stories then being circulated about that country,

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<sup>168</sup> Written in margin

<sup>169</sup> Written in margin

<sup>170</sup> A type of card game



to go to Texas. I finally concluded to return to the north. I accordingly took the Mississippi river steamer for Cincinnati, leaving the Crescent city the first of February. Stoppages, of a few hours, for receiving and discharging freight and passengers, were made at Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, and other cities and villages along the river, nearly a week being consumed in reaching Louisville. On nearing the latter city, about the sixth day of February, the weather, which had been warm and pleasant, suddenly grew cold, and during the night, after our arrival, the Ohio river was entirely frozen over, at that point, an event said to have been, at that time, unheard of by the very oldest inhabitants. As the intense cold, which had so suddenly placed an embargo upon our further progress by water, was likely to continue for several days, the most of the northern bound passengers left the steamer and went forward by stage. But as I was in no particular hurry, and as my passage, including meals and lodging, was paid through to Cincinnati, I concluded to remain on the boat and await the pleasure of the elements.

105

When, after two or three days, the intense cold began to let up, there was a snow fall of some five or six inches – a thing almost if not quite unprecedented in that latitude – and a wilder set of people I never saw. There being few, if any, regular sleighs there, every sort of contrivance that could be dragged upon the snow, was brought into requisition – the most common vehicle being flat-bottomed river skiffs, yawls, +c, to which from two to six horses were attached with every description of bells, dinner bells, tea-bells, cow-bells +c for music. Men, women and children, participated in the general frolic, and all took in good part the innumerable peltings, with snowballs, that every person who had occasion to pass along the streets was sure to receive.

#### The Perils of River Navigation.

The snow storm being immediately followed by rain, there was a sudden and rapid rise of the river, so that, within about a week after the sudden freeze up, the ice was on the move. Before it was really safe to do so, on account of the large quantities of floating ice in the river, we started for Cincinnati; before night of the first day, losing every paddle upon one wheel, and all but two or three upon the other. We consequently had to tie up for the night, in a very exposed situation, while the carpenters re-paddled the wheels. The current was so swift, that there was danger of the floating ice cutting a hole through the hull of the boat; to guard against which, the captain ordered a large tree, a short distance above, to be cut down, so falling thus its top would ward off the floating ice, and the night was thus passed in safety; though several of the more timid passengers, notwithstanding the precaution thus taken by the Captain, went on shore and slept on the floor of a log cabin in the vicinity. I remained on board, and had a pretty good night's sleep of it, though an occasional huge cake

106

of ice would make things “all crack again” by raking the steamer's side from stern to stern. By ten o'clock the next morning, the necessary repairs having been made, and the river having nearly cleared itself from floating ice, we started on again, arriving at Cincinnati about the middle of the same afternoon, all safe and sound.

#### Twisted Again by Fire.

Getting into Cincinnati seemed almost like getting into another world; every thing was so different from both the South and the East. Every man here – both white and black – was a

worker; no master and slave distinctions, though separated from slave territory only by a narrow river – and there was evidence of greater thrift than in any of the Southern cities I had visited, and at the same time more enterprise and “push” than in the East. I liked the place, exceedingly, and thought, surely, that I could find something to do there. But one or two day’s canvassing satisfied me that the mercantile business, in its numerous departments – so far as clerkships were concerned – was full, with a score or more of candidates awaiting every probable or possible vacancy.

[Book Agent Again. –]<sup>171</sup> Finding that there was one quite extensive Book Publishing House in the City, I applied for a canvassing agency which application was favorably received. Several of the counties of the Western Reserve were assigned to me; the amount of the commission I was to receive and the manner of shipping the books was agreed upon, and I was to call the next day for my outfit and instructions. Going to the place, at the hour designated, I was profoundly surprised to find the

107

entire block in ashes. I had known that there was quite a large fire, somewhere in the city, in the early part of the night; but having learned not to attempt to “chase down” every fire-alarm that might occur in a large city, I did not dream that I was in any manner interested in it, until I thus came upon the ruins. I hunted up the Book Publishers with whom I had been negotiating, and found that every thing had been burned, not only the entire edition of the work then in hand, but the stereotype plates also, so that if they should rebuild, it would be several months before the work in which I was to engage, could be resumed. Spending one or two days more – about one week in all – in Cincinnati, in trying to find something to do. I took the stage for Columbus, passing through Dayton, Springfield, and other towns upon the “National Road”, but not stopping at any of them excepting for meals and the exchange of horses.

[An Old Teacher.]<sup>172</sup> At Columbus, I found a Suffield man, Mr John B Wheedon, one of my former teachers, and the very man who gave me my last instruction and my last whipping in the old “Crooked Lane” School House. Mr Wheedon was keeping a small Drug Store, but his one assistant was all the help he needed. He was very glad to see me and took a good deal of pains to help me into a situation; but without success. He urged me to offer myself as a School Teacher, feeling confident that I could soon find employment in that line; but well-knowing that my education was insufficient, and not having a taste for that calling, I did not do so.

#### A Sporting Room-Mate.

Occupying the same room with me at the hotel – the old “United States” – was a large, superbly dressed man, of about thirty-five, who appeared to be very much of a gentleman, indeed. He had two large trunks, sported

108

a fine gold watch and chain, and a profuse display of jewelry, and appeared to have plenty of money. He talked largely of western lands, and of extensive mercantile and banking operations, and seemed to sympathize very deeply with me, in my unsuccessful efforts to find employment. One day, he opened one of his large trunks in my presence, and, among the many other things of

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<sup>171</sup> Written in margin

<sup>172</sup> Written in margin

an equally novel character, he exhibited to me a large pile of printed Bank Notes, in sheets and unsigned. The paper and engraving were very fine, and after premising that he could put me in the way of making a fortune, he proceeded to explain that the notes in question were not counterfeits, because there were no such Banks as they purported to represent; but that in the back townships they would pass just as well as any. He then proposed to fill up as many of them as I wanted, and sell them to me at ten cents on the dollar, though his regular price was twenty-five. With this money, he said, I could buy horses from the farmers, and moving them rapidly away, the character of the money would not be ascertained until I was at a safe distance, and, even if followed up, I could not be criminally prosecuted, because the bills were not counterfeit; and the very worst that could be done to me would be to make me give up the property so bought. These horses, could be sold, perhaps at as slight<sup>173</sup> discount, for genuine money, or exchanged for other property, and a “smart young fellow” like me could not fail to do well at it.

In the bottom of his trunk – after he had

109

removed his “currency” – I discovered a roulette wheel, and other glittering devices of a gambler’s outfit; showing that my very gentlemanly room-mate was a first-class blackly. I respectfully, but firmly, declined his very generous offer, to which he blandly responded, “O, all right! all right! If you have any conscientious scruples about the matter, dont do it. But I thought it would be better for you then nothing”. As I handed him back the sheet of bogus bills he had submitted to my inspection, he laughingly said: “O, never mind that. Keep it to remember me by!” So I folded it up and put it in my pocket. I started the next day for Mount Vernon, after having spent four days in Columbus searching for work, visiting the Penitentiary, and other public institutions.

#### A Jolly Traveling Companion.

In the stage, enroute to Mount Vernon, I formed the acquaintance of a young man a year or two my senior, from New York City – who was on a tour of observation in the West. While looking about Mount Vernon, where we stopped over one day, he saw a saddle-horse that pleased him and bought it; intending to travel Westward into Indiana and Illinois – then the extreme “Far West”, on horseback. Having fully rigged himself out, with saddle, bridle, spurs and saddle-bags for his clothing, as he wanted to travel northward as far as Wooster, before turning his course Westward, he proposed to share his horse with me – that is, to “ride and tie”. The novelty of the thing pleased me, and I accepted his offer. Accordingly, forwarding my two small hand trunks by stage to Wooster, we started, my friend riding on ahead and I following on foot. After riding about a mile, he would hitch the horse by the side of the road, and go ahead on foot. On coming up with the horse, I would mount and ride on a mile or so past him; and in turn hitch the horse, and take to my feet again. Thus

110

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<sup>173</sup> Best guess, author probably meant “slight”.

we traveled over the Knox, Richland and Wayne County hills; occasionally, where the roads were favorable, riding double for a short distance; reaching Wooster about the middle of the<sup>174</sup> afternoon, after leaving Mount Vernon. Here we parted, my jovial young friend leaving early the next morning for the West, and I again taking the stage for Cleveland.

[Working our Passage. –]<sup>175</sup> It was getting to be pretty heavy staging, by this time – about the first of March – the heavy clay roads of Wayne, Medina and Cuyahoga Counties, being almost impassible; the passengers having frequently to dismount and pry the coach out of the mud with fence rails, and often footing it for miles at a stretch; so that we were nearly two days in getting through to Cleveland, a distance of about sixty-miles

[Squire Stocking. –]<sup>176</sup> My stay in Cleveland was short – “one night only”. At Aurora, in Portage County, lived Mr Artemas<sup>177</sup> Stocking, a nephew of Aunt Anna – the wife of my uncle Arhbel<sup>178</sup> Lane, and the mother of our cousin, Mrs Caroline Harmon.<sup>179</sup> Mr Stocking had learned the Carriage making business with my father, and having married Miss Susan Kent, of Suffield, had emigrated to Ohio, soon after the death of my father, settling in Aurora when he had established himself in the Carriage making and Painting business.<sup>180</sup> My Aunt Mariette Sikes, a half sister of my mother, had come to Ohio with the Stockings, and was then an [...] <sup>181</sup> of their family. So prominent a part had my friend Artemas taken in the affairs of the township that he had not only done reasonably well in his business, but had for several years, been

111

“Chief Justice”, or the leading Justice of the Peace of the town. It had been some five or six years since I had seen any of them, or they me; and in coming in upon them, without notice, I had anticipated, with pleasure, the surprise that the very great change which had taken place in my appearance, during that time, would make

En-route to Aurora.

Leaving Cleveland, by stage, before daylight, on the morning of March 4<sup>th</sup> 1835, we did not reach Twinsburgh until about 10 o'clock A.M; the roads for the most part being nearly as heavy as those between Medina and Cleveland. Twinsburgh's only hotel, kept-by a man by the name of Grant, was in the building afterwards for many years known as the “Twinsburgh Institute”; but more latterly known as the “Twinsburgh Cheese Factory”: Here I took breakfast and dinner, remaining at the hotel until nearly night, watching for an opportunity to “catch” a ride to Aurora, five miles to the Eastward. Everybody there knew all about “Squire” Stocking, and I learned all about the family, and the location of their house, shop +c with reference to the Aurora hotel, stores +c. Not getting a chance to ride, and being unable to hire any one to take me over, I left my baggage with Mr Grant, and footed it over. During my stay at Twinsburgh I had put on some “airs”, boasted of my Southern travels, traded watched with one of the “bloods” of

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<sup>174</sup> “probably third amL” this phrase is written in the margin, possibly in the author's hand, in pencil. The “amL” could be the initials of a later editor. There is a line and insertion symbol indicating that phrase belongs after the word “the”.

<sup>175</sup> Written in margin

<sup>176</sup> Written in margin

<sup>177</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>178</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>179</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>180</sup> Symbol here looks more like a star than a period, possibly a comma that was changed to a period.

<sup>181</sup> Indecipherable word; possibly “inmate”

the village +c. In paying my bill to the bear-keeper, I pulled out, with my other money, a couple of the bogus bills which my Columbus room-mate had given me, (the other two having been presented by me to my “ride and tie” friend.) remarking, with a knowing wink, that there were “plenty more where they came from”.

[Characteristic “Trick”. –]<sup>182</sup> Reaching Aurora just at dusk, I put up for the night – at Woodruff’s hotel, near which my friend, the “Squire” lived. I announced myself as a “Southerner”, and, after supper,

## 112

got into quite a discussion with the landlord, and two or three bar-room loungers, on the slavery question. They did not appear to be very strong anti-slavery men, but still were not quite willing to endorse all of the positions that I took, in favor of the “patriarchal and divine” institution. News was soon taken into the village stores near by, that there was a “live slaveholder,” from New Orleans, at Woodruff’s, and one after another of the villagers, who were wont to assemble at the stores, evenings, dropped in to see the “critter”, and hear him talk. Among the rest came my friend Artemas, whom I recognized at once, but who, of course, had no idea of who I really was. –

[In search of “Work”]<sup>183</sup> The next morning, after breakfast, without making any enquiries, I sauntered down street and entered the shop of my friend, I found the “squire” alone, and after passing “the time o’ day” with him, I enquired of him if he needed any help in his shop. He asked me what branch of the business I worked at, and I told him I could do almost any thing he might set me at. He said: “You’re from the South, I believe”. I replied, “Yes, I’ve spent some time in the South, though I was originally from the East”. “What part of the East”, he enquired. “New England”, I replied. Which of the New England States?” he asked. “Connecticut”, said I. “What part of Connecticut?”. “Hartford County”. “What part of Hartford County?”. “Suffield.” “Suffield!” exclaimed the Squire, excitedly rushing towards me. “Why, is this Henry Lane?” “No”, I replied. “Well, then who are you? I came from Suffield myself”, he exclaimed. “I am Alanson Lane,” I laughingly responded. Seizing me by the hand

## 113

the astonished but delighted “Squire” exclaimed, “Well, Lant, you’ve played me a pretty trick! Why in the world did’nt you come right here, last night, instead of putting up at the tavern?” “O, I just wanted to play off on you, a little, to see whether you would know me or not”, said I. “Know you!” said he, “Why I never should have mistrusted who you were, you’re so changed. Come, let’s go into the house! Your Aunt Mariette will never dream its you. I’ll introduce you to her, and my wife, as a new “jour” that I’ve hired, and that you’re going to board with us”. So we started the back way, the house and shop being upon the same lot; the Squire asking me various questions on the way, among the rest about my brothers, Comfort, Henry, Lorenzo +c. Now, Aunt Mariette happened to be in the back room, up stairs, and hearing voices, leaned out of the open window, to see who was coming. On hearing the questions and answers, in regard to the rest of our family, she rushed down stairs, before the Squire had time to introduce his “new jour” to his wife, and seizing me in her motherly arms, nearly smothered me with kisses, and then

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<sup>182</sup> Written in margin

<sup>183</sup> Written in margin

stepping back a short distance and taking a good look at me, she laughingly declared that she “should have known Lant, any how, even if she had’nt overheard out talk; for she could’nt be mistaken in those black eyes!”

[“At Home!”]<sup>184</sup> Well, I was now fairly domiciled with my friends, and, for the present, my wanderings were over. It soon spread through the village that instead of being the “venomous young fire-eater” that I had represented myself to be, I was a particular friend of Squire Stocking’s and the nephew of “Aunt Marriette”, as every body familiarly called her, making me quite a hero as well as quite a favorite with the villagers with whom I rapidly became acquainted, the more

## 114

so on account of my sensational little ruse.

### Pursued by a Sheriff.

Taking the Squire’s horse and wagon, I waded over to Twinsburgh and got my baggage, on the afternoon of the day after my arrival, which was on Thursday. The next Sunday, there being no services at the Church my friends usually attended, all were spending the day at home, excepting Aunt Mariette, who was staying over Sunday with a friend about one mile South of the Village. Having occasion to use my pocket knife for some purpose for which the blades were too dull, I stepped out to the shop to sharpen them. Just as I stepped out of the front door of the shop, to grind the large blade of my knife upon a small grind stone standing under the platform and stairs leading to the upper part of the shop, three men approached me from the direction of the hotel, one of whom I recognized as a man I had seen at Grant’s hotel in Twinsburgh. The foremost of the three enquired for ‘Squire Stocking, and I directed him to the house. The other two men followed me into the shop, after I had finished grinding my knife. Seating myself on a saw-horse, I commenced honing the knife on an oil-stone, holding the end of the stone with the thumb and fingers of my left hand. While thus engaged, the stranger who had gone to the house, returned to the shop, followed by the ‘Squire, and his younger brother Sam, but a few years older than myself. I observed a sort of frightened look upon the faces of the two Stockings, which I could not account for, until the stranger

## 115

began to question me. He commenced by enquiring my name. I answered that my name was Alanson Lane, but that I write my name S. A. Lane. “Well, Mr Lane, where did you come from when you came to Aurora?” was his next enquiry. Perceiving that he was on the wrong scent, I thought I would play with him a little, and I replied that I came from Twinsburgh to Aurora. “Where from to Twinsburgh?” he continued. “Cleveland”, I promptly answered. “Where from to Cleveland?” “Wooster”. “Where from to Wooster?” “Mount Vernon”. “Where from to Mount Vernon?” “Columbus”. “Where from to Columbus?” “Cincinnati”. “Where from to Cincinnati?” “Louisville”. “Where from to Louisville?” “New Orleans”. “Well, Sir”, he exclaimed, rather savagely, “were you ever in Detroit?” “No. Sir!” I responded, with equal emphasis. “Did you ever call your name Charles Lewis, or George Davis?” he pursued. “No. Sir!” I again responded. All this time I had kept on sharpening my knife, without in the least changing my position, and after a little pause he said, “Mr Lane will you oblige me by

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<sup>184</sup> Written in margin

straightening out the fingers of your left hand?” “Suppose I can’t do it, what then?” I smilingly enquired. “It will be all the better for you if you can”, he rather sneeringly replied. I then released my hold upon the oil-stone, and extending my hand upon toward my questioner, suddenly straightened out my fingers, and told him to examine them. He immediately said: “You are not the man I am after”.

[“The Tables Turned” –]<sup>185</sup> It was now my turn to ask questions, and I plied him with a few very pointed ones. From his answers I learned that he was a Deputy Sheriff from Detroit; that a young man about 25 years of age, answering, generally, to my personal appearance, but with his left hand so crippled that he could’nt straighten out two of his fingers, whose real name was Charles

## 116

Lewis but who sometimes assumed the name of George Davis, had committed several forgeries in Detroit, and was also believed to be connected with a gang of Counterfeiters. The officers of Justice needing him, he had traced him to Cleveland; at which place the fugitive had taken the Stage to Pittsburgh on the Thursday morning previous. [It will be remembered that it was on the Wednesday morning previous that I had come from Cleveland to Twinsburgh.] He had accordingly taken the Saturday afternoon coach for Pittsburgh in pursuit of the fleeing forger, there being then no telegraphic wires to head off the scoundrels, nor railroad lines to follow them with almost lightning rapidity, as now.

[Officious Meddlers. –]<sup>186</sup> On arriving at Twinsburgh, in the evening, while the Postmaster was changing the mail, and the stage driver was watering his horses, the officers had entered the barrom<sup>187</sup> of the hotel, and enquired whether they had noticed such a young man as he described, on board the Thursday morning’s stage? “O, Yes.” exclaimed the landlord, and the bar-tender, simultaneously, “that young <insertion: man> left the stage here, and went over to Aurora, to visit his friend “Squire Stocking, and an Aunt living in the ‘Squire’s family. He enquired what name I had given, but either I had not mentioned my name, or they had forgotten it. He then told them what he wanted and minutely described the man he was after, and enquired if I filled the bill. “O, exactly” – the same age, the same size, the same colored eyes and hair, the same clothes, the same baggage [I had two small hand trunks and my double one hand trunk and one valise.] Furthermore, I not only had plenty of good money, but had also exhibited a large quantity of counterfeit money; besides which, the girls who waited on the

117

table, noticed, particularly, that I did not straighten out the fingers of my left hand while eating. Being thus tolerably sure of his man, he concluded to wait till morning before proceeding to Aurora to arrest me, for I was a desperate character, and always went armed to the teeth, and would be an ugly customer to encounter at night – but as the next day was Sunday, I would not be anticipating pursuit, and would be thrown off my guard. Consequently, taking along one of the hotel loungers, who had seen me in Twinsburgh, and one of the Constables of the township, to help him nab me, the trio started, on Sunday morning, for Aurora, arriving at Woodruff’s

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<sup>185</sup> Written in margin

<sup>186</sup> Written in margin

<sup>187</sup> Author wrote “barrom” but presumably meant “bar-room”

hotel, near the Squire's, about 10 o'clock. Here, in the presence of quite a number of persons to whom I had been introduced, the Detroit official stated his errand, and made enquiries in regard to my whereabouts. These parties endeavored to persuade him that there was some mistake about the matter – that my name was neither Lewis, nor Davis, but Lane; and that my friends there were among the most respectable in the township &c. But he did'nt care any thing about the respectability of my friends – I was a first-class scoundrel, and a desperate character, and he had come prepared to take me, and he should do so if he had to drag me out of Church, whither it was suggested I might go with the Squire, or some member of the family. He accordingly stationed the Twinsburgher, who was to identify me, upon the street, so as to command a view of both Squire Stocking's house and shop, and to signal him in case I came out to go to Church, or elsewhere. Not going to Church, as before explained, I had been seen by the spy going from the house to the shop; the signal was given, and the "majesty" of the law came swooping down upon me as above described;

## 118

quite a large number of greatly excited people eagerly watching for the denouncement, from in front of the hotel.

[A "Desperate Fellow". –]<sup>188</sup> Leaving me, as before stated, virtually in custody of his assistants, the Detroit official, arousing my good friend, the 'Squire, from his customary Sunday forenoon nap, stated his business, and demanded the astonished Squire's assistance in capturing me. The Squire told him that it could not be possible – that I belonged to one of the most respectable families in Connecticut, +c +c +c. "Well", said the official, however respectable his family may be, he is a desperate young man, and, as a magistrate, you are bound to aid me in bringing him to justice". As my friend Stocking had not seen, or scarcely heard from me, for nearly six years, he did not, of course, know but what I might have fallen into evil courses during that time; and he could only say in reply: "Certainly, Sir, if he is what you represent him to be, I have no desire to shield him, and will go with you, though it will sadly grieve us all, and will nearly, if not quite, kill his Aunt, when she hears of it." So the 'Squire, and his brother Sam, followed him to the shop and sat perfectly benumbed while he was catechising me. But when, in turn, I began to catechise him, and the true situation began to manifest itself by which time several of the Villagers had ventured in – the indignation of both the 'Squire and Sam began to boil over. Sam, in particular, was for booting the Detroit gentleman out of the shop, and some of those who had dropped in expressed a willingness to help him do it. But I mollified them, saying that the officer was not so much to blame as the Twinsburgh hotel people, who in their anxiety – to tell what they did

## 119

know, told a good deal more than they knew; thus throwing him off the track of the man he was after; and that, after all, perhaps the Twinsburgh people were, in a measure, excusable for giving a little extra latitude to their imagination in the premises, for I had probably acted somewhat "suspiciously", while there. I also laughingly suggested to the officer that, having missed capturing the real rascal, he had better take me along, for I would very much like to visit Detroit and could do so in that manner without expense. Well, the trio left Aurora very greatly crest-

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<sup>188</sup> Written in margin



fallen at their discomfiture, while the people of both Aurora and Twinsburgh, on ‘Squire Stocking’s and Aunt Mariette’s account, as well as my own, were highly gratified at the result. [Great Excitement. –]<sup>189</sup> In meantime the news spread like wild-fire, through both townships, that ‘Squire Stocking’s newly arrived young friend was a forger, counterfeiter, horse-thief +c, and had been arrested, after a desperate struggle, and taken away in irons. Some person who was passing the house where Aunt Mariette was spending the day, and who had heard the report of the intended arrest, and the causes therefor, but not the finale of the affair, told the story to a member of the family, with sundry additional variations to suit his fancy. The family talked the matter over among themselves, but endeavored to keep it from Aunt Mariette. But she soon discovered that something serious had happened to something, or somebody, that she was interested in and insisted on knowing what it was. They finally had to tell her the story as ‘twas told to them. She was, of course, thrown into the deepest distress, and urged them to take her right home, which they hastened to do. Just as she reached the house, however, somebody informed her of the true state of the case, and she came in laughing and crying at the same time. The counter story soon followed the original report, and for a time I was quite a hero.

120

In the Role of an “Artist”

My travels and adventures had, by this time, reduced my finances to a pretty low ebb. I was at no great expense, while with my friends, but I could not, of course, expect to quarter myself upon them beyond the limits of a good long visit. Having done something in the picture line, and knowing the anxiety of people to secure cheap likenesses of themselves, and friends, I hit upon a plan by which I thought I might gratify them, in that regard, and at the same time replenish my exhausted treasury. This was before the Art of taking sun-pictures was discovered; or at least, before it was introduced into this part of the world. About the only kind of small likenesses then in vogue, excepting costly miniatures painted in oil upon ivory, were made by cutting out the profile from white paper, and laying it over a piece of black silk, enclosed by frame and glass, like those of my father and mother now in our possession. My plan was to draw the profile in the same manner, only larger – about eighth life size – and instead of the cutting and black silk, pencil up the features, dress +c, using water colors for producing any desired shade of hair, costume or ornament, that might be desired. To this end, I built for myself a light hand trunk about twelve by eighteen inches in size, and eight inches deep. The lid of this box, about two inches in depth was hung on hinges at one end, with a lock on the other and a convenient handle on top. On the inside of the lid was an adjustable frame, in which a piece of paper, of suitable size, could be placed and clamped down firmly, with a smooth surface, against the lid. By adjusting braces, the lid could readily be fixed in a perpendicular position. In a standard, some eight or nine inches in height, attached by grooves to the upper inside edge of the lower

121

portion of the box, were two small wheels, one inside the other, so hung with pivots, to the standard, and to each other, as to act like a universal joint. Through the inner wheel was a hole about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, in which, easily but snugly, played a nicely turned wooden rod, of the same diameter, and about three and a half feet in length. At one end of this

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<sup>189</sup> Written in margin

rod was fixed a sharp pointed lead pencil; and at the other end a piece of flattened steel wire, about six inches in length. The modus operandi was as follows: place the box on a table, raise the lid to a perpendicular and properly adjust the paper in the clamp. Fix the universal joint in position, nearer to or further from the lid, according to the size of the picture to be taken; adjust the rod in the central wheel, with the point of the pencil in close proximity to the paper, seat your subject with his face parallel with the upright lid of the machine, and at such a distance therefrom that the center of the flattened wire would rest upon the bridge of the nose. Then, enjoining the subject to sit perfectly still, commencing at the top of the head (the point of the pencil resting lightly against the paper.) run the edge of the wire carefully over the surface of the hair, the forehead, the nose, lips, chin, neck breast +c. Then, returning to the top of the head, trace the back of the head, coat collar, back +c. Thus if carefully done, an exact outline profile of the subject would be produced, which only needed proper filling up, with hair, ears, eyes, eye-brows, lips, nostrils, wrinkles, whiskers +c to make a likeness that would be readily recognized; especially, after I had neatly printed the name of the subject underneath, which I invariably did. [For “Partime”, only.]<sup>190</sup> I made several “likenesses” of the Stockings, and their neighbors, all gratuitously, by way of practice, for I did not care to have it known there that I was going to follow the business for a livelihood, but left them to infer that I was

122<sup>191</sup>

simply doing it for pastime. [The lower portion of the box above described is now, January 15<sup>th</sup> 1879, doing service as a drawer to the bench in the “shop” on the old homestead on West Market Street]

[Historic Guide Board.--] <sup>192</sup> During my stay with friend Stocking, I was of considerable service to him in and about his paint-shop. He had a pretty fair knowledge of painting wagons, but little skill at lettering, and as there was no regular sign painter in the township, he was often called upon to do something in that line. While I was there, besides a hotel sign, and one or two other business signs, he took the job of getting up guide boards for all the roads of the township, which I helped him through with. Sam Stocking, though a shoemaker by trade, was also quite handy with the pencil, and, between him and me, the interior of the old shop was most thoroughly embellished, with chalk and charcoal sketches of General Jackson<sup>193</sup>, Martin Van Buren<sup>194</sup>, Henry Clay<sup>195</sup> and other noted men of that day; besides a number of the local celebrities of Aurora. When the guide-board question came up, Sam and myself conceived the idea of getting up a little something extra for the diagonal road, leading from Aurora to Hudson. Anti-slavery notions had not then taken a very deep hold upon the minds of the people of the Northern States, generally; but Hudson had the reputation of being a great “Abolition” town, and Western Reserve College, then in the full vigor of youthful maturity, was regarded as the very hot-bed of the Anti-Slavery dogma. So, Sam and myself proposed to the trustee who was contracting for the guide boards, to get up a characteristic one for Hudson, gratis, which he readily assented to.

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<sup>190</sup> Written in margin

<sup>191</sup> Written in pencil in the left margin near the top of the page: “Written Jan. 15- 1879”

<sup>192</sup> Written in margin

<sup>193</sup> Jackson, Stonewall, 1824-1863.

<sup>194</sup> Van Buren, Martin, 1782-1862.

<sup>195</sup> Clay, Henry, 1777-1852.

We made a board about three feet square with heavy band and moulding, and securely fastened together with cleats upon the back, to keep it from warping. On this board

123

we painted the bust of a stalwart young negro, with a pleasant smile upon his ebony countenance, just disclosing the snow-white teeth, between his heavily protruding lips, and saying, while pointing with his index finger in the proper direction: "Dis be de road to Hudsing". Though we naturally thought the Abolitionists would be offended, and forcibly, or otherwise, take measures for its removal, the joke was as heartily enjoyed by them as others, and the board stood there, unmolested, for many years, creating a vast amount of merriment among all classes; the Hudson and Aurora Guide Board acquiring almost a state-wide reputation; many persons, years afterwards, mentioning it to me, entirely ignorant, of course, of the fact that I had any thing to do with its fabrication.

["April Fooling" [...].<sup>196</sup> –]<sup>197</sup> While thus dabbling in paints – "All Fool's Day" – April 1<sup>st</sup> – came around, and one or two clever "April Fool" tricks had been perpetrated upon me, by the women of the household in the earlier part of the day. Determined to get even with them, about the middle of the afternoon I thrust my "cloven" thumb into a dish of bright red paint, and hurried into the house, in apparent great agony. It did really look as though the end of my thumb had been badly injured, and was bleeding profusely. Mrs Stocking, Aunt Mariette and the hired girl, were all immediately in motion getting bandages, salves, camphor +c. and soon had the crippled thumb carefully wrapped up. After it was all nicely fixed up, and while they were sympathizing with me, enquiring how it happened +c, I suddenly changed my grunting into a hearty laugh, and crying out, 'April Fool!' tore off the wrappings, wiped off the paint and restored the thumb to its normal [...],<sup>198</sup> though somewhat uncouth, condition. It was acknowledged to be one of the very best of the many First of April jokes for which Aurora was then noted.

[Again Moving,--]<sup>199</sup> Having prolonged my visit among my Aurora friends, until about the first of May

124

(1835) I again started out to "seek my fortune". – During my stay in Aurora, I had obtained considerable information in regard to the surrounding country, and the neighboring towns and villages, and had been particularly cautioned, by my friends, to give Akron a "wide berth". It was not only inhabited by black legs and cut-throats, generally, but was also a very sickly place, they said; the fever and ague immediately seizing hold of all new-comers, and nearly, if not quite, shaking them to death, while on the contrary, Hudson, Cuyahoga Falls and Ravenna, were represented as being not only very nice, but very healthy places.

[At the Falls. –]<sup>200</sup> Well, my first objective point was Cuyahoga Falls, Sam Stocking taking me as far as Hudson with the Squire's horse and buggy, and from thence going by stage. The hotel

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<sup>196</sup> Indecipherable word

<sup>197</sup> Written in margin

<sup>198</sup> Indecipherable word

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at which I stopped was kept by a Connecticut Yankee, by the name of Loomis, and being the self [written in 1979]<sup>201</sup> same building now <insertion: 1879> known as The Perry House, though the house has since been considerably enlarged and improved.

[A Cherished Relic. -]<sup>202</sup> Remaining over night, I started out in the morning, with specimens of my work; but soon found that the good people of Cuyahoga Falls were too high-toned for that particular style of “Art”; generally having, or intending soon to have, full-sized oil portraits of themselves and friends. While here, I bought the Portfolio, which I now use; from Mr Oliver B. Beebe, still in<sup>203</sup> active business at the Falls; the purchase, now, after the lapse of nearly forty-four years, being in quite a good state of preservation, and capable with some slight repairs, of running forty-five years longer.

[At Ravenna. -]<sup>204</sup> Remaining at Cuyahoga Falls a single day only, I took the stage for Ravenna, meeting at the hotel, at Stone Corners,

125

my since warm personal friends, Mr. and Mrs William M Dodge, of Akron; the former having been taken suddenly insane while attending court, at Ravenna, – Cuyahoga Falls and Akron then being a part of Portage County.

[Peranubalating. -]<sup>205</sup> Arriving at Ravenna, I put up at Wood’s hotel, afterwards for many years known as the Collins House, on the North side of the Public Square, directly opposite the Court House. From thence, leaving all of my baggage, except my “Portable Picture Gallery,” and a change of linen, at the hotel, I made incursions, onfoot, into the country, canvassing the townships of Ravenna, Shakersville and a portion of Streetsboro; returning to Ravenna occasionally for supplies. Though I did not find myself growing rich, very rapidly, I still somewhat more than paid my expenses, but it was awful hard work.

[“Scenic” Aritst. -]<sup>206</sup> I had operated, in this way, about three weeks, when, on returning to Ravenna, to stay over Sunday, I found that a Portrait Painter, by the name of Prime, who had been operating there for some time, had undertaken to paint the scenery for an amateur theatrical company, that was getting ready to perform during the forthcoming term of the Court, which was to commence about the first of June. Finding that he was not likely to get the scenery done in time, himself, he offered to pay my board and instruct me as thoroughly as he could, in portrait and landscape painting, during the time occupied, if I would take hold and help him out, I accepted his offer, and went to work, thereby enabling him, just “by the skin o’ his teeth”, to get the the<sup>207</sup> job done in time for the “Grand opening” of the “Ravenna Thespian Society”, on the first night of “Court week”. The scenery was painted in the room in which the “show” was to be held – the ballroom of a dismantled hotel, and in which the stage and other “properties” of the company was being erected. In the meantime, the the<sup>208</sup> “actors” were committing their several parts, and holding their rehearsals. The day before the “season” was to begin, the “Manager” came to me, in great

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<sup>201</sup> Written in pencil in the left margin

<sup>202</sup> Written in margin

<sup>203</sup> The year “1879” is written in the left margin by this sentence

<sup>204</sup> Written in margin

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<sup>206</sup> Written in margin

<sup>207</sup> Written twice by the author

<sup>208</sup> Written twice by the author

tribulation, saying that one chap who had a prominent part in the Tragedy that was to be performed, could not commit his part to memory, and wanted me to take it. I told him that I had no time to study it, as all my time, the evening included, would be needed to get the scenery ready. As I seemed to be his only resource, however, I finally consented to undertake it, provided they would let me have the book in which the play was printed, instead of a manuscript copy of the particular part I was to take, with the cues, so that I could study from the tragedy itself, with the book lying open before me, upon chair, while I was at work; and this being assented to, I painted and studied, and studied and painted, up to the very hour for the performance to commence, without any opportunity whatever for rehearsal, with the balance of the company. Though the part was quite lengthy, I did not miss a single word, or cue, and got through the play, including a furious sword combat, in which, without any previous practice, I scientifically slew my antagonist, with as much credit as the very best of them. The play was entitled “Barbarossa”.

[“Farcical” Also.–] <sup>209</sup> But my histrionic faculties were destined to a still further test. Following the tragedy was a farce, entitled “Robin Roughhead” or “Clown Turned Lord”. One of the actors in this farce, and the first to appear in it, was suddenly taken sick during the performance of the tragedy, and I was substituted in his stead. Not having to appear in the last scene of Barbarossa, I studied up the first scene of the farce, and went correctly through on the rising of the curtain. Then, while the intermediate scenes were in progress, I committed the last scene, in which I was equally successful. In addition, between the tragedy and the farce, I recited a characteristic “Yankee Story”, committed to memory

a year or two before, for my own amusement, which, being new in Ohio, created a vast amount of fun; and I really became the “bright particular star” of the concern; not only because of the facility with which I could commit to memory, but for a passably fair degree of amateur acting, also. The immediate success of the entertainment thus hinging on me, at the special request of the “boys”, I continued to perform with them during the entire week; receiving as compensation therefore just about enough to pay my hotel bill, during the time.

#### First Visit to Akron.

A day or two after the close of the “Theatrical Season”, my Artistical friend announced his intention of going to Akron, and suggested that I should go along, where, possibly, something might “turn up” to my advantage. This I was the more easily persuaded to do, notwithstanding my previously imbibed prejudices against the place, from having, during “Court Week”, become acquainted with a number of persons – lawyers, clients, witnesses +c – from that greatly berated, but highly “classic”, town. So, squaring up matters in Ravenna, in company with Mr Prime and his wife, I took the stage for Akron, via Stow Corners, Cuyahoga Falls, “Old Forge, and Middlebury, arriving in Akron a little before sunset, on the evening of June 10<sup>th</sup> 1835.”<sup>210</sup>

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<sup>209</sup> Written in margin

<sup>210</sup> The phrase: “Arrival at Akron” written in pencil to the left of passage in the margin between two lines.

[First Night in Akron. –] <sup>211</sup> After paying hotel bill, at Ravenna, my stage fare to Akron, and purchasing a few necessary articles of clothing, I rode triumphantly into the tabooed city, with between two and three dollars, only in my pocket. I put up at the “Stage House” of Mr Lewis Humiston, on the Northeast corner of South Main and Exchange Streets, a portion of the same building now <insertion: 1879> standing there; my friend and his wife, going to the “Summit House”, a new and more fashionable institution, on the west side, a portion of which still stands on the same site, and being the same old rat’s nest now <insertion: 1879.> known as the “Old Summit House”. <sup>212</sup>

**128**

[Slightly “Scarey”. –] <sup>213</sup> On going to bed, in the second-story front corner room, though the night was extremely warm, I was very careful to fasten the door securely to keep out the thieves, and the windows to keep out the fever and ague, with both of which evils rumor has so largely invested the town. The next morning, I started out in search of some permanent employment for, by this time, I had got tired of wandering; besides, having no means to extend my travels, had I desired to do so.

[Looking “High”. –] <sup>214</sup> Before leaving Ravenna, Mr Asa Fields, then doing business there, but afterwards for many years a resident of Akron, advised me to secure a situation, if possible, as a clerk or man of all work, in a canal ware house, where I would be able to work my way up to the command of a canal boat; canalling then being the business of this portion of the country, and canal boat captains the most important personages in the community. I accordingly looked around, among the three or four warehouses of the town, but could find no immediate opening.

[A Timely Offer. –] <sup>215</sup> During the forenoon, I wandered down, through the bushes, <sup>216</sup> to the then new Village of “Cascade”, consisting, principally, of the stone mill, the Allen and McMillen Carding Machine Manufactory, near where the Allen Mills now stand; and a small cluster of business establishments on, and near, the corner of Howard and Market Streets. On the Northwest corner of those two streets was Cascade’s only hotel – “The Pavilion House”, kept by Mr. Charles B Cobb, now <insertion: 1879> residing just west of the city limits. On talking with Mr Cobb, I found that he was from Massachusetts, not far from Springfield, and acquainted in many of the places I had visited, in my canvassing and peddling operations in that State. I gave Mr Cobb a brief history of myself (I did not tell him how nearly I was out of money,) and he advised me to hold on here

**129**

as the Village was growing rapidly, and some opening would soon present itself; offering to board me for what assistance I might be able to give him, in posting his books, making out bills, +c, which offer I gladly accepted.

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<sup>211</sup> Written in margin

<sup>212</sup> The phrase: “Written in 1879” written in pencil in the left margin along side this passage.

<sup>213</sup> Written in margin

<sup>214</sup> Written in margin

<sup>215</sup> Written in margin

<sup>216</sup> Best guess.

[“As a Brother.” –] <sup>217</sup> Paying my bill at the “Stage House”, I had just One Dollar and Seventy-five cents left! I transferred my effects to the “Pavilion”, and soon became perfectly at home, both with the guests, and the entire household; the family, particularly the mother and sister of Mr Cobb, treating <insertion: me> more like a son and brother than the comparative stranger that I really was. I not only attended to the posting of Mr Cobb’s books, making out his bills, +c, but I looked after guests, and their horses, waited on table, tended bar, (that was when selling liquor in hotels was universal,) and made myself as generally useful about the house as though I had been under full pay. But this thing could not always last; for though my finances were not materially diminishing, my clothes were gradually wearing out, and something must surely be done! and that speedily.

#### Relinquishing a Bad Habit.

I have spoken of liquor drinking, as then being almost universal, and I was not an exception to the general rule. But my drinking had never become either habitual not excessive; never having been intoxicated in my life. I had, however, formed one exceedingly bad habit – that of smoking. Being raised in the tobacco growing and cigar-making Valley of the Connecticut, I had, when about nine years old, acquired that manly accomplishment. Ah! Well do I remember my initiatory experiment, in that line.

[The First Smoke. –] <sup>218</sup> Being at the shop, with several other boys and neighborhood loafers, who were sitting around the huge box stove, one winter evening, smoking cigars and drinking cider, while the shop hands were at work, I thought I would

### 130

try my hand at a smoke, it looked so nice and so easy. I accordingly slipped into the house, and clandestinely confiscated a freshly rolled “penny a grab”, and, lighting it at the back kitchen fire as I passed out. I commenced a vigorous sucking thereat. <sup>219</sup> On returning to the shop I kept a little in the back ground, but for a few minutes I attended faithfully to the business in hand.

[“Volcanic Eruption.” –] <sup>220</sup> Pretty soon, however, I began to feel rather an unpleasant sensation at the stomach. Saying nothing to the others, I quietly retired to a distant corner of the shop, into which the surplus shavings had been scraped, and noiselessly deposited all of my supper, and a liberal supply of cider, upon them. I went back to the stove, and took my seat in the circle, as though nothing had happened; but did not care to pursue my tobacco experiment any further, that night.

[A Decided “Mess.” –] <sup>221</sup> The shop becoming rather chilly, the youngest apprentice went to gather up an armful of shavings, to replenish the fire. In doing so it was, of course, the most natural thing in the world for him to get both hands into that discarded supper. His anger was fearful to behold, and it is hard to imagine what would have been the consequences to the innocent cause of his bedaubment, had he, at the moment, known who it was. But I kept dark, and so escaped the impending “licking”; and it was not known to any but myself, until long after I could pull at a roll of the “weed” with the very best of them. Well, this habit, thus early

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<sup>217</sup> Written in margin

<sup>218</sup> Written in margin

<sup>219</sup> Best guess

<sup>220</sup> Written in margin

<sup>221</sup> Written in margin

formed, continued to grow upon me, from year to year, as I grew older, until, at the period about which I am writing, I wanted a cigar in my mouth nearly all the time.

[The Last Smoke. –]<sup>222</sup> On the 29<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1835 – My 20<sup>th</sup> birthday – while standing alone, in the front of the “Pavilion”, smoking a cigar,

131

and reviewing my past unsuccessful, but not entirely uneventful career, the thought suddenly occurred to me that the habit I was then indulging, was not only a very useless one, but also a very slavish, and a very pernicious one. After giving the subject a few moments consideration, I resolved to break it off, and tossing my half-smoked cigar into the street, I have never since had a cigar between my lips, for the purpose of smoking it, but in a single instance, the occasion and the result of which I will tell further on in this history if it does not escape my memory.

My New Hampshire over Sunday Roommate.

After I had been at the “Pavilion” about a month, a young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, hailing from Port Byron, N.Y. became the guest of the house. He was a Druggist by profession, and was seeking business. Having no hotel register, his name was only recorded on the books of the office, as “Port Byron”, but from the first there was something very familiar about the young man, to me. It seemed as if I had previously met him somewhere, but could not fix upon the place. I had also noticed that he, at times, seemed to be studying me, as if he entertained about the same thoughts as myself. So, after he had been there two or three days, I enquired his name and where I had seen him. He said that his name was James R. Miltimore, but could not say when, or where, we had met; but it did seem to him that we had at some time been fellow travelers together. The moment he mentioned his name, I remembered him as my fellow-guest and roommate, over Sunday, in the New Hampshire country hotel (of rooster’s head memory) of two years before. He had entirely forgotten my name and though he had heard me called “Lane”, many times a day, since arriving at the “Pavilion”, it did not aid him in the least in ciphering me out. Of course, we

132

immediately became warm personal friends, and confidants. Soon after his return from Maine to Vermont, after our chance acquaintanceship, he had come West, as far as Port Byron, and had entered a Drug Store, in which business he had had some previous experience in Brattleboro. Now, though being quite limited in means, he was desirous of doing something for himself in that line of business. He accordingly rented a large light basement room in a frame building standing where the “Etna House”, and the contiguous whiskey-shop, are now located, [1879]<sup>223</sup> Corner Canal and West-Market Streets, and engaged in the manufacture and sale of a variety of specific remedies, among them a thoroughly effective Fever and Ague Pill, and a really infallible Pile Leniment; also practicing Dentistry, in which profession he was, for that early day, quite an expert. Of the subsequent career of my friend, and its bearing upon my own, I shall have occasion to speak, hereafter.

House and Sign Painter’s Apprentice.

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<sup>222</sup> Written in margin

<sup>223</sup> The year, “1879” written to the left of passage



Having, as before stated, come to the conclusion that something must speedily be done, about the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, 1835 – then but about one month over 20 years old – I went to work, “under instructions”, with a “House and Sign Painter” by the name of Burt, engaging for two years; he to board me, and do my washing, and pay me for the first year Seventy-five dollars, and for the second year One Hundred dollars. Mr Burt then lived in the north part of a two story double tenement house, owned by Mr William G Raymond, on the west side of Howard Street, which building having been moved a few rods to the South, and remodeled, is now doing duty as a business block on the corner of Howard and Mill Streets, directly in front of the Post office. Mr. Burt’s shop

133

was then on Market Street, in the second story of a frame building standing where the Grocery Store of John Cook and Sons now is; but later in the season was removed to the second story of a frame building located on the ground now occupied by Malcom’s Block, on the East side of Howard Street. The first two jobs my new “boss” set me at, were jobs that he could not do himself – one being the painting of the faces, ships +c on the revolving moon indicator of one of those old-fashioned, tall corner clocks, and the other the ornamenting of a dozen fancy chairs, which he had undertaken to paint. Mr Burt was a good house painter, and well understood mixing colors, as then practiced; but I could beat him, from the start, on lettering and ornamental work.

#### Short Apprenticeship.

Every thing worked smoothly until about the first of November: I taking right hold at painting houses, inside and outside, wagons, carding machines, chairs, signs, glazing, gilding, paper hanging +c – anything, in fact, that came along; for mechanical work was not then as finely divided up, as it is now. About the first of November, however, “a change came o’er the spirit of my dream”, An old shop-mate of Mr. Burt’s, by the name of Parsons, from Hartford, Connecticut, came on here, and entered into partnership with Mr Burt. About this time, too, work began to slacken, with the prospect that it would be dull, during the winter. Then a series of annoyances began to be practiced upon me by both Burt, and Parsons – the latter making himself especially, and maliciously, unpleasant. Finally, about the first of December, I demanded a settlement, but received only abuse Mr Burt asserting that he had paid me for all that I had worked for him, (which was substantially true) and Parsons declaring that Burt and Parsons owed me nothing, as the firm had’nt hired me. I indignantly left them, losing about one-third of the miserable pittance promised me.

134

#### A School Master, after all.

I again went back to the Pavilion, for my board. I had been there but a few days, when one of the Trustees of School District No 7. of Portage Township, enquired of an eccentric old fellow from Middlebury, named Col. John Nash, who was standing in the front door of the hotel, where he could find a man to teach their school – that they had hired one teacher, and a good one too, but because he would get a little boozy, now and then, one or two fanatical tee-totalers of the deestric had made so much fuss about it, that they had frightened him off. “Come right in here”, said the Colonel, “and I’ll show you a chap that will teach your school, straight up!” So, he

brought the trustee in, and introduced him to me, as I stood “practicing” behind the “bar”. I said to the Colonel, and the Trustee, that I could’nt teach school – that my education was not good enough, +c, but the Colonel told the trustee that I wrote a beautiful hand, was a tip-top reader, and a first rate cipherer; and my other friends joining the Col, and the trustee in urging me to make the trial, I consented to go up to the School house, the next morning, to talk it over.

[The Bargain Closed. –]<sup>224</sup> Well, the result of the interview was, that, after considerable dickering, I engaged to take the school for three months at eleven dollars a month, and board around! The house was a low, log building, standing on the ground now, 1879, occupied by Mr Stephen J. Horn, on the corner Medina and Old Portage roads, opposite the old Infirmary buildings, and all between our old homestead, on West Market Street, and the School house, was dense woods on both sides of the road.

[School Begins. –]<sup>225</sup> Then, as now, it became necessary for a teacher to pass an examination,

135

and procure a certificate, in order to enable him to draw his pay from the public school fund. This I was fearful I should not be able to do, as I was conscious of being deficient in all of the essentials of a good teacher, besides being quite rusty, in nearly all the branches of the limited education that I had received. To prepare myself somewhat for the ordeal, therefore, I concluded to brush up a little by teaching a week or so, and making a hasty review of my books, before going over to Ravenna, to meet the Board of Examiners.

[Curious Examination –]<sup>226</sup> Commencing my school at nine o’clock, on Monday morning, I managed to get comfortably through the week, and, on Saturday afternoon, I went, on horseback, to the County seat – Ravenna – where I boldly presented myself to the Chairman of the Board of Examiners, who had full authority from the other members, who resided in the country, to examine candidates for pedagogic honors, and issue to them certificates for such length of time as he might deem proper. The President of the Board was a Lawyer, with whom I had got somewhat acquainted, during my brief sojourn in Ravenna, the Spring before. I found him and his family at Supper. Declining his invitation to “set-by”, I made known my errand, and patiently awaited the conclusion of the meal, when the gentleman said to his student, whose acquaintance I had also formed while starring it with the Thespians, of which Society he was a member, to take me into the office and examine me, while he – the President – went to the barn to do the chores. On reaching the office, the student made some enquiries as to my school, and when I expressed some doubts about my being able to pass a very rigid examination, he laughed and said, “O, I guess you’ll go through, all right”. He then shoved a law book towards me, and requested me to read a few sentences which I did. Then

136

he handed me a slip of paper, and quill pen, and told me to write a line or two, which was successfully, if not artistically, accomplished. He then set me a sum in Simple Interest, and another in the Rule of Three, which I correctly worked out, when he gravely remarked, that he rather guessed I would do, “as the law only required of teachers of knowledge of Reading,

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<sup>224</sup> Written in margin

<sup>225</sup> Written in margin

<sup>226</sup> Written in margin

Writing, and Arithmetic as far as the Rule of Three". The lawyer soon coming in, the young man told him that I was all "O.K.", when the requisite certificate for twelve months was made out, and depositing the proper fee therefor, I bowed myself out of the office, mounted my horse and triumphantly rode back to Akron.

[The School. —]<sup>227</sup> The School House was the rudest kind of a log hut, with a huge stone fire place, topped out by a stick and mud chimney. The desks were made of a single wide board, lengthwise around the room, supported on pins driven into the logs; the seats were oaken slabs, on legs of varying lengths to fit the size and age of the pupils. Many of my scholars were young men, and young women, grown some of them even older than myself, and one or two of them better scholars than myself. Nevertheless, by keeping ahead of my classes, I managed to get through the winter quite creditable, and draw my pay from the public fund, though, under the present standard of qualification, I would have found myself woefully deficient.

[Boarding 'Round.]<sup>228</sup> My experience in "boarding around" was varied, and amusing, in fact often ludicrous; all my patrons living in log houses of from one to three rooms, all told, with families ranging from three or four to a dozen. But time nor space will permit me to go more into detail, and suffice it so say, that while I think I was of some benefit to both the patrons and the pupils of my school, I formed friendship among them, that have proved both lasting and sincere.

137

["Sheeps' Gray",]<sup>229</sup> To enable me to get comfortably through the Winter, Mr Cobb, at the beginning of my term had procured for me a good warm suit of "Akron Sheep's Gray" clothing, which, though not quite so fine and stylish as I had previously, as Merchant's Clerk, Book-Agent, Tragedian Artist +c. been accustomed to, and infinitely below the standard of the every day attire of modern "Young America", was nevertheless quite respectable; the total expense of the entire rig being about fourteen dollars. After re-imbursing Mr Cobb for the money thus advanced for me, and settling for my books +c, which I had also obtained on tick, I came out of my winter's campaign with about twelve dollars in money.

#### A Full-Fledged "Panther".

After the close of my school, early in March, 1836, I footed it to Aurora, twenty miles, to visit my good friends, there. They were, of course, very glad to see me, and soon became reconciled to my expressed determination to make the "wickedest" place on the Western Reserve, my permanent abiding place.

On my return to Akron, a week later, I rented a room and boldly hung out my "shingle", as a "House, Sign and Ornament Painter". Of course, Messrs Burt and Parsons, and one or two other regular painters, made a great blow, and undertook to cry me down, because I had never served an apprenticeship to the business; but, still, I got my share of work, and people soon began to find that, on some kinds of work, I could beat the entire batch of them. My first "opening out" was in an unfinished room in the upper story of the building occupied by my friend Miltimore, Corner of West Market and Canal Streets. The owner of the room failing <insertion: to> finish it up, as agreed, I soon afterwards removed to the second story of a building on the site of the building now occupied by J.B. Houghton, on Market Street; entrance

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<sup>227</sup> Written in margin

<sup>228</sup> Written in margin

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to my shop being had by a flight of outside stairs from the alley; there also being a back door opening into a small yard in the rear.

**138**

[Getting Along –]<sup>230</sup> Business, this year, was pretty good, and I had all I could do; though prices were so low that I did not make very great headway, financially. During the Spring, Burt + Parson dissolved partnership, Mr Parsons continuing the business, and Mr Burt working for him as a “jour”. From my knowledge of the two men, I suspected mischief, but of course, could say nothing. Well, Parsons put on airs, branched out; bought a large supply of stock on credit; got all the work he could; collected up his bills closely, run largely into debt at the stores for clothing and other supplies for himself and Mr and Mrs Burt, and then slyly “selling out” to Burt “cut his stick” and left for parts unknown. There was some attempt made by Parsons’ creditors to make Burt disgorge, but the laws were so flexible, that not much headway could be made in that direction; and just before the close of navigation on the canal and Lakes, he also, clandestinely shipped his stock in trade, tools, household goods +c to the Far West, himself and wife soon following, leaving quite a number of anxious creditors to mourn their departure. I several years afterwards saw Parsons in Thompsonville, Conn (on the opposite side of the river from Suffield) and learned from him that Burt was in Wisconsin.

[Engraver Also. –]<sup>231</sup> In addition to my other “accomplishments”, I practiced the Art of Engraving, both on wood and copper; getting up for Dr Miltimore a number of ornamental xylographic labels for his proprietary medicines, which, with my assistance, he printed himself on a “Ramage” Press which he had added to the appointments of his laboratory. I also did such other jobs of engraving as came within the scope of my ability, such as names upon dog-collars, canes +c, cuts of stoves, hats, boots +c for advertisements; also cutting stencil-plates and making patterns for

**139**

branding-irons for marking Flour Barrels, at which I earned considerable money, in later years.

This year – 1836 – Gen Bierce,<sup>232</sup> with whom I had become acquainted in Ravenna, was erecting his house on the corner of Market and High Streets, now known as “Bierce Park”, the painting of which I secured, and as there was a good deal of fancy work in it, both inside and out, and as he wanted it done in the most thorough manner, and as fast as the work was put together, it made me a pretty good job for the winter of 1836-7.

Fighting the Blacklegs.

During this winter the young men of the “lower town”, as Cascade was now beginning to be called, organized a Debating Club, under the high-flown name of the “Philo-Lexion Society”, Dr Miltimore, Mr Hiram Bowen (the founder of the Beacon) Mr Allen Hibbard, and myself, being among the foremost in the movement. It became very popular among all classes, and was kept up for the three or four winters, with considerable vim<sup>233</sup> Here I did my first public speaking; and though very diffident, and greatly lacking in confidence, the practice there was

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<sup>230</sup> Written in margin

<sup>231</sup> Written in margin

<sup>232</sup> Bierce, Lucius Verus, 1801-1876.

<sup>233</sup> Best guess

afterwards of great service to me. Among the other features of the organization, was a Manuscript Literary Weekly Paper, called The “Akron Mirror”, of which Mr Bowen and myself were, by Election, monthly alternated as Editors. It was our duty to receive and read such communications as were written by the several members of the Society, (whose names were to be kept entirely secret,) with such editorial comments, and criticisms, as we might deem proper. [With Tongue and Pen –]<sup>234</sup> At this time, there was quite a large gang of professional blacklegs infesting the two villages, and quite a number of them boarded at the Pavilion. My experience with that class of sealawags, had inspired me with a very great contempt and hatred for them; and so I would introduce questions for debate, or write communications for the “Mirror”, scoring<sup>235</sup> them and then innocently invite them in to hear them. [Pro and Con. –]<sup>236</sup> This would, of course, highly offend them, and they would storm about it, on reaching the hotel; but it was not at that time suspected by them that I was the author of the objectionable resolutions and communications. Then, I would write an anonymous article for the “Journal”, published by Judge Bryan, finding fault with the Society, for “meddling with other people’s business”, and defend the blacklegs, with about the same ridiculous arguments they made use of, in defending themselves; and in the next number, over a different signature, go for the writer of the former article, and give him, and the scoundrels he defended, “particular fits”. [Public Opinion. –]<sup>237</sup> In this way, almost “solitary and alone”, I worked up quite a feeling in the public mind against the blackleg fraternity, which not only had a very important bearing upon the future well-being of the town, but also upon my own subsequent history. [Business Increasing. –]<sup>238</sup> In the Spring of 1837, my business opened up so brisk that I employed a “jour”, a young man by the name of Lionel Clark Nott, from Syracuse N.Y. He was a good house-painter, and paper-hanger; a rapid workman, and a great help to me. During the summer, the blackleg question assumed quite large proportions; a number of young men of respectable families, in both villages, having become entangled in their meshes and the blacklegs, themselves, assuming a tone of bravado, in proportion to the talk that was raised against them. During the previous Winter, the gamblers along the Mississippi River had become such a nuisance, that the people of several Villages and Cities, on the river, determined to get rid of them. At Vicksburg, Miss. in particular, the excitement ran very high, and after giving them notice, by resolution adopted in a public mass meeting, and published in the papers, to leave the City within a given time, the people arose in their majesty and might, and hung

141

some six or eight of them to trees and lamp posts, without “Judge or Jury” or the “benefit of Clergy”. The blacklegs here had howled terribly about the actions of the Vicksburghers, and loudly boasted of what they would have done, if they had been there.

[A Big Scare. –]<sup>239</sup> Sometime in August, having procured a maple block about six by eight inches square, I made a rude engraving, of a tree with two men hanging therefrom by the neck, a coffin standing upon the ground under each, and across the bottom, also engraved, this legend:

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<sup>234</sup> Written in margin

<sup>235</sup> Best guess, most likely “scorning”

<sup>236</sup> Written in margin

<sup>237</sup> Written in margin

<sup>238</sup> Written in margin

<sup>239</sup> Written in margin

“As did Vicksburgh, so let Akron, Exterminate the Gamblers, to the tune of “Hanging on a Limb”. I did not dare to take it to either of the Newspaper offices to get it printed, lest its origin should leak out. My friend Miltimore had, at this time, as an assistant in his laboratory, a young man by the name of Porter G. Somers, afterwards, for many years a practicing physician in Akron and Cuyahoga Falls, and in 1853-4 Summit County’s Representative in the State Legislature. This young man not only had charge of the press, and did the printing of the Doctor’s labels, circulars +c. but carried the keys and slept in the office, nights. A little strategy was, therefore, necessary, to get a chance to print the “coffin hand-bills”, as they were called, on the Doctor’s “Rampage”, without his assistant’s knowledge. So, one afternoon, while Somers was busily at work, printing labels, the Doctor suddenly discovered, that he must have a fresh supply of certain roots, which he largely used in compounding his medicines, and the assistant was sent to the woods to procure them. No sooner had he started, than I carefully removed the label form from the press, and by the help of the Doctor, as roller boy. I rapidly run off some three hundred copies of my engraving, and then replaced the label form upon the press, with rollers, ink +c, just as Somers had left them. On the second night thereafter my man, Nott, quietly distributed the “documents”, leaving a copy at or under the door of every house & store in town.

142

Printer as well as Painter.

The excitement the next morning was most intense; many of the most respectable of the Villagers being half inclined to carry out the suggestion, while quite a number of the more notorious of the blacklegs suddenly had business elsewhere. All classes – blackleg and anti-blackleg – were, of course, very curious to know where the thing came from; but as the regular printers of the Village denied all knowledge of it, and as young Somers was ready to swear that it was not printed on the Doctor’s press, it was generally conceded that it must have been produced elsewhere. though the idea was quite prevalent that I had had a hand in it.

[The “Buzzard”. –] <sup>240</sup> In the meantime, the Journal had been discontinued, for want of patronage; the type and printing material, press, +c. being stored in a room adjoining my shop. Getting permission from Judge Bryan to use the same, my Georgia experience was brought into requisition, in the way of getting up some cards and business circulars for myself, and while thus engaged I conceived the idea of getting up a little paper, with the view of having a little fun, and still further stirring up to blackleg fraternity; but without any definite idea of making a permanent thing of it. I accordingly set up matter for a form of four pages, of three columns each, the size of the pages being eight by eleven inches. The paper was named the “Buzzard”, suggested by my Southern Experience, also; the Turkey Buzzard of the South being the great scavenger of the people, in both country and city; devouring all kinds of offal from the markets, kitchens, +c. and the carcasses of all dead animals; cats, dogs, horses, +c left lying around loose; for no kind of carrion there is ever buried, as in the North. There was a heavy penalty against killing the buzzard,

143

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<sup>240</sup> Written in margin

and, as a consequence, large swarms of that “sweet scented” bird everywhere abounded. It was, therefore, to be the special mission of my “Buzzard” to prey upon, and remove, the moral carrion with which the social atmosphere of Akron was tainted.

[“Pseudonomous” –] <sup>241</sup> The “Buzzard”, <sup>242</sup> purported to be published by Jedediah Brownbread Esq”, a recently imported young yankee from “Varmount”, then living with his “Uncle Jed”, and “Aunt Deb”, in Akron. The Editorials were written in what were supposed to be the Yankee dialect, of which the subsequent writings of “Artemas Ward”, “Josh Billings” and others of the so-called humorous writers, are but bungling imitations! In the first number, in the leading Editorial, after giving an account of his leaving old Varmount, and the journey to Ohio, appears this characteristic paragraph:

“You see, I was raised tu the occupation of teechin the young idee how tu shute; but seein “as how as that’s ruther poor bizness in this section, I’ve concluded tu try my hand at Editerin’ “awhile. Uncle Jed says that a real-jolly-nothin-tu-du-with politics-anti-black-leg-respectable- “paper, will du well here, an that’s jist what I’m goin tu print. I shant make meuny promises, “only I’ll du as well as I can. As for my eddication that’s furst rate, for I’ve taut skool six “winters, an bin examined every winter by out Village square”.

[The First Issue. –] <sup>243</sup> Of this paper, an edition of some three or four hundred were printed and distributed, gratuitously, among the people of Akron and Middlebury; stray copies, of course, finding their way to Cuyahoga Falls, Hudson, Franklin Mills, (now Kent,) Ravenna, and other portions of the County. Though a regular day of publication (every other Thursday) and a yearly subscription price, (seventy-five cents,) had been named, I had no idea, whatever, that the people would take any further

## 144

notice of it, than laugh over it crudities and nonsense for a few days, and then forget all about it. Judge, then, of my surprise, at being urged, by a large number of the most respectable people of the town, to go ahead with it, and at receiving quite a number of subscriptions by mail from neighboring towns and villages. Being thus encouraged, I made a contract with Messrs Smith and Bowen, of the “American Balance”, to print it, ~~and~~ and in about two weeks (changing the publication day to Saturday) on the 23<sup>rd</sup> day of September, 1838, the regular publication of the “Buzzard” was begun – my painting business, however, being continued as usual.

[Belligerent. –] <sup>244</sup> The blackleg fraternity were, of course, the principal objects of my attention, though the various other vices of the time – whiskey selling, drunkenness, +c, received a due share of consideration. My articles regarding the various classes of wrong-doers were generally of a decidedly personal character, often placing me in personal peril, a few instances of which I may as well here mention. About two months after the publication of the “Buzzard” was commenced, I removed my office and shop, into the upper part of the building I originally occupied, where the Etna House now <insertion: 1879> stands; and in the same building in which my friend Miltimore was located. In the front room, directly under me, one James Mason kept a whisky grocery, in the rear of which, and directly under my paint-shop. Mrs Mason kept an ostensible millinery shop, but in reality a resort for vicious characters of both sexes. Some

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<sup>241</sup> Written in margin

<sup>242</sup> *The Buzzard*. Akron, O. [Ohio]: S.A. Lane, 1837.

<sup>243</sup> Written in margin

<sup>244</sup> Written in margin

pointed allusions I had made to the establishment, aroused the old lady's ire, and she swore vengeance against me. After reading the article which angered her, she rushed up stairs, one Saturday after-

145

noon, and spitefully opening my office door, asked Clark Nott where Lane was. Clark told her that I had gone to the Post Office. "Well", said she, "You tell him I don't thank him for eavesdropping around, listening to what people are talking about, and then printing it in his d—d old Buzzard!" Clark promised to tell me. A minute or two later the office door again opened, and throwing their copy of the Buzzard upon the floor, she shrieked at the top of her voice, "You tell Lane to keep his d—d old paper at home, and not leave any more in our grocery!" "I'll tell him", said Clark, and again the virago disappeared. Coming back from the Post Office, soon afterwards, Clark told me what had occurred. Now, I had in hand a sign that I was painting for Mr Mason, and as the Madam decidedly "wore the breeches", I anticipated that, as he had furnished the board for said sign, she might order him to go up and get it, without awaiting its completion, and instructed Clark that if he should come, in my absence, not to let him have it. Sure enough, while I was absent, in the latter part of the afternoon, up he went and demanded the board. Clark told him that as it was not finished, he had better wait till I got back. He accordingly went down without it, but the old woman compelled him to go right up again, and peremptorily ordered him not to come back without it. He accordingly rushed through the office into the back room, and seizing the sign, (which was about twelve feet in length) started for the door. Clark seized hold of it, also, and finding his progress thus impeded, Mason dropped his end of the sign, and made a personal attack upon Clark, whereupon Clark immediately struck out straight from the shoulder, with his left hand, and hitting Mr Mason square on his right eye, knocked him down. By this time, several persons, attracted by

146

noise, began to gather in from other parts of the building, and as Clark did <insertion: not> wish to be seen fighting with the irate doggerly-keeper, he allowed Mason to pick up the sign and carry it off. Mason entered a complaint, before a Justice of the Peace, charging Clark with Assault and Battery; but I sent him word that if he prosecuted his suit any further, I would have him arrested for stealing, for he had no right to enter my <insertion: premises> and forcibly carry off even his own property, especially if in taking what was really his, he also took a portion of mine, in the shape of the paint and labor I had put upon the boards. The suit against Clark was accordingly abandoned, but the old woman's wrath against me continued, unabated, as long as she lived here, some twenty years.

#### The Blackleg Fraternity Rampant

My friend Dr Miltimore, in the spring of 1837, was married to Miss Helen Front, of Brattleboro, Vermont, and, immediately upon their arrival, commenced house keeping in the west end of a new two-story house on North Main Street, a short distance south of Furnace<sup>245</sup> Street, which house, with some modification is still standing there. Mr. Lyman Cobb, also from Vermont, a stove manufacturer, occupied the East end of the house, the entrance being upon the South side of the house, fronting the "commons", for there was not a single other building then

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<sup>245</sup> Best guess



standing on Main Street, between the house in question and Market Street. Both myself and Henry J. Frost, a brother of Mrs Miltimore, then clerking in the store of PD Hall, boarded with them. Dr Miltimore, young Frost, Mr Lyman Cobb and the better class of the people generally, were prompt to give me warning of any impending peril, and ready to afford me any assistance I might require; and the numerous threats that had been made

147

against me had considerably sharpened the few wits I possessed, so that I was not easily to be “caught napping”.

[“Jim” Brown.]<sup>246</sup> One of the most prominent of the blackleg fraternity, in this region of the country, was the notorious counterfeiter, “Jim Brown”. He had, for many years, lived in the township of Boston, from whence, though his almost innumerable emissaries, he had flooded the entire western country with spurious money, both coin and paper. Old Jim had this year (1837,) removed to Akron, having purchased the Summit House, which he rented to a kindred spirit, while he built for himself a nice two-story frame house, on Bowery Street, (west side,) corner of State Street, which a few years afterwards was destroyed by fire. Old Jim’s oldest son, Dan, then about twenty years of age, took to the evil ways of his father, and early in February, 1838, had been arrested and thrown into the jail of Lorain County for passing counterfeit money. In copying the notice of his arrest, from one of the Cleveland papers, I had, perhaps, slightly reflected upon the moral character of the illustrious father of the young man.

[A Well Said “Trap” –]<sup>247</sup> The Evening after the article appeared, just at dusk, a boy from Cobb’s hotel came into the office, and said that there was a gentleman at the hotel who wished to see me. I asked the boy who sent him, and he said that George Miller (a blackleg) had sent him and told him to tell me that Avery Brown (Cobb’s Bar Tender) said there was a gentleman from the East there, who wished to see me. I at once suspected mischief; but thought I would let the scoundrels know that I was not afraid of them, and told the boy that I would be there, presently. It was about supper time, and my friend Miltimore coming in soon afterwards, I told him the circumstance, and we immediately started for the Pavilion, armed with no other weapon than a small

148

black walnut walking stick, which I occasionally carried. The barroom was in the Southeast corner of the house, and the sitting room was in the northeast corner, a hall between, with the front door opening upon Howard Street. There was also a side door, on the south side of the barroom, opening upon Market Street. The Doctor and myself entered through this side door. There was a standing desk at our right as we entered, standing between the door and the bar, which was in the southeast corner of the room. At this desk stood old Jim and the blackleg, Miller, in close confab. As we entered I overheard Miller whisper to Brown (who up to this time did not personally know me.) “that’s him”. The room was at this time full of people, not only the blacklegs wintering there, but the mechanics and other persons boarding at the house were awaiting supper. I stepped up to the bar, and said to the barkeeper: “Avery, your boy told me

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<sup>246</sup> Written in margin

<sup>247</sup> Written in margin

that there was a gentleman here who wanted to see me.” “Yes”, he replied, “he’s in the sitting room”. “Who is he?” I enquired. “I don’t know; he’s a stranger”, was his reply. I thought the scoundrel was lying to me, but thinking it barely possible that some friend of mine from Aurora, or from the East, might be there, I boldly stepped across the hall and opened the sitting room door, (the barroom door being already opened) followed closely by the Doctor, who was also on the alert for any possible danger. As I opened the sitting room door, I noticed that the window curtains were closely drawn, a very unusual circumstance, at that early hour, and still holding on to the handle of the door, I swung myself far enough into the room to see that its only occupant was a notorious bruiser, by the name of “Jim Blane”, who was standing with his back to the fire, and his hands behind him. “Good Evening Mr Blane”, said I. “Good Evening” he hoarsely growled.

149

“Avery said there was a gentleman here who wanted to see me, but I don’t see any”, said I, and backed out of the room. I went back into the barroom, and paid Mr Cobb for a horse I had hired of him during the day, quietly remarking to the villainous bartender, that his little ruse had not succeeded, and that I would settle the matter with him at some future time. The Doctor and myself then left for home, passing the bruiser in the hall, whose eyes glared at me like a mad bull; but he did not offer to molest me. I afterwards learned that old Jim had promised to give him ten dollars, and pay any fine that might be assessed against him, if he would give me a terrible whipping, and that the plan was to get me into the sitting room alone with him, when some one of the blacklegs, would hold the door and prevent any interference, while the little job was being did.

#### An Exciting Incident.

That evening, young Frost handed me a single barrel brass pistol, which he kept by him in the store where he lodged, lest I might be attacked in the night. I, with my man Nott, also lodging in my office. Things went along quietly, however until the following Monday. On returning from my dinner, about one o’clock, I dropped into the hotel to see Mr Mason Cobb, a crippled brother of Mr C.B. Cob, the proprietor of the house. Besides the two Cobbs, their scoundrelly bar-keeper and two or three other professional blacklegs were in the room. While I was talking with young Cobb, three or four others of the fraternity came in, and among them a huge double-fisted, drunken, hanger on about the house, by the name of Dwight Spooner, who earned his food and whiskey, by helping about the kitchen and stable, and occasionally getting a small contribution from the blacklegs, for whom he was a general lackey. Having finished my talk, I started to go out at the front door, when Spooner stepped before me and said: “Hold on! Mr Buzzard! You

150

can’t go yet!” I turned to go out by the side door, when he placed his huge right paw on my shoulder and swinging me around seized me by the collar with his left hand, somehow or other, at the same time, closing in upon my left hand and the black walnut cane before mentioned. I immediately thrust my right hand into the skirt pocket of my overcoat, in which I had placed the loaded pistol that my young friend, Frost, had given me, as above stated. One of the blacklegs noticing the motion, immediately seized my elbow, and, with an oath, told me to draw my pistol

if I thought best. I then called upon Mr Cobb for protection; but instead of peremptorily ordering the scoundrel to release his hold upon me, he opened the door and said: "I won't have any fighting here; if you're going to fight, you must go out of doors!" at the same time pushing us into the hall and out of the front door. Of course, I did not hang back much, finding no friends inside the house, and we were soon on the sidewalk, Spooner still holding me by the collar, and threatening to whip me, with the entire blackleg crew hissing him on. He would draw back his ponderous fist, and with a tremendous oath, enquire: "Shall I strike you?" repeating the motion and the question several times in succession. In the mean time, while passing out through the hall, I had quietly put my right hand again into my overcoat pocket, and cocked the pistol, and without drawing it out, had aimed it, as near as I could calculate, at the center of the fellow's ponderous abdomen, deliberately making up my mind that the instant his fist came in contact with my face, if he did strike me, that moment I would pull the trigger, let the consequences be what they might. So, in reply to his maudlin question, as to whether he should strike or not, I calmly said: "You can do just as you

151<sup>248</sup>

think best about it, Dwight, but I advise you not to, for you may feel bad about it if you do!" By this time, the people upon the street began to realize the situation, Col. Justus Gale,<sup>249</sup> Mr Lyman Cobb, Mr A. R. Townsend,<sup>250</sup> and several others, promptly interfered for my release from the threatened peril. Spooner, when sober, was friendly enough to me, though I had a few months before rather severely handled a squad of "Patriots" – mostly desperate characters – who had started from Akron to join the "Grand Army" that was then being organized to liberate Canada from the British Yoke, Spooner being one of the squad. In furtherance of their own vindictive purposes, the blacklegs had worked Spooner into the belief that he had been terribly abused, and that he justly owed me a whipping. Half an hour, or so, after he had released his hold upon me, and while I was quietly writing in my office, I heard some one blundering up the stairs, and turning my head, as the door opened, Spooner stood before me. "What do you want here?" I enquired of him. "Buthard me again?" he boozily enquired. Reaching up and taking from the shelf, over my table, the brass pistol alluded to, I started towards him exclaiming: "Clear out, you scoundrel, or I'll Buzzard you so that you'll stay Buzzarded!" With that, he quickly shut the door and blundered down stairs; fairly rolling down the last few steps and out on to the platform, or plank sidewalk in front, where he was seized with a severe fit of vomiting, and depositing the entire contents of his overloaded and whisky-seared stomach directly in front of the door of the mason doggery, above spoken of. This was the last of my trouble with Dwight Spooner, who was soon afterwards hired to marry the discarded mistress of a man now living here in comfort and respectability; and with her and her illegitimate child, going by private conveyance to Cleveland and from thence, by steamer, to Canada.

152

Sustained By Public Opinion.<sup>251</sup>

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<sup>248</sup> Page number printed in book.

<sup>249</sup> Gale, Justus, 1798-1847. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 47.

<sup>250</sup> Townsend, Alfred R., 1810-1887. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 1160.

<sup>251</sup> This, and all headers, believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph.

The events just narrated, created intense excitement in the two villages, and on the following Wednesday evening, an immense public meeting was held, for the purpose of giving expression to the sentiment of the better portion of the community, in regard to the “situation”, a brief account of which was published in the Buzzard<sup>252</sup> of March 10 1838, which I here transcribe, as follows:

“Public Meeting.”

“On Wednesday night, of last week, a large meeting of the citizens of the Village was held, in order to get an expression of this community in regard to Gamblers, Counterfeiters and their abettors, and I am happy to state that much good has already resulted therefrom. Several spirited resolutions were unanimously passed and the remarks of a number of individuals went to show the interest they take in the reputation of the Village, and the contempt with which they regard the blacklegs, and those who encourage them. The proceedings were published in the Balance of last week.”

“Before the meeting, several swaggerers were blustering about, swearing and threatening to demolish presses, whip Editors +c; but since, they have been as quiet as culprits in prison. Many of these creatures have left town; indeed I do not know of but one regular blackleg in town and he is the last, sad remains of an ill-spent life.”

“A few vagabonds, when collected together, talk large and feel themselves quite strong – but when the finger public scorn and contempt is pointed at them, they quail beneath its withering blast.”

The proceedings of the meeting, which were too lengthy for the columns of the Buzzard, contained a resolution thanking me, by name, for my fearlessness in exposing the gang of desperadoes that had so long infested the Village, to the detriment

153

of its fair fame, and pledging themselves to support me in my future efforts, in that behalf. A resolution was also adopted tendering to Messrs Smith + Bowen, publishers of the Balance,<sup>253</sup> at whose office the Buzzard was printed, and whose press the scoundrel had threatened to demolish, ample and full protection. A strong Vigilance Committee was also appointed to carry out the spirit of the resolutions adopted.

Another “Sharp” Game That Did’nt Win.

In the same issue of the Buzzard in which the article that had offended “Old Jim Brown” appeared, there was a communication from Franklin Mills (now Kent) animadverting rather severely, and pointedly, in regard to the conduct of several fast young men of that Village. One of number, Daniel P. Rhodes, a resolute, drive-ahead fellow, who afterwards became a prominent business man and a leading Democratic politician in Northern Ohio, and who did very wealthy in Cleveland, in 1875; took very great offense at the article in question; my correspondent, of course, keeping me advise of his ravings and threatenings, under the castigation that he and his companions in vice had so justly received. A few days after the appearance of the article in question, I received a very polite note from “Dan”, with a one dollar bill enclosed, requesting me to put him down as a subscriber to my “very valuable paper”. This, I correctly conjectured, was a device to throw me off my guard, that he might the more readily

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<sup>252</sup> Author clearly means “Buzzard” here, but he did not finish writing the word.

<sup>253</sup> American balance (Akron, Ohio).

wreak his vengeance upon me. I knew, therefore, just exactly how to act, when the following note was handed to me by a messenger from the “Ohio Exchange”, a brick hotel then standing at the corner of Main and Market streets, on the present site of Woods Block.

“Akron, Ohio, March 7<sup>th</sup> 1838

“Compliments of Mr. D. P. Rhodes, of Franklin Mills, to S A Lane Esq. Akron, Mr “Rhodes would be pleased to have Mr Lane call at his room, No 24, Ohio Exchange, at his “earliest convenience this afternoon”. (signed) “D. P. Rhodes”

## 154

Not to be outdone in politeness, by Mr Rhodes, but determined, at the same time, not to be caught in the trap I felt certain he was setting for me, I returned, by the same messenger, the following reply.

“Buzzard Office. Akron O, March 7<sup>th</sup> 1838.

“Compliments of D. P. Rhodes Esq received. It not being convenient for Mr Lane to visit “Mr Rhodes, at room No 24, Ohio Exchange, this P.M. Mr Lane will be happy to receive Mr “Rhodes, at his convenience, at his office, corner Market and Canal streets.”

After the departure of the messenger, I quietly invited in Dr. Miltimore, and two or three other able-bodied friends, near at hand, and awaited the result. In a few minutes, there was a vigorous rap at the door, on opening which, Mr Rhodes, himself, (whom I had never before seen, a muscular young man,) and a perfect Goliath<sup>254</sup> of a fellow, nearly six feet and a-half high, with body and limbs in proportion, walked in. After introductions, all round, and a little general conversation, “Dan” said that he would like to speak to me a moment, in private. I took him into the back room – my paint shop – set him a chair, and took my seat upon a paint-stool, nearby. He had a very loud voice, naturally, and used a great deal of profanity in his conversation, especially when excited. Though the interview was to be a private one, every word he uttered could be heard nearby, if not quite, all over the building. His first salutation was: “Mr Lane, I’ve come “over here to find out who wrote that G\_\_d\_\_ scurrilous article about me, published in last week’s Buzzard”, signed “Jerry”. I quietly said: “Mr Rhodes, I am not at liberty to disclose the names of my correspondents, without their permission.” “Well, Sir!” he thundered, “You have “permitted a d\_\_d anonymous scribbler to abuse me, through your paper, and you must tell me who he is, or take the consequences yourself!” I again quietly said; “Mr. Rhodes, threats will avail

## 155

“you nothing. If my correspondent has made charges against you that are not true, on being “convinced thereof, I hold myself in readiness, either to give you his name, or make a proper “apology through my Editorial Columns. Now, were his statements true or false?” “That’s “neither here nor there”, said he, “I’ve been made a public butt of, and those who have done it “shall suffer the consequences, by G\_\_d!”

“Now, look here, my friend”, said I, “it will scarcely answer for you to attempt making “any disturbance, here: I had heard of your threats of vengeance, and am fully prepared for you. “Had you succeeded in inveigling into room 24, Ohio Exchange, as you attempted to do, you and “your little friend, in the other room, might have scared me. But I don’t scare worth a picayune,

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<sup>254</sup> The author presumably means, “Goliath”.

“here. Have you any further suggestions to offer?” Finding he could not intimidate me, he began to coax, saying that he did not care very much about it, any how. The writer of the article was a pretty smart fellow, at all events, and he really would like, just for curiosity, to know who he was, and he would pledge me his word and honor, that, if I would give him the desired information, he would do neither him nor myself any harm. But I persisted in keeping my secret. He then asked if I would let him see the manuscript. Certainly I would, and going into the other room I got the copy and handed it to him. He looked it over, and over – thought he ought to know that handwriting – scratched his head – scrutinized it again, ripped out an oath or two, and gave it back to me, saying: “Well, I give it up!” “Now, Lane,” he continued, “you are sharp, and “plucky, too. If I’d got you into my room, at the hotel, I think I could have squeezed it out of “you. But, as it is, I rather guess I shall have to give the thing up. I never hold a grudge and we’ll “part friends”. So saying, we returned to the front room, and the two Franklin Mills gentlemen took their departure, shaking hands all round,

## 156

and pleasantly bidding us “good afternoon”! I often met Mr Rhodes, afterwards, who was always very pleasant with me, and when, some ten years later I told him the cream of the joke I played upon him, in presenting for his inspection a copy of the article in question, in my own hand writing, he laughed most heartily; my object in copying the article being to prevent a compositor in the Balance office, who belonged in Franklin Mills, from knowing who the author of the communication was; for both he and Mr Rhodes would have instantly known the hand on glancing at the original manuscript.

### Clubs, Eggs, Cowhides, Pistols etc.

The Post office was at that time in the north end of a two story and-a-half block, on the present site of Masonic Temple, corner of Howard and Mill streets, afterwards used for a hotel and known as the “Chidester House”. Over the Post office in the second story, was the office of the American Balance, where the Buzzard was printed, and directly over the printing office, in the attic, reached by the same stairway, lived a man by the name of Horace Chandler, a very dissipated man, both from drinking whisky and eating opium, who was in the habit of shamefully abusing his wife. He used to complain of his wife’s extravagance to his fellow workmen, when he pretended to work at all, which was very seldom, “Why, d\_\_n her”, he would say, “she’d “butter every mouthful of bread she eats, and put a whole teaspoonful of sugar in her coffee, if I “did’nt watch her.” One day the old fellow got on a terrible tear, breaking furniture, upsetting the dinner table, strewing a crock of buckwheat batter over the room and bed +c. A correspondent, signing himself “Horace”, gave the “Old Ourang Outang”, as he called him, a slight raking down in the issue of the Buzzard of March 24<sup>th</sup> 1838. The next day, Sunday, I heard that the old

## 157

fellow was howling about the streets, threatening to whip me on sight; but I did’nt happen to meet him during the day. On Monday morning, I started for the Post office, with a bundle of papers for the mail. A little north of where the Beacon office now is <insertion: 118 S Howard Street> I stopped to talk a moment with a gentleman I chanced to meet there. Just then Chandler came out of a store, a little further south, directly towards us. When he had nearly come up with us, he stopped, saying: “Hello! Here’s the Buzzard! Now I’ll lick him!” On the present site of

Beacon Block, then stood the dwelling house of Mr Eber Blodgett, the father of Mrs A R Townsend, a little back from the street. In the front yard was a pile of twelve foot fire-wood. Chandler bounded over the fence, with the agility of a monkey, seizing Father Blodgett's axe, cut about four feet off the end of a pole about an inch and a half in diameter. Springing back, over the fence, he came at me with the ferocity of a tiger. I paid no attention to him, whatever, and, holding his club in both hands, he would strike with all vengeance, within a few inches of me, making it all whiz, again, and again, but being very careful not to hit me. The Village Marshall coming along, about this time, told him to behave himself or he would take him into custody. The old fellow threw his club back into Father Blodgett's yard, and started rapidly down the street, saying that if the Marshall would'nt let him whip me, his wife should, and if I touched her he would kill me. After visiting the Post office and the printing office, about half way down Howard Street, in returning to my own office, I met the old vagabond with a cow-hide in his hand; but he pretended not to see me. He went home and told his wife that the Marshall would'nt let him "lick" me, but that she must do it the first time that I come to the printing office, or that he would "lick" her. He also told her to keep a supply of hot water on the stove, at all times, and scald me with it, as I come up the printing office stairs —

## 158

A little before noon, of the day that he came at me so savagely, but so harmlessly, with his club, some person came into my office and told me that Old Chandler was down below, in front of Mason's grocery, waiting for me to go to dinner, when he was going to "rotten egg" me. Looking out of the window I saw him pacing back and forth, in front of the building, like a soldier on guard. I raised the lower sash of the window clear up, and leaning out said: "Chandler what are you doing there?" He immediately took an egg from his pants pocket, and drew back spitefully and made a rapid, forward movement with his hand, as if to throw it, repeating the motion several times, but was very careful not to let the egg go out of his hands, I all the time daring him to throw. I then reached up on the shelf, between the windows, and took down a small single-barreled pistol (one of a pair that had been presented to me by a merchant friend soon after the Brown-Blaine-Spooner demonstrations) and pointing it towards him (it was not loaded at the time) I said: "See here, Chandler, how do you like the looks of that?" and intimated that the Coroner might be called into requisition, unless he behaved himself. With that he thrust the egg into his pocket, where it seems he had several others, and stooped down to pick up a stone, when the entire stock of eggs in his pocket collapsed, "By G\_d," he exclaimed, as he thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out handful after handful of its odoriferous contents, and deposited them upon the ground. Amid the jeers of the large crowd, that had by this time collected to see the fun, the old fellow slunk away, to repair damages, and the Doctor coming along just then I went to dinner. As we were returning from dinner, and about to turn the hotel corner, we saw Chandler running towards us, from the South, with an egg

## 159

in his hand; but just as he reached Hall's corner, he suddenly stopped, and again began unloading from his breeches pocket, more broken eggs. Mother Mason had provided him with the eggs, promising to give him all the whisky he could drink for a month, if he would give me a good "rotten-egging" — But the egging business was now abandoned, and a different line of tactics

adopted. Whenever he would see me upon the street, he would he would kick at me with all his might, but always was very particular to miss hitting me. I bore the annoyance particularly, paying no attention to him whatever, and nothing serious happened until the next publication day, when it became necessary for me to go to the Balance Office, to read my proof, and superintend the issuing of my paper. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, Mrs Chandler came out of their room, on to the top landing, with a washtub in her left hand, and as I commenced going up she commenced coming down. I supposed that she had some hot water in her tub, to carry out the threat of her brutish husband to scald me; but I fearlessly kept on my course, "onward and upward". The upper flight of stairs being the shortest, she reached the middle landing when I was about two steps below, at which time she suddenly raised her right hand, and struck a woman's blow at me with a cowhide, which, until then, had been concealed by her dress. I warded off the blow, by throwing up my right arm, and before she could raise her arm to strike again, I had her by the throat, with one hand, and her whip in the other; the tub meantime rolling to the bottom of the stairs, and off the high platform in front of the building, and going all to pieces. After the slight compression which I administered to her wind pipe, Mrs Chandler was glad to make her escape into a room on the South side of the stairway, occupied by the family of one of the printers.

Soon after this, the Chandlers moved to a room in the second story of a blacksmith shop, a short

## 160

distance to the west, near where the barrel house of the Allen Mill now stands, and I removed my office into the attic fronting on Mill Street, and my Paint Shop, into a room on the ground floor, and directly in the rear of the Post Office, while Doctor Miltimore also removed his laboratory into the room lately vacated by the "ourang outang". One day I had occasion to go to the blacksmith-shop, in question, to burn some lampblack, most of the lampblack in use at that time, containing too much grease to dry, readily, without re-burning. It happened that the workmen were at dinner; so I took possession of one of the forges, and went to work. After I had finished one or two ladles full, Chandler happened to come down, from his room over the shop, and seeing me there alone, he sung out: "Hello! here's the Buzzard! Now'll be a good chance for me to lick him!" He then went to work and closed both the front and side doors of the shop, fastening them upon the inside. Then he picked up an old hickory splint-broom, used for sweeping the floor of the shop, and commenced striking with his entire might; the weapon, with a whiz, passing within a few inches of me, but not hitting me. Then he would kick at me, as he had so often done upon the streets, also without touching me. I paid no attention to him, whatever, but kept right on burning my lampblack, as though I did not know he was present. While matters were in this condition, the blacksmiths returned from dinner. Finding the doors locked, and hearing the noise he was making, one of the men called to know what he was doing. He replied that he was "licking the Buzzard", "Well," said the man, "you'd better open this door, or you'll get a worse licking than you're giving him". So, he opened the door, and then began to prance around me again. The blacksmith told him if he did'nt stop his nonsense, he'd throw him into the Mill race



whereupon he subsided. Having by this time finished my job, after thanking the men for the use of their fire, I started for my shop, with my pot of lampblack in one hand, and my burning ladle in the other, Chandler, remarking that if they would not let him lick me, there, he'd go along with me and lick me on the way. So, he trudged along, within a few feet of me, striking and kicking at me, as he walked. About half way we had to cross the waste-weir of the Stone Mill race, which then emptied its surplus water into the ravine North of Mill Street. – As we reached the race (which was spanned by a single plank.) I stopped, set down my pot and ladle, and facing my persecutor, said: “See here, Chandler, I’ve stood this thing as long as I’m going to. For weeks you’ve been annoying me with your monkey-shines, but now you’ve got to quit them. I haven’t been in the least afraid of you, for I knew you were too cowardly to touch me, though brave enough to compel your wife to do so. Now, I give you fair notice, that if you ever speak to me again – let alone striking or kicking at me – I’ll shoot you; and”. I continued, taking a pistol from each vest pocket and pointing them towards him, “I’ve a good mind to do it now!” The old fellow immediately began to tremble, as if in a fit of ague, and whined out, as coherently as fear would let him, “For God’s sake, Lane, don’t shoot! I didn’t mean to hurt you, I thought it kinder scart you, and I did it just for fun”, “Well, fun or no fun, it won’t be healthy for you to try it again. Now, right about face! March!” and he started for his den, on the double-quick.

#### The Buzzard a Political Factor.

At the township election, in April, 1838, (the corporation election was then held in June,) the question at issue was: “Buzzard and Anti-Buzzard”. Lyman Green having set himself up as the Anti-Buzzard candidate for Constable, against Merrick Burton, who was a warm supporter of the paper, and the principles it advocated. Burton was elected by a handsome majority and from this time on, the

## 162

blackleg cause rapidly waned, and through the more thorough vigilance and activity of the village, township, and county officials, by reason of the emphatic expressions of public opinion alluded to – largely induced, I feel a just pride in believing, through the fearless efforts of the Buzzard – professional gamblers and counterfeiters became very scarce, in and about Akron; a number being arrested and sent to the Penitentiary, and others finding the climate, hereabouts, not at all congenial to their constitutions. Old Jim Brown a few years later being sent to the Penitentiary for seven years, though he was pardoned before the expiration of his time, by reason of the cholera breaking out among the prisoners, But his glory had departed, and after leading a most wretched life of drunkenness and degradation, some three years of which were spent in the Michigan State Prison, he fell from the deck of a coal boat, and killed himself about the year 1865, his hireling bruiser, Jim Blane having also broken his neck by falling, while drunk, from the West Market Street bridge upon the towing-path of the canal, a few years before.

#### Pioneer Match Manufacturer.

In addition to the Buzzard and Painting business, in the Spring of 1838, in connection with Dr Miltimore, I embarked in the manufacture of “Loco-Foco”, Matches. The origin of that name, as applied to matches, I do not know, but the origin of the Loco-Foco Party (to which I then belonged) was as follows: In New York City, then, as now, there were two factions in the Democratic Party, both striving to obtain and keep control of Tammany Hall and of the machinery of the party. In one of their political pow-wows, one of the factions, finding

themselves outnumbered by their opponents, suddenly turned off the gas, hoping thereby to cause such confusion and delay, as would enable

163

them to drum in enough recruits to carry the day. Some member of the dominant faction, however, having a box of loco-foco matches in his pocket, struck a light, and the meeting proceeded; the successful faction thenceforth being called Loco Focos, the name finally attaching to the entire Democratic party.

Matches were then considered so dangerous an article to handle, that the utmost caution was used in their manufacture and packing. The process then pursued was as follows: Tow-and-a-half inch pine plank were sawed up into blocks five inches in length. These blocks were then slit, with a circular saw, into slices of about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness. Then, with a gang of eleven fine saws, set about an eighth-of-an-inch apart, a bunch of thirty or forty of these slices, carefully clamped together in the center, were, with the gang, slit to the depth of about an inch and a half at each end, and the bunch then cut in halves in the center, making sixty or eighty regular wooden combs of twelve teeth each. These, still clamped together, were placed for a short time on a hot stove plate to season, and, while hot, were dipped into a large shallow dish of melted brimstone, and then set away to cool. Then each comb was separately dipped into a preparation of melted phosphorus, glue and chalk, and carefully spread out to dry. Then a strip of printing paper, a trifle wider than the length of the comb, was laid upon the packing table. One of the combs was laid on and a half turn of the paper made another comb laid, another turn, and so on until twelve combs, or cards, were thus smugly packed, with a layer of paper between each, with no two teeth touching each other, the end of the strip of paper being fastened by a dab of sealing wax; and the edges being carefully folded down, the whole was covered with a neatly printed wrapper, the legend upon which was "Twelve Dozen Loco Foco Matches, Manufactured by S. A. Lane + Co. Akron, Ohio, warranted to keep good for any length of time if kept free from moisture and [illustration of hand pointing left] Handle with Care [illustration of hand pointing right].

164

"Price One Shilling" – Twelve of these packages were then enclosed in a larger printed wrapper, with the inscription: "One Dozen Bunches of Loco Foco Matches (150 Matches in each bunch) Manufactured by S A Lane + Co. Akron, Ohio, warranted" +c. Then twelve of these parcels were packed into a still larger package and labeled accordingly. It will thus be seen, that the process was a very slow and tedious one, which, with the high price of phosphorous, then from six to seven dollars a pound, made the matches of that day a pretty costly luxury, compared with the infinitely superior article of the present day. The business was not a success (though we did not sink any money in it,) for not being able to give much of our personal attention to it, the man we employed to run the "work", (a dismantled blacksmith shop near where the Akron Rink now stands) proved to be a dishonest scamp, pocketing the money for a large proportion of the good matches sold, and then, to ward off suspicion, putting a less number of cards in a package, and so reducing the quantity of phosphorus, that they would "miss fire", thus returning them upon our hands; and that kind of "match-making" was abandoned —

Smashing The Social "Ringsters".

One of the social peculiarities of the place (like all new Villages in the Western Country) was the preponderance of young gentlemen over young ladies; and while there were, strictly speaking no caste distinctions and divisions in social circles, “eligible” partners were rather at a premium, among the young gentlemen, in making up their programmes for parties, balls +c, which were of quite frequent recurrence. It had been the practice, therefore, on the distribution of ball invitations, for the young gentlemen to meet on a given evening to determine who should invite who +c; it nearly always transpiring that the “state” was so made up that

165

certain chaps, who, in their own estimation, occupied a little higher plane than certain other chaps, would be assigned to the pleasant duty of inviting certain of the more desirable females, while more plebeian, and less scheming, youngsters would have to be content with such as were left. In the latter part of the winter of 1837-8, a grand ball for Middlebury and Akron was arranged to come off at Newton’s Hotel, in Middlebury, on Washington’s Birth-day Feb. 22; two or three Akron boys being named among the “Managers”. These Managers, distributing their invitations, notified each recipient that on the next evening the boys would meet to talk matters over, arrange for partners, +c. At supper, young Frost and myself canvassed the matter, and concluded to smash that slate. So, on getting through supper, we steered directly for the house of Dr Crosby,<sup>255</sup> on the West Hill, (now <insertion: 1879> the Catholic Parsonage) and each of us invited one of the Doctor’s fair daughters. I Miss Lousia, (now Mrs W H Dewey of Chicago), and Frost Miss Mary (now Mrs H W King also of Chicago.) which invitations were duly accepted. After taking our leave, while walking rapidly down the hill, we met two of the “Managers” – Delass<sup>256</sup> Smith and Dana Cushing – walking rapidly up, we managing, by elevating our coat collars and slouching down our hats, to escape recognition. Reaching my office (then Corner Market and Canal Streets,) we were having a good laugh over the matter when the door opened and in rushed Russel Gale, nearly out of breath, exclaiming: “Boys, have you been up to Crosby’s tonight?” “Been up to Crosby’s”, said I, “why, what put that into your head?” “I mistrust you have”, said he, “and if you have, I want you to tell me, and I’ll be after the next best one”. So we told him what we had done, and he put for the door, saying: “Here’s for Letitia Patterson!” and he got her, too. The “band-box” gentlemen were very angry, and undertook, by accusing us of unfairness, to get the young ladies to “go back” on us. But they rather liked the thing, than otherwise, and held to their engagements, the discomfited and

166

outwitted “Managers” seeking other partners, and never afterwards attempting to get up a “corner” in the girl market.

#### Matrimonial.

Among my earliest acquaintances, and warmest friends, in Akron, were Mr and Mrs Paris Tallman, who had come to Akron, from Castleton, Ontario County, New York, the year before I did. Soon after I came here, Mr Tallman engaged in the Drug business, in a two-story frame building, located immediately north of where the Mathews Block now stands; the family living in the upper part of the building. Mrs Tallman (this was the first Mrs T.) had two brothers,

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<sup>255</sup> Presumably: Crosby, Eliakim, b. 1779.

<sup>256</sup> Personal name, best guess

Harper and Reuben Partridge, and two sisters, Mrs Reuben M<sup>c</sup>Millen<sup>257</sup> and Miss Caroline Partridge living in Massillon. In Mogadore, were some Suffield, (Conn.) people of my acquaintance, Mrs Kent (afterward Mrs Hughes) Mrs Harvey, and Mr and Mrs W<sup>m</sup> H. Jones, the three ladies named being sisters. With the former lived her nephew, George F. Kent, a young Blacksmith, who was a school-mate of mine in the Gunn District, the winter that I lived with Mr, or rather, Mrs. Julius King, as heretofore related. Reuben Partridge had become matrimonially engaged to a Miss Harriet Hale, who had friends in Mogadore, and my young friend, George F. Kent, had, in turn, become engaged to Miss Caroline Partridge whom he afterwards married. These two young ladies, Miss Hale and Miss Partridge, were frequent visitors at Mr and Mrs. Tallman's, and I became quite intimate with them, often driving with them to Mogadore, and other places. George and Caroline were married October 26<sup>th</sup> 1837; but the Partridge-Hale match "hung fire". "Rube", for some unexplained reason, desired to be released from his engagement, while Harriet was

167

inclined to hold him to his promise. The intimacy between myself and Miss Hale therefore cultivated, on the part of some of the friends of the respective parties, in the hope, as I thought, that the little difficulty between Mr Partridge and Miss Hale would be solved by my marrying Miss Hale. But though Miss H. was an intelligent and agreeable young lady, I did not particularly incline that way, though often meeting her and escorting her to and fro, as above stated.

In the meantime, in July, 1838, Mr Tallman, in returning from New York, where he had been to purchase goods, brought home with him Miss Paulina Potter, a young lady who had been brought up in his father's family, and who was then about 21 years of age. Miss Potter was, by trade, a Dress Maker, and soon after her arrival commenced work, for such of the families of the village as needed her services, making her head quarters with her friends, the Tallmans. My acquaintance, with Miss Potter commenced on the very day of her arrival, July 5<sup>th</sup><sup>258</sup> 1838, and soon ripened into a friendship that soon became a life-long affection, culminating in marriage, on the 11<sup>th</sup> of the following November; but a little over four months from our first introduction. When our engagement was announced to Mr and Mrs Tallman, it was most heartily approved by Mr T. but was not received with favor by Mrs T. perhaps for the reasons heretofore hinted at. In fact, owing to the "unpleasantness" of the situation, our marriage took place some months earlier than was originally intended. There were no railroads, in those days, and as, when the final arrangement for the marriage was made, it was too late in the season to get the bedding and household goods with which the bride-elect had provided herself, through by boat. I sought to make arrangements with Mr and Mrs Tallman to board with them till Spring. Mr T. was perfectly willing, but Mrs T. would not even consent to our sleeping in the house for a single night. I accordingly rented a couple of rooms in the

168

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<sup>257</sup> Possible spelling error. Here, Lane spells the name McMillen, but in "Fifty Years and Over..." there is made mention of Reuben McMillan, see p. 45.

<sup>258</sup> Best guess, possibly 8<sup>th</sup>

second story of what is now known as Bennett's Block, on Howard Street; purchased a bedstead, table chairs, stove, dishes, knives + forks, spoons +c, hired a feather bed, bedding +c, laid in a supply of provisions, and got every thing ready for house keeping, on Saturday evening, as the marriage was arranged to take place on Sunday. This, I was enabled to do without in the least creating suspicion that it was for myself, and that, too, without telling an untruth, by merely remarking, when asked about it, that I was expecting an older brother from Connecticut in a few days. My brother Henry, then actually being on the way, and arriving about a week after our marriage. The affair was kept so secret, that only Mr and Mrs Tallman, Mr and Mrs Tuttle, living next door, Mr and Mrs Miltimore, with whom I boarded, Mr and Mrs George F Kent, and Rev James B. Walker, the Minister who married us, knew of it previous to the morning of the auspicious <insertion: day>

#### Disappointed Gossips.

I have before said that a Mr Lyman Cobb occupied the east half of the house in which the Miltimore's lived. Mrs Cobb – "Aunt Charity", as we all called her, was noted for being the most knowing woman in the Village, at that time. She knew everything pertaining to courtship and marriage, and was most thoroughly posted in all the current gossip and scandals of the Village. But I had completely out-generated the old lady. On Sunday morning, after breakfast, before going to my room (at my office,) to get ready for church, I went into their part of the house, and said: "Well, Mrs Cobb, good bye; I'm not going to board with Mr and Mrs Miltimore any longer, for I'm going to be married to-day and going right to house-keeping", "Ah!" said Mrs Cobb, incredulously, who are you going

169

to marry, Miss Hale?" "O, no", said I, "I never thought of marrying Miss Hale. I'm going to marry Miss Potter". "Yes, I s'pose so", said the old lady sarcastically; "but you must have done your courtin' in a hurry, for when Miss Potter was at work here, last week, she did'nt say any thing about it". "She did'nt!" said I – "I should have supposed she would have told you all about it! I'm sorry I can't ask you to the wedding, but it's to be quite a private affair, though I'll send you a piece of the cake!". "I hope it'll be nice", said the old lady, with a laugh, as I closed the door. Mrs Cobb, of course, supposed that I was jesting, and Mrs Miltimore thought it would be too bad not to undeceive the old lady, so, as she was leaving the house, to go to church, she stepped in and told her in earnest. The old woman was washing her breakfast dishes at the time, and was so overcome with astonishment, and vexation, that she dropped her dishcloth upon the floor and burst out crying. "To think that he should board right here in the house, and she should work for me a whole week and I not know any thing about it. It's too bad!" Mrs Miltimore consoled her, as best she could, and with her husband started for church – the Congregational, then located where the court house now stands – I joining them as they came past my office, corner of Howard and Mill Streets.

Miss Potter attended the same church, in company with Mr and Mrs Tallman, and Mr and Mrs George F Kent, who had come from Mogadore to attend the wedding, (Mrs Kent and Miss Potter having been schoolmates in the State of New York, as had Mr Kent and myself in Connecticut) At noon we all walked down street together, accompanied by the minister, Rev James B Walker. The ceremony – performed in the family sitting room, over the Drug-store – was brief but impressive, being the first marriage ever solemnized by the officiating clergyman,

in consideration of which he, the next day, presented us with a large family Bible with his autograph inscribed upon the fly leaf thereof.

**170**

Cake, and other “wedding fixings”, were duly passed, and, at the regular hour for afternoon service, the newly wedded marched arm in arm to Church, the house being filled to its fullest capacity, the rumor having got out during the forenoon that there was to be a wedding in the Church, though it had not been definitely determined who were to constitute the bride and groom.

About eight o’clock in the evening, Mr Tallman went to our rooms and lighted the fire in our one stove, and our single lamp upon our only table; soon after which we were escorted to our new home by the several friends present, who, after a brief season of social chat, left us to solve, for ourselves, the problem of the new life upon which we had entered. We lived alone just one week, when my brother Henry arrived in Akron, immediately taking up his abode with us, from which time on we were never again entirely alone, during the third of a century – less only about four months – that we were permitted to live together –

Purchasing a Building Lot.

In 1837-8, the Universalist Church – now, [(1879)]<sup>259</sup> Baptist – on North High Street, was erected for the painting and glazing of which I had the contract; taking in part payment therefor two acres of land upon the West Hill, the same lot now owned and occupied by Mr Charles W. Bonstedt [Now M. O’Neils Home, 1919]<sup>260</sup> – On this land I had a cellar dug, and during the winter of 1838-9, I had the necessary timber and lumber handled upon the ground, intending to erect a house thereon in the Spring. After the arrival of brother Henry, it was determined that he and myself should go into business together – he being a carriage maker and myself a painter; and as no suitable building for that purpose could be hired, the building of the house was indefinitely postponed, the material provided for that purpose being used in building our shops, on the ground now covered

**171**

[(1879)]<sup>261</sup> by Moody’s Blacksmith shop, South Main Street, on a lease of five years with the privilege of ten. [Later Paige Block.]<sup>262</sup>

Discontinuance of Buzzard [Later O’Neil Dept. Store.]<sup>263</sup>

Though, as before stated, through a well-directed public opinion, largely created by the Buzzard, professional blacklegs were pretty thoroughly squelched, there were still some pretty shaky customers among us, in the shape of petty gamblers and unscrupulous money-shavers, whose daily and nightly meannesses, the Buzzard duly chronicled;<sup>264</sup> thus incurring the enmity of a class of persons who, while professional sharks, only, were lampooned through its columns, were its warmest supporters. This enmity culminated in the spring of 1839, when Mr Samuel A.

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<sup>259</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>260</sup> Written in the margin in a different hand than the author’s.

<sup>261</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>262</sup> This text appears to have been written at a later date than rest of paragraph, in a different hand than the author’s.

<sup>263</sup> This text appears to have been written at a later date than rest of paragraph, in a different hand than the author’s.

<sup>264</sup> Best guess

Wheeler, of the Commission and Forwarding house of Wheeler, Chamberlin + Co. through a sheer misunderstanding, as to the nature and authorship of a short article in the issue of February 25<sup>th</sup>, made a savage assault upon Messrs Russell and Grove N. Abbey, then carrying on a general mercantile business in the South Village. The affair created an intense excitement, culminating in a public meeting to take measures for bringing about a discontinuance of the paper, condemnatory resolutions were passed, and a committee was appointed to “wait” upon me, and also upon Smith + Bowen, in furtherance of the “objects of the meeting”. I was absent at the time, but messrs S. + B. informed them that they were Job Printers, and should continue to print the Buzzard for me, so long as I might desire to have them do so, and paid them for so doing as well as I had thus far done. On my return home, I found a letter from the committee, enclosing a copy of the resolutions, awaiting me, and requesting an immediate answer. I replied, in writing, saying to the committee that while I denied their right, or the right of the meeting which had appointed them, to interfere in my private affairs; and while I found that eleven out of the twelve members of the committee had written “anonymous” articles for the Buzzard, which one of the resolutions denounced as “worse

**172**

than gambling or counterfeiting”; and while I would not, under any circumstances, suffer myself to be forced into a discontinuance of the paper, which had just reached a money-making point in its career, I would, nevertheless discontinue its publication, upon conditions substantially as follows:

In the publication of the paper, I had received payments in advance, the money having been expended for work and material in connection therewith, and in providing for my family, so that, if I discontinued it then, I would be obliged to defraud my subscribers out of their just dues, which I could not, and would not, consent to do. I had made a careful estimate, and found that just about \$300<sup>00</sup> would be needed to make good the amount due to my advance subscribers; and as the committee were “all liberal-minded” and “public-spirited” citizens, and professed to be “acting for the public good” I had no doubt they would willingly undertake to raise the sum needed, thus accomplishing the object sought, and at the same time leaving me on an honorable footing with my subscribers.

I submitted my proposition to the chairman of the committee, who after reading it, replied with great dignity, that the committee had no power to entertain the proposition that I had submitted, and that the whole matter would have to be “referred back to the people”, at a subsequent meeting to be called by the chairman.

I then prepared to go ahead with my next number, intending to give a full account of the Wheeler-Abby difficulty – the proceedings of the Public Meeting – the correspondence with the committee, +c, +c. The next day, however, a prominent member of the committee came to me and said, that while, as a committee, they could not accept my proposition, they had, as individuals, concluded to make me this offer; The Balance having

**173**

been discontinued some months before, for want of adequate support, they were anxious to aid Mr Bowen, who proposed to purchase Mr Smith’s interest in the office, to start up his paper again. They would, therefore, raise the amount named, not to pay back, in money, to my

subscribers, but as a bonus to place Mr Bowen on such a footing as would enable him to send his paper to my subscribers, number for number, until their respective quotas were full. To this I objected, that Mr Bowen's paper being politically whig, would not give satisfaction to all of my subscribers, one-half of whom were probably members of the opposite party; but this difficulty was obviated by Mr Bowen agreeing to "draw it mild" on politics, for the first six months, which would cover all dues to Buzzard subscribers. This arrangement was finally consummated: the Buzzard was discontinued and the publication of the Summit Beacon was begun.

Thus was the downfall of my earliest newspaper venture made the foundation of a paper that was to form an important episode in the subsequent history of my life. Though this arrangement was not entirely satisfactory to all of my old subscribers, many of whom refused to receive and pay postage upon the Beacon, it left me with a clean record, while the refusals in question, and the aid which Mr Bowen thus received, through me, induced that gentleman to make me a rebate of about fifty dollars, in the final settlement of our accounts. I was the more willing to enter into the arrangement, as finally consummated, for the reasons: first, that my timid, tender-hearted little wife was in constant fear of personal peril to myself; and second, that brother Henry was anxious that I should devote my entire attention and energies to the new business alluded to.

#### A Very Unfortunate Affair.

Soon after my marriage, and the arrival of brother Henry, there was a vacancy in the clerkship

**174**

of the Akron Post office, and the Postmaster, Harvey H. Johnson Esq, lawyer and Justice of the Peace, also, offered the place to my young man, Clark Nott. I had hired him, the Spring before, for a year, but on condition that he should come back to me in the Spring. I consented to let him go into the employ of Mr Johnson for the winter. Every thing went straight, and the business was correctly and satisfactorily transacted, while he held the position. After his return to us, in the Spring of 1839, also boarding in our family, while in the Postoffice one Sunday, giving the younger boy, who succeeded him, some assistance, he gave way to the temptation of abstracting a couple of five dollar bills from a letter, which had been sent by a man in the Southern part of the state, to his mother in Akron. The letter being called for soon afterward, the loss was, of course, discovered, and on investigating the matter Nott was suspected of having taken the money. Johnson interviewed me upon the subject, and we arranged that he, Johnson, was to come into the shop where Nott and myself were at work, and accuse him of the theft, pointing out the facts on which his suspicion was based; threatening him with immediate arrest, &c, and that I should propose that the matter be adjusted without being made public; believing that, if he was guilty, it was his first offense, and desiring, while restoring the money to its rightful owner, to save a somewhat promising young man from the disgrace of a public prosecution, and its consequent punishment This program was carried out; and when my proposal came in, Nott caught at it, and enquired of Mr Johnson how it could be settled. Johnson told him that if he would restore the money to the loser, and pay two or three dollars for the trouble which had been caused, that should be the end of it. Nott immediately asked us

**175**



to follow him, and going to his room, fished out from a hole in the partition wall, eight dollars in bills, and gave me a silver watch which he had received from Dr Miltimore, a few days before, on a trade in which he had paid the Dr. two dollars boot money; and which had in reality been the means of his detection. Telling me to trade back with the Dr, or otherwise adjust the matter, to the satisfaction of the parties, Nott went back to his work, very grateful to both Mr Johnson and myself, for the kindness manifested and the levity shown him. Contrary to his promise, however, after all had been fixed up, as agreed, Mr Johnson gave information to the authorities, and Nott was arrested and taken to Columbus for trial, in the United States District Court for Ohio. Johnson, Dr Miltimore, myself, and the man who had sent the letter from which the money had been purloined, were summoned as witnesses before the Grand Jury, and also before the Court. To my surprise, when the case was called for trial, I was was<sup>265</sup> not sworn with the other witnesses for the Government. The reason for this became apparent, as the case proceeded. Mr Johnson testified to the fact of his coming into the shop and accusing Nott of the robbery, and to his giving up the money, but utterly denied the fact that I had, under an agreement with him beforehand, proposed a settlement of the matter, and of his subsequent promise to Nott that if he would make restitution he should not be prosecuted. Johnson was kept on the stand nearly three hours, and closely cross-questioned by Nott's Attorney, N. H. Swayne<sup>266</sup> Esq. (Now <insertion: 1879> one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States) but he stuck to his story, though at times getting a good deal nervous and muddled in his answers. Nott's lawyer called me, as the sole witness upon the defense. I told the story just as it was; of course, contradicting Mr Johnson in several important particulars, the District <insertion: Isral Hamilton> Attorney failing to twist or muddle me in the slightest degree, I felt that Mr Johnson

## 176

had a great advantage over me, he having been admitted to practice in the United States Court, while we had been there waiting for the trial to come on, besides being Postmaster and Justice of the Peace, while I was simply a private citizen, and a mechanic, at that. Judge <insertion: John M<sup>c</sup>> Lane, however, before whom the case was being tried, came to my relief. Again calling Mr Johnson to the stand, the following colloquy took place:

Judge, "Mr Johnson, are you acquainted with Mr Lane, the last witness upon the stand? and, if so, how long have you known him?"

Johnson, "I have known Mr Lane some four or five years."

Judge, "Have you the means of knowing the reputation of Mr Lane, in the community in which he resides, for truth and veracity?"

Johnson, "I have."

Judge, "What is that reputation?"

Johnson, "Good."

Judge, "From your knowledge of his reputation, for truth, would you have any hesitation in believing Mr Lane under oath?"

Johnson, "None, whatever."

Judge, "Now, Mr Johnson, when you were upon the stand, you testified thus and so, maintaining that position under the most rigid cross-examination. Mr Lane's testimony, in regard to the same transaction, is directly the reverse of yours. How do you reconcile the two statements?"

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<sup>265</sup> sic

<sup>266</sup> Here Lane clearly writes N. M. Swayne, but he is referring to: Swayne, Noah Haynes, 1804-1884.

Johnson, “May it please your Honor, since hearing Mr Lane’s testimony on that point, it strikes me that I was mistaken, and that Mr Lane is right.”

Judge, “You also testified thus and so, regarding another point, on which Mr Lane’s testimony is directly contradictory. Which is wrong and which is right?”

Johnson, “On that point, also, on reflection, I think I was mistaken, and Mr Lane correct.”

Thus on every point on which we had differed

177

the Judge skillfully drew from the writhing Postmaster, the admission that he had lied, and that, I had told the truth; and turning to the jury he said: “Gentlemen of the Jury, in making up your verdict in the case, you will throw Mr Johnson’s testimony out of the question, entirely”.

This was, of course, a great relief to me, and it would have been a triumphant acquittal for Nott, but for the fact, that the owner of the stolen money swore that Nott had confessed the crime to him, after his arrest – a statement that Nott pronounced absolutely false; but persons charged with crime, could not, then, as now, testify in their own behalf, under the laws of Ohio. He was accordingly [Tried July 13<sup>th</sup> 1839.]<sup>267</sup> convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary for ~~three~~ <insertion: two> years; but, through my efforts, President Van Buren<sup>268</sup> pardoned him out, in about fifteen months. Returning to Akron, he again entered our service, continuing with us several years, and is now <insertion: (1879)> carrying on the Painting business in Ills.<sup>269</sup>

#### Carriage Making, Painting Etc

The carriage making and Painting firm of H. L + S. A. Lane, moved into their own new shops, in the Spring of 1839, under quite favorable auspices, considering the great business depression, and monetary stringency, then prevailing, consequent upon the panic and business collapse of 1837-8, compared with which the panic of 1873, and the four or five following years of financial and commercial distress, were perfect prosperity.

About the time the foregoing events were transpiring, (in the Spring of 1839), we moved from Howard Street to a small house, on Main Street, just South of Mill, and on the exact ground now <insertion: 1879> occupied by the humble office of Mr Andrew Jackson\*.<sup>270</sup> [\*Hotel Buchtel]<sup>271</sup> Here, December 12<sup>th</sup> 1839, our firstborn, the sweet little Sarah Maria, came to us – so named after her aunt that was-to-be, by marriage to her uncle Henry, (Sarah Hovey,) and her own aunt Maria, whose memory is so dearly cherished by us all.

#### Grandfather Potter.

In the Spring of 1840, Emeline Potter, my good wife’s only sister, came to live with us, from Phelps, Ontario County, New York. At that time, the two sister, with

178

their half-brother, William Wallace Potter, then living at Danville, N.Y. supposed themselves to be full orphans; their respective mothers having died when they were quite young, and their father, as was supposed, having been accidentally killed, while on a visit to Michigan, some

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<sup>267</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>268</sup> Van Buren, Martin, 1782-1862.

<sup>14</sup> Best guess, presumably an abbreviation for Illinois.

<sup>270</sup> Jackson, Andrew, b. 1833. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 490.

<sup>15</sup> Written in the margin

years before. It seems, however, that instead of having been killed, as reported, he returned to another part of the State of New York (Kendall, Orleans County) where he had meantime resided without communicating with his children, or the good people with whom they were severally living. In the fall of 1840, he made us a brief visit, being again enroute to Michigan, where he had a brother living. He soon afterwards again returned to Kendall, where in the family of his life-long friend, Mr. William R. Bassett, he is still living hale and hearty, being at this writing (March 14<sup>th</sup> 1879) just 89 years of age\* [\*Died Jan 3, 1880 lacking only about six weeks of being 90 years of age]<sup>272</sup> – his full name being William DeWitt Potter, but known, far and near, in Orleans County, as “The General”.

Early in September, 1840, we moved into a two-story house, north of Mill street, facing the canal and a few feet south of where the residence and barber shop of William D Stevens now stands – the same house, slightly remodeled now doing duty on the Northeast corner of Mill and Main Streets,\*\* [\*\*Present site, 1894, of Beacon Block]<sup>273</sup> [Orson Hovey –]<sup>274</sup> September 20<sup>th</sup> 1840, Orson Hovey, a brother of my brother Henry’s intended wife, died suddenly of consumption, at Cobb’s hotel, where he was boarding, having been confined to his bed less than 24 hours. We had the body removed to our house, where funeral services were held. He was a Saddler and Harness-maker by trade, carrying on quite a business in a shop of his own a little South of Hall’s Corner, on Howard Street. I was appointed Administrator of his Estate; his near relatives then living in Granville, Licking Co. Ohio. [Bro. Henry Married:]<sup>275</sup> The next Spring, May 6<sup>th</sup> 1841, brother Henry was married to Sarah Hovey, at Granville, immediately bringing his bride to Akron; commencing

#### Death of Brother Henry and Little Sarah Maria.

housekeeping in the South part of the house already occupied by us. Two months later, brother Henry was stricken down with bilious fever, from which disease he died, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1841. On the day of his funeral, two days later, July 22<sup>d</sup> 1841, our little Sarah died, suddenly, of Cholera-Infantum; her mother also being sick with bilious fever at the same time. We were, indeed, a doubly-bereaved family; our afflictions eliciting the heartiest sympathy from the entire community, with whom, both brother Henry and little Sarah Maria, were great favorites. The affection between the two was something wonderful, and the little carriage, built by the Uncle for <insertion: the> niece, in her earliest infancy, has ever since been carefully kept by the family, as a token of remembrance of the two loved and loving ones, who were so closely united in both life and death.

#### Sad Death of Mr and Mrs Miltimore.

I may as well here take occasion to say, that my highly cherished friends, Mr and Mrs Miltimore, came to a sad and sudden death in August 1841. In the autumn of 1840, Mrs M. left Akron, to spend the winter with her friends, in Brattleboro Vermont. During her absence, the Doctor concluded to remove to Chicago, Illinois, where he had a brother then living. He accordingly left Akron for Chicago, in the Spring of 1841, and after completing his business arrangements there, went on to Vermont for a visit to his own friends, and to get his wife.

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<sup>272</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>273</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>274</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>275</sup> Written in the margin

Leaving Vermont, early in August, on arriving at Buffalo, they took the steamer “Erie”, for Cleveland, intending to visit Akron, for a final parting, with their numerous friends here, and the removal of their household goods, which had been stored here, during their absence. The ill-fated Steamer took fire, near the mouth of Silver Creek, in the State of New York, and was totally destroyed, nearly 300 of her passengers being either burned or drowned. Among the latter, were Mr. and Mrs. Miltimore, who were found floating on the surface of the water, a few days afterwards, firmly locked in each other’s arms.<sup>276</sup>

180

The Boy Julius.

November 19<sup>th</sup> 1841, our second-born, Julius Sherman, came to us, so named for his own uncle, Julius Meeker Lane, of Chicopee, Mass, and his great uncle (by marriage) Mr Stephen Sherman, husband of my Aunt Marietta, then residing at Painesville, O.

The Firm of Lane + Remington.

The death of my brother Henry, proved extremely embarrassing to me, from the fact that it left me with quite and extended business on my hands, with one branch, only, of which, I had much practical knowledge. About the first of December, 1841, however, an old Suffield, Conn. neighbor, Mr Jonathan Remington, also a carriage maker, arrived in Akron, with his family, and proposed to join teams with me, in carrying on the business; agreeing to furnish one thousand Dollars, cash capital. The proposition was accepted, and the copartnership of Lane + Remington was formed. Instead of putting in \$1000<sup>00</sup>, however, only about \$300<sup>00</sup> was invested – the balance being withheld, under one pretext or another – while in the erection of a house, which was soon entered upon, and in the support of his family, a much larger amount was drawn out by that gentleman, thereby still further embarrassing, instead of bringing the relief to the concern that had been anticipated.

[Our own New House.]<sup>277</sup> Before the death of brother Henry, I had commenced the erection of a snug little dwelling house, near our shops, fronting on Howard Street, (on the south part of the site of Seiberling’s<sup>278</sup> brick block now (1879) occupied by C. A. Brouse<sup>279</sup> + Co) it being the same house so long occupied by Mr James M. Hale, a portion of which, removed to the south side of the lot, × [×1894. part of present Arcade Block site]<sup>280</sup> now constitutes the front part of the Germania office.

[“At Home”.]<sup>281</sup> We moved into this new house, the latter part of December, 1841; the Remington family occupying the house vacated by us, East of the canal, until getting into their own new house on Broadway,

181

Death – Marriage, Change +c

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<sup>276</sup> Last word “arms” written below line.

<sup>277</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>278</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>279</sup> Personal name, best guess, could also be “Bronse”

<sup>280</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>281</sup> Written in the margin

(where Mrs. John T Good now lives) the ensuing Summer. Sisters Emeline and Sarah continued to reside with us, the latter, though naturally a lively high-spirited woman, sadly dejected on account of the untimely death of her husband.

[Birth and Death.]<sup>282</sup> On the 26<sup>th</sup> day of February 1842 Sister Sarah became a mother, adding to our family a sweet little girl, which, twelve days afterwards, was left an orphan, by the sudden and unlooked for death, of its mother, from puerperal insanity, which occurred March 10<sup>th</sup> 1842, at the age of about 23 years.

[The Little Orphan. -]<sup>283</sup> We named the little orphan, after our own lost darling, and though every possible effort was made to rear her, she faded, day by day, from her birth, till her death, which occurred on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1842.

[A Marriage. -]<sup>284</sup> Soon after the death of Sister Sarah, we also lost Sister Emeline, who was married to Mr. Levi Manning, on the 27<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1842; immediately going to his house, on High Street, on the same ground where Postmaster Storer<sup>285</sup> now lives. In March, 1845, Mr and Mrs Manning removed to their farm, near Summit Lake, where the family continued to reside until after the death of Mr. M, which occurred April 27<sup>th</sup> 1865, when the farm was sold, and the family returned to town, purchasing the house and lot on the northeast corner of High and Cedar Streets, removing thither Oct 31<sup>st</sup>, 1865.

[Not a Success. -]<sup>286</sup> My partnership with Mr Remington, did not prove a success; and, at the end of about two years, we sold out the concern to William J Dodge, taking in payment therefor a quarter section of land, in the State of Michigan; some ten or twelve lots in what was then familiarly known as "Tape-worm City"; but now called by the more euphonious title of "Spicer Town", and the obligations of Mr. Dodge for several hundred dollars, payable in carriage work. This carriage work, with my West Hill property (the two acres before spoken of,) and several of the Village lots were turned out to our creditors, while the balance of the lots, and my interest in the Howard Street property (the lot not being paid for) were seized by the Sheriff, (there being no Homestead exemptions in

## 182

those days) and disposed of by that functionary at considerable of a sacrifice; excepting that on the latter property, by a private arrangement with the Sheriff. I was enabled to save about \$300<sup>00</sup>, mostly in Yankee-clocks, woolen cloths and other goods, which, with a bonus of fifty dollars received for vacating the property some three or four months earlier [Another Removal. -]<sup>287</sup> than stipulated, enabled me to erect a small house on the East side of Broadway (known for many years afterwards as the "Croy" house, and which is now (1879) doing duty as the kitchen of Mr. Joseph Carter's fine two-story house, on the same lot,) into which we moved in December 1843.

[Health Failure. -]<sup>288</sup> The events of the past three or four years had left me not only with impaired fortunes, but also with impaired health; and though I was able "to keep the wolf from the door", by the use of the brush, when well, it was very difficult for me to so with so large a

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<sup>282</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>283</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>284</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>285</sup> Storer, James B., b. 1839. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 322.

<sup>286</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>287</sup> Written in the left margin, between sentences.

<sup>288</sup> Written in the margin

portion of my time taken up with nursing my dyspeptic and neuralgic kinks. In the meantime the Washingtonian Temperance movement, into which I heartily entered, had swept over Ohio, and I conceived the notion that I might earn a living, and at the same time do some good, by the publication of a small paper devoted mainly to the Temperance <insertion: cause>

“Buzzard” – New Series.

In the furtherance of this object, early in the Spring of 1844, I contracted with Mr Horace Canfield,<sup>289</sup> (the father of our present Horace G. Canfield,) who was then publishing the “American Democrat”, to print for me a small Literary and Temperance paper; the initial number of which was to be printed at a given time. The name of the paper had not yet been fully decided upon; but I had pretty much concluded to call it “The Temperance Ohio”.<sup>290</sup> On taking my copy to Mr Canfield he informed me that he could not print it for me, for the reason that certain prominent Democrats, to whom he was under pecuniary obligations, having heard that I was about to revive the Buzzard

183

had so interfered, that he could not carry out the contract. I then called on Mr Bowen of the Beacon – but found that he too, had been headed in the same direction, by his Whig [“Pushing Whigs.” –]<sup>291</sup> partisans and backers. This elevated my native spunk, a trifle, and I determined to “push things”. I accordingly wrote to Messrs Dewey and Wadsworth, publishers of “The Ohio Star”, at Ravenna, enquiring whether they could print for me a specimen number of a small paper I was about to start, and, if so, when? Receiving an affirmative reply, at the time designated (having in the meantime taken a partner, a Mr Isaac Chamberlin, as impecunious as myself, with but a single dollar in my pocket, I started for Ravenna, (March 12<sup>th</sup>, 1844,) by buggy via Cuyahoga Falls, where I purchased, on credit, four reams of paper, or enough for 2000 copies. Arriving at Ravenna about noon, the printers went immediately to work, and forty-eight hours thereafter, the “Buzzard” – new-series – was running through the press; the efforts which had been made to defeat me, in Akron, leading me to adopt the old name, pure and simple. Steam presses were unknown in country printing offices, and an entire day was consumed in working the edition off. Taking a few of the copies first run off, in my hand, I canvassed the Village of Ravenna, for subscribers, and obtained enough money to pay the printers and my hotel bill, with a sufficient surplus to pay for the paper I had bought at Cuyahoga Falls. Several additional subscribers were also obtained at Franklin Mills, (now Kent,) Stow Corners and Cuyahoga Falls, on my way home.

[Branching Out. –]<sup>292</sup> For something over two years, previous to this time, there had been published at Medina, by Rev. D. A. Randall,<sup>293</sup> a small semi-monthly Temperance paper, called the “Ohio Washingtonian”. Learning that Mr. Randall wished to dispose of the Washingtonian, myself and partner went to Medina, and bought him out, furnishing our paper to his advance subscribers, for about one-half of the purchase price of the concern, and giving our notes at six, nine and twelve months for the balance. Teams were hired, and the establishment was immediately transferred to Akron; printers were set to work

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<sup>289</sup> Canfield, Horace, 1803-1853.

<sup>290</sup> Appears as “Olio” but author meant “Ohio”

<sup>291</sup> Written in the left margin, between sentences.

<sup>292</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>293</sup> Randall, D. A. (David Austin), 1813-1884.

and the second number was issued from our own office, on the 16<sup>th</sup> day of April 1844. The specimen number was in quarter form, the original design being to publish it once in two weeks, only; but with the second number the paper was changed to a <insertion: weekly> folio

Savage Personal Attack.

Our list of subscribers rapidly increased, and, except among liquor-sellers and their abettors, the opposition to the Buzzard as rapidly diminished. My first personal tilt, under the new regime, occurred in this wise: The hall in the old Stone Block, (now Henry's Corner,) then the only place in town for holding public entertainments, had been leased by the Second Congregational Society, pending the erection of their new church edifice, on North Main Street. The Society was very particular, in not letting the hall for what they regarded as immoral exhibitions. During the winter, there had been among us a whisky-drinking teacher of fiddling, dancing and boxing, by the name of John Kelley. The first-class loafer had organized a company of vagabonds, as worthless as himself, into a "Negro Minstrel Troupe", with the view of giving exhibitions through Ohio, and other Western States. Desiring to give his initial performance in Akron, Kelley had gone to Deacon Sackett, who had charge of the hall, and by representing that it was to be a moral concert of vocal and instrumental music, had obtained a partial promise of the hall. Posters were accordingly issued, duly setting forth the kind of entertainment that might be expected, which, on being read by Deacon Sackett, did not exactly tally with his ideas of morality. He therefore immediately notified "manager" Kelley that he could not have the hall. Procuring a key that would unlock the door, Kelly and his gang took possession of the hall and gave his exhibition to a large crowd of roughs,

who had been attracted by his advertisements. The next day I published the following:

"John Kelley's 'Grand Concert' came off last evening at the old Court Room, according to the announcement in his hand bills. The first act performed by this celebrated White Nigger (singer and dancer) was to break into the room with a false key, after the trustees of the Church, who occupy and control the room, had refused to admit him. Is there no law by which such a renowned genius can receive the reward he so justly merits?"

[A Black Eye. -]<sup>294</sup> As I was coming along Howard Street, from the North, on the afternoon of the day of publication, Kelley emerged from a crowd of loafers sitting in front of the old Pavilion House, then kept by "Col" Lyman Green, and stepping in front of me, near Phinney's<sup>295</sup> Corner, aimed a savage side-winder at my head, with his right hand, his fist glancing across my cheek-bone and left eye, and grazing the nose with sufficient force to set the blood running. This blow was instantly followed by a left hander, which, however, I managed to dodge, and well-knowing I was no match for the trained bruiser, I started, on the double-quick, for what is now Henry's Corner. Kelley followed closely upon my heels, and when within a few feet of the sidewalk, he seized me by the shoulder and whirled me so quickly around that I fell flat upon my back, in doing which I caught hold of the skirt of his fine broadcloth coat, tearing it through the back from the waist to the collar. This seemed to exasperate him, still more, and he attempted to crush

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<sup>294</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>295</sup> Best guess

me with his heels; jumping at my head with all the force and dexterity of the acrobatic athlete that he really was. But, using my back-bone as a pivot, I turned so rapidly and fended him off so deftly, that he did me little or no injury. The streets were at the time, full of people, who at first supposed it was all in "fun"; but as soon as the real situation was taken in, Mr Kelley was driven off and I retired to my office for repairs. Before an officer could be

**186**

found to arrest the scoundrel, his friends had run him out of town, and he was never seen here again, his Minstrel Troupe also going to pieces after his flight.

Lane + Coggeshall.

We soon found that our little sheet was not large enough to accommodate the advertising patronage that began to crowd in upon us, so hearing of a larger press, and a better supply of type and other printing material, upon which an unsuccessful religious paper had been printed at Bennett's Corners, in the town of Royalton, in Cuyahoga County, we bought the concern and enlarged the paper, a little more than one half, changing its name to "The Akron Buzzard and Buckeye Water Nymph", beginning with Number 14, July 2<sup>nd</sup> 1844. Desiring, also, to travel in the interests of the paper as well as the cause, lecturing on the subject in such towns as I might visit, and finding that my partner, Chamberlin, was of no use to me whatever, (for, though he was an Oberlin graduate, he could not write an intelligent or intelligible sentence) I bought him out and took in, with me, William T. Coggeshall, then just developing into the ready and elegant writer so conspicuously manifested in his after life; the new partnership of Lane + Coggeshall taking effect <insertion: July 9, 1844.>

Another Boy – Visit from Grandma etc.

Before leaving our Howard Street residence our second boy, Henry Lorenzo, was born, August 25, 1843. About this time my mother, whom I had not seen for ten years came to visit us, accompanied by brother C. V.; Aunt Delia Sikes, (sister of Mrs Remington) and her mother also coming with them to Akron, for permanent residence. When I left home, in December, 1833, I was a chubby, round faced boy, of 18; now I was a slim, thin-featured man, of 28. Mother gazed at me long, and earnestly, and finally said that she could'nt see any thing natural about me but my eyes – that my nose was a good deal larger and longer than it used to be – though she should have known me at once, if she could have seen my thumb

**187**

Fun with the Downeasters .

Mother remained with us one year, becoming very greatly attached to her two grandchildren, Julius Sherman and Henry Lorenzo, and they to her. In September, 1844, I accompanied mother to her home in Chicopee, Mass, at the same time visiting relatives, and old neighbors, in my native town, Suffield, Conn. I had often heard from there, and had learned that my old friends, Mr and Mrs Amos Sikes, had frequently declared, when told how much I had changed, that they "should know Lant, wherever they might meet him". So I determined to put them to the test, I went down the Connecticut river, from Springfield to Suffield, on a small steamboat. I found a copy of the Boston Post, on one of the cabin lounges, which I pocketed. After visiting friends in Thompsonville, with whom I took tea, I walked from the ferry to "Crooked Lane", arriving at the residence of my old friends, just before sunset. I found in the



front hall, two or three of their grown up daughters and some other young people, who had been spending the afternoon with them. I enquired for the “gentleman of the house”, and, in a minute or two, my old friend, who was engaged at boiling cider in the kitchen, made his appearance at the hall door, looking as natural as of yore. Opening out my paper I at once proceeded to business, with all the earnestness of a professional subscription hunter. “No,” said he, “I’m taking as many papers as I can afford, now, and besides”, he added, “the Post aint much of a paper anyhow!” I attempted to argue the case with him, but he abruptly turned upon his heel, saying, that he had’nt “any more time to fool away with me”, and went back to his cider. By this time Mrs Sikes had put in an appearance, and under took to smooth over the repulse of her husband; by saying that Mr Sikes was very busy; that they were already taking several papers – one from New York, one from Hartford and one from Springfield, besides which a young man who used to live with them was publishing a paper, out West, which he sent them nearly every week. Knowing that the old lady was fond of “turning an honest penny”, by keeping peddlers, and

**188**

other itinerants, over night, I asked if they could keep me till morning, as it was, by this time, nearly dark, and she went in to consult her husband. “No!” said he, “let him go on – I don’t want to bother with him”, “You won’t have no bother with him”, said she; “He aint got no horse – he aint a peddler, and we shant have to take goods for pay, and he’s been to supper, too.” “Well! said he, finally, “do as you’re a mind to about it”; and she came smiling along back, and saying that they would try and accommodate me, invited me to take a seat in the parlor. But I preferred to take a walk, the evening was so pleasant. So, I went up to the dear old homestead, and visited awhile with the inmates; also calling upon one or two other old neighbors, none of whom, of course, knew me until I made myself known to them. Returning to the Sikes mansion, about 8 o’clock, I found the family seated around the light-stand – the old lady and the girls sewing and the old gentleman reading my copy of the Boston Post which I had purposely left in the hall. After some general conversation, the old lady as I anticipated, opened her quizzical batteries full upon me, somewhat in this wise: “Do you live in Boston?” “No”. I replied, “I was never in Boston in my life.” “In Massachusetts I ‘spose.” “No; I used to live in Massachusetts, but I don’t live there now.” “Do you live in this State?” “No, my home is, at present, in the West.” “In Michigan?” she eagerly asked, having relatives living in that State. “No, I replied, “I am now living in Ohio”. “Any where near Akron?” “Yes, I live in Akron – have you any friends there?” By this time, the old man exclaimed: “Is it possible!” and seizing a candle he thrust it towards me, and taking a good look, continued: “Yes. By Thunder! it is Lant Lane!” Then seizing my hand, he nearly wrung my arm off, saying, “Well, young man you played that game pretty well, though I thought all the time, by the twinkle of your eye, that you wasn’t exactly what you pretended to be”. Mrs Sikes was cor-

**189**

pondingly excited, and her pleasure at seeing me, somewhat molified her chagrin at not recognizing me at sight, and her disappointment in not getting pay for my entertainment over night. They made me very welcome, and I had a right good visit with them

[A “Wondering Arab”. –]<sup>296</sup> Towards night, the next day, I walked over to the house of my Uncle Ashbel<sup>297</sup> Lane, about three miles west of “Crooked Lane”. I found Aunt Anna alone, and after learning that “the man of the house” was out in the cornfield, I enquired if she could keep a sort of a “Wandering Arab” overnight. She said I could stay, if I could put up with their fare. I laughingly told her that I thought I could stand, for a single night, what they had to stand all the time. I then went out, walking up the back way to the house of their oldest daughter, cousin Octavia, who having married a young man named Julius Austin, was living in a house which Uncle had built for them on his own farm. Letting cousin Octavia into the secret, as to my identity, I had quite a pleasant visit with her, until I saw Uncle coming in from the field, with a basket of watermelons, when I joined him, taking hold of one handle of his basket, saying that I had made arrangements with his good wife to stay over night with them. “All right!”<sup>298</sup> said he, looking up at me through his shaggy eye-brows, with one of his peculiar smiles, “if the old lady can stand it, I guess I can.” We went into the house, and were having a pleasant chat, on matters and things in general, while Aunt was busying herself about supper, when their youngest daughter, Cousin Emeline, who had meantime learned from her sister who I was, came bounding into the room, and, to the astonishment of the old people, threw her arms around my neck, and gave me a hearty kiss, at the same time calling me “Cousin Alanson”. “Wandering Arab, to be sure! I thought it was some Mormon preacher,” exclaimed Aunt Anna, now coming forward and giving me a cordial welcome, while Uncle Ashbel, now just

## 190

beginning to comprehend the situation, also greeted me very warmly, indeed.

[What Time Does. –]<sup>299</sup> Such are the wonderful changes produced by Time, on the human form, in its successive transition from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood. I used to wonder how it was possible for my older friends, and acquaintances, to so thoroughly fail to recognize me after a few years absence; but the mystery is a mystery no longer; for I now very frequently fail to recognize the children of my own nearest neighbors, after even a few months absence, at school or elsewhere.

[Home Again. –]<sup>300</sup> On the conclusion of my visit to Suffield and Chicopee, I brought my sister Maria with me to Ohio, for a year’s visit. Mother thinking it rather hard to be separated from her only daughter so soon again, after having been so long away <insertion: herself>.

### Temperance Lecturing Experiences.

Under the new administration, the “Buzzard and Water Nymph” became quite popular; my itinerating performances, not only keeping up a good healthy circulation for the paper, but giving me quite a reputation as a lecturer, while Mr Coggeshall<sup>301</sup> made quite a spicy and popular Editor. My lectures were generally well attended, and listened to with attention, and often with enthusiasm and marked success. Occasionally, however, I met with rough characters, and rough treatment. My first serious rencontre<sup>302</sup> was at Fredericksburg, Wayne County, July 22<sup>d</sup> 1845, briefly as follows: It was my first visit to the Village, and I had not a single

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<sup>296</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>297</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>298</sup> Best guess, could also be “night”

<sup>299</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>300</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>301</sup> Personal name, best guess.

<sup>302</sup> Best guess

acquaintance there. The meeting was in quite a large, old fashioned church, which was well filled. After some preliminaries, the President invited me into the pulpit, and introduced me to the audience. As I was about to begin my lecture, a man about in the middle of the house, arose and deired<sup>303</sup> to be heard a moment, and

191

no objection being made, proceeded to enquire if I was editor of the Buzzard in August, 1844. I replied that I was. He then stated to the audience that he was a Temperance man, and did not wish to do anything to injure the cause, but that I was unworthy of being heard; that I published a low, mean, filthy, blackguard, slanderous paper, the object of which was to slander people for money; that I had published falsehoods and he could prove it; and he called upon the religious and moral part of the community, to assist him in putting me down. I replied that the gentleman was a stranger to me, and I did not know of what he had to complain; that, like all newspaper men, I was liable to be imposed upon, but always ready to set the matter right, on being informed of any injustice being done; that I did not wish to force myself upon them, and would cheerfully submit to the will of the meeting. He then reiterated what he had before said, with a good deal of other theatrical bombast, winding up by saying “and he shan’t be heard if I can prevent it: if I have friends enough to put him down!” At this juncture, another gentleman arose and said that as no specific charges had been made, or proof offered that I was not worthy of being heard, he would move that I proceed with my lecture, which motion was carried by an almost unanimous vote there being only two or three voices in the negative; where upon the disgruntled objector precipitately, and indignantly, left the house. At the close of the meeting, enquiry revealed the fact, that my antagonist was the expropriator of the so-called “Merritt’s Temperance Theatre”, which, the year before, had come to grief through the drunkenness of its manager, Isaac Merritt,<sup>304</sup> as he then called himself, an account of which had been published in the Buzzard. The ex-actor was somewhat of a mechanical genius, and was then engaged in the manufacture of wood type;<sup>305</sup> but afterwards becoming famous – under his true name, Isaac M Singer – as the inventor of the Singer Sewing Machine; the fellow, though amassing an immense fortune, through his invention, dying prematurely from his excesses, several years ago.

192

[Eggs-traordinary. –]<sup>306</sup> Less than a month after the foregoing adventure, August 23 1845, I had an appointment to speak at the little Village of M<sup>c</sup>Cutchernsville,<sup>307</sup> in Wyandotte County, I found the Village quiet, and the temperance people energetic and zealous. Just at night, the delegates to a Democratic Convention, which had been held at the County-seat during the day, returned to the Village, pretty thouroughly “enthused”, and it soon became evident that there was “fun ahead”. At the appointed hour, the Village School House was filled to its utmost capacity, while there had assembled upon the outside, nearly as large a crowd, who, in their drunken rage, declared that I should be “jerked out of that”, if I attempted to speak. But paying no attention to

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<sup>303</sup> Best guess, possibly means “desired”

<sup>304</sup> Singer, Isaac Merritt, 1811-1875.

<sup>305</sup> Best guess

<sup>306</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>307</sup> Location name, best guess.

their bluster, when the meeting was duly organized, I proceeded with my talk. The noise outside suddenly subsided, probably out of curiosity to hear what I had to say, for the windows were all wide open. I stood directly before the front window, flanked, on either side, by the President and Secretary of the Society; the entry being upon my left. I had been speaking perhaps ten minutes, when, whack! came an egg against my back, falling to the floor behind me. The Secretary shut down the window, and I proceeded. In five or ten minutes more, another egg came flying short of me, however, and striking the head of a small boy in front of me. All the windows were then closed, and I again proceeded. Shortly, another egg whizzed past my face, from the direction of the entry, striking against the opposite wall. Two or three resolute Temperance men then took up their positions in the entry, and I was permitted to close, without further interruption,<sup>308</sup> except an occasional howl upon the outside. After leaving the house several more eggs were thrown at me, all of which hit somebody else,

**193**

creating the utmost excitement in the village, and resulting in the reformation of the leader of the mob – formerly a man of wealth and influence – and many others, and the closing of the bars of the two hotels whose landlords had furnished the ammunitions – both whisky and eggs – for the occasion. On examining my coat, after reaching the house of the President of the Society where I had been domiciled for the night, I found that not a single particle of the egg, which had struck my back, had adhered to it – a lucky escape, truly –

[More Egg-perience.]<sup>309</sup> The next year, July 8<sup>th</sup> 1846, I had an appointment to lecture in Millersburg, the county-seat of Holmes County. It was my first visit to that then, as well as now, Democratic strong hold. Arriving there just at night, I put up at a liquor hotel, directly opposite the Court House, where, I subsequently learned, the meeting was to be. At the appointed hour, every seat, and every inch of standing room, was occupied – the audience consisting of a fair proportion of males and females, and evidently the very best people of the place. I spoke from the Judges' bench, the President of the Society on my right, and the Secretary on my left. Directly in my rear, there was a large window, with slat blinds; the lower sash of the window being raised. There was good order within, and quietness without, until I was about half through with my talk, when, suddenly, a large volley of eggs was hurled against the window blind, a small spatter, only, of which adhered to my garments; the greater portion, evidently thrown diagonally from near the corners of the building, striking the president and Secretary upon their heads. The window being then closed, I concluded my lecture without further interruption. On leaving the house, and when some ten or twelve feet from the steps, an egg whizzed past my head, and struck a lady, on the opposite side of the street, square in the mouth. The fellow who threw it raised his arm to throw another, but was promptly prevented from doing so, by persons near

**194**

him, and taken into custody. This attempt at mobocracy also created very great excitement, resulting not only in the prosecution and conviction of the offender, and several of his aiders and

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<sup>308</sup> Spelling error, should be “interruption”

<sup>309</sup> Written in the margin

abetters, but also in a greatly increased activity for the cause of Temperance in that <insertion: locality><sup>310</sup>

“The Great American Rum-Bottle Advocate”

In my lecturing operations I adopted a somewhat novel method of attracting public attention, and for reaching the ear of the two classes of persons we more particularly desired to bring within the influence of Temperance teachings – the whisky drinker and the whisky seller – vis, to professedly speak in favor of the sale and use of alcoholic liquors. To carry out this plan I arranged with another lecturer, Mr John U Fiester, then known as the “Ohio Self-Sharpener”, to co-operate with me. On reaching the suburbs of a town – no previous announcement of our coming having been given – I would get out of the buggy and let Mr Fiester ride in alone. He would drive into the most business portion of the town, generally selecting a location near some whisky grocery or hotel, and, standing up in the buggy, begin to talk. He would soon attract a crowd about him, and most generally there would be a few fellows about him who would interrupt and try to bother him. Meantime, quietly walking in, perhaps by another street, I would mix in with the crowd and take a hand in the interruptions. Seeing a tolerably respectable looking stranger thus taking up the cudgels for them, the natives would hand off, and give me the full field. After a little, Fiester would seemingly get out of patience and turning fiercely upon me, would say: “See here, old fellow, if you’ve got anything to say in favor of whisky selling, and whisky drinking, get up and say it like a man, and I’ll listen to you, and then I’ll talk and you shall listen to me – what say you?” “All right!” I would respond, and, climbing into some wagon, or upon a store box, or barrel, I would go at him; talking largely about the Declaration

195

of Independence, the Constitution of the United States – the “inalienable rights of all men to Life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness”, getting in an occasional joke about light-fisted tee-totalers +c +c. Then I would let him go on again for a short time, when I would again break in with some ridiculous question, and get in a few more of my rum-bottle arguments, giving him the final close. He would then announce to them who he was, and that if they would furnish him with a house, and an audience, he would lecture to them in the evening. The Temperance men would step forward and tender to him a church, a hall, or the Court House, and he would request all present to circulate the notice as thoroughly as possible, that the friends of temperance might all be on hand. I would then announce that though I was traveling, I would stay over, too, and hold the old fellow level, and request all my friends to be on hand, at the meeting. The result would be that all classes would turn out, and though the drinkers and sellers would soon discover that I was burlesquing them, and, while using their arguments, so putting them as to show their fallacy and make them appear perfectly ridiculous, they would, nevertheless, attend night after night; and in this way we got hundreds of names to the pledge, and many persons to abandon the traffic, that could never have been reached at all, by regular straight-forward lecturing. [Marriage of Partner. –]<sup>311</sup> Soon after taking Mr Coggeshall in with me, as a partner, his parents, with whom he had lived up to that time, in the house next south of ours, on Broadway, removed to Wadsworth, and he came to board with us. He was married to Miss Mary M. Carpenter on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of October 1845, both boarding with us through the winter, and starting out upon their own hook, in the house keeping line, in the Spring of 1846; our third boy, William Alanson,

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<sup>310</sup> Best guess

<sup>311</sup> Written in the margin

having in the mean time (Dec 14<sup>th</sup> 1845) come to us April 22, 1845, the name of our paper being changed to “Cascade Roarer”.

[“Labor Reform.” –]<sup>312</sup> During the latter part of 1845, and the Spring and Summer of 1846, there was a “reform” movement

## 196

among the mechanics of Ohio; not for more, but for better pay, and for a reduction of time to ten hours per day – for up to this time twelve hours had been regarded as a day’s work. Mechanics had, up to this time, been obliged to take their pay, largely, in the articles manufactured by them, such as woolen cloth, stoves, and other castings, furniture, wagons +c +c, and then trade such articles off, as best they could, for such articles as they needed; or else take orders on such ~~such~~ stores as their employers could arrange to draw on; a very small proportion resulted in the formation of Associations in all the principal cities and Villages of Ohio, and the West, and “Organs” were needed for the dissemination of the principles of the organization. Mr James S. Drew, of Massillon, a practical printer, and a thorough Temperance man, proposed to join teams with us, and, changing the title to suit, published the paper in the joint interests of Temperance and [Again “at Sea”. –]<sup>313</sup> Labor Reform. – Though actively in favor of the new movement, I did not believe in mixing the two interests; but Mr Coggeshall was favorable to the project, and thought it would prove both a popular and a profitable venture. The result was, that I disposed of my interest in the concern to Drew + Coggeshall, who, on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of August, issued the first number of “The Tee-Total Mechanic”, – “An Independent Journal of Tee-Totalism, Mechanism, and General Literature”.

[Short-Lived. –]<sup>314</sup> The new firm did not prove to be so harmonious, nor the new venture so successful, as had been anticipated, and, after the issue of ten numbers, only, the “Tee-Total Mechanic” was merged in the “Ohio Temperance Artisan”, a new paper advocating the same principles about to be started in Cleveland, Mr Coggeshall removing thither and taking an interest in the new concern.

Things not working to his satisfaction, Mr C.

## 197

soon withdrew from the concern, and went to Cincinnati, the “Temperance Artisan” entirely “playing out”, within a few months thereafter.

[A Heavy Load. –]<sup>315</sup> The old firm of Lane + Coggeshall were considerably in debt, its liabilities having been assumed by Drew + Coggershall, but for the payment of which, of course, the creditors still looked to me. It was accordingly arranged, that the presses and printing material should be left with me, to be disposed of to the best advantage, to pay said debts, as far as it would go. I accordingly run the Job Printing business, in connection with sign painting, stencil cutting +c, during the winter of 1846-7, in the mean time disposing of such portions of the printing materials as I could find customers for – largely, of course, at a great sacrifice. The outcome of these various partnership operations, was an aggregate indebtedness of some seven

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<sup>312</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>313</sup> Written in the left margin, between sentences.

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<sup>315</sup> Written in the margin

or eight hundred dollars, a large proportion of which should have been paid by my several carpenters; besides which I had been entirely unable to pay the interest, even, upon the purchase money for the lot upon which our little house on Broadway was located; thus making my entire liabilities some twelve or fourteen hundred dollars; a pretty heavy load for a young man to carry in those days, and rendering it extremely embarrassing for me to get along.

[Again on the Road.]<sup>316</sup> – Thus matters stood in the Spring of 1847. Not feeling sufficiently strong to embark fully in the painting business, I started out with Fiester on another lecturing expedition, hoping to be able to realize enough, in the way of contributions at our meetings, to support my family at least. We traveled eastward, into Pennsylvania and New York; this time in separate buggies. After operating together some three months, without making any very great pecuniary headway, we separated – Fiester turning Southward, from near Syracuse N.Y. and returning to Ohio; and I selling out my horse and buggy, at Syracuse, and continuing my way to Chicopee, by canal and railroad. I remained in and about Chicopee some three

## 198

months, lecturing and selling fine stationery, with which my brothers, C.V. + L. Lane supplied me from the stationery branch of their store, in Chicopee. In the fall of 1847 I returned to Akron, and feeling greatly improved in health, I again embarked in painting – this time in the basement of Trussell's<sup>317</sup> Block, a frame building standing where Schoeninger Brother's large brick block now stands on Market Street. Here I had plenty to do, and in the spring took on two or three hands, and by working hard myself, I was not only making a living, but also making some headways <insertion: in paying off old debts>

### A Severe Family Affliction

In the latter part of the Summer of this year, (August 16<sup>th</sup> 1848) our fourth boy, Charles Walter, was added to our little brood. When this last one was about four months old, in December 1848, the whooping-cough came into the family, each of our four children being successively attacked with the disease. Julius had it so light, that, but for its presence in the household, we should not have suspected it of being any thing more than a hard cold. Henry, then five years old, and Willie, three years old, however, took it very hard from the start, in addition to which, as was supposed, the croup set in with Henry, and the lung fever with Willie; but which I now believe to have been, in both, what has since been known as diphtheria; and, before we were really aware of their danger, they were dying, Henry breathing his last about daylight in the morning, and Willie following him about three hours later, on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of January 1849; both being laid side by side in the same coffin, and a single grave. Little Charlie literally coughed his life away, dying three weeks later, January 27 1849. This left us but a single child, our oldest boy, Julius Sherman, then a little over seven years of age. This triple bereavement was a sad blow to us all, especially to the dear mother, whose grief was almost inconsolable; and for a time it really seemed as though she would sink under it into a premature grave.

199

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<sup>316</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>317</sup> Best guess

[Another New House. —]<sup>318</sup> Finding myself unable to pay for the lot on which the house we then occupied stood, I sold the property to Mr David Miller, living on the Coggeshall place, next door south; Mr Miller then running a sash, door and blind factory, on the present site of J Park Alexander's Fire Brick Works. Mr Miller assumed the indebtedness upon the old place, and agreed to pay me some \$250<sup>00</sup>, in lumber and other material, with which I immediately proceeded to fit up, on a narrow lot directly opposite, the very same house now (1879) occupied by the family of Rev T. E. Monroe, into which we moved in the Spring of 1849, [since burned and rebuilt in brick]

[Another Boy. —]<sup>319</sup> In my ambition to retrieve my broken fortunes, through the winter of 1848-9, and the Spring of 1849, I worked almost night and day, in my shop and on my house, a considerable portion of the wood work, lathing, etc, being done with my own hands. My painting business was good, and, with the return of comparative resignation, and cheerfulness, to my good wife, which was extremely encouraging to me, indeed. But suddenly, in mid-summer, my health again failed me; my disease, a sort of dyspepsia, becoming worse than ever before. But though very weak, and scarcely able to crawl around, I positively refused to give up and go to bed; but went to the shop everyday, to overlook matters, though unable to do the least thing, in the way of work. Thus passed the Summer and Fall of 1849 – another son, Frederick Alanson, being born to us on the 31<sup>st</sup> day of ~~August~~ <insertion: October> of that year, thus, in some measure, filling the “aching void” which had been created <insertion: in> the breasts of both myself, and my dear wife, by the death of our three darling boys, the winter before.

[The “Yellow” Fever. —]<sup>320</sup> In the winter of 1849-50, the California excitement ran high; a number of people who had gone there the year before, having returned with glowing accounts of the richness of its gold fields, and the readiness with which fortunes could be “piled up”. Large numbers of people here, and elsewhere, were consequently organizing themselves

## 200

### En-route to California.

into companies for crossing the plains, on the opening of Spring. Believing that the overland journey would restore me to health, if not fill my depleted pockets, I determined to join the expedition. To raise money to procure the necessary outfit, of teams, provisions, +c, it became necessary for me to sell the new house into which we had so recently moved. A purchaser was accordingly found, in Mr Jared Jennings, then County Recorder, who paid me \$350<sup>00</sup> in money, for it, besides assuming the payment of the purchase money due on the lot, and some other small claims against the property for plastering +c.

[The Exodus. —]<sup>321</sup> Domiciling the family – the mother and her two children – in the house of our brother-in-law, on his farm near Summit Lake, I started on Thursday morning March 14<sup>th</sup>, 1850, for the Land of Gold. [Off for Cal. March 14 1850]<sup>322</sup> This was the day for the great “cavalcade” to start from Akron, under the lead of Mr John O. Garret, a blacksmith who went through the year before, and had returned, by the Panama route, during the Winter. The company that I was to go with were to start on the following Tuesday. The route taken, was by teams to

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Wellesville, on the Ohio River, and thence, by steamer, via the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, to St. Josephs, Missouri, then the extreme frontier town, between civilization and the Indian Territory. Having some business matters to close up, between my old lecturing chum, Fiester, and myself, I started on horseback, on an old plug of a horse for which I had traded, to visit him, (Fiester, not the horse,) at his home in Winchester, Guernsey County, intending to sell the old horse for what I could get for him, on my arrival at my place of embarkation, Stenbenville. Having an opportunity to trade him off for a Canadian pony, and a rifle, at Winchester, I did so, taking both the pony and the rifle on board, with me, on the arrival of the Steamer at Stenbenville, on the morning of March 22<sup>nd</sup>

[Our Outfit. -]<sup>324</sup> The company with which I was to travel, consisted of some forty persons, among whom were Captain Richard Howe,<sup>325</sup> Judge Samuel A. Wheeler, James Mills, Henry M<sup>c</sup>Masters, Richard Smetts, John Cook,<sup>326</sup> Owen O'Neil,<sup>327</sup> Robert Carson, James Holmes and some twenty other Akronians, and Messrs Ira P. Sperry,<sup>328</sup> Benjamin D<sup>329</sup> Wright, Philo Wright, Jonathan Fenn, A. N. Stone and several others from Tallmadge.<sup>330</sup> My own "mess" consisted of myself, James Holmes, Robert Carson and an Irishman named John M<sup>c</sup>Kibbon. We had provided ourselves with a light, but strong, Tallmadge-built, two-horse wagon, with a rubber top. In addition to suitable clothing, bedding, tent +c, we had laid in a good supply of dried peaches, dried apples, and other home-prepared necessaries, and luxuries, among which was a small supply of butter and a good sized dairy cheese, leaving the more solid articles, such as bread ("hard-tack") flour, beans, bacon, ("sow-belly,") rice, sugar, tea, coffee +c.+c. to be purchased at Saint Louis. Though most of the company, while providing themselves with wagons similar to ours, depended entirely upon the Saint Louis or Saint Joseph market, for the purchase of their animals, our mess took along, in addition to my own "canuck", above mentioned, four small-sized hardy young horses. We arrived at St Louis March, 28<sup>th</sup>; and learning that, owing to the backwardness of the season, it would not answer to start out upon the plains before the first of May, we concluded to purchase our mules there, and travel by wagon to St Jo, sending the bulk of our supplies to that point by steamer. This proved to be of two-fold advantage to us: first, inuring<sup>331</sup> ourselves and our animals to the work before us; and, secondly, enabling us to make up many defiecencies, in our outfit, that would otherwise have been overlooked, until too late to be remedied.

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<sup>323</sup> Page number printed in book

<sup>324</sup> Written in the margin. This section to the heading "A Wise Choice" was compared against the published version in *Gold Rush: The Overland Diary of Samuel A. Lane, 1850* / edited by Jeffrey E. Smith. Akron: The Summit County Historical Society, 1984. In places of doubt, personal names were amended to match the published document, unless otherwise noted. The entire section is almost entirely identical, word for word, with some very few exceptions.

<sup>325</sup> Howe, Richard, 1799-1872. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 117.

<sup>326</sup> Cook, John, 1818-1880. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 298.

<sup>327</sup> In the *Overland Diary*, this is printed as "O'Neil" but it is clear that Lane wrote the name "O'Neil".

<sup>328</sup> Sperry, Ira P., (b. 1818). Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 1052.

<sup>329</sup> In the *Overland Diary*, this is printed as "A" but it is clear that Lane wrote "D".

<sup>330</sup> Tallmadge (Ohio).

<sup>331</sup> This word is no longer in common use. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines it as follows: "To bring (a person, etc.) by use, habit, or continual exercise to a certain condition or state of mind, to the endurance of a certain condition, to the following of a certain kind of life".

[A Wise Choice.]<sup>332</sup> Ordinary, unbroken mules, could be bought at from \$65<sup>00</sup> to \$75<sup>00</sup> each, and with this class of

## 202

animals the most of the company provided themselves. Our mess, however, found a team of four small, well-broken, and well-conditioned, mules, that could be had for \$90<sup>00</sup> each, and we bought them. The wisdom of our choice was often demonstrated, during our journey, the purchases of the green mules undergoing a vast amount of hard and dangerous work, in breaking them, while ours were as docile as kittens, besides enduring the wear and tear of the journey far better.

### Severe But Successful Journey.<sup>333</sup>

We reached St Josephs on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of April, encamping upon the bluffs, on the west side of the river, some six miles above the city. Finding that the eight head of horses and mules, belonging to our mess, were all we needed. I sold my “canuck” to a member of another company, encamped near us for \$50<sup>00</sup> in gold. Having completed our outfit, organized our Company in regular military style, with Captain, and other officers, and got our wagons and animals properly packed, we broke camp, and started upon our journey, on the first day of May 1850, at about 9 o’clock A.M.

[...-Dyspepsia!-]<sup>334</sup> I will not here recount the incidents of our journey, which would, if faithfully portrayed, form a volume as large, if not larger than this, a brief account of which is embodied in three written lectures delivered to the people of Akron, after my return, and now among my papers. Suffice it to say, that after more than three months of the most fatiguing labor, hardship, and danger, our company, every man, and every animal, we started with, arrived safely in California, though hundreds of our fellow-travelers perished by the way; and thousands of dead horses, mules and oxen, lined the road on the latter half of the journey. Some of our own company were very sick, upon the road – notably my friend, Ira P Sperry, from Tallmadge – but by careful nursing, he, as well

## 203

as the others, got safely through. For myself, though the journey was fraught with infinite peril and fatigue, I never enjoyed myself more, nor better, than during those three long months. While laying in our provisions, I told Holmes, who acted as Mess Commissary, that he need not figure on any pork, beans, or coffee, for me, for I could not use them, on account of my dyspeptic troubles. But he laid in a good supply, allee samee, and I had not been a week upon the plains, riding, walking, and sleeping in the pure air of the prairies, before I could eat and drink my full rations, with the best of them. The result was, that whereas, when I started from St Jo, on the first day of May, I weighed only one hundred and ten pounds, when arrived at the classic city of “Hangtown,” (now Placerville.)<sup>335</sup> on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of August. I “kicked the beam” at one hundred and forty-two pounds; a net gain of thirty-two pounds, and some six or seven pounds more than I had ever weighed before. In fact, I was entirely cured of my dyspepsia – a sufficient

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<sup>332</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>333</sup> This, and all headers, believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph

<sup>334</sup> Indecipherable word; written in the margin

<sup>335</sup> Placerville, (Calif.), nicknamed “Old Hangtown”

compensation for all my toil, and trouble, even if I should entirely fail to secure what the great majority sought for – gold! I continued to increase in flesh, until I reached one hundred and forty-eight pounds, which weight was maintained during my entire two years sojourn upon the Pacific Coast.

[In the “Diggings”.–]<sup>336</sup> On our arrival at “Hangtown”, (so named from the circumstances of three desperadoes having been hung upon one tree, by the pioneer miners of the rich diggings, there found,) we sold our four horses for \$250<sup>00</sup>, and our four mules for \$175<sup>00</sup> while the balance of our effects brought about \$50<sup>00</sup> more, – our wagon having been abandoned on this side of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. My proportion of the general fund, with the avails of my “canuck”, sold at St Jo, and the few dollars of pocket money I had left, after paying for my portion of the original outfit, transportation +c. amounted to about \$175<sup>00</sup>.

[At San Francisco. –]<sup>337</sup> Not being particularly inclined to the life in the mines, (among which I spent a day or two, in the

## 204

vicinity of Hangtown,) I immediately went, by wagon, to Sacramento City. After looking about that city for a couple of days, among old acquaintances, of from ten days to twelve months residence there – among whom were Mr George F Kent, Dr. M. Jewett, John O Garrett, C. G. Caldwell, Russell Abbey +c I went, by steamer, to San Francisco. I then had a trifle over \$150<sup>00</sup> in cash, \$50<sup>00</sup> of which I sent, in my first letter from the Pacific Coast, to the dear ones at home.

### Business Successes, Reverses Etc.

In San Francisco, I found Mr. James G. Dow, a former Akron merchant, who having failed in business here, had gone to California by the Panama route in the early part of 1849, having been nearly six months on the journey. Transportation from New York to Chagres,<sup>338</sup> on the Atlantic side was abundant, but from Panama up, it was quite the reverse. Mr Dow, with several hundred others accordingly took passage upon an old tub of a brig, and after being out some three months, he, with several others, went ashore, and footed it up the coast, a thousand miles, to San Francisco, begging their subsistence from the semi-civilized natives, or “greasers”, as they were called; but getting into San Francisco several weeks ahead of their comrades, who stuck to the old brig.

[Cabinet Carpenter.–]<sup>339</sup> On my arrival in the city, Mr Dow was engaged in the auction business, with a young man by the name of Eldridge, from Springfield Mass, one of his fellow passengers, and fellow sufferers on the journey out – and was doing well. The firm was dealing largely in chairs, bedsteads, and other articles of furniture, which was shipped from the East in parts, to be set up and finished, on their arrive there. Though I was not a cabinet maker, I had sufficient mechanical gumption to do this kind of work, and I gladly accepted the offer of the firm to do this work for them at \$75<sup>00</sup> a month, they to provide me with a room, and the requisite materials.

205

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<sup>337</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>338</sup> Chagres, Panama

<sup>339</sup> Written in the margin

[Painting etc.–]<sup>340</sup> Soon finding that the sum agreed upon was pretty small wages, for that country, at that time, after working about two weeks, a new arrangement was entered into. I doing their work by the piece, and, at the same time, doing such jobs of painting, lettering, stencil cutting, +c as I could get in, by soliciation, or otherwise, still occupying, free of rent, a room in the second story of a building which Mr Dow had put up, on speculation, on a rented lot, on the corner of Jackson and Montgomery streets; the auction business being carried on in the rented storeroom, on Kearney Street. In this way, I was able to earn, over and above my expenses, about \$250<sup>00</sup> per month; so that, by the end of October, with <insertion: the> hundred dollars left out of my share of the mess money, I had the snug little fortune of six hundred dollars in cash.

[Auctioneering–]<sup>341</sup> About this time, Dow & Eldridge, who, in the mean time had been burned out, concluded to wind up their affairs, and return east, to spend the winter, having in the five months they had been in business, cleared about \$20,000<sup>00</sup> each. Mr. Dow advised me to find some good fellow, who had a little money, and embark in the same business that had been so profitable to him. I accordingly paid a visit to my other good friend, Mr Charles G. Caldwell, who was running a small ranch, at Sacramento; supplying the good people of that city with milk, egg, +c. with Mr. W<sup>m</sup>. H. White (the father of Arthur M.) for his assistant. On talking the matter over with him, he was favorable to the project, and we concluded to make the venture. We had, in ready money, about \$1400<sup>00</sup> which, with my \$600<sup>00</sup> made a cash capital of \$2000<sup>00</sup> between us; in addition to which, we borrowed \$1000<sup>00</sup> from a man by the name of Kuhner, also an Akron man, who with his wife went through in the same train with myself, making our entire capital \$3000<sup>00</sup>

[Heavy Rental–]<sup>342</sup> The store room of the building in which I had been at work, had, up to this time, been rented, by Mr Dow, for \$600<sup>00</sup> per month; the rooms on the second floor, besides the one I used, also netting him some \$240<sup>00</sup> more.

## 206

[Generous Terms–]<sup>343</sup> For the ground on which this building stood, Mr Dow paid a rental of \$350<sup>00</sup> per month, in advance. His lease had six months longer to run, and as he expected to be gone just about that length of time, he proposed to rent the entire property to us for \$600<sup>00</sup> per month, we to pay the ground rent each month, as it fell due, and to have the remaining \$250<sup>00</sup> per month until his return, in the spring; and also to help us by our goods and get started.

[The Fitting Up–]<sup>344</sup> The building was accordingly fitted up, and the goods purchased, consisting of clothing, boots and shoes, hats, blankets, and other miners supplies, and a general variety of such “traps and calamities”, revolvers, Bowie-knives, watches, jewelry, and other notions, as it was supposed might be worked off at a profit, to the large number of fresh emigrants, en route for the mines – returning miners, en route for home, and the numerous other frequenters of the retail auction stores of that youthful, but rattling, city.

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[In Full Blast.–]<sup>345</sup> We got started about the first of December with the most encouraging prospects; our goods selling readily, and at good sound profits; our funds being immediately re-invested in purchases from the wholesale auction Houses. After seeing us handsomely afloat, our generous friend left us to “paddle our own canoe”, and started for New York, about the 10<sup>th</sup> of December. He had scarcely been gone a week, when one of those, mercantile panics peculiar to California, only, in those days, came over the business of the country, especially of its seaport city; and, almost within twenty-four hours from the time it commenced, we could not only buy the very same goods we had upon our shelves, for one half what we had paid for ours, but there was absolutely no sale for what we had on hand, at any <insertion: price>.

[Speedy Collapse.]<sup>346</sup> We pluckily hung on, however, and hammered away, hoping the thing would soon change for the better; but, after struggling some three months, we had to give the thing up, barely

207

managing to return to Mr Kuhner the thousand dollars we had borrowed from him, but sinking every dollar, that both myself and Mr Caldwell had put in.

[Wonderful Shrinkage.–]<sup>347</sup> Not only, did the panic prevent us from keeping the upper rooms of our rented building filled with paying tenants, but we were obliged to rent the store room to a Jew clothing merchant, for \$200<sup>00</sup> a month. At the end of the first month, the Israelite informed me that he should be obliged to give up the store, for the reason, as he stated it: “I not shell two hundred dollar – say notting about making two hundred dollar in de whole munt.” I asked him how much he could afford to pay, “Vell”, said he, “I can got shust so goot a sthore as dish, shust down der sthreet, for seventy-five dollar; but I not like to move, und I shust gifs you one hundred dollar, und not a cent more as dot for de next munt”; and I let him have it. Near the end of April he said that though there was no improvement in his trade, he would hang on another month, at the same rate, if I was willing, and I told him he could stay. The rent, payable in advance, was due on Thursday; but being busy I did not call upon him until Saturday evening. He said that his money was in the Bank, which was then closed, but that he would give it to me Monday morning. But, on Sunday morning, the largest of the several immense fires that had devastated the city, licked up the building, and nearly the whole of the poor Israelite’s stock of goods, as well as a considerable portion of my own possessions in the upper rooms.

#### The Pots and Brushes Again.

To go back a little. On the first of March 1851, I wrote to the dear woman, in the little red house by the Lake, that I was literally dead broke – without even the means to pay for a day’s board; but that she need not worry about me, for that I was in tip-top health and would soon be all right again. My “partner in distress” had already gone back to

208

his cows and chickens, which during our disastrous “splurge” had been left in charge of his brother and Mr White. So, on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1851, gathering together my old kit of painter’s and cabinet-maker’s tools, I again fell back upon my old vocation of “House and Sign

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<sup>347</sup> Written in the margin

Painter and General Tinkerer". My first job was the painting of a Restaurant, or Hotel, then being fitted up on Long Wharf, by Mr Lewis Hanseim,<sup>348</sup> of Akron, and his brother-in-law Mr A. G. Morton of Boston, Mass – called the "Eastern Exchange" This brought me other jobs in abundance, so that the first day of April, I sent home a draft for \$150<sup>00</sup> had expended about \$50<sup>00</sup> for tools and stock, had some \$40<sup>00</sup> paid in advance upon my board, \$100<sup>00</sup> in money still left in my pocket, besides nearly \$50<sup>00</sup> of work completed but not yet delivered.

[Doing Well.–]<sup>349</sup> April was nearly as good a month, my earnings, single handed and alone, being fully \$350<sup>00</sup> during the month; another draft for \$150<sup>00</sup> being sent home on the first day of May. Then came the fire of May 4<sup>th</sup>, burning the building I was in, and my heavier belongings, stove,<sup>350</sup> chairs, table, bedstead, sign-boards, paint kegs, oil jugs, +c +c; being able to save my personal clothing, bedding, my little chest of tools, and the lightest articles of my painter's kit, only; not a helping hand to be hired for either "love or money"; every man having all he could do to look after his own traps. What I did save I had to move three times before finally reaching a place of safety; my own individual loss, and my share of the store fixtures burned, being fully \$350<sup>00</sup>

[Burned Out.–]<sup>351</sup> As soon as the progress of the fire was finally stayed, after burning over eighteen entire squares, and destroying nearly as many millions of dollars. I rented a one-story frame shanty, 60<sup>352</sup> by 20 feet, standing nearly opposite the old stand,<sup>353</sup> among a group of buildings occupied by a settlement of

209

Chilians, which, being on a grade considerably lower than the surrounding streets, had escaped the flames. I paid a month's rent, \$35<sup>00</sup> in advance, got a strip of bleached shirting, which I improvised into a sign and stretched across the end of the building; got a small strip of board on which I painted upon either side the legend "S. A. Lane, The Sign Painter, over Yonder! [image],"<sup>354</sup> and nailed it upon the charred lamp post at the old corner, and by Monday noon was again ready for business. Here I managed to do a pretty fair business; but not as well as during the two previous months; earning, during the month, <insertion: about \$200<sup>00</sup>> over and above my rent and other expenses.

#### Peculiar Earthquake Experience.

The Chilians and "greasers" (Mexicans or native Californians) occupying the neighboring shanties, were for the most part engaged in the business of transporting firewood, and drinking-water, on the backs of their donkeys, from the chaparral<sup>355</sup> and fresh-water springs and lagoons, beyond the range of high hills between the city and the Pacific Ocean; quite a number of those interesting specimens of natural history being left to roam about the grounds at their own "sweet will". On the 15<sup>th</sup> day of May, 1851, while I was sitting at a little table in my shop, about the middle of the forenoon, finishing up some correspondence, for the family and the Beacon, to send forward by the steamer that was to leave that afternoon for Panama, suddenly there was

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<sup>348</sup> Best guess, personal name

<sup>349</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>350</sup> Best guess

<sup>351</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>352</sup> Best guess

<sup>353</sup> Best guess

<sup>354</sup> Hand drawn finger pointing to the right.

<sup>355</sup> Best guess, the author presumably meant "chaparral"

violent rocking to and fro of the building, from east to west, lasting perhaps a quarter of a minute. The only cause for the oscillation, that I could think of, was, that one of those donkeys was rubbing himself against the corner of the frail edifice, which stood on blocks about twelve inches above the ground. As the vibrations disturbed my writing I ran out of the building to frighten Mr Donkey away, and was greatly surprised at not finding any donkey, or other animal, any where in the vicinity. Returning to the shop I

## 210

finished my letters without further disturbance, and started for the Post office to mail them. Reaching the Plaza, I found the people intensely excited, for what I had taken for the scratching of a wretched little donkey, against the corner of my wretched little shanty, had been in reality a pretty heavy shock of an earthquake; toppling down chimneys, battlements +c, on the higher buildings, upsetting the bottles upon the shelves and counters of gin-palaces, and throwing all kinds of shelf goods in promiscuous heaps upon the floors of warehouses and stores. People fled from their dwellings and places of business into the streets in the utmost consternation; the gamblers, even, leaving their golden treasures unguarded upon their tables, in their haste to escape from what surely seemed, for a few minutes, impending destruction. There was a similar shock several months afterwards; but as it occurred in the night, when I was asleep, I did not know of <insertion: it> until the next morning.

[On Shares.-]<sup>356</sup> After operating one month in “Little Chili”, as the particular locality in which my little shop stood was called, I entered into an arrangement with Mr Charles G. Howard, from New Hampshire, a dealer in paints, oils, glass, +c (employing at the same time quite a number of house and boat painters, paper-hangers +c) to do sign and fancy-work upon shares; he to furnish every thing, shop room (including lodging room) tools, paints, gold leaf, +c, and I to have one-half the avails of my work, over and above the cost of sign boards; and to have no trouble in securing the work, and no responsibility about the pay. This arrangement continued through the balance of the Summer, netting me, over my personal expenses, about \$200<sup>00</sup> per month.

[Mr Dow Returns.-]<sup>357</sup> In the meantime, about the 20<sup>th</sup> of June, 1851, my old friend, and benefactor, James G. Dow, returned from New York to San Francisco.

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<sup>357</sup> Written in the margin

I had already posted him, by letter, in regard to the disastrous outcome of the enterprise in which Caldwell and myself had embarked, at his suggestion, six months before. On looking over matters with him, I found that with a small portion of the ground rent which we had failed to pay, the Company was owing him about \$1400.<sup>00</sup>. “Well, Lane” said he, “You’ve had a pretty rough experience; but then”, he continued, “it’s all in a life-time, and the more you have of such experience, the shorter will be the life-time”. On my giving him a statement of my finances, he said, “Now, as I’ve come back pretty nearly strapped, after settling with my creditors, I can’t quite afford to forgive you the debt, entirely; but, though you seem to be doing pretty well, at present, having compounded my own debts, I can’t very consistently ask you to pay in full to me – so, if you’ll give me one-half the amount, we’ll call it square”. As he was going up to Sacramento, I gave him a line to Caldwell, who gladly availed himself of Mr. Dow’s generous offer, and paid over to him his half, \$350<sup>00</sup> leaving the other half for me to settle, as I had suggested to him I would do.

[Above “Spec.”]<sup>327</sup> Knowing that Mr James Lick,<sup>328</sup> the landlord from whom Mr. Dow had leased the ground in which the burned building had stood, would be after him when he knew that he had returned. I asked Mr. Dow if he would give me all I could get off, if I would bring him a receipt in full. He thought that would be rather too liberal, but offered to divide with me. So I went to Mr Lick’s agent, to whom I had made the monthly payments, to talk the matter up. He said he could not very well insist on payment after the burning of the building, though under the lease Mr Lick would be legally entitled to pay until the expiration thereof. He accordingly figured out \$340.<sup>00</sup> as the amount due up to the time of the fire. I told him that when Mr Dow went East, we rented the property for six months, and that, as he already knew, our business had proved a failure, with the loss of every dollar invested; that what money I now had

## 212

or was likely to have, was by hard-labor, day by day, with the paint-brush; that I should have to settle with Mr Dow, some time, and that I would like to present him with Mr Lick’s receipt in full, when the settlement did come; but that I could not pay the amount named. “How much can you pay?” he enquired, “About \$100<sup>00</sup>” I replied. “Have you the money with you?” he asked, I told him that I had. “Well,” said he, laughing, “as the old saw has it, ‘a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush’, give me the money and I’ll write the receipt”. So I forked over two \$50<sup>00</sup> gold slugs; took my receipt and departed; my net share of that fifteen minutes work being just \$120<sup>00</sup>. Dow thought that it was an exhibition of marked financial shrewdness, if not a bona fide Yankee Trick; and on receiving from me Mr Lick’s receipt in full and my check for \$230<sup>00</sup> he gave me his receipt in full for my proportion of the amount due him from the ‘busted up’ firm.

### Once More on the Auction Block.

About the first of July, Mr. Dow engaged in the Auction business, with a Sacramento firm, he remaining in San Francisco to do the purchasing. About the same time Mr. Charles W. Tappan,<sup>329</sup> also an Akronian, a brother in-law of Dr E. W. Howard) who had been for nearly a year a victim of ill-luck, Panama Fever +c, on the Isthmus, arrived at San Francisco, in a

<sup>327</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>328</sup> Lick, James, 1796-1876.

<sup>329</sup> Tappan, Charles W., 1839-1883.



penniless condition, having worked his passage on the Steamer from Panama. About the same time too, a gentleman from Cincinnati by the name of Guild, who had made some \$25,000 or \$30,000, during the year previous; had sold out his Restaurant, with the intention of returning to Ohio. Not caring, however, to start until a little later in the season, Dow and myself – who had both boarded with him – persuaded him to make a little venture in the Auction business, which had become good again, giving our friend Tappan a chance in with him, as a partner. A store was accordingly rented, and

213

fitted up, on “Long Wharf”, or that part of Commercial Street built on piles over the water of the Bay; a stock of goods was purchased, Mr Dow doing their purchasing, and both Mr. D. and myself assisting them evenings. Mr Guild put in \$2000<sup>00</sup> in money for which he was to draw ten per cent per month; the profits above that, and the running expenses, to be divided equally. The business proved to be so good, that when they had been running about three-fourths of a month, Dow concluded to withdraw from the Sacramento concern, and go in with them.<sup>330</sup> Taking an account of stock, after paying Mr Guild his ten per cent on the \$2,000 furnished, and the rent and running expenses for time they had been in operation, the net profits were found to be \$5,400<sup>00</sup> – \$2,700<sup>00</sup> each or about \$100<sup>00</sup> a day apiece!

[Profitable “Cry”–]<sup>331</sup> The new firm of Dow, Guild, + Co. continued to prosper right along; though not perhaps with as large individual profits for the three as during the first month for the two partners. Some time during September, Mr Dow’s voice failed – he having, up to this time, been the principal “crier” of the concern. They advertised for an experienced Auctioneer, and had quite a number of applicants, none of whom, however, proved quite satisfactory. Dropping into the store one noon, after I had finished my dinner, and while Dow and Guild, and the auctioneer then on trial, and the two clerks, were getting their dinners, Tappan suggested that I should mount the auction table, and try my hand at the business, offering to give me one-fourth of the profits on all I could sell in an hour. I suggested to him that, not knowing the cost of their goods, I would be quite as likely to sell them at a loss, as at a profit. He said he would take the risk and urged me to give the thing a trial. So I mounted the table, and holding up a pair of pantaloons, commenced bawling, Tappan being my only auditor. The street, in front, being crowded with people, the store immediately began to fill up, and I commenced selling goods, Dow and the others

214

soon coming in, to hand me goods and wait upon the customers to whom I knocked them off. At the end of an hour and ten minutes, Tappan figured up the sales at \$90<sup>00</sup> and the profits at \$16<sup>25</sup>, handing me \$4<sup>06</sup> as my proportion.

[By the Month–]<sup>332</sup> Nothing would do, now, but I must go to work for them. This I could not well do, as I was under obligations to Mr Howard, at least until he could secure another man to do his work. It was finally arranged that I should work in the shop till ten o’clock, then sell goods till twelve; get my dinner and work in the shop till two o’clock; then sell goods till four,

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<sup>330</sup> Best guess

<sup>331</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>332</sup> Written in the margin

and go back to the shop for the balance of the afternoon; also putting in a couple of hours at the store in the evening, until Mr Howard could supply my place with a competent hand; the company agreeing to pay me \$275<sup>00</sup> per month for my services, including the time that my labors were thus divided between the two establishments. This arrangement continued about a month, when Mr Howard found a man that he thought would fill the bill; leaving me free to devote my entire attention to the interests of Dow, Guild + Co. which, though less profitable to me, was nevertheless a great relief, for the double-work was pretty hard on me.

[Radical Remedy.–]<sup>333</sup> On pages 130 and 131, of this narrative, I related my experience as a Tobacco Smoker and of my reformation from the filthy and disgusting habit; and alluded to the solitary instance of a subsequent attempt at a smoke. It occurred in this wise: One evening, while I was suffering terribly with toothache, Tappan, who was an inveterate smoker, handed me a cigar, saying; “Here Lane, smoke that, and it will cure your toothache”. Though I had not had a roll of the weed between my lips for over sixteen years, I had’nt the remotest idea but what I could smoke a cigar with perfect impunity. So, to relieve myself of my agony, I boldly “sailed in” Before it was half consumed, however, I saw, or rather felt where I had missed it, for O, how sick I was!

215

O, how I vomited, and the more I vomited the sicker I grew. It not only lasted all the evening, but far into the night; and in fact it was two or three days before I got entirely over it. It did stop the toothache, however; though, like many another so-called specific, “the remedy” was so much worse than the “disease”, that I have never tried it since.

[Again a Partner.–]<sup>334</sup> About the first of October, Dow and Tappan bought Guild out; Mr G soon after returning to Cincinnati. The first of November, Dow + Tappan established a branch Auction Store a few blocks lower down on Long Wharf, placing myself, and a young man by the name of Sawyer, in charge of it as salesmen. Mr Dow having so far recovered his voice as to do his own crying in the old concern. The first of December, Hallet Kilbourn,<sup>335</sup> an Akron boy, (now residing in Washington City) who had been in the Auction business at Sacramento, and Sawyer and myself, each bought a one-fourth interest in the branch concern; Dow + Tappan retaining the other one-fourth interest and doing the purchasing; while the three junior members of the firm attended to the selling. This arrangement continued until about the first of February, 1852, when, the business slowing up somewhat, Kilbourn withdrew, leaving myself, Sawyer and the old firm of Dow + Tappan each one-third owners; the new concern being at this time removed further up the street and to within two doors of the store of Dow + Tappan. A month later Sawyer and myself bought Dow + Tappan’s interest, and became joint owners, and running the concern entirely on “our own hook”, under the firm name of Lane + Sawyer, Mr Dow still doing the purchasing on commission.

[Truly Homelike.–]<sup>336</sup> About the first of March the family of Mr Dow – wife, son and daughter – arrived in San Francisco accompanied by Mr D’s old partner, Mr J.O. Eldridge, who, being an experienced auctioneer, was at once

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<sup>335</sup> Possibly, Kilbourn, Hallet (1830-1903).

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taken into partnership by Messrs. Dow + Tappan. Mr Dow had a house already rented and furnished, in that portion of the city called “Happy Valley”, and immediately commenced housekeeping, myself, Eldridge, and two or three other young men, boarding with them. Both Mr and Mrs Dow made me very much at home, and I shall ever feel grateful to them for their many acts of kindness during my sojourn with them.

[Another good Home.–]<sup>337</sup> The latter part of May, 1852, the family of Mr Tappan, also, arrived in the City, Mr T. having purchased a house and lot in the upper part of the city, and having every thing ready for housekeeping on their arrival. Mr and Mrs Tappan were also very kind to me, always making me very welcome in my frequent visits to their happy home.

Homeward Bound.

Our business continuing rather dull, but by no means unprofitable, my partner, Sawyer, becoming dissatisfied, determined to draw out and go to the mines. Not having money enough to purchase his interest, and feeling a little timid about trying to run the entire business alone, we closed our business on the first of June, dividing our money and our goods equally. Sawyer immediately sent his share of the goods to a wholesale Auction House, and they were knocked off at a great sacrifice. Investing his money in watches and jewelry, he started on a trading expedition to the mines, where he sunk every dollar he had, and, yielding to his besetting failing – drink – he soon became a perfect wreck, pecuniarily, physically, and morally. I held on to my share of the goods, until there was a rise in the market, and sold them at a slight advance, having been unable to secure a room in the right location for again embarking in the business.

[Piece Work. –]<sup>338</sup> While thus “waiting and watching”, I just about

paid my expenses, by doing an occasional job of lettering, for a firm of New Yorkers, by the name of Cornell + Lilly, who were doing quite an extensive business at house, sign and ship painting: Cornell doing the sign work, and Lilly looking after the house and boat work, and the finances! Having determined to start for home on the first of September, I found, on looking matters over with Mr Cornell, that the firm was owing me about \$75<sup>00</sup>. Cornell sent me to Lilly for my pay. Lilly said that he was short, as the firm had been putting every thing into the Steamer “Winfield Scott”,<sup>339</sup> (the vessel upon which I had engaged passage to Panama,) which he had just finished painting; and that he could not draw the pay until after the steamer sailed; but that he would borrow the money and pay me that evening. Going around to the shop in the evening, he had’nt got it yet, but that he would surely give it to me in the morning. The Steamer was to sail at 8 o’clock in the morning; and I went around to the shop at 7. I found Lilly giving directions to his men, and assigning them to their several jobs and duties for the day. Calling his attention to my matter, and to the fact that I was to sail within an hour, he said that he had not got the money yet, but that as soon as he got his men to work, he would get it for me, if he had to pawn his watch; and that he would meet me at the boat.

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<sup>337</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>338</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>339</sup> *S.S. Winfield Scott*. This ship, launched in 1850, serviced the Panama Route until she ran aground into Middle Anacapa Island in December 1853. (source: wikipedia.org)

[Bank Robbery.—]<sup>340</sup> Fully believing that he was fooling me, I tried to find Cornell; but not succeeding, I told the merchant from whom the firm bought their stock, and to whom I knew they were considerably indebted, that I believed that Lilly was a scoundrel, and that I mistrusted he had already drawn his pay for painting the steamer, and was not only intending to cheat me, out of my \$75<sup>00</sup>, but him out of what paints he had furnished, and Cornell out of all the company funds he could get his hands on. He promised to look after the matter, and see Cornell at once. I then went to the store, drew an order on Cornell for the \$75<sup>00</sup>, which I gave to Tappan, on reaching

## 218

the wharf, telling him that if he did not see Lilly pay it to me, before the steamer sailed, to collect it for me from Cornell. I then went on board, taking my station at one of the gangways, at the same time keeping a close watch upon the other. Among the immense throng, on both the steamer and the wharf, no Lilly was visible; and, promptly to the minute, the boat pulled out from the dock and we were off. [Think Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852 See P. 222 lines 6-11 "<sup>341</sup> 226 line 8 AML<sup>342</sup>]<sup>343</sup>

[Face to Face.—]<sup>344</sup> The Winfield Scott was a large, new steamer, this being her first trip down the coast, having a month before arrived from New York via Cape Horn. There were at least 1000 passengers, the majirity<sup>345</sup> of whom were steerage passengers, though every berth both in the first and second cabins was occupied. When we had been out about 24 hours, I thought I saw Lilly, with his coat collar turned up about his neck, and his hat slouched down over his face, sneaking around among the steerage passengers. The next morning, on stepping out of my state-room, I came face to face with Lilly, coolly sitting upon one of the cabin lounges. "Mr. Lilly, what does this mean?" I enquired. "It means", said he, sullenly, "that I am going home". "Well, I suppose you can pay me that little trifle now", said I. "No", said he, "I hav'nt got a dollar, but had to depend upon Dan (a former workman of his, who was then on board) for my passage home". "Now, Lilly, said I, "there's no use of your telling me any more lies. You have drawn the pay for the painting of this boat, and collected all the firm money you could, and left poor Cornell to face the creditors in San Francisco, including the very men you were so coolly sitting to work on the morning the Steamer left. This boat is holden, under California law", I continued, "for every dollar's worth of material and labor put upon her, and by denouncing

## 219

you to the Captain, I can have you taken back in irons, for the swindle you have perpetrated; so you'd better just 'fork over'." With the glare of a demon, and with the most fiendish profanity, he swore that if I attempted to interfere with him, I would never reach home alive; and turning upon his heel he left the cabin. From this on, he was almost constantly drinking and carousing, with a gang of desperate fellows on board, and, on consultation with my friends, it was deemed

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<sup>340</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>341</sup> Here the quotation symbol (i.e. ditto mark) replaces the words, "see p."

<sup>342</sup> Initials, probably of Arthur Malcolm Lane.

<sup>343</sup> Written in the margin, in pencil, this note is presumably from a later date than the original writing

<sup>344</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>345</sup> Author presumably meant "majority".

advisable to let the \$75<sup>00</sup> slide, rather than to run the risk of the threatened vengeance of the unprincipled villain. Mr Tappan's first letter, after I got home, confirmed my suspicions; Lilly having raked together from four to five thousand dollars of the company funds, leaving Cornell, their large force of hands, and the Paint merchant, and other creditors, that much in the lurch. Of course, I never saw my \$75<sup>00</sup>.

[My Mormon Cousins.]<sup>346</sup> Further back in this narrative, (page 189) I stated that my Aunt Anna, with whom I had made arrangements to keep a "Wandering Arab" over night, on finding out who I really was, had said that she thought I was some "Mormon Preacher". Her reasons for thus thinking, grew out of the fact that a year or two previous, Mormon Missionaries had visited that portion<sup>347</sup> of Ancient Puritanism, and had made quite a large number of converts – among the rest Cousin Octavia and her husband, Julius Austin, and Cousin Emeline, Uncle Ashbill's<sup>348</sup> youngest daughter – the one who so greatly surprised the old folks, by giving me such vigorous cousinly hugs, and kisses, on the occasion referred to. These cousins – Octavia and Emeline – were the older and the younger sisters of cousin Caroline<sup>349</sup> – Mrs Julius Harmon.<sup>350</sup> In the latter part of the Winter of 1845-6, these Mormon cousins, with a larger number of the faithful gathered from different parts of New England and New York, started in sailing vessels, around Cape Horn, for California, their object being to get beyond the jurisdiction of the United States, the great

**220**

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<sup>346</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>347</sup> Best guess.

<sup>348</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>349</sup> Presumably, Lane, Caroline Elizabeth (1817).

<sup>350</sup> Presumably, the wife of Harmon, Julius (1817).

bulk of that “peculiar people”, having started from Missouri, and other Western States, over the plains and mountains the Summer before, with the same destination in view. But before either party had reached its destination, the United States, in the war we were then waging with Mexico, had wrested California from the Mexicans, so that when the Mormon-laden ships sailed into the Bay of San Francisco, in the latter part of the Summer of 1846, great was their dismay at finding the hated “Stars and Stripes” proudly floating over the City. The overland Mormons, however, had found the land of promise, in the lovely Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and had determined to there found their “City of refuge from oppression”, and there build up a great Temporal, as well as Spiritual, “Church of The Latter Day Saints”. Messengers and guides were accordingly sent through, to conduct the faithful there assembled, over the mountains into the “Sacred Valley”, nearly all responding to the call – among them Cousin Octavia and her family. – Cousin Emeline, however, did not accompany them. On the trip out, she had become acquainted with a young Mormon, from the State of New York, by the name of George W. Surrine,<sup>351</sup> and, on their arrival at San Francisco, had married him; and, being a fellow of considerable enterprise, though still adhering to the Mormon faith, he determined to settle in San Francisco. Of these facts I had been apprised, through letters, and by visits to their parents, in Suffield,<sup>352</sup> and when making arrangements for our California journey. I anticipated a good deal of pleasure, both for them, as well as myself, in seeing my Mormon cousins, both at Salt Lake City, and at San Francisco. Just before starting, however, I received the painful intelligence of the death of Cousin Emeline – leaving one child, a little girl then between two and three years old. After passing the Summit of the Rocky Mountains, there were two general routes,

## 221

at the option of the overland emigrants of 1850 – the Northern route, via Fort Hall, or by the “Sublette Cut Off”, and the Southern route, via Salt Lake City. On starting, I stipulated with the members of my mess, that, in case our train should decide to take the Northern route, I should be permitted to take a pony and a mule, with blankets, provisions +c, and drop in upon the Austin’s, for a brief visit, and join the train again, at the junction of the two routes, a hundred miles or so, beyond. But as we neared the fork of the road, after the Northern route had been determined upon, a portion of the mess manifested so much opposition to the plan – intimating that if I left the train, it must be for good – that I gave it up; thus missing my only opportunity – of visiting Cousin Octavia, for whom, notwithstanding the delusion into which she had fallen, I entertained the very highest regard; and of personally beholding the beauties of the Wonderful Valley of the Great Salt Lake, and the Wonderful City there being founded, by the truly wonderful “Church of The Latter Day Saints”.

[“Cousin” Surrine. –]<sup>353</sup> On reaching San Francisco, I hunted up my Mormon Cousin-in-law, Mr. George W. Surrine, and his little girl. He was quite an enterprising and gentlemanly appearing young man, and was worth considerable property; having a comfortable dwelling house, in the upper part of the city, occupied, since the death of Cousin Emeline, by the family of a wholesale Grocer, with whom he and his little girl boarded. During my two year’s stay there, I used to frequently visit them, the little girl and myself becoming very great friends, indeed. She was

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<sup>351</sup> Possibly, Surrine, George W. (1818-1902).

<sup>352</sup> Suffield, (Conn.)

<sup>353</sup> Written in the margin

almost the exact image of her dead mother at her age; and before I came away I took her down to the city and had her picture taken, to present to her grandparents, Uncle Ashbel and Aunt Anna, and with which they were greatly delighted. I saw but little of Mr. Sirrine the last six or eight months of my stay there, he having gone to San Bernardino, a New Mormon settlement, in the

## 222

Southeastern portion of the State, where he had build quite an extensive Flouring Mill, in the running of which it was said he was rapidly grinding out a fortune. Of the present status of our Mormon Cousins, I am not advised.

### Incidents of the Homeward Journey.

As the Winfield Scott had made the quickest trip from Panama, that had ever before been made up the Coast (13 days,) it was confidently expected that she would not be more than twelve days on her way down. But to the surprise of all – both officers as well as passengers – she was nineteen days making the passage. On the third day out a young man who had for two or three days before leaving, been on a parting carousel with his companions, died with delirium tremens; his writhings and screams being terrible in the extreme; and his death, for a day or two, quite visibly diminishing the consumption of intoxicating drinks, both as the bar and from private supplies. The regular burial service was read by the Captain, as the body, wrapped in canvas, with some 40 or 50 pounds of coal at the feet for a sinker, was, lashed to a plank, deposited in the briny deep.

[Down to Death. –]<sup>354</sup> Among the passengers was a middle-aged man; a merchant of San Francisco, who had for some time been slightly insane, and who was being taken by a couple of his friends, to his home in New York. Having appeared less restive on ship-board than on shore, the vigilance of his friends gradually relaxed, and on the fifth or sixth day out, just at night, we were all startled by the cry of “Man overboard!” The crazy man, having for a moment eluded the watchfulness of the friend who then had him in charge, had jumped into the sea directly forward of the starboard<sup>355</sup> wheel-house. The engine was immediately stopped; boats were lowered and manned; planks were thrown overboard, and every effort was made for the rescue of the drowning maniac; but he was never seen again, the wheel having probably

## 223

struck him and immediately deprived him of life, or of the power to keep himself afloat.

[Narrow Escape.]<sup>356</sup> Two or three nights later, about midnight, during a sort of misty rain, or fog, our Captain, who was on watch at the time, discovered another steamer rapidly approaching ours, head on; so that, unless the course of both vessels was instantly changed, the stranger would inevitably have struck us square amid-ship, and sent us to the bottom with every soul on board, as the passengers were all in their berths, and probably the great majority sound asleep. Our gallant Captain, instantly comprehending the situation, gave such orders to his own helmsman, and through his speaking Trumpet, to the approaching vessel, as caused each of them to steer a little, and the two huge steamers passed each other with a rush; the wheel-house of the stranger just grazing our stern, as she swept past us. It was, indeed, a very narrow escape from

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<sup>354</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>355</sup> Best guess

<sup>356</sup> Written in the margin

one of those fearful ocean disasters that every now and then send a thrill of agony throughout the civilized world.

[At Acapulco.]<sup>357</sup> We reached Acapulco, 1500 miles from San Francisco, on Sunday morning, September 12<sup>th</sup>, anchoring in the Bay some two miles from the Shore. Large numbers of the passengers, besides those disembarking here, visited the City, in row boats, large numbers of which came swarming around our vessel, for the purpose of rowing the passengers to and fro, at fifty cents a head, and for the sale of oranges, lemons and other tropical fruits. It was a beautiful day, but I did not go on shore, preferring to enjoy the rare beauty of the scenery from the deck of the steamer lying quietly at anchor; at the same time recruiting somewhat from the effects of the deathlike sea-sickness with which I had been afflicted for the past five or six days.

[A Cunning "Darkey". -]<sup>358</sup> An incident occurred at Acapulco that's well worth relating here. A Col. Scales, from Tennessee, had taken two of his slaves with him to California, in 1850, with the promise, as they asserted, that if they would stick by him for two years he would give them their freedom.

## 224

They performed their part of the contract faithfully, helping him to accumulate a nice little fortune, and then he undertook to repudiate his part of the agreement, and compel them to return with him to Tennessee. By the aid of two or three other returning Tennesseans, he got them as far as San Francisco without any difficulty. There, however, certain freedom-loving parties took the case in hand, and brought the matter before the Courts, through a writ of Habeas Corpus, asking the Colonel to show by what authority he thus restrained the two colored men of their freedom, and on final hearing they were ordered by the Court to be set<sup>359</sup> at liberty. Anticipating this result, warrants were procured from the Judge of another Court, of pro-slavery proclivities, whose counter decision remanded them to the custody of their "Master," which was purposely so well-timed that they were hustled on board a tug, which sailed out of the harbor from another part of the City, a few minutes before the Winfield Scott left Long Wharf, coming alongside a short distance out, and placing the "chattels", and their triumphant master, securely on board. After we had been out some five or six days, one of them – a thin faced, spare-built, saffron colored young fellow, was taken sick, rapidly growing worse as the vessel neared Acapulco, so that on coming to anchor in the Bay, it seemed extremely doubtful whether he ever could be any better. His chum, a thick-set, chuckle-headed, coal, black darkey seemed to feel very badly about the sickness of his companion, and devoted every moment of his time to taking care of him; administering medicines and nourishment, rubbing, bathing, +c, under the direction of the steamers surgeon. Not dreaming of any possible danger,

## 225

under the circumstances, the master and his confederates, took a boat and went into the city, to spend the day. No sooner had they disappeared from view, into the city, on reaching the shore, than a very remarkable change came over the sick darkey. His hitherto lack-lustre eyes instantly brightened; his enervated frame became instinct with life and vigor; and in an incredible short

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<sup>357</sup> Written in the margin; spelling error for: Acapulco (Mexico).

<sup>358</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>359</sup> Best guess



space of time, the “invalid”, and his “nurse”, were both over the side of the steamer, and into a four-oared boat that was conveniently along side, and speeding for a point at least five miles from the city, by the circuit of the Bay, where, on landing, they immediately disappeared in the chaparral, under the guidance of one of the native boatmen, who had taken them on shore. The Colonel, on returning to the Steamer, about the middle of the afternoon, was soon made aware of the situation, and a more angry man I never saw. Could he have been assured that any one person on board had aided the escape, he would undoubtedly have killed him on the spot. But “Know-nothing-ism” was largely prevalent, about that time, and he could get no satisfaction on the subject. The irate Master again hurried on shore, and endeavored to procure the aid of the Mexican authorities in hunting up his missing chattels, by offering a large reward for their capture, but without avail. Mexico was not Slave territory, and the authorities not only refused to engage in slave-hunting themselves, but would not even permit the Doughty Colonel to do so himself, on Mexican Soil. The discomfited Slave-driver, and his sympathizers, were very savage, during the balance of the journey to Panama, after which we lost sight of them; they probably taking a steamer on this side to New Orleans, instead of New York, as we did. [Ravages of Cholera. –]<sup>360</sup> Soon after leaving Acapulco, from eating the green trash, or drinking the miserable liquors, procured on shore, or both combined, added perhaps to the impure atmosphere of the steerage, and second cabin, the Cholera broke out on board, confining itself en-

## 226

tirely to those two classes of passengers; probably somewhere from twenty-five to forty persons dying in the intervening five or six days before reaching Panama; the most of the deaths and burials occurring in the night, though some ten or twelve took place in the day time, in which cases the regular burial service was read, as the bodies were consigned to their watery grave [At Panama. –]<sup>361</sup> We reached Panama on Sunday, September 19<sup>th</sup>, <insertion: 1852> our Steamer coming to anchor nearly two miles from shore, just before sunset. Natives, in row-boats, immediately came out in swarms, to row the passengers ashore; charging each passenger two dollars for so doing. As all could not be taken on the first, or even the second, trip, it was after dark before our little party of five, consisting of myself and Mr. James Mills, of Akron, Mr. B B Green of Mogadore,<sup>362</sup> and a Doctor Williams and his wife, from Brunswick,<sup>363</sup> Medina County, could obtain transportation; the five, with our baggage being all that the boat could safely carry.

[A “Revolution” –]<sup>364</sup> When within three or four rods of the shore, the boats stopped, large numbers of the natives wading out, and surrounding the boats, for the purpose of carrying the passengers on shore, upon their backs. Not fancying that kind of a ride, we enquired of our boatman what it all meant? He told us, in broken English, that it was the custom of the country – it was their trade – the way they made their living, by receiving a dime for every person they thus carried on shore. We told the fellow that he had agreed to take us ashore for two dollars, and he must do so, or we would not pay him. He protested that he couldn’t do so – that the water was

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<sup>360</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>361</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>362</sup> Mogadore, (Ohio).

<sup>363</sup> Brunswick, (Ohio).

<sup>364</sup> Written in the margin

too shallow – that it would make a “revolution”, meaning that the natives would mob both him, and us, if he would undertake to land us himself. But we were firm, in refusing to pay him until he landed us, and

**227**

he finally backed out, and rowing us a short distance down the Bay, landed us at the foot of a flight of stone steps that led right up into the heart of the city. So we got rid of riding on the dirty backs of the lousy Panama Greasers, and that, too, without creating a “revolution”.

[Crossing the Isthmus. —]<sup>365</sup> By reason of our Steamer being a week behind time, the passengers of two other Steamers were making the transit of the Isthmus, at the same time; and we found every hotel running over full; though the proprietors of one did graciously offer us the privilege of sleeping on the brick floor of their bar-room, (in our own blankets,) for the sum of one dollar a head. While we were considering the proposition, a native motioned Mr. Mills aside, and told him, in broken English, that he could find us a place to sleep; so we followed him through several gloomy, unlighted streets, and into the second story of an old prison-looking stone building. Here we were furnished with cot beds, and clean linen sheets, at twenty-five cents each. It seemed a little pokerish<sup>366</sup> and risky to thus place ourselves in the hands of entire strangers, in a strange city, speaking a strange language, and on a dark night, too, but we slept safely and soundly. The next morning we were early astir, making our arrangements for the Isthmus transit. The first twenty-two miles, to the Village of Cruces,<sup>367</sup> was to be performed by mule transportation. Ordinarily, at that time, mules could be had for that distance, for eight or ten dollars; but owing to the increased demand for them, just then, for the reason above alluded to, the charge was twenty-five dollars. We found five nice little mules, which we chartered for One Hundred Dollars, (\$20 each.) The nicest one of the lot was assigned to Mrs Williams, and was brought out, nicely caparisoned with a side saddle. Having a pretty accurate knowledge of the difficulties of the journey, from the accounts which Mrs Dow, and Mrs Tappan, had given me of it, I sug-

**228**

gested to the Doctor, that if he had an extra pair of pants with him, he had better let his wife put them on, and, tucking her skirts inside, exchange the side saddle for a common one, and ride astride, the same as the rest of us. This suggestion was wisely adopted, as will be seen before we get through.

The first three of four miles, after leaving the city, was over a comparatively level country, the road being paved with large boulder-like stones, which from long continued wear were very uneven, making even that part of the journey rather difficult to navigate. The balance of the route to Cruces, was over a succession of sharp hills, or small mountains, and across narrow intervening rocky, muddy bottoms, and, it being the rainy season, the “bottom” was, in many places, found to have nearly or quite fallen out.

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<sup>365</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>366</sup> Best guess

<sup>367</sup> Presumably, Cruces, (Panama).

[A Tedious Ride. —]<sup>368</sup> The trail over the hills had, during the centuries that it had been used, worn down from ten to twenty or thirty feet, by the hoof of the animals and the action of the water; so that, with the bottom barely wide enough for a single mule to travel, the sides gradually flared outward, till the opening on the top would be all the way from five to twenty feet in width, according to the height. The earth, being a sort of hard-pan, by the constant ascending and descending of the mules, there had been formed a succession of bowl-like steps, into which, being filled with muddy water, the feet of the animals would plumb<sup>369</sup> with such force as to liberally bespatter both themselves and their riders, as well their neighbors immediately in front. Of course, no two parties could pass each other, in one of these gorges; and the native muleteers, on entering one of them, would keep up a sort of warning howl, so that a train coming from the opposite direction, might call a halt, until the track was ready for them. Almost every native that we met, on seeing Mrs. Williams riding a-straddle, would point to her and exclaim: “Senorita Americana!”

## 229

“Senorita Americana!” it being, seemingly, a new thing to them to see American women riding that way; though nothing uncommon, I presume, for their native women to do so. The gentleman from whom we hired our five mules, gave us special directions how to handle them; the principal one being to let them have their own way. They were well-trained, and thoroughly acquainted with the road they were to travel. If they wanted to jump from one rock to another, or across a stream of water six or eight feet in width let them take their own time about it, and not undertake to guide them – just drop the reins upon their necks, hold on to the pommel of the saddle, and let ‘em flicker. If you come to a streak of dubious looking mud, or swamp, let the mule select his own way through; his instincts will be far safer than your judgment. By following these directions, we got along safely and nicely; not a single member of our party getting unseated once; while hundreds who had not been thus carefully ported,<sup>370</sup> undertaking to guide their mules, had been thrown, time and again, quite a number of mules having been left sticking in the mud; their un-muled riders being compelled to perform the balance of the journey on foot. Some idea of the of the terribleness of this short journey may be gathered from the fact, that, at the half-way house, (a whiskey-shop ten or eleven miles from Panama,) a number of persons, who had undertaken to foot it rather than pay the price demanded for a mule, offered to pay \$25<sup>00</sup> for one to ride the balance of the way on. Another evidence of the roughness and ruggedness of the route, may be inferred from the fact, that, while we started at about eight o’clock in the morning, and right there almost at the equator, and almost at the very moment the sun was about crossing the line, darkness overtook us five miles from our destination. Here we were obliged to stay overnight, at a native hotel, which I will attempt to describe. It was about sixteen feet wide, and some thirty feet long; built of poles, from four to six inches in diameter, set upright in the ground

## 230

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<sup>368</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>369</sup> Best guess

<sup>370</sup> Best guess, possibly “posted”.

close together; bound together, at the tops, by horizontal poles, firmly secured to the uprights with strips of raw-hide. The roof, also of poles, and fastened together, and to the “plates” in the same manner, was “shingled” with dried hides; not a drop of water finding its way through during the frequent heavy showers, during the night.

[A Model “Inn”]<sup>371</sup> In the center, on each side, front and rear, was a door, there being no windows at all. At one end, on the dirt floor, was a fire, at which beans, rice, +c, were being cooked, coffee made +c; the smoke, that did’nt circulate through the room, making its exit through a hole in the roof, directly overhead. At the other end of the room, was a bar, at which a variety of vile liquors were dealt out to such of the guests as were inclined to imbibe. In the center of the room, between the fire and the bar, was a rough board table with stationary board seats on either side. Here they were serving up their half-cooked beans, and rice, and their diabolical coffee, at a dollar a head; table-full, after table-full, eating and drinking greedily of the vile concoctions. Our company, however, preferred to go hungry rather than partake of such disgusting cookery. The cuisine of the Creek Indians, heretofore described, was the personification of science and neatness, in comparison. I fortunately had a couple of small rolls left, of the supply of edibles I laid in at Panama, for our dinner on the way. These I was preparing to divide among our company, when Mills made the discovery that the larder of the ranch afforded just ten fresh laid hen’s eggs, which he immediately purchased at a dime each. These he got the privilege of boiling at the hotel range; and we supped bountifully on our two eggs, and on a mouthful of bread, apiece. By this time the process of getting to bed had commenced. Across the bar end of the room, overhead, was a pole flooring, covered with a layer of dried hides. This loft was reached, by climbing an upright crotched pole. The price of a lodging on this

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<sup>371</sup> Written in the margin

“improved spring bed-bottom”; stowed in together, like a lot of swine, was one dollar, only. Then, the table was covered, three in a layer widthwise and three layers lengthwise, and also the benches, at the same price. The price of a berth upon the dirt floor, was fifty cents. Mills and Green spread themselves out on one of the benches. The landlord fished out from behind the bar a folding cot-bed, for the Doctor and his wife, for the moderate sum of three dollars; while I laid myself away on a narrow shelf, made of small poles, between the back door and the fire place; using my satchel for a pillow, and my over-coat for a blanket. The liberal-hearted proprietor kindly let me off for half a dollar.

[A Night of Gloom. –]<sup>372</sup> It was one of the most gloomy nights I ever passed. The showers were both frequent, and heavy; the falling rain, rattling upon the rawhide roof, producing a racket equal to the whacking of a hundred juvenile<sup>373</sup> musicians upon a huge snare drum. Then, there was an almost constant braying, and squealing, among our mules, which had been hitched to the trees and bushes outside; which was most heartily responded to by the snoring of the half-befuddled sleepers inside. Added to this, several persons were attacked with cholera, during the night; their efforts at vaniting,<sup>374</sup> and their cries of distress, being frightful in the extreme, I, for one, did not sleep much, and was very glad when the daylight began to show itself through the smoke opening in the roof. As soon as it was light enough for us to see to pick out our mules, and saddle them, we were again moving forward upon our journey. We found, before leaving, that one of our fellow-lodgers had died, during the night, and [...]<sup>375</sup> apparently dying, and several others very sick; the result, undoubtedly, of eating half-cooked beans, and of drinking the vile coffee, and other still viler liquids, there dealt out to them.

[At Cruces. –]<sup>376</sup> The last five miles of the journey was not quite so difficult, and we got to Cruces about nine o’clock in the forenoon. At the principal hotel of the town, we found an Akron man, Mr L. L. Howard (and a brother-in-law of our Mr Mills.) who was acting in the capacity of Passenger Agent for one of the competing

## 232

steamer lines, between New York and San Francisco.

[Native Customs. –]<sup>377</sup> Leaving our mules standing in the street, as directed, to be gathered up by agents of the owner, who readily recognized them by the marks, which had been made upon their haunches, by hot branding irons, we took our luggage into the hotel and ordered breakfast. Having had no good chance for a general “scrub”, since leaving San Francisco, and being just then particularly dirty, from our past twenty-four’s hour’s experience, we asked Mr Howard where we could go to take a good wash. Taking us around the corner of the hotel, he pointed us to the Chagres river, some twenty-five or thirty rods distant, and in full view of the main street, saying: “There’s a good chance for you to bathe and take a swim, too, if you choose to”.

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<sup>372</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>373</sup> Here the “l” in juvenile appears to be crossed, making a “t” but, I believe this to be a slip of the pen.

<sup>374</sup> Best guess

<sup>375</sup> Indecipherable word

<sup>376</sup> Written in the margin; presumably referring to Cruces, (Panama).

<sup>377</sup> Written in the margin

Observing some ten or a dozen women by the edge of the stream, or standing in the water, up to their knees, engaged in washing clothes, we hesitated, saying: "Why, we cant go in there, among those women!". Howard laughed and said: "O, that's all right; they're used to it! The people in this country are different from us Buck-eyes and Yankees. Strip off, and plunge right in. It won't shock their modesty, in the least; for it's the custom of the country, for both sexes to freely and publicly mingle in their bathing and swimming exercises". But, notwithstanding these assurances, we went several rods up stream, timidly disrobing, and sliding into the water cautiously, so as to attract the least possible attention. But while we were standing in the water, about up to our waists, engaged in scrubbing ourselves and each other; a burly masculine native came hurriedly down to the river, and stripping of his shirt and pants; the only garments he had on; he plunged into the water directly among the women, and while disporting himself in the cooling stream, like a huge porpoise, all the time keeping up as lively, and apparently as innocent, a confab with the fair washerwomen, as though he had met them at a social party, in their own houses. Of course, our fair and delicate traveling companion,

233

Mrs Williams, did not participate in this, the only real luxury of our journey; having to content herself with such limited use of the renovating and invigorating fluid, as could be applied<sup>378</sup> by hand within the confines of a seven by nine bed-room, in the second story of the hotel. At this Hotel, we got a good square meal; the better, perhaps, from our being acquaintances of Mr Howard.

[By Water. -]<sup>379</sup> From Cruces<sup>380</sup> to Barracoa, the then terminus of the Aspinwall and Panama Railroad,<sup>381</sup> the distance was twelve miles. This part of the journey was accomplished in an open boat, rowed by two natives, dressed in the rather primitive costumes of dirty linen shirts, only. Two dollars each was the price of passage; and the afternoon being pleasant, it was quite an enjoyable trip, though pretty warm; a little pastime being afforded by an occasional revolver shot, from some of the party, at an alligator, while quietly sunning himself upon the shore, as we were passing by. The only visible effects of these shots, was a sort of spasmodic jerk of the head, or tail, as the balls struck their impenetrable hides. In the earlier stages of the California fever, the entire distance from Chagres, on the Atlantic, to Cruces, had to be made in these open boats, on the Chagres river; some portions which, below Barrocoa, was represented to be the most wretched stream to navigate; emigrants often suffering terribly; especially in ascending the river. [By Rail. -]<sup>382</sup> From Barracoa to Aspinwall,<sup>383</sup> twenty miles, by rail, the fare was eight dollars, each. The route was through an entirely uninhabited chaparal; the grade being comparatively easy, and slightly descending nearly the entire distance. At Aspinwall, a new place that had sprung into existence within the past year, with the advent of the railroad, we found all of the hotels running-overfull; the steamer, in which we were to sail to New York, declining to receive any passengers at all, until all holding tickets, together with their baggage, and the Express

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<sup>378</sup> Best guess

<sup>379</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>380</sup> Cruces (Panama).

<sup>381</sup> William H. Aspinwall and his partners are responsible for financing and building the Panama railway across the isthmus, opening in 1855.

<sup>382</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>383</sup> Location now known as: Colón, (Panama).

Matter, arrived from Panama; though she had been waiting for us over a week, our little party, however, were fortunate in finding domiciled

**234**

at one of the hotels, another former Akronian – Mr George P. Stephens; the merchant friend alluded to, on page 158, as having presented me with a pair of small single-barreled pistols, in the hight of my Buzzard difficulties. By sharing his own room with Mills, Green and myself, and providing for the Doctor and his wife, in the private room of the landlord, we were made quite comfortable, for the two nights and one and a-half days, that we were compelled to remain there; a dollar for each meal, and the same for each night's lodging, being the price paid for our entertainment.

[At Aspinwall. –]<sup>384</sup> During our sojourn here, there was great suffering, and quite a number of deaths, among the passengers, from cholera. The second evening, we looked into a public drinking room, upon the floor of which a large number had taken lodging, at a dollar a head, several of whom were sick with the terrible disease. Among the rest, was one of two brothers, who was writhing, in great agony the other brother, a remarkably healthy-looking young man, nursing him, with the utmost care. Looking in again, the next morning, we found the well one, of the night before, lying dead upon the floor; while the apparently dying one, of the night before, was still alive and likely to recover.

[Again at Sea. - date of Sept. 23 1852]<sup>385</sup> We finally got on board the “United States”,<sup>386</sup> early in the afternoon of Thursday, September 23; and a little before sunset, set sail for Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica, six hundred miles distant. The Caribbean Sea was very sharp, indeed, and I was again terribly sea-sick during the passage. We arrived at Kingston late Saturday night, remaining there until Sunday Evening, taking on coal, freight, passengers, +c. The coaling of the ship was quite a curiosity, the entire five hundred tons being brought on board, on the heads of negroes, in tubs holding about a bushel each, – at least one half of the negroes being women. One gang of coal heavers, or shovelers, were engaged in filling the tubs, while another gang stood ready to aid in placing them upon the heads of the “toters”, as they filed past. They

**235**

marched in single file, to the time of a monotonous sort of song, or chant, in which all seemed to join; and, marching up the broad plank of one of the gang-ways, would dump their coal into the hold of the vessel, and there, replacing the empty tubs upon their heads, march down the other gang-way, and, in turn, exchange the empty tubs for full ones.

[At Kingston.]<sup>387</sup> During the day the passengers strolled through the city visiting the churches, and other places of interest. It was a beautiful day, and the city was very quiet and orderly indeed; being in charge of armed and uniformed, semi-military, black policemen. Every thing we saw was so strange and novel – churches, houses, gardens, +c. surrounded by, and filled with, tropical trees, shrubbery, plants, fruits, +c – so different from northern cities – but we enjoyed it very much.

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<sup>384</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>385</sup> Last part written in pencil in the margin under the ‘subtitle’.

<sup>386</sup> For more information about this ship, see: <http://www.theshipslist.com/ships/descriptions/panamafleet.html>

<sup>387</sup> Written in the margin

[Expert Swimmers. —]<sup>388</sup> Considerable amusement was afforded the passengers on the boat, by the antics and swimming and diving feats of some eight or ten little black fellows, ranging from eight to twelve years of age, any one of whom, on a dime being thrown overboard into the water, would dive and catch it before reaching the bottom. Among the other loungers upon and about the wharf, was a boy about sixteen or seventeen years old, black as ebony, dressed in coarse linen shirt and pants, sitting with his legs dangling over the edge of the wharf, and smoking a cigar. After watching the operations of the “smaller fry” for a while, he said to me: “Boss, fro over a dime for me”. “O, you’re too old”, I said. “Now Boss, if you’ll fro over a dime for me, I’ll dive and catch it with my cigar in my mouf ‘thout puttin’ de fi’ out”. So I got out a dime and made a motion to throw. “Hold on a bit”, he said, and jerking off his shirt, he continued “I’s ready now”, and quickly turning his cigar, fire end in his mouth, he dove as the dime left my fingers, catching it before getting to the bottom as readily as the smaller boys had done, and, on rising to the surface, he again turned his cigar, and swam briskly about, smoking as vigorously as though he had not been under water at all.

236

After a little he said, “Now, Boss, fro me ‘nudder dime, an’ I’ll cotch it an’ come up on de udder side ob de boat, ‘thout puttin’ de fi’ out”. “Well, here goes”, said I, exhibiting another dime. “Hold on a minit”, he exclaimed, and again turning his cigar he dove to the bottom, pulled off his pants, and rising to the surface, tied them to the hawser. After breathing a moment he said, “I’s ready now”; down went the dime, and down went the darkey, catching the dime, as before, and instantly disappearing under the boat, coming to the surface upon the other side, almost as soon as we could cross the deck ourselves, his cigar still being alight and his smoking powers in no way diminished. This operation he would repeat, as often as the dimes were forthcoming; then unfastening his pants from the hawser, he dove to the bottom, put them on, rising to the surface with his cigar still alight, and climbing to the top of the wharf, he donned his shirt, and grinningly departed for home to exhibit his gains, amounting probably some ten or twelve <insertion: dimes>

From Kingston to New York.

Getting our coal and other freight and passengers on board, we steamed out of the harbor just at sunset on Sunday evening and rounding the Island upon the South and East, took a due North course for New York, sixteen Hundred miles distant. Towards night, the next day, we passed Point Mari, the entire eastern extremity of Island of Cuba, almost within a stone’s throw of the land. The following morning one of the cabin passengers was found dead in his stateroom, sitting upright on his trunk. The Surgeon of the boat pronounced it a case of appoplexy.<sup>389</sup> His name and place of residence were entered upon the Steamer’s books, and his effects were taken in charge by the Purser, (as was the case with those who died with cholera on the Winfried Scott) and he was buried at sea with the customary services. A day or two later, as were entering the Gulf Stream, we encountered the

237

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<sup>388</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>389</sup> Best guess, the author presumably meant “apoplexy”



“tail end” of the Equinoctial storm, and though it was not accompanied by much rain, or wind, it made the sea very rough and “choppy” indeed; and on reaching New York the next Sunday morning, October 3<sup>rd</sup>, nearly everything had been vomited up but my boots. The cruise down the Pacific from San Francisco to Panama was pretty hard on me, but I had got considerably recruited upon the Isthmus, and was anticipating a good time on this side. But this last pull, added to the passage through the Caribbean Sea, made me very weak, indeed; my legs being so “wopsy”, on landing, that I could hardly navigate the streets of New York, having lost fifteen pounds of flesh on the journey, and having been thirty-three days on the way, when we expected to get through in twenty-five days, at the outside. Sunday was an important day in our journey; being at Accapulco<sup>390</sup> on Sunday September 12<sup>th</sup>; Panama, Sunday September 19<sup>th</sup>; Kingston Sunday September 26<sup>th</sup>, and New York Sunday Oct 3.

Again at Home – A Knowing Youngster.

From New York, on Monday, I went to Chicopee, Massachusetts, to visit my mother, sister Betsey Maria, and brothers Lorenzo – Julius M. and Comfort V. – the latter then residing in Boston, having been informed by telegraph of my arrival. Remaining in and about Chicopee, visiting friends in Springfield, Suffield, +c – and having, in the meantime, treated myself to a new suit of clothes – until Friday, [arrival “home”]<sup>391</sup> noon. I started for Ohio, arriving at the little old red house by the Lake, about 9 o’clock on Saturday [Time of absence 2 yrs 6 mos 25 day]<sup>392</sup> evening, October 9<sup>th</sup> 1852, having been away just two years, six months and twenty-five days.

Fred, then lacked but three weeks of being three years old, and was as much afraid of an ordinary man, a stranger, as he would have been of a grizzly bear. On Sunday morning, his mother left him asleep in the bed with me. After awhile,

**238**

the youngster awoke, and raising himself “on end”, took a good look at me, and then, turning to his mother, exclaimed “O, Ma, ‘tis Pa!”. Truly a “wise boy”, that, to so readily recognize his “dad”, after so long an absence, considering the fact that the youngster was less than five months old, when I left home. I presume, however, that the frequent family confabs in regard to my expected arrival, with frequent peeps at the Daguerrotype of his illustrious progenitor, recently received by the family, had a good deal to do with refreshing his recollection.

I have purposely omitted very many important incidents and reminiscences of my two years sojourn upon the Pacific Coast, and the journey home, which would undoubtedly be of interest to those who may read this manuscript, but which are not particularly essential to the objects sought to be herein attained.

A Financial Scare.

On leaving San Francisco, as a matter of precaution and convenience, I had brought a draft on New York, in triplicate, for \$1700<sup>00</sup> keeping the first myself, sending the second by mail to my wife and the third to brother C.V., so that should any thing happen to me, or the original draft, on the way home, the money could be secured to my family, on either the second or third, as might be deemed advisable by my legal representative. The Banker from whom I purchased the draft also gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his, in New York, so that I might the

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<sup>390</sup> Presumably, Acapulco, (Mexico).

<sup>391</sup> Written in the margin in pencil

<sup>392</sup> Written on two lines in the margin in pencil.

more readily draw the money. Bankers always wanting to know that they are paying such matters to the right party. It so happened that while I came from Aspinwall to New York in one Steamer, by the way of the Island of Jamaica, the mails and Treasure came via the Island of Cuba

239

in another. This Mail Steamer, for some cause or other, was several days longer in reaching New York, than the steamer I was on. I thus failed to get my draft cashed, before leaving New York for Chicopee, intending to return to New York, on my way to Ohio, for the purpose of getting my money. But finding that this would hinder me from one to two days, and involved considerable additional expense, brother C.V. introduced me to the Cashier of the Old Springfield Bank, who deeming it a good opportunity to get a wide circulation for the bills of his own Bank, very readily offered to cash the draft for me, which offer I gladly availed myself of. Arriving at home on Saturday evening as before narrated, about the next Tuesday I was startled at the receipt of a telegram from brother C.V. in Boston, saying, "Draft protested – Warriner wants money refunded – telegraph him at once!" Though feeling a little shakey myself, but surmising the cause of the hitch, I immediately telegraphed both C.V. and the Cashier that it would probably be all right, in a day or two – and sure enough Mr Warriner telegraphed me the next day that the draft had been paid. The facts were, that it had been presented for payment before the Steamer, bearing the advices of the Bank upon which it had been drawn, had arrived, and had, in accordance with commercial and financial usage, been protested. But the scare, all around, was none the less genuine. On getting the notice of protest, Mr Warriner, supposing that he had been taken in by a Western Sharper, not only telegraphed C.V. that he should hold him responsible, but also hustled himself up to Chicopee to complain to my brothers there – Lorenzo and Julius M – of the shabby manner in which he had been treated by that scalawag Western brother of theirs. On getting advices of the

240

payment of the draft, however, he made all proper apologies, and afterwards, when I called upon him, we had a hearty laugh together over the affair.

[My "Pile". –]<sup>393</sup> Of course, after my arrival home, I was plied with a great variety of questions in regard to the sign of my "pile". But like most returned Californians I was very reticent in regard to the matter; and public opinion seemed to be about equally divided – one half believing that I had returned nearly if not quite penniless, while the other half thought I had made a good thing of it. But except to my own family, and a few intimate friends, my exact financial status was never proclaimed.

[The Size of It. –]<sup>394</sup> In addition to the several sums sent home during my absence, \$350<sup>00</sup> in all, I had sent Brother Lorenzo, at Chicopee, two or three months before starting for home, a draft for \$500<sup>00</sup> to help him out of a tight place in his business operations, and besides paying my fare of \$250<sup>00</sup>, from San Francisco to New York, with a hundred dollars or so in my pocket for incidental expenses, en route. I brought with me the aforesaid \$1700<sup>00</sup> draft, preferring to pay the two per cent exchange charged me, rather than run the risk of bringing even so small a "pile" in dust, or coin, as many did; those who lived to get through, often getting robbed before

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<sup>393</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>394</sup> Written in the margin

reaching home, and the friends of those<sup>395</sup> dying on the way, in all probability, seldom receiving a penny of what they had upon their persons, or in the hands of the boat at the time of their decease.

[The Net Result. –]<sup>396</sup> Thus, after paying Brother Manning for what he had done for the family, and squaring up sundry other obligations pertaining to the journey, the net pecuniary result of my California Expedition was just about \$2,100.00. But, far better than all this, was

241

the great improvement in my health; for whereas, I was in a very precarious condition, physically, when I went away, I was now comparatively sound and vigorous, notwithstanding I had lost over fifteen pounds of flesh on the homeward journey, which I never afterwards fully regained.

[“Slow Coaches”. –]<sup>397</sup> Business matters here seemed very odd to me for along time – everything so slow, and so diminutive; California’s chief business characteristics then being the rapidity, with which everything moved, and the magnitude of business transactions. In fact every month, there, seemed fully equal to a year, here – never<sup>398</sup> doing as much business – making as much, or losing as much, in a single month, there, as in a year, here; and as much progress being made in building, grading, paving, +c. in thirty days, there, as in three hundred and sixty-five days, here, so that it really seemed as though I had lived at least twenty-five years in the twenty-five months spent in California.

#### A Visit to The “Hub”.

After getting a little rested, and looking in upon old acquaintances, I rented a house belonging to Dr S. W. Bartges,<sup>399</sup> on North Broadway, – the same house is now there, directly north of the Broadway School House – and moved my family into town. About the middle of November, 1852, Brother C. V. who had been for several years in the employ of Thomas Groom + Co. Stationers, in Boston, concluded to get into business for himself, in the paper trade, and wrote to me to come down to the “Hub”, to help him fix up his store. I accordingly went down and painted, grained and signed him up, in good shape. Among other things, against a blank wall at the rear end of the store, I screwed a couple of sash of the proper size, filled with panes of looking glass. I then frescoed imitation double doors around the sash, with heaving casings, cornice +c. This arrangement produced the effect of dupli-

242

cating the store, it seeming as though, by opening the door, you could walk through to another street – every thing, but the sash and mirrors – the panels, mouldings, hinges, door knob, key hole, +c. being painted upon the wall. One day, during my absence from the store, one of the chief painters of the city happening in, enquired of C. V. who did his graining – black walnut – being a new and rare wood, in that region of the country at that time. C. V. told him that a brother of his from Ohio, lately returned from California, was the “Artist.” He said it was the

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<sup>395</sup> Best guess

<sup>396</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>397</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>398</sup> Best guess

<sup>399</sup> Bartges, Samuel W., 1814-1882. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 545.

best imitation of black-walnut that he had ever seen. C. V. then took him to the back part of the store, and pointing to the cornice, over the door, asked him if he did not think that was pretty well done? After a close inspection, he said he thought one of the mouldings was not shaded quite right.

[Badly Fooled. –]<sup>400</sup> He then stepped up to the wall and attempted to take hold of the knob to open the door, and finding that the knob eluded his grasp, he stepped back in astonishment and exclaimed “What! Isn’t there any door there?” C.V. thought that was a pretty nice compliment for his Western brother, and used to relate the occurrence to his customers with great gusto. – but the fact is, that while at work about the thing myself, I frequently found myself reaching for that knob, to pull myself up, while working upon the lower pannels of the door.

[A Money Lender. –]<sup>401</sup> Brother C. V.’s capital being limited, though he had plenty of promises of assistance, from pretended friends among the “Solid Men of Boston,” (which promises were never fulfilled) I loaned him one thousand dollars of my money to give him a better “send off,” with the understanding that when I needed it, it should, on reasonable notice, be forthcoming –

243

[Overland Lectures. –]<sup>402</sup> Returning home about the middle of December, I rented the room now occupied by Justice Sewart<sup>403</sup> in the second story of Helfer’s block, on Howard Street, and devoted the winter to painting signs, cutting stencils, and in writing up my California adventures, which [Four lectures]<sup>404</sup> I gave to the public in a series of four gratuitous lectures, in “Union Hall”, in Henry’s block, the hall being crowded<sup>405</sup> to its utmost capacity every night.

[Efforts to Compromise. –]<sup>406</sup> Desiring to relieve myself of old indebtedness – mostly copartnerships matters, which my several partners rather than myself should have paid, and yet not entirely strip myself of the little sum that I had, at such great risk and labor, accumulated. I laid the matter before Mr Harvey B Spellman,<sup>407</sup> then a merchant here, to whom I was indebted in the sum of about \$150<sup>00</sup>. He took a very philosophical view of the case, saying, that as the matter stood, before I went to California, the claim was considered worthless; that I had suffered great hardship and had exposed myself to great peril in getting what little I had accumulated, and he thought that I ought to be permitted to keep the greater portion of it. He then drew up a paper for the creditors to sign, agreeing to compromise with me for twenty cents on the dollar, principal and interest, giving me a discharge in full, and leaving it optional with me to pay any thing further, should I ever feel able to do so. This document headed by Mr Spellman, my largest creditor, was readily signed by the most of the others to whom I was indebted; but there were three or four who wouldn’t sign it.

#### Another Disastrous Venture.

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<sup>400</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>401</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>402</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>403</sup> Presumably, Stewart, Adam Clarke, 1794-1870. Even though, here Lane spells the last name “Sewart”. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 787.

<sup>404</sup> Written in the margin in pencil

<sup>405</sup> Author presumably meant ‘crowded’

<sup>406</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>407</sup> Presumably: Spelman, Harvey B., 1811-1881. Even though, here Lane spells the last name “Spellman”. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 121.

Not wishing to settle with any, until I could clean the thing entirely out, and yet not desiring that either myself or my money should remain idle; early in the Spring of 1853 I invited Brother Lorenzo to come to Akron, to advise with me in regard to the matter. The result of our conference was, that

244

he bought out, in the name of himself and Brother Julius M, who was then in company with him in Chicopee; the Clothing Store and Merchant Tailoring Establishment of SS. Marshall, located in a frame building, on the present site of Woods' Bank and the Store of Hoffman and Moss<sup>408</sup> on Market Street.

[A "Agent" [...].<sup>409</sup> –]<sup>410</sup> The Chicopee branch of the firm was known under the name and style of L + J M Lane, and the Akron branch opened out under the firm name of Lane + Co, while I was installed as "Agent" at a salary of \$800<sup>00</sup> per year – Mr Arthur Malcolm being the cutter for the concern, and a young man by the name of Seth R. Green, operating as salesman, under me. The stock invoiced about \$3000<sup>00</sup> \$500<sup>00</sup>, of which I paid down, and the balance divided up into quarterly payments – the understanding being that the \$500<sup>00</sup> and the \$1000<sup>00</sup> which I had loaned to Lorenzo and C. V. respectively, was to be applied to the liquidation of the notes at they matured.

[Additions to Stock. –]<sup>411</sup> Brother Lorenzo did the purchasing, and the business was quite prosperous; large additions being made to the stock, during the fall of 1853, and the spring and summer of 1854, so that in the winter of 1854-5 the stock – largely bought on credit, of course – invoiced about \$9000<sup>00</sup>

[Sudden Backset. –]<sup>412</sup> About this time, and while the Akron establishment, notwithstanding its large indebtedness, was perfectly solvent, the Chicopee concern was greatly embarrassed, and I was called to Chicopee for consultation. On looking matters over, I found that failure was inevitable, unless a long extension for both concerns could be had; for though entirely separate, both running in the names of L + J M Lane, both were equally involved in the embarrassment, I accordingly went

245

to Boston, and laid the matter before the principal creditor who drew up and signed a paper granting an extension on the amounts then owing by both concerns, of six, nine, twelve and fifteen months. I then took the paper to the other creditors in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, most of whom readily signed it; but two or three refused to do so, and immediately commenced pushing their claims against the Chicopee branch –

[Another Change. –]<sup>413</sup> Finding that the extension project could not be carried out, and in order to save the Akron concern from failure, and myself individually from financial annihilation, I, as "Agent", sold the Akron stock at a liberal discount, and on long<sup>414</sup> time, to A. Malcolm + Co;

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<sup>408</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>409</sup> Indecipherable word

<sup>410</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>411</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>412</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>413</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>414</sup> Best guess

myself, subrosa,<sup>415</sup> constituting the “Co” portion of the firm. I then went on to Chicopee again; the principal creditor was called up from Boston; the situation was explained; an assignment of L + J. M. Lane was made to him, and the notes of A. Malcolm + Co turned over to him as a part of the assets of the firm.

[Fire Again. –]<sup>416</sup> Matters and things being thus adjusted, the firm of A. Malcolm + Co were apparently on the high road of prosperity. Mr Malcolm, having in the meantime put about \$800<sup>00</sup> of money into the business. In consequence of our being unable to secure proper insurance upon our stock of goods, on account of the combustible nature of the old frame building we occupied, and contiguous structures, we had rented and fitted up the brick block now occupied by I. J. Frank, next South of the Second National Bank, on Howard Street, and were expecting to commence moving our goods to that store on Monday, April 30<sup>th</sup> 1855. But the fates were against us; for on Sunday night, or rather about 2 o clock on Monday morning, the concern was entirely wiped out by fire, together with the adjoining frame building on the west, where the First National Bank now stands; and the Ohio Exchange Hotel, a three story brick building

246

on the present site of Woods’ block, corner of Market and Main Streets. Not a single rag of our entire stock of goods was saved, and so rapid was the spread of the flames that Mr Malcolm, who slept in the second story of the building, barely escaped with his life, through the front window of his room, losing nearly all his personal clothing, gold watch +c. Less than half our stock was covered by insurance, and only about one half of the amount insured was realized, in consequence of the failure of one of the companies involved. Though I managed to make Mr Malcolm good for the money that he had put in to the concern, and to relieve him of all liability on the notes which had been turned over to the assignee of L + J M Lane, every dollar that I had put in, was irretrievably sunk; and, with the exception of a small amount which had been paid on [The Homestead on W. Market St.]<sup>417</sup> our Homestead, which had been bought in the fall of 1853, I was just about where I was, in point of wealth, before going to California, five years before.

#### In the Political Arena

Politically, I was originally a Democrat – as my father was before me; my first political vote being cast for Martin Van Buren,<sup>418</sup> for President, in 1836. Entering largely into the Temperance movement in 1842, as already narrated, and also becoming largely imbued with anti-slavery sentiments, as the struggle between Slavery and Freedom waxed stronger, I naturally drifted into the Free-Soil Party, voting again for Martin Van Buren, as the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency, in 1848. On my return from California, besides the three political parties – Whigs, Democrats and Free Soilers – the Temperance question was also assuming political importance, in Ohio, so that, in the fall of 1853, it was determined by the friends of the cause that a thorough going-

247

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<sup>415</sup> Oxford English Dictionary definition: “in secret, secretly”

<sup>416</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>417</sup> Written in the margin, in pencil. This note is presumably from a later date than the original writing.

<sup>418</sup> Van Buren, Martin, 1782-1862.

temperance man, only, should be sent to the Legislature from Summit County. A Mass Temperance was accordingly called to put a candidate in nomination. Leading temperance members of the Whig and Free-soil parties were in attendance, and urged against a nominative, pledging themselves that in their forthcoming conventions they would nominate straight-out temperance men, and if the Democracy should do the same, which ever party came out ahead, the desired result would be attained; and furthermore agreeing that if the Democrats did not nominate a straight-out temperance man, they would withdraw their respective nominees, and unite in a general convention for the selection of a candidate that all could support. With this understanding the convention adjourned without making a nomination; though it had been the intention, had the convention decided to put a candidate in the field, to tender the nomination to me, as, having been absent from the county for the past three years, less objectionable, politically if not personally, than any of the old stagers of either of the three parties.

[Bad Faith. -]<sup>419</sup> Well, in accordance with this arrangement, the Whigs nominated Dr Porter G. Somers, of Cuyohoga Falls, and the Free Soilers nominated Judge Sylvester H. Thompson,<sup>420</sup> of Hudson, both good temperance men. Then the Democrats held their convention, and nominated a regular whiskey-guzzler, Rolland O Hammond Esq.<sup>421</sup> of Akron. The temperance people then called upon Somers and Thompson to tender their declinations and unite in a joint convention, as stipulated. Thompson promptly signified his readiness to do so, but Somers peremptorily declined to do so. Under these circumstances, at the urgent solicitation of good temperance men, from all parties, I announced myself as an “Independent candidate for Representative to the State Legislature”, it being thought that with the entire Free Soil vote (for Thompson was to get out

## 248

of my way,) and the large sprinkling that I would be likely to draw from both the Whigs and Democrats, (for there were some temperance men even among Democrats in those days) I would stand a fair chance of being elected, if it came to a vote – though the principal object was to bring the Whigs to terms and compel them to unite in a joint convention as agreed. At first the leaders of that party affected to believe that, with four candidates in the field, they could carry the election any way; but when they began to comprehend the fact that the name of Judge Thompson was to be withdrawn and my name substituted in its place upon the Free Soil ticket, they concluded to come down, and to accomplish their ends in another way.

[A True Prophet. -]<sup>422</sup> The joint convention was accordingly called to meet in Union Hall, instead of the Court House as the others had been. The evening before the convention, Hammond, the Democratic candidate, called me out of the store, and pointing to the window of a certain Whig Lawyer in the second story of Union Block, said: “Do you see that light?” “Yes,” I answered. “Well”, said he, “a few chaps in that room are cooking your goose for you, and tomorrow you’ll find yourself done brown”. I laughingly told him that I should be all right, whether nominated or not, but that he would be the one that would be done brown on election day.

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<sup>419</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>420</sup> Thompson, Sylvester.

<sup>421</sup> Presumably, Hammond, Roland O., 1826-1867. Even though here Lane spells the first name “Rolland”. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 319.

<sup>422</sup> Written in the margin

[Party Trickery. –]<sup>423</sup> Well, the convention met at ten o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to call. A prominent Whig, from Richfield,<sup>424</sup> was, on motion of the owner of the Law office alluded to, called to the chair, and, on motion of another prominent Whig Lawyer, a third Whig Lawyer was made secretary and a Country Democrat and myself Assistant Secretaries. Then the several candidates were requested to tender their declinations, and pledge themselves to abide by the action of the joint convention. Judge Thompson and

249

myself promptly did so, but Dr. Somers was found to be absent from the hall. A committee was appointed to hunt the Doctor up, and bring him into the convention, or to secure his assent to the arrangement. The committee, after a long absence, returned and reported, that Doctor Somers held that, having been regularly nominated by the Whig party of Summit County, he did not feel at liberty to decline without the consent that committee had declined to give. It was then moved that the convention proceed, at once, to nominate a candidate for Representative. But the Whigs again intervened, suggesting that, for the purpose of securing harmony, another committee be appointed to labor with Doctor Somers, said committee to report to the convention after dinner. The suggestion was adopted, and after the appointment of the committee, the convention took a recess until two o'clock in the afternoon.

[“Magnanimous!”]<sup>425</sup> On the re-assembling of the convention, the Chairman of the Committee, N. W. Goodhue Esq.<sup>426</sup> reported that he had the pleasure of announcing that Doctor Somers had unconditionally withdrawn his name as the Whig candidate for Representative, and moved that, in consideration of the great magnanimity of the Doctor, in thus “voluntarily” tendering his declination, with the almost certainty of being elected, he be nominated by this Joint Convention, as its candidate for Representative, by acclamation. The well-trained Chairman of the Convention had already commenced to put the question, when Sydney Edgerton Esq.<sup>427</sup> then one of the leaders of the Free Soil party, as well as a thorough-going Temperance man, sprang to his feet, exclaiming: “Let us have a show of fair play, at least! I move to so amend the gentleman’s motion that the convention proceed to ballot for a candidate instead of nominating Doctor Somers by acclamation – the Doctor’s magnanimity, in declining

250

after being labored with three hours, by two successive committees, being certainly no greater than that of the other gentlemen who promptly tendered their declinations on the first organization of the convention –

[“Ballot Stuffing.” –]<sup>428</sup> This motion was carried by an apparent heavy majority; whereupon the Chairman immediately appointed four persons to pass through the hall with hats, to collect the ballots – one of the hat-bearers being the owner of the law-office, to which the Democratic candidate had so significantly pointed, the night before. The hall was densely crowded; a good

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<sup>423</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>424</sup> Richfield, (Ohio).

<sup>425</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>426</sup> Goodhue, Nathaniel W., 1818-1883. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 171.

<sup>427</sup> Presumably, Edgerton, Sidney 1818-1900. Even though here Lane spells the first name “Sydney”.

<sup>428</sup> Written in the margin



many not very strong temperance men having evidently been drummed in, during the recess, to help vote me down. Only two names, Doctor Somers' and my own, were balloted for. When the ballots were all gathered in, the four hats were placed upon the Secretary's table, and two tellers were appointed by the Chair to count the vote. The tellers emptied the contents of one hat into the second hat, and then commenced counting into the first – the Secretary and the other assistant keeping the tally. While this was being done, the owner of the law-office alluded to, moved that a collection be taken up for the benefit of a Temperance Glee Club, from a neighboring town, who had entertained the convention with several songs. The motion prevailing the gentleman came up to the platform and said "Mr Lane will you empty the ballots out of my hat into the other, so that I can take up a collection in mine?" Being suspicious that there was a sharp game being practiced, I emptied said hat upon the table, instead of into the other hat. At the conclusion of the ballots in the three hats, I was some fifteen or twenty votes ahead of the Doctor; but after the contents of the fourth hat, lying upon the table, had been gone through with, the Doctor was some twenty or thirty ahead of me. I felt that there were not only from

251<sup>429</sup>

forty to sixty more ballots counted than there were persons in the house at the time, but that a considerable portion of them had been "stuffed", or "dumped", into the hat in question, by its unscrupulous owner, in accordance with the scheme concocted in his office the night before. But both my hands, and my tongue, were tied. It was a mass convention – the hall was crowded – people were constantly coming in, and going out, and it would have been impossible to have told how many ballots there should have been, even had the vote been an honest one. I felt very confident, however, from "my stand point", on the stage, that in no part of the house could so large a proportion of honest votes have been obtained for my opponent, as were collected in that fourth hat. It was not so much the defeat that I cared about, as the means by which I felt it had been accomplished. But being unable to fix the fraud upon the perpetration thereof, I swallowed the pill, bitter as it was, and gave the Doctor my heartiest support, both on the stump and at the polls. A year or two afterwards a gentleman told me, confidentially, that he saw the owner of that hat dump in a handful of ballots, while passing through the crowd in the back part of the hall, near the door. Such was my introduction into public political life. What was to be its final outcome? We shall see.

Brother Lorenzo Mental Prostration.<sup>430</sup>

The failure of my brothers, at Chicopee, had a very depressing influence upon brother Lorenzo, who was naturally very sensitive, and the burning of the Akron establishment, which very greatly complicated matters, upset him entirely, and he became greatly unsettled in his mind; having, for several weeks, constantly to be watched by his faithful wife, and brother Julius, to prevent him from destroying himself. On being informed as to the state of his health, and mental condition, I wrote to them to bring him to Akron, which they did, arriving here in June 1855.

252

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<sup>429</sup> Page number printed in book

<sup>430</sup> This, and all headers, believed to be written at a later date than rest of paragraph

[Quite a Farmer. –]<sup>431</sup> In the meantime, not to be entirely idle, I had not only planted the whole of our own lot, including the present pasture lot, but also the four lots now occupied by the Teeple<sup>432</sup> and Schneider houses, barns +c, the street south of said lots, the old Engine lot, now the east part of Julius Sherman Lane's<sup>433</sup> family homestead, and the lot now owned by A. J. Stewart, fronting on Maple Street, to garden and field vegetables. We thus had about two acres under cultivation, raising, besides strawberries, raspberries, +c, corn, potatoes, peas, beans, squashes, pumpkins, melons, tomatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips, rutabagas, cabbages, sorghum +c. myself and Julius doing nearly all the work necessary to first-class tillage – a first-class crop being the result.

[Health Regained. –]<sup>434</sup> After the arrival of brother Lorenzo and wife among us – brother Julius having returned to Chicopee, after a brief visit – I devoted a good deal of time to them – especially to him – riding out with him – taking him on fishing excursions; coaxing him out into the “turnip-patch” for exercise, +c; in this manner diverting his mind from his troubles, so that, at the end of about three months, he returned home apparently perfectly cured. [Though a few years later again similarly and fatally affected.]<sup>435</sup>

[Again Defeated. –]<sup>436</sup> Political matters had so shaped themselves, since my dishonorable defeat for the Legislature, two years before, that the old Whig Party had gone to pieces, and with the rapidly increasing Free Soil element as a nucleus, the Republican party had been formed. With this organization I had become thoroughly and actively identified, so that, when the Republican County Nominating Convention was held, in August, 1855, my name, among several others, was again announced as a candidate for Representative to the State Legislature. On the first ballot I took the lead but the names of those having the fewest ballots being withdrawn, the final contest was between

253

myself and Dr Mendal Jewett,<sup>437</sup> of Mogadore<sup>438</sup> – now of the sixth ward. The Doctor finally carried off the “honors” by a small majority. This was a delegate convention, and everything was conducted fairly, and honestly, though, of course, with the customary devices incident to such matters. I cheerfully acquiesced in the result, giving my successful opponent as well as the entire state and county ticket, a most hearty support, Salmon P. Chase<sup>439</sup> being elected Governor of Ohio at that election —

[Again “Eucherd”.<sup>440</sup> –]<sup>441</sup> Among the local appointments in the Governor's gift, at that time, were the Collections of tolls upon the canals of the State. That office, for the “port” of Akron, was then held by Frederick A Nash Esq, a member of the Democratic party, which had been in possession of the State administration for several years, of course, on the accession to power of

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<sup>431</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>432</sup> Best guess

<sup>433</sup> Lane, Julius Sherman, b. 1841. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 181.

<sup>434</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>435</sup> This sentence possibly added at a later date

<sup>436</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>437</sup> Jewett, Mendal, b. 1815. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 264.

<sup>438</sup> Mogadore, (Ohio).

<sup>439</sup> Chase, Salmon P. (Salmon Portland), 1808-1873.

<sup>440</sup> Presumably “Euchred”, partially overwritten word

<sup>441</sup> Written in the margin

the new administration, it was supposed that there would be a change in all these offices, and I at once became a candidate for the position here. I got up a petition which was signed by almost the entire business community of the town, without regard to party, but especially by every Republican to whom it was presented. This I took to Columbus, and, after his inauguration, presented it to Governor Chase. The Governor received me very cordially, and promised to give my application due consideration, as soon as matters of that kind could be reached. I came home with the full expectation that I should get the appointment; especially as my petition – the only one presented – was backed up by the personal recommendation of Representative Jewett and Hon. Oliver P. Brown, of Ravenna, the Senator from this District. But, a few days afterwards, Mr John Teesdale, then Editor of the Beacon, returned from Columbus and reported that the Governor had stated to him, that he should probably give the place to Mr N. W. Goodhue.<sup>442</sup> This caused a good deal of excitement, and a large

## 254

number of letters were written, by prominent Republicans, remonstrating against the appointment of Mr Goodhue,<sup>443</sup> and insisting upon his giving the office to me, for the reasons: First, that Mr Goodhue had but just closed his second term (four years) as County Auditor; second, that he was the Law partner of Mr Nash, who then, and for the four years previous had, held the collectorship under Democratic appointment, which would make Mr Goodhue's appointment equivalent to no change in the office at all. On the receipt of these letters Governor Chase sent for Mr Goodhue, who still remained at Columbus, and told him that in face of such opposition, and in the absence of any expression in his favor, he could not see his way clear to give him the appointment. Mr Goodhue then begged for time to circulate a petition in his own behalf. This being granted, a large number of names were obtained in, Middlebury, Copley, Green and other outside townships, in the county, by his several brothers-in-law, the Johnstons, residing in the townships named. My friends, on hearing what the friends of Mr Goodhue were doing, got up another paper, setting forth that not only were almost the entire business community of Akron, but other towns along the line of the canal, in favor of my appointment, but expressing the belief that if the matter were left to a vote of the Republicans of the County, I would receive a large majority over Mr Goodhue, for the position. This was very largely signed, not only by the people of Akron, but of outside townships, for by this time the contest had assumed the proportions of a fierce, and pretty bitter, campaign.

Armed with this document I again visited Columbus, and sought an interview with the Governor. I called on him in company with Representative Jewett, and Mr Ira P. Sperry,<sup>444</sup> of Tallmadge, who happened to be in Columbus at the time. We found the Governor busy, and after handing him my papers, requesting him to look them over, at his leisure, I

## 255

asked him at what hour it would suit him to give me an interview. He then requested both myself and Mr Sperry to call upon him, at 9 o'clock the next morning. On visiting him at the appointed time, the Governor said that the little office I was seeking, was giving him more

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<sup>442</sup> Goodhue, Nathaniel W. 1818-1883. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 171.

<sup>443</sup> sic

<sup>444</sup> Sperry, Ira P., b. 1818. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 1052.

trouble then all the rest of the appointments within his gift, and he wanted to frankly lay the case before me in the presence of my friend Mr Sperry. He then went on to say, that after the Election he had received a letter from Mr. Goodhue congratulating him on his election, and that having met Mr Goodhue at several meetings, during the campaign, and knowing that he was also an active worker in the canvass, he had replied to his letter, thanking him for his efforts in behalf of himself and of the Republican Party of Ohio, and expressing the hope that he might have the pleasure of sometime doing something for him, in return. Soon afterwards he had received another letter from Mr Goodhue, asking for the Akron Collectorship, and not thinking there would be any particular contest over so small an office, he had unwittingly written to him that he would give him the office. Not wishing to dash my hopes too suddenly, he had not mentioned this to me on the presentation of my petition, but that he had, a day or two afterwards, authorized Mr Teesdale to inform me and my friends of his intention. To his very great surprise, he had been immediately inundated with letters and remonstrances against his proposed action; whereupon he had sent for Mr Goodhue, and requested to be released from his promise which had been given to him. Mr Goodhue declined to release him from his promise, but asked for time to circulate a petition in his own behalf, which was given him; and a large number of persons having, apparently in good faith, asked for it, he had again made up his mind to give him the appointment. But now, this new batch of documents that I

256

had submitted, had again unsettled him, and he wanted our advice in the premises. He said that it had been represented to him that the contest between me and Mr Goodhue, or rather between our respective friends, had grown so bitter, that the appointment of either would create a division of the Republican Party, in Summit County, and that he had made up his mind to give the appointment to a third party – some man whose name had not been mentioned, in connection with the office, and asked us how it would answer to give the place to Mr Frederick Wadsworth, a very worthy old gentleman, then residing in Akron, and the father of Mrs J a Beebe.<sup>445</sup> I promptly told the Governor that, while Mr Wadsworth was a good man, and would make a good office, I much preferred that if, on a careful review of the whole case, he could not give the appointment to me, he should give it to Mr Goodhue, than to call in a third person; earnestly assuring him that whatever might be the result, neither myself, nor my friends, would “kick out of the Republican traces”. The Governor thanked me very much, saying that I had relieved him from a very unpleasant dilemma; that if he could not adjust matters so as to give me the place, he would ever hold me in very grateful remembrance, and that perhaps, some time in the future, he might be able to give me some more substantial token of his regard. In subsequent conversations with Representative Jewett and Senator Brown, he expressed himself so warmly in my favor, that they both thought I would finally get the place; but Mr Goodhue held him so firmly to his written promise that he finally secured the prize, and I was again reduced to a tiller of the soil, and a picker up of such chance jobs as taking the enumeration of the children of the Village and township for School purposes, taking the assessment +c.

257

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<sup>445</sup> Beebe, Cornelia E. Wadsworth, 1819-1884. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”. See p. 185, for her husband: Beebe, Joseph A. (Alvin), 1810-1891.

[Social “Crumbs”. –] <sup>446</sup> I also found some employment for my spare time, – though not remarkably remunerative – as a member of the Board of Education, to which position I was appointed by the City Council, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr James Mathews. <sup>447</sup> December 20. 1854, which position I held until after the Spring Election in 1857; the last year <insertion: and a half> of my incumbency officiating as the Treasurer of the Board; [Also, serving as Village Trustee from January to April, 1854] <sup>448</sup> [Another Boy. –] <sup>449</sup> November 6<sup>th</sup> 1855 – Another Boy. Arthur Malcolm, has been added to our household treasures. In all the misfortunes and disappointments of the past three years, my own health and spirits had remained unimpaired, while, after the advent of this last named youngster, the health of my ever-faithful and affectionate wife very greatly improved.

Sheriff of Summit County.

This year, 1856, was Presidential Year – the great Fremont <sup>450</sup> - Buchanan <sup>451</sup> campaign being prosecuted with the utmost vigor and enthusiasm, on both sides. Into this campaign I entered with all my powers of mind and body; spending nearly the entire summer, after the nominations were made, in painting banners, cartoons and mottoes; making speeches, reporting meetings +c. Leading Republicans, in several of the townships that I visited, voluntarily suggested that I should become a candidate for someone of the County offices to be filled at the ensuing election, and I finally announced myself as a candidate for Sheriff. Though I did not do much electioneering, in my own behalf, and though there were several other candidates. Who had worked hard to secure delegates favorable to themselves, I was nominated overall – some five or six in number – on the first ballot, by seventeen majority. Then, there was a terrible hue and cry raised against me by the Democracy; I was a “renegade Democrat”, who had “left the Democratic

**258**

party for the sake of office”; I was a bitter temperance partisan who, if elected, would put every liquor-seller through to the full extent of the law – I was hypocritical in my temperance professions, having both drank and sold liquor in California – I had published the Buzzard and the Cascade Roarer, and had abused every-thing and every-body, and in short had been guilty of all the petty crimes and meannesses in the moral, if not the criminal, calendar. The entire venom of the Democracy, and the Liquor sellers, was aimed at me, and they were very confident of my defeat – the clamor being so great that many of my Akron friends really felt a good deal shaky about the result. Cruising about the county, as I continually was, I could not learn that they were making any headway against me in the outside townships; though I thought that in Akron, Cuyahoga Falls, and along the line of the canal, I should probably fall four or five hundred below the balance of the ticket. Well, the election came off – the returns came in, resulting in a falling off of about one hundred votes in Akron, and some fifty at Cuyahoga Falls, every other precinct in the county giving me a full vote – my majority being 1359, while the general majority was but a trifle over 1500 –

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<sup>446</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>447</sup> Mathews, James, 1803-1883. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 56.

<sup>448</sup> Appears to be written at a later date

<sup>449</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>450</sup> Frémont, John Charles, 1813-1890.

<sup>451</sup> Buchanan, James, 1791-1868.

[Finally in office. –]<sup>452</sup> I took possession of the office on Monday the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of November 1856, the term for which I was elected being two years. In 1858, I was renominated by acclamation, there being no competition against me in the convention; and, no special fight being made against me in the canvass, I was re-elected by the full Republican majority – There is a provision in the Constitution prohibiting a person from holding the office of Sheriff more than four years, in any consecutive six years. But, during my first term, the time of taking possession of the office had been changed by law, from the first Monday of November to the first

259

Monday of January, so that I held the office four years and two months; or two months beyond the constitutional limits; for which extra two months, between my two terms, I had to enter into funds,<sup>453</sup> in the same amount (\$10,000) as for the regular terms –

[But not in Jail. –]<sup>454</sup> During my incumbency of the Sheriff's office I did not deem it advisable to remove my family to the Jail, or to give my personal attention to the care of prisoners, but gave the position of Jailor to my friend, John L Robertson, Esq. allowing him the dwelling portion of the edifice, rent free, and the entire compensation allowed by the County for boarding the prisoners, for his services as Jailor, retaining the Jail fees for my own "use and behoof". My good friend, Mr Alfred R Townsend,<sup>455</sup> was my regular Deputy; Mr. Lewis M Janes,<sup>456</sup> a former Sheriff of Summit County, also aiding me a part of the time, in my office work; thus enabling me to do considerable outside work myself. Both myself and deputies, in addition to the regular routine work of the office, entered heartily into detective operations, bringing to light a large number of very important criminal operations, and securing the conviction and punishment of the criminals; some thirty in all having been consigned to the Penitentiary during my administration. [A Welcome Girl. –]<sup>457</sup> During the second year of my first term, as Sheriff, our last child, Carrie Maria, was born, to wit, on the 26<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1858. There was, as may well be imagined, great rejoicing in the household, though there was not a very great quantity of girl to rejoice over; the net weight of the newcomer not being over five pounds, and her foot being so small that a doll's shoe, picked up by me a day or two subsequent to her birth, only about two inches and a half in length, was too large for her. But she's grown some, since that time. Thus it will be seen, that the births of the family have been eight in number – two girls and six boys; four of whom, three boys and one girl, still (1879) remain to us.

260

#### Again in Newspaper Work.

The holding go a County office, had, hitherto, almost totally unfitted those holding them, for any other business; the idea seeming to fix itself firmly in their minds that, once in office, the people were bound to always keep them in office. Thus there were quite a number of ex-officers who were always scheming for positions upon the county ticket, at every successive election.

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<sup>452</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>453</sup> Best guess, could also be "bonds"

<sup>454</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>455</sup> Townsend, Alfred R., 1810-1887. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 1160.

<sup>456</sup> Janes, Lewis M., 1798-1865. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 660.

<sup>457</sup> Written in the margin

Determined not to be one of this number of “watching and waiting” patriots, I commenced laying plans for future operations, some three or four months before the expiration of my second term of office. A good deal of dissatisfaction having been manifested against the Beacon, the Editor then employed, Mr A. H. Lewis,<sup>458</sup> though a man of fine culture, and eminent ability, being unreliable, by reason of his intemperate habits, I was urged by a number of prominent Republicans, to start a new Republican paper, which I finally concluded to do. I accordingly drew up a Prospectus – or Circular of which the following is a copy:

“Circular”

“To the People of Summit County:”

“Being about to retire from the Office, which by your kind regard, and partiality, I have held for the past four years, allow me to return to you my sincere thanks, not only for this, but also for the many other tokens of favor and confidence I have received at your hands, during the twenty-five years I have resided among you”.

“And, not having adopted the too common motto “Once in office, always in office”, I have deemed it advisable to make arrangements for engaging in other business, immediately upon the expiration of my present term, which closes on the 7<sup>th</sup> day of January next, and beg leave, in answer to the general enquiry of “What’s Lane going to do?” to submit the following answer:

“My own observation, and the advice of numerous

261

“friends, in whose judgment I have the utmost confidence, leads me to the conclusion that the interests of the people of Summit County demand the establishment of another local newspaper at the County seat; and believing that my past experience in that line, together with a thorough acquaintance with the people, and their various tastes<sup>459</sup> and requirements, will enable me to acceptably conduct such a paper, and that the enterprise will “pay”. I shall, on the 8<sup>th</sup> day of January next, issue the first number for a weekly paper, to be called:

“The Summit Chronicle”.

“In its politics, the Chronicle will be decidedly, and emphatically, Republican; endeavoring not only to secure the triumph of the great principles of the National Republican Party, but also zealously laboring to promote the best interests of our State, County, municipal and township organizations, and those who are devoting time, money and influence for their “success”.

“In all other respects I shall aim to make the Chronicle a paper for the people – a living exponent of whatever is calculated to promote their intelligence, their happiness, and their “prosperity”.

“To this end I shall, not only through the Chronicle, but also in person, circulate among the people: visit them at their firesides, upon their farms, in their work-shops, their manufactories, and their places of doing business, and faithfully chronicle whatever of interest, or utility, shall, from week to week, fall under my observation.”

“I shall secure the aid of a faithful correspondent in each town and village in the county, and shall spare no pains or expense to obtain and disseminate early and reliable local “intelligence”

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<sup>458</sup> Lewis, Asahel Hooker, d. 1862. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 220.

<sup>459</sup> Best guess

“ I have already secured the services of able contributors at Columbus, Washington City, “New York, Boston, Saint Louis and San Francisco, who will keep me fully posted on matters “pertaining to their respective localities”.

**262**

“I shall, from time to time, draw upon my fund of experience on the “plains and mountains” and “a two years’ sojourn on the Pacific Coast, which is replete with interesting, amusing and “thrilling incident”.

“I shall give frequent illustrations of the “beauties of the law”, as exemplified in our “Courts of Justice during my four years of observation as Sheriff of the county, together with “occasional glimpses of the modus operandi of detective and police officers, in ferreting out and “exposing crime”

“In short “The Chronicle” will be a representative paper of the times; and without “intending, or desiring, to supplant, or interfere with any other journal, local or foreign, I “confidently ask for that support which I am happy to believe you have the noble generosity, as “well as the abundant ability, to bestow.

“The Chronicle will be printed with entirely new materials, on good paper, the size of the “Summit Beacon, at \$1.30 a year invariably in advance”.

“Advertisements (excepting those of a pernicious character) will be inserted at usual “rates.”

“A new and extensive Job Office will be connected with the Chronicle, which will be “under the control of one of the most tarty<sup>460</sup> and experienced Job Printers in Ohio.”

“I am also negotiating for the services of a first class Book Binder, by whom the very “best Blank Work, Magazine and other plain and fancy binding, will be promptly executed, at “the lowest living rates”.

“An Entirely New Feature”!

“Owing to the infrequent and tardy mail communication with several townships in the “county, I shall establish a “pony express”, by which the Chronicle will be delivered, without “additional charge, to subscribers, at the Post office in each township of the county on the day of “publication”.

**263**

“This circular will be distributed as generally as possible, in addition to which, between “the sixth day of November and the eighth day of January, agents will visit every family in the “County, that all who desire to subscribe for the Chronicle, and begin with the first number, can “have an opportunity of so doing.”

“All of which is Respectfully submitted,”

“Yours Truly,

Akron Nov 1<sup>st</sup> 1860.

S. A. Lane”.

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<sup>460</sup> Best guess



Taking this circular to the then proprietors of the Beacon, Beebe<sup>461</sup> + Elkins,<sup>462</sup> I requested them to give me their figures for 5,000 of them on full sheet letter paper, of good quality, my intention being to place one in the hand of every voter in the county, whether Republican or Democrat, at the Presidential Election, then near at hand. I should say, here, that the active young Republicans of Akron, were then publishing a campaign paper called “The Wide-Awake”, the great decisive struggle between Freedom and Slavery – The Lincoln and Douglas campaign – being then (1860) in progress, and that I was their main editorial and pictorial dependence, in the running of the paper.

[“Interviewed”.]<sup>463</sup> On calling upon Mr Elkins for my estimate, he expressed a desire to have a “talk” with me, and I granted him an interview. He asked whether I did not think the establishment of another Republican paper in Akron, would injure the Republican Party of Summit County? I told him that I did not think it would; but that as matters then stood, would rather tend to strengthen the party. But could two Republican papers be supported here? I said I thought they could, for certainly not more than one-third of the Republicans of the County were then taking the Beacon, and I thought I could get a fair list of subscribers for the Chronicle, without particularly interfering

## 264

with the Beacon's list; while my experience and observation led me to believe that the business men of Akron would advertise in all the papers published in the town. He was very fearful of the result and would rather sell out to me than have the experiment tried. But I did not then care to buy. How would I like to take a one-third interest in their business, – Printing Office and Book and Drug Store? Not having the means to invest so largely, and not being acquainted with the Book or Drug business, I would not care to do so, but would take a third interest in the Printing office at the price named by them as the value of that branch of the establishment, viz \$3,000. They declined to divide their business, but how would I like to edit the Beacon on a salary? I thought possibly an arrangement of that kind could be made if sufficeint inducements were offered. What salary did I want? I would try it one year for \$1000<sup>00</sup> – They could'nt pay that, as they were only paying Mr Lewis \$600<sup>00</sup>. They finally agreed to pay me \$800<sup>00</sup>, with the understanding that when they got ready to sell the office, which they some thought of doing, they would give me the first chance at the figures named. I finally accepted the offer, and commenced work for Beebe + Elkins, on the first day of January 1861, though spending about a week thereafter in closing up my Sheriff's business, my term office expiring with Monday January 7<sup>th</sup> –

[The War Era.] <sup>464</sup> The Rebellion soon afterwards broke out, and though under my administration, the circulation of the Beacon was increasing very rapidly, yet at the end of the first year the business of the country was in such a gloomy condition that, while I could make the salary I was receiving pay my family expenses I agreed to continue on for another year at the same price.

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<sup>461</sup> Beebe, Joseph A. (Alvin), 1810-1891. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”. See p. 185.

<sup>462</sup> Elkins, Richard S., 1818-1891. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 320.

<sup>463</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>464</sup> Written in the margin

[On the Rise. –]<sup>465</sup> During this year (1862) every kind of provisions and family supplies had advanced to such an extent that I ran considerably behind my salary, being obliged to draw on the balance of my earnings as Sheriff, the greater part of which had already been devoted to wiping off certain old matters heretofore alluded to, and making some quite extensive improvements and payments upon the family homestead. The war finally producing a great business boom throughout the country, to printers as were as others, they paid me \$1000<sup>00</sup> a year for 1863 and 1864, but still, so largely had prices of every thing become inflated, I fell away behind; not only using up all that came in on my old fees, from time to time, but also running considerably in debt. I then said to my employers that I should have to leave them and go at something that would give me an adequate support [A Partnership. –]<sup>466</sup> for my family. But I had become too valuable to them, now, to be readily given up, so they made me the offer that they would sell me a one-third interest in the office, at the rate of \$4000<sup>00</sup> for the whole-printing materials not only having advanced largely during the war, but important additions having been made thereto during the past four years; the payments to be divided into four annual installments at six per cent interest. They also agreed to allow me \$1200<sup>00</sup> a year salary for editing the paper, Mr Beebe to receive \$200<sup>00</sup> a year for keeping the books. This offer I accepted, with the understanding that when they got ready to sell the remaining two-thirds I should have the first chance at it. Thus the firm of Elkins, Lane + Co. was formed, and entered into operation on the first day of January 1865 –

[Elkins, Lane + co.]<sup>467</sup> After we had been running under the new regime some ten days, Horace G. Canfield, then foreman of the office, said to me that he wished he could get such a chance as I had in the concern. Thinking that the permanent connection of a practical printer<sup>468</sup> with the concern, and also believing Mr Canfield to be a straight-forward and honorable young man, I

## 266

interceded with Beebe + Elkins, in his behalf, and induced them to sell him a one-third interest, also, upon the same terms, the firm name to remain the same, but Mr Canfield's interest to date from the beginning, and his salary to be \$1000<sup>00</sup> per year – the partnership being limited to four years.

[Business Booming. –]<sup>469</sup> Under this new administration, and the great impetus given to business, by the War, the Beacon establishment became very prosperous, indeed, the increase in its business also requiring large additions to its material and machinery. These outlays were not always willingly consented to by the old members of the firm, and, at the end of two years, they announced to me their readiness to sell me their remaining one-third interest. Though, with a little assistance from willing friends, I could easily have “swung” it, as matters had thus far proceeded smoothly between myself and Mr Canfield. I generously proposed to give him an equal chance with myself, in the purchase of the interest in question, thus making us equal partners in the concern.

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<sup>465</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>466</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>467</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>468</sup> Best guess

<sup>469</sup> Written in the margin

[Lane, Canfield + Co. -]<sup>470</sup> In the meantime, at the close of the War, in 1865, Albertus L. Paine,<sup>471</sup> and Dennis J. Long,<sup>472</sup> former<sup>473</sup> apprentices and employees in the Beacon office, finding no place open to them as journeymen, on their return home from the army, had started a Republican paper, called The Akron Journal,<sup>474</sup> with Judge James S. Carpenter<sup>475</sup> as their editor. Thought the Journal was not particularly interfering with the Beacon, in either its circulation, advertising or Job work. Mr Canfield conceived the idea that it would be a good plan to consolidate the two concerns, and suggested to Paine and Long the propriety of their buying the remaining one third interest of the Beacon. I did not at first favor the project, but was finally persuaded to consent to the arrangement. The

267

bargain was concluded and the new firm of Lane, Canfield + Co, went into operation January 1<sup>st</sup> 1867. In this new deal, I was to receive a salary of \$1300<sup>00</sup> as Editor, and \$200<sup>00</sup> additional for keeping the books: Canfield \$1200<sup>00</sup> as Superintendent and Foreman of the Printing Department, and Paine and Long \$900<sup>00</sup> each as Job and News Printers, respectively. This partnership was also limited to four years.

[A Rising Cloud. -]<sup>476</sup> Things ran along smoothly for about one year, when the business had increased to such an extent that I found it utterly impossible for me to perform, single handed and alone, all the work that was devolved upon me. While new machinery and material were constantly being added to the office, and additional help employed as the business increased, no additional help was accorded to me, though my duties increased in the same ratio. Besides doing all the Editorial work, both general and local, reading proof, +c. all the business of the concern, taking in subscriptions, advertising, job-work, book-binding +c was done by me – the Book Bindery having been added to the business since the organization of the firm. The paper had also been increased about one-eighth in size, making, of course, a proportionate increase of writing; proof reading +c. I also had all the correspondence to attend to – goods to order, bills to make over, collections to make, a good share of the mailing of papers and cutting of cards to do, +c, +c. Under this accumulated, and constantly accumulating, labor I asked for an assistant; but they peremptorily declined to grant me one – saying that as I had agreed to Edit the paper and keep the books for \$1500<sup>00</sup> a year I must do it; and if I hired any extra help it must be at my own expense. So I struggled on, working night and day – being almost constantly busy with customers and office work, during the day; working at the accounts in the evening, and setting up half the balance of the night writing editorials, reading proof +c +c —

268

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<sup>470</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>471</sup> Clearly: Paine, Albertus L. Even though, here and later in the document Lane spells the first name “Albertus”. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 221.

<sup>472</sup> Clearly: Long, Denis J., 1844-1883. Even though, here Lane spells the first name “Dennis”. Later, Lane amends the name to “Denis” (see, for instance p. 269). Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 221.

<sup>473</sup> Best guess

<sup>474</sup> In Lane’s biography of Denis J. Long, in “Fifty Years and Over...,” he refers to the paper as the “Summit County Journal” which ceased publication in 1867, see p. 221.

<sup>475</sup> Carpenter, James S., b. 1805. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”. See p. 94.

<sup>476</sup> Written in the margin

[A Demurrer. —]<sup>477</sup> Finally, in the month of March of the second year of our partnership, Mr Canfield wanted to order a new press and some new material, amounting to some twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, to which I objected. He wanted to know what my objections were, as the articles in question were certainly necessary to do our increased business and the class of work we were then getting. I replied that I always had been, and still was, in favor of buying every thing that was necessary to keep fully up with the times – other things being equal; but as every such addition to the business proportionally increased my labors, while the rest of the members of the firm were required to devote no more time to the business than at the beginning, by reason of increased help, as well as increased facilities in their several departments, I positively objected to the appropriation of another dollar of my money to the purchase of additional machinery, until they consented to the employment of an assistant in my department, at the expense of the firm. [A Compromise. —]<sup>478</sup> On conferring together they finally agreed that I might employ Mr Homer C Ayres, a young Law student, but then teaching in the High School, for six months, at a salary not to exceed \$800<sup>00</sup> per year, if I would consent to the purchase of the machinery. I accordingly made an arrangement with Mr Ayres to commence work at the end of his school term, some two weeks thereafter, and the machinery was ordered. [Repudiation. —]<sup>479</sup> Some five or six days afterwards, Mr Canfield said to me “I suppose after Mr Ayres gets to work, you’ll throw off the \$200<sup>00</sup> from your salary, that you get for keeping the books, wont you?” I replied that I did not intend to give up either keeping the books or editing the paper. Mr Ayres simply being employed as an Assistant, to help me through with the extra work that had been devolved upon me by the various additions to the business, since the copartnership was formed. Thereupon my partners drew up and

269

handed me a document of which the following is a copy.

“Akron, March 22<sup>nd</sup> 1868

“We, the undersigned, representing the majority of the stock in the firm of Lane, Canfield  
“+Co, do not agree to the employment of Homer Ayres, unless S. A. Lane will subscribe, in  
“writing, to an agreement in substance, as follows;

“1<sup>st</sup> That said Ayres shall not be employed for more than six months from April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1868, at a  
“salary not exceeding \$400<sup>00</sup> for said six months.

“2<sup>nd</sup> That S. A. Lane will, for said six months, agree to drop the extra \$200 from his salary paid  
“for services as Book Keeper, during said time, receiving at the rate of \$1300 per annum for  
“said time.

“3<sup>rd</sup>, That said Lane shall agree to keep the books, transact office business, make out and collect  
“properly all bills now outstanding, (or that may accrue) so far as can be done by prompt demand  
“of payment, and legal means; to make a full statement of accounts and a proper balance sheet by  
“the 15<sup>th</sup> of July next, and semi-annually thereafter.

“4<sup>th</sup> This agreement to be made and signed on or before March 26<sup>th</sup> 1868.

(signed) H. G. Canfield,  
Albertus L. Paine,

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<sup>477</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>478</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>479</sup> Written in the margin

Denis J. Long”.

To this precious document, I made the following reply:

“Akron, O. March 23<sup>d</sup> 1868,

“To H. G. Canfield<sup>480</sup>

“ A L Paine +

“ D J Long

“Though regarding the document

“submitted by you this morning

“a direct personal insult, the undersigned begs leave to say, that, having made the agreement with

“Mr Ayres for six months, with the consent of all the members of the firm, he shall feel

**270**

“bound to carry out the arrangement, and most respectfully declines to sign such an agreement as  
“the one indicated in said document.

(signed) S. A. Lane”

On the receipt of my reply, the “majority” proceeded to serve a written notice upon Mr Ayres, formally notifying him that his services would not be needed, and that the arrangement that I had made with him was unauthorized, +c. So, notwithstanding the fact that the machinery agreed upon was bought, and had to be paid for, and the business of the concern proportionately augmented, I was left to flounder along alone, as best I could, though for awhile Eliza Potter<sup>481</sup> (now Mrs Long,) then a compositor in the office, was permitted to spend a portion of her time in the editorial room, and to give me such aid in my manifold duties as she was qualified to do. [Slight Relief. –]<sup>482</sup> Things run along in this way for several months, when Mr Canfield came to me one day, saying that he and the “boys” had been talking the matter over, and had come to the conclusion that if I was wiling, in order to keep our books up and make collections more promptly, and more closely, than I could do, he would take charge of the business and the books, look after the machinery, stock +c, while Mr Paine should take his place as foreman of the Job department, Mr Long to continue, as heretofore, in charge of the news department – I told Mr Canfield that I never should consent to any arrangement that would reduce my salary one cent below what it then was, for the reasons that while I intended to earn all that I received, I also needed it. After another consultation with the “boys”, Mr Canfield reported that they had agreed that if I would consent to the arrangement,

**271**

my pay should continue right on as though no change had taken place. I finally consented to the arrangement, and Mr Canfield became, in effect, the Business Manager” of the concern, though my Editorial and other duties still continued to occupy both my full time, and my constant, laborious attention.

[Still overworked –]<sup>483</sup> It was, of course, impossible for one man to make even a Weekly paper what it should be, in such a stirring and rapidly growing town as Akron – to properly collate, condense and arrange the matter for its literacy, religions, political, agricultural, miscellaneous

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<sup>480</sup> A vertical line design follows to the left of the recipients’ names

<sup>481</sup> Long, Eliza A. Potter, d. 1891. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 221.

<sup>482</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>483</sup> Written in the margin

and news departments – to write its Editorials, both general and local – to report the proceedings of City Council, Board of Education, and other public meetings – to read all the proof, make up the mails, +c. involving an amount of labor that my copartners, newspaper men though they were, could by no means realize or appreciate —

[Local Reporter. —]<sup>484</sup> In the mean time the two Everetts – father and son – had taken hold of the then lately established “City Times” – the elder as Editor-in-chief, and the younger as “local”. Having plenty of time at his command to perambulate the City, “Don” picked up a good many “items” that my close confinement to the office prevented me from getting hold of, noticing which my worthy partners, fearing that the Times would thus become more popular than the Beacon, voluntarily employed “Loni” C. Reynolds,<sup>485</sup> then (winter of 1868-9) just home from College, as reporter or local Editor.

Up to this time the office had been in the second story of the Mathews Block, over the Book and Drug store of Beebe + Elkins, the entire second floor, except the front room south of the stairs which was then used as a Telegraph office, being occupied by us, with an engine and press room in the rear which had been expressly erected for us by Mr Mathews.

[Removal. —]<sup>486</sup> In the Spring of 1869, a business office on the street being deemed important, it was determined to move the establishment to its present location on the West side of Howard Street, occupying the whole block,

## 272

(then only about half the size of the present building) except a small room in the north east corner, occupied as a Jewelry store, by O H Remington.

[Again Book-Keeper. —]<sup>487</sup> Here, the Blank Book and Stationary trade was added, and the business was otherwise materially enlarged, with additional machinery, materials, stock, + —.

Finding the Business Management, General Superintendency of Machinery, presses, stock, +c about all he could attend to, Mr Canfield now proposed the employment of a regular book-keeper to which I gave my consent (without any reference to any reduction in my pay) and George E. Paine, a brother of A. L. Paine, one of the members of the firm, was employed. Not proving in all respects satisfactory. Mr Paine was retained but a few months, when Mr Canfield again took the books in hand. But after working at it awhile, Mr Canfield again turned it over to me, of course, with the general editorial duties devolving upon me, and the general routine work of the office, including the sale of blank books and stationary. I could make but slow progress with the accounts and collections, still, I did the best I could, for a short time, when it was determined by the “majority” (against my protest, on account of the extra labor it would bring to me)

[Daily Beacon: —]<sup>488</sup> to start a Daily paper, providing we could be guaranteed from loss the first year, by a sufficient amount of pledged advertising from the business men of the city. This Mr Canfield was to undertake to work

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<sup>484</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>485</sup> Reynolds, Thomas Craighead, b. 1848. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 223.

<sup>486</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>487</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>488</sup> Written in the margin

up, but, when it came to the point, the task was devolved upon me. The estimated amount required was \$3,500, and on making the canvass I secured pledges, at the rates which we had made, for \$4,500. I was also detailed to go to Cleveland to make arrangements for special Daily Telegrams, from the Associated Press dispatches after their appearance in the Cleveland papers – those papers, being members of the Association, refusing their con-

273

sent to our getting to our getting them first handed. After many hindrances, a satisfactory arrangement was closed with the Superintendent and chief operator of the Western Union, at Cleveland, which gave the Daily Telegraphic news in a condensed form, several hours sooner than the people of Akron could get it through the Cleveland papers.

[Inaugurated. –]<sup>489</sup> The first number of the Akron Daily Beacon was issued on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of December, 1869 – starting in then, instead of waiting until the beginning of the new year, in order to give advertisers as well as ourselves, the benefits of Holiday advertising. Though now relieved of the business details of the concern, the severity of my labors was by no means diminished, but, on the contrary, considerably augmented, by the new arrangement. Without any addition to our editorial force, six issues per week had to be catered for, besides adjusting the matter, reading proof of advertisements +c for the Weekly. For me it was a constant drill, from morning, till night, and almost from night till morning. After some three or four months, my health began to fail me, and I asked for an additional assistant. At first my complacent and amiable copartners thought that I did not need one, but on being assured that I should be obliged to lower the standard of the paper – fill up with miscellaneous and promiscuous clippings, instead of carefully collated and condensed fresh news, general and local, they consented to let me have Carson Lake, (then learning the printer’s trade in the news Department) a part of the time each day. For a while we got along better, but soon Carson was ordered back into the news room. After a week or two, he was again permitted to help me, for a few days, then taken away from me altogether.

[Another “Ruction” –]<sup>490</sup> The weather now becoming very warm, my incessant labor brought on a severe pressure in my head and a constant dull, but severe, pain in the upper portion of my spine. At this juncture, a number of

274

public meetings occurring on the same evening – one of some importance – the proceedings of the City Council I think – was not reported. Mr Canfield, on noticing the omission, enquired of “Tom” why the report had not been made. “Tom” told him that it was for the simple reason, that neither himself nor Mr Lane could be in two different places at the same time. There had been, for some time, symptoms of a growing dislike against “Tom”, on the part of all my partners, and now the climax was reached. That evening, as I was about leaving the office, completely exhausted, a boy was sent up from the counting room with a note for “Tom” which, on opening, he found to contain a peremptory and instantaneous discharge, signed by all three of the “majority”, and enclosing the small balance of wages due him to that date. On his handing me

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<sup>489</sup> Written in the margin. Under this subtitle, written in pencil in the margin, likely by Arthur M. Lane, is the following, “I was the first news-boy – sold the first copy of the Daily Beacon that day to Mr. Robt. L Collet. AML.”

<sup>490</sup> Written in the margin

the note, I told him that I was running that department, and as I felt that I should be obliged to lay off for a few days, I wanted him to remain and run the office, as but he could, until I should be able to come to the office again. The next morning I sent to Mr. Long, foreman of the news room, the following note:

“At Home, June 10<sup>th</sup> 1870

“Mr Long:

“ I shall not be down to-day, and not again until I am feeling better. I have not been fit for work for the past ten days, and am wholly unable to go further; especially under the existing pressure. The firm can deduct the time I lose from my wages. On opening the enclosed letter, when handed to him, last night, Tom passed it over to me, with its contents, and declined to be discharged in that summary manner. And, permit me to say, that I think he was right, too. Now, please say to the other members of our firm, that I think I have “some rights” thus I think “the rest “are bound to respect”, and

275

“that while according to each of them the right to judge of the necessities and requirements of their several departments, in regard to help, some deference, at least, should be paid to my judgment and wishes in my department. I have, therefore, instructed “Tom” to continue on, at least for the present, as he has done. In regard to other help, you can, if you choose, return Carson to the Editorial room, or when I again get able to attend to business, I will try to find some one else

Yours, S. A. Lane”.

[Driven Off. —]<sup>491</sup> “Tom” accordingly went to work, as usual, that morning, but after the reception of my note, and a conference over it by the “majority”, Mr Canfield went up into the Editorial room and told him he could stay till I got well, but that they did not want him any longer than that. His bearing, as well as his language was such as “Tom” could not brook, and he concluded to “step down and out”, at once, and accordingly did so. Carson was then put to work upon the paper, and by copious clipping, adapting editorials and making much out of little, in the local line, he got along very well during my absence from the office – about six weeks – myself sending down on occasional item, or suggestion, during the latter portion of the time. [Down East. —]<sup>492</sup> While I was thus lying by for “repairs”, I received the following documents from my native town, which will explain themselves:

1670—

1870”

“Bi-Centennial Celebration.”  
“Suffield, Conn.”  
“Circular.”

“The Second Centennial Anniversary of the “Grant of General Court, at Boston, October “12<sup>th</sup> 1670”, occurring the present year, it has been decided, by a vote, of this town, to celebrate “the event, and to circulate the notice as widely as possible among the sons and daughters of

276

<sup>491</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>492</sup> Written in the margin



“Suffield, that have gone out from us, and their descendants.

“ All such are cordially invited to meet with us here, on the twelfth day of October next, for a  
“re-union at that time, and participate in the exercises, with the assurance of a hearty welcome,  
“both public and private. Every effort will be made to make the occasion interesting and  
“profitable, and the stay of our guests agreeable; and it is hoped that the gathering of those who  
“have wandered so far away from us, and have been so long separated, will warm the heart and  
“quicken the feeling of common interest and union

“  
“ W<sup>m</sup> L. Loomis,<sup>493</sup>  
“ Simon B Kendall, Committee  
“ Albert Austin,  
“ Thadeus H Spencer, on  
“ Gad Sheldon,  
“ Thomas J Austin Invitations  
“ Elihu<sup>494</sup> S Taylor

“Suffield, Conn. July 12 1870.”

“1670. [ Town of Suffield ]<sup>495</sup> 1870.”

“ Bi-Centennial Anniversary  
“ Celebration Oct 12<sup>th</sup> 1870

“Daniel Whorton,<sup>496</sup> Col Simon B Kendall  
“Simon B Kendall, Marshal

“William L Loomis, Executive  
“Gad Sheldon, Committee

“Hezekiah<sup>497</sup> S. Sheldon,  
“T. Hezekiah Spencer Suffield, Conn.  
“Henry M Sykes July 27<sup>th</sup> 1870

“ S A Lane Esq.  
“ Akron, Ohio.

“ Dear Sir:  
“ In accordance with the above  
“expression, and the desire of the sons and daughters of Old Suffield to observe

“their Bi-Centennial Anniversary, by a reunion at that time, with those who have gone out from  
“us in times past, the Committee cordially invite yourself and family to be present with us on that  
“occasion. We would also invite you to take some part in the exercises of that day, by a response  
“to the address of welcome, to take place on the 12<sup>th</sup> of October, at 10:30 A.M.

<sup>493</sup> A vertical line design to the right of the signers’ names

<sup>494</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>495</sup> Wavy line runs along this line.

<sup>496</sup> A vertical line design to the right of the list of committee names

<sup>497</sup> Personal name, best guess

“As a son of Suffield, the Committee would appreciate your accepting this position, in giving us  
“one of your “familiar talks” of Suffield, as you knew it when a boy +c. Your early reply will  
“oblige,

“  
“  
“

Yours Truly,

In behalf of the Committee

D.W. Norton, Chairman”.

Replying to Mr Norton that I would accept this invitation, and the agreeable duty involved therein. I accordingly made the necessary arrangements to go, and with my good wife, and the two youngest children – Arthur M. and Carrie M – left Akron for New York, on the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, on Friday evening, October 7<sup>th</sup>, arriving in New York on Saturday evening.

[In Suffield.–]<sup>498</sup> Remaining in New York over Sunday, we went up to Suffield on Monday afternoon, being met at Windsor Locks station, by the carriage of our cousin, Mr. Julius Harmon, whose hospitable mansion, about a mile west of the village, we made our headquarters; though we were pleasantly entertained by numerous other relatives and friends, during our tarry in Old Suffield. —

[Celebrating. –]<sup>499</sup> The eventful day of October 12<sup>th</sup>, 1870, came in rainy and gloomy in the extreme, keeping hundreds, if not thousands, from witnessing the interesting exercises. As it was, however, both the large Congregational Church, in which the literary, historical, oratorical and musical exercises were held, as well as the immense tent upon the public square, in which were set the

## 278

tables, for feeding the multitude, were filled to their utmost capacity.

[The Speeches. –]<sup>500</sup> The preliminary exercises having been gone through with, the Address of Welcome, by Rev. Walter Barton, of the Suffield Congregational Church, was duly delivered, occupying about eight minutes. Being limited in my response to ten minutes, I could not, of course, go very extensively into “one of my familiar talks about Suffield as I knew it when I was a boy”, but read the following brief remarks, written on the morning of the day the exercises were to take place, and after finding that the more lengthy “familiar talk”, that I had conned<sup>501</sup> over in my mind, would not fit the programme that had been marked out:

### Response to Address of Welcome.

“Mr President; Ladies and Gentlemen: It is, to me, gratifying beyond expression, that I am “permitted to participate with you in celebrating the Two Hundredth anniversary of the “settlement of this, my native town. But it is not quite so gratifying to find myself the sole “respondent to the very able and the very cordial address of welcome, to the returning wanderers, “which has just been pronounced.

“The honored chairman of your committee, in his kind letter of invitation, expressed the “desire that, in response to said address, I should give ‘one of my familiar talks in regard to my “recollections of Suffield when I was a boy! To this I assented, on the supposition that there “were to be several similar responses, and that any formal reply to the address, would devolve

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<sup>498</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>499</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>500</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>501</sup> Best guess

“upon other and abler speakers than myself. Indeed, I had been informed that the names of at least two professional “talkists”, had been associated with my own, in the performance of the “pleasing task, now, by a change in the programme, and by an error of judgment,

279

“on the part of the committee, devolved wholly upon myself. Fortunately, however, both for myself and for my auditors, the limited space of time which I may occupy, will render my task “comparatively easy, and the infliction upon my hearers correspondingly light.

“Forty years ago, Mr President, I left you, a chubby, round-faced, ruddy-cheeked, dark-haired black-eyed, and – if tradition speaks truly – a tolerably good looking boy, of fifteen years of age. To-day, I come back to you, a gaunt, sallow-visaged, grizzly-headed, dim-sighted old man, of fifty-five

“Forty years! A long period of time, truly, when, with the eyes of youth and hope, gazing forward into the future. But O, how short, when retrospectively considered – but the merest “fragment of the countless cycles that form the unnumbered centuries of the past!

“Yet, as brief a period of time as it in reality is, what great and important changes have “taken place within those forty years! Events mightier by far, and of vastly greater significance “and influence upon the interests of civilization and human progress, have taken place within “that brief period, than, with perhaps a single exception, in the entire one-hundred and sixty “years besides, of the two centuries whose termination you now celebrate.

“Were it proper for me to do so, in this connection, time would not permit me to give “even the briefest history of all those great and grand events. Among them, however, I may “pause to mention the inauguration of the great and ever extending system of railways, which has “wrought such a revolution in the modes of travel and transportation, in this and other lands; the “application of electricity to the purposes of telegraphic communication, by which not only time “and distance have been annihilated, both in our own and

280

“foreign countries, but which, spanning and fathoming the ocean, has drawn the two great “continents of the earth so closely together, that the mightiest or the minutest event transpiring in “any portion of the one, may be known, in detail, throughout the length and breadth of the other, “within the very hour of its occurrence; the application of science to agricultural, manufacturing “and domestic operations, whereby one controlling mind can, with nerves of steel, and muscles “of iron, accomplish vastly more labor in a given time, than could formerly be done by hundreds “of the most skillful operatives; but towering high above them all, so far as its influence upon “our own development is concerned; stands the gigantic moral, social and political revolution by “which four millions of bondmen have been endowed with all the attributes of independent and “enfranchised citizens.

“But Mr President, I may not enlarge upon these, and kindred, topics, so full of interest “and of hope to this and other nations of the earth, and will only say, in conclusion, that during “the entire period of my absence from Old Suffield – whether it may seem longer or shorter to “my hearers – my mind has ever reverted with pleasure to the fond associations of my native “town. In all my wanderings, having visited nearly every State and Territory now embraced “within the limits of the United States – the British Possessions upon the north, and portions of

“Mexico and Central America upon the South, besides a number of prominent Islands of both the  
“Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans; and though I have seen many magnificent and beautiful towns,  
“and rural paradises

281

“without number, my boyhood recollections of Suffield overshadow them all, in point of  
“loveliness, grandeur and sublimity! And, I presume I but speak the sentiments of all present,  
“who, like me, having strayed away from their ancestral homes in early life, are here to-day, to  
“participate in these anniversary exercises, when I say, that each recurring visit but serves to  
“heighten the coloring of those recollections, and enhance my reverence for my native town.

“Again, Mr President, both for myself and the large number of Suffield – born visitors  
“present, I sincerely thank you for the opportunity thus afforded us of joining with you, in  
“celebrating this important anniversary, and for the very cordial greeting which is being extended  
“to us by our old friends and neighbors, and their worthy descendants and successors, the present  
“intelligent and enterprising occupants of the truly “sacred soil” of dear, delightful, Old  
“Suffield”.

[Toasts, Etc. –]<sup>503</sup> At the close of the exercises in the Church, the crowd repaired to the tent,  
where a fine collation had been spread, and which was most heartily enjoyed. After dinner a  
number of short speeches were made by resident and visiting Suffield-ites, and other  
distinguished guests, in response to various prepared toasts, and similar exercises were also had  
in the evening, at the Baptist Church, on which occasion it was my privilege to get in a few  
telling hits, in regard to their tardiness and backwardness in the way of railroad and  
manufacturing enterprises.

[Letters Etc. –]<sup>504</sup> Remaining in the vicinity some two weeks, visiting friends in Chicopee,  
Springfield and other towns, it was my pleasure, also, to attend, on special invitation, an  
adjourned meeting at the Lecture room of the Congregational Church, at which numerous letters  
from persons invited, but unable to attend the celebration, were read; among them a  
characteristic letter

282

from brother C.V. written from Saint Louis, which, with others, will be found in the printed  
proceedings under the title of “Celebration of the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the Town of  
Suffield, Conn. Oct 12<sup>th</sup> 1870”, to be found in our family library. The entire proceedings not  
only marked an important epoch in the history of my native town, but also formed a very  
prominent, as well as pleasant, episode in my own very varied, and not altogether uneventful  
experience; while my health was very greatly improved, indeed, by the diversion and relaxation  
thus afforded.

#### Distressing Surgical Operation.

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<sup>502</sup> Wavy line runs along this line.

<sup>503</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>504</sup> Written in the margin

[The Dear Mother. –]<sup>505</sup> For several years previous to this, my dear wife had been suffering a good deal of anxiety of mind, and pain of body, by the appearance upon her left breast of what was feared to be a cancer. For a year or more the apprehension was kept entirely to herself, even before I was made aware of it, for she had apparently been very greatly improved in health since the birth of our daughter, Carrie, then for many years previous. Our family physician, Dr E. W. Howard,<sup>506</sup> was consulted, and while giving it as his opinion that it would probably result in cancer, thought it barely possible that it might prove only a sort of scrofulous lump, or kernel, that after attaining considerable size would remain stationary, if not, under proper treatment, recede, and finally disappear. For a year or so, along about 1867-8, it did not seem to enlarge much, if any, and was somewhat less painful than it had been before, and we were a good deal encouraged about it. In the winter of 1868-9, however, it rapidly increased in size, and its malignant character became more manifest. A surgical operation was therefore determined upon, which was accordingly performed by Dr. E. W. Howard, assisted<sup>507</sup> Dr S B Chase,<sup>508</sup>

283

Thomas MacEbright and H. C. Howard;<sup>509</sup> myself, and sister Emeline<sup>510</sup> and Mrs Hibbard,<sup>511</sup> also, being present, and rendering such assistance as we were able to do. The brave little woman made every preparation herself, and took her position upon the surgical table as calmly as though lying down upon the sofa, for a refreshing slumber. Chloroform was administered, and the entire breast was removed without any conscious pain to the dear woman; the operation, including binding up and dressing the wound, occupying only about thirty minutes. The operation was performed on the 28<sup>th</sup> day of May, 1869. The parts healed rapidly and soundly, and for a year thereafter she enjoyed a very fair degree of health, indeed. But in the latter part of the Summer of 1870, a tightness of the left lung, accompanied with a slight cough, began to manifest itself, as though she had taken a light cold. This tightness and cough were quite troublesome during our visit East, and after our return, about the 1<sup>st</sup> of November, continued to increase gradually through the winter and following spring. She, poor woman, imagined for a long time that it was but a severe cold which she had taken during our journey, and that if she could only take something that would loosen it, she would soon get relief. Her friends, however, soon became painfully aware of the fact that while the cancer did <insertion: not> reappear, externally, the fatal malady was preying upon her vitals, and that her stay among us would be very brief. Every known remedy was made use of, and every possible attention given, to secure her recovery, but in vain. Though suffering terribly from her distressing cough, and a constant sense of suffocation, she kept up bravely, overlooking and directing her household affairs, until within two days of her death, at which time, to partially alleviate her dreadful sufferings, it became

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<sup>505</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>506</sup> Howard, Elias W., 1816-1890. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 174. Uncle of Dr. B. S. Chase.

<sup>507</sup> Best guess, could also be “assistant”

<sup>508</sup> Clearly: Chase, Byron S., 1834-1878. Even though here Lane inverts the doctor’s initials. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 179. Nephew of Dr. E. W. Howard.

<sup>509</sup> Howard, Henry C., d. 1887. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 174. Son of Dr. E. W. Howard.

<sup>510</sup> Lane, Emeline Potter Manning. Here Lane’s sister-in-law, later his 2<sup>nd</sup> wife.

<sup>511</sup> Hibbard, Nancy J. Ackley. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 169.

necessary to keep her, for the most of the time, under the influence of opiates. The day before her death, while sister Emeline and myself were

284

Death of The Dear Mother.

administering some nourishment to her, which could only be taken in liquid form, she said, with great difficulty, and very slowly: "I think I shall not get well, and I feel you think so too. I should like to live a little longer on account of the younger children, and I hope you will see that they are brought up right. I should like to see Julia safely through, too, but I suppose I cannot see every thing through in this world". Having become exhausted by the effort, to talk, we now laid her down, and though she was able to sit up in bed, to take an occasional swallow of nourishment, she was not afterwards able, or sufficiently conscious to talk; her death occurring, quietly and peacefully, about 5 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1871, at the age of 54 years, 4 months and 17 days. She was in every sense of the word a good woman – a consistent Christian – ever-faithful and affectionate wife – and a most loving and indulgent mother. Let her children and grandchildren ever fondly cherish her memory <insertion: and> emulate her virtues

The Second Mother Duly Installed.

Though the death of the dear woman with whom, amid the varying, and oftimes adverse and afflicting circumstances heretofore recorded in these pages, I had lived so happily, for nearly a third of a century, was deeply felt, and sincerely lamented, the poignancy of my grief was somewhat mitigated by the fact that I had my surviving children with and near me, and my dear kind-hearted sister, Maria, to still look after the household, as she most faithfully did, until it was deemed advisable for me to bring another – the only sister of the dear departed – to fill the void, as nearly as it is possible for a second wife, and mother, to fill the place of the first, in a household of adult or nearly grown up children. This second marriage with Mrs Emeline Manning, widow of the late Levi Manning,

285

took place on the 11<sup>th</sup> day of November 1872, the 34<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the original marriage of her sister and myself, in 1838. This second marriage I have never had any cause to regret, excepting that the changes in my business, and pecuniary circumstances, have doomed her to a far more arduous and laborious position in the household, than I had intended for her. Though, perhaps, my children may have thought my second marriage ill-advised, and inexpedient, I now (1879) after the lapse of seven years, feel that all of them have become satisfied, not only of the propriety of the step then taken, but of the wisdom of my choice, and I fondly trust that in the future, as in the past, while she may be spared to me and them, this second mother may be most kindly treated and cherished by them all.

A Partnership Lawsuit.

To return, now, to business matters. Resuming my editorial duties with renewed health and spirits, after my return from Suffield, with Carson Lake as my assistant, I was soon confronted with the question of what was to be done after the expiration of the term to which the copartnership of Lane, Canfield + co had been limited – four years – which would be up with the end of the current year – 1870; My proposition was to renew the arrangement, on terms that

might be mutually satisfactory, but the other members peremptorily refused to go on together, for a single day after January 1<sup>st</sup> 1871. Would I sell out to them? I did not want to, for I had been working for ten years to build up for myself a permanent business for the balance of my life. Would I buy them out? I had no means to do so myself, but would try to find a purchaser, if they would give me reasonable terms. So prosperous had been the concern, and so many additions had been made to its machinery, material and stock, that, counting its good will at \$5,000, the entire valuation was about \$25,000. They offered to sell for \$7,000 per third interest, Canfield owning one-third and Paine + Long, jointly, one third. I accordingly began to cast about for some person or party to purchase, writing a number

**286**

of letters, and going to Pittsburgh, in person, where “Tom” was then working, and when it was thought a purchaser could be found. Receiving some encouragement, I returned and resumed negotiations, when the gentlemen went back on their offer and raised their figures to \$8,000 per share. I told them that I could do nothing towards securing a purchaser, unless they would stick to their offers; and they then gave me the refusal at<sup>512</sup> their last figures, for two weeks. Not being able to bring about a satisfactory arrangement in the time, they wanted me to set a price on my share. I said that I considered my good will in the concern worth at least \$1,000 more than that of either of the other share holders, and that as it would take me at least a year to establish myself in any other business, while either of them could find immediate employment at their trades, at good wages, I ought to have a bonus of \$1,000 on that account, and that, therefore, \$10,000 was as low a figure as I would be willing to take, and I did’nt want to sell even at that figure. This they would not give, and matters stood thus when the first day of January 1871 arrived, at which time Mr Canfield promptly filed a petition in the Court of Common Pleas, and filed his motion, before Judge Boyuton,<sup>513</sup> for the appointment of a Receiver, to bring the business of the firm to an immediate close. This plan, if successful, would, of course, sell me out at one-third of what the whole concern would sell for under the hammer – probably from one half to two-thirds the real value. With my one-third interest, only, and no surplus money, I could not expect to compete with the two-thirds combination against me, in securing control of the concern. I therefore employed counsel to resist the application for a Receiver. Mr Canfield’s idea was, that it would only take about six weeks

**287**

to close the thing out; but I told him that if he succeeded in a year, he would do remarkably well. The hearing of the case was delayed, from time to time, for some eight or ten months. In the meantime business had gone on as usual; new contracts had been entered into with yearly advertisers, and with the Buckeye, Excelsior and other Manufacturers, for thousands of dollars worth of Job Work: new machinery and material had been purchased; every kind of stock had been replenished, and a dividend of \$500<sup>00</sup> per one-third share, had been credited up to the respective partners, each of whom kept right along, as usual, in the per-<sup>514</sup> performance of his accustomed duties. On a full hearing of the case, Judge Boyuton refused the application for a

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<sup>512</sup> Best guess, could also be “as”

<sup>513</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>514</sup> Author repeats these three letters of the word “performance” before the line break

Receiver, on the ground that a Receiver to wind up a partnership was only necessary when the disagreement of the partners was such that the business was put in peril thereby. But it appeared to the Judge, from Mr Canfield's own testimony, under the cross-questioning of my counsel, that the business interests of the Company were not only not suffering, but that the concern was highly prosperous, under the management of its owners, each one of whom was attending faithfully to his appropriate duties – prosperous to such an extent that not only was he – Mr Canfield, as the business manager and financier – purchasing new machinery and material almost continually, but that he had also just declared and paid a dividend – over and above their respective salaries to the members of the firm. It would, he said, be manifestly unjust for the Court to take the business out of the hands of the owners, who knew so well how to manage it, and put it into the hands of a stranger to the business; it would only be drawing an additional salary from the profits of the concern to pay said Receiver, who must be a competent man, and therefore entitled to a good salary, for the year or two that it might take to settle the matter, for the Court

288

would feel bound to see to it that the interests of no one party was sacrificed by a too hasty sale of the property involved – while, at the same time, no action could be taken by which either of the partners could be thrown out of the position he then held, or the pay he was then receiving for his services. The Judge concluded his review of the case by saying, that unless the parties could come to an amicable settlement, it might become necessary, on a further hearing, to appoint a Master Commissioner, to fully investigate the matter, in order to determine the rights of the parties, and the equities in the case, and that, possibly, it might eventually be found necessary for the Court to order the property to be sold. Thus, like the old sow, which had been accustomed to gain access to a field of corn through a crooked, hollow log that constituted a part of the fence, found itself baffled when the farmer turned the log so that both ends pointed outward, Mr Canfield, after a protracted effort to worm himself into my cornfield, found himself “crawling out of the same hole he went in at”.

[Triumph No 2. –]<sup>515</sup> I have hitherto omitted to state that after solemnly agreeing, as before mentioned, that my salary of \$1500<sup>00</sup> should remain unchanged, Mr Canfield, without a word of consultation with me, deliberately dropped the \$200<sup>00</sup> per year, in his quarterly credits, from and after October 1<sup>st</sup> 1869, and in my answer to his petition, this was made one of the issues. On passing upon the Receivership, this question was reserved for future consideration, and subsequently decided in my favor, thus making a difference, in the credit side of my account, of \$471<sup>00</sup>

[A Stock Company –]<sup>516</sup> After the decision of the Court, as above narrated, various attempts were made by counsel to compromise matters, but none looking to a continuance of our partnership relations

289

The Beacon Publishing Company.

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<sup>515</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>516</sup> Written in the margin



I finally hit upon the expedient of forming a Stock Company. Getting terms from Canfield for his third interest at \$7,500 and from Paine for his one sixth interest at \$4,000 (Mr Long agreeing to retain his one-sixth interest) I succeeded in getting enough stock subscribed to buy those two gentlemen out. The capital stock of the new Company was fixed at \$25,000 of which myself and Mr Long owned one half; the other half being taken as follows: General W. F. Reynolds<sup>517</sup> \$1,500 for the purpose of reinstating "Tom" in the concern; F. J. Staral, heretofore an employee in the Book Bindery \$1,500; William H. Upson,<sup>518</sup> George W. Crouse,<sup>519</sup> John R Buchtel,<sup>520</sup> John F. Seiberling<sup>521</sup> and Jacob A. Kohler,<sup>522</sup> each \$1,000; and David L. King,<sup>523</sup> George T. Perkins,<sup>524</sup> Alvin C. Voris,<sup>525</sup> Jeremiah A Long,<sup>526</sup> J. Park Alexander,<sup>527</sup> Ferdinand Schumacher,<sup>528</sup> Charles Miller,<sup>529</sup> John H Hower<sup>530</sup> and Arthur L. Conger<sup>531</sup> \$500 each. The "Beacon Publishing Company" was organized in December 1871, with George W Crouse as President; Dennis J. Long as Secretary, and Samuel A Lane as Business Manager; "Tom" being placed in charge of the Editorial department as Associate Editor, under my supervision, though in fact performing the duties of Editor in-chief. Mr Long continued in charge of the News Room, and Mr Canfield, under a contract for two years, was employed as Job foreman

Again Devastated by Fire.

Business not only continued good, but under the new arrangement, increased so rapidly that an addition to the building was deemed necessary. Accordingly, an arrangement was made with Mr Jacob H. Wise, the owner of the building, for the erection, in the rear of the building as it then stood, of that portion of the present structure now used as engine room, press room and job room. This work was begun in the early spring; a new and larger steam boiler also being ordered at the same time —

The walls of this new addition were about two-thirds up, when, on the morning of April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1872, the entire original building, with its

## 290

entire contents, machinery, material, stock, work, +c was destroyed by fire – evidently the work of an incendiary. Not a dollar's worth escaped except the books which were in the safe, and though in the very hottest of the fire, were found to be in a good state of preservation. This calamity, to me, looked like total ruin; for having but moderate insurance, and a very large amount of stock and work for the Buckeye and Excelsior Works, and others, on hand, fully one half of our entire capital had been wiped out.

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<sup>517</sup> Reynolds, W. F. (William Franklin), 1820-1894.

<sup>518</sup> Upson, William H., b. 1823. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 172.

<sup>519</sup> Crouse, George W., b. 1832. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 152.

<sup>520</sup> Buchtel, John Richards, b. 1820. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 150.

<sup>521</sup> Seiberling, John Franklin, b. 1834. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 467.

<sup>522</sup> Kohler, Jacob Adams, b. 1835. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 267.

<sup>523</sup> King, David L., b. 1825. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 241.

<sup>524</sup> Perkins, George Tod, b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 157.

<sup>525</sup> Voris, Alvin C.

<sup>526</sup> Long, Jeremiah A., b. 1837. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 468.

<sup>527</sup> Alexander, John Park, b. 1834. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 264.

<sup>528</sup> Schumacher, Ferdinand, b. 1822. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 155.

<sup>529</sup> Miller, Charles, 1815-1886. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 921.

<sup>530</sup> Hower, John H., b. 1822. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 457.

<sup>531</sup> Conger, Arthur L., 1838-1899.

[New Equipment. –]<sup>532</sup> The stockholders, however, promptly held a meeting, on the morning of the fire, and resolved not only to go ahead, but also to build up, and fit up, on a much larger and better scale, than before the fire. By an arrangement with the City Times, our paper, Daily + Weekly was continued right along, though somewhat diminished in size for a short time – A contract was entered into with Mr. Wise to more than double the size of the old building – a full complement of first-class machinery and material was ordered from the Chicago Type Foundry of Marder, Luse + Co. A new engine, elevator, shafting + steam pipes, were put in by The Webster Camp + Lane Machine Company, and every appointment adopted to make it the model Printing and Publishing House of Northern Ohio.

[Heavy Expense. –]<sup>533</sup> All of this, with the extraordinary expenses incurred in the running of the business, during the re-building and fitting up of the concern, it was understood would cost many thousands of dollars more money than was realized from, insurance, and the other resources of the Company, left by the disaster.

[Fair Promises. –]<sup>534</sup> But, this, the liberal-minded and sanguine outside Stockholders, who had come to the rescue after the solution of the Receiver problem, said should be forthcoming whenever it was needed, either by increasing the capitol stock, or by assessing

291

existing stock. The major part of the machinery and printing material, as well as the goods necessary to stock the building, when completed, had been bought on <insertion: credit>

Financial Embarrassment.

The credit of the Beacon Publishing Company was A. No 1. both at home and abroad. Immediately on getting into our new building our business assumed more than its former proportions. Large contracts were made with the various agricultural shops, and other Job work was on a general boom. Thus, from the receipts from our business, and an occasional discount at Bank, then easily obtainable, I had no trouble in meeting our payments, as they matured, during the fall and winter of 1872-3, so that, though often enquired of, by our jolly stockholders, in regard to that increase of capitol +c, I was able to report that if the “boom” then on, continued, it would not be needed. But the “boom” did’nt continue. Early in the Summer of 1873 work began to slacken. The great horse epidemic – the epizootie<sup>535</sup> – which swept over Ohio in the winter of 1872-3, lasting until late into the spring of the latter year, had very greatly affected all kinds of local trade, and the printing business in proportion. Then came the great panic – the terrible financial crisis – of September 1873; followed by greatly increased depression in business in 1874. Our long-time paper for machinery came to maturity, which, with income shortened, and constantly shortening up, and with the shutting down of our Banks upon discounts, we were unable to meet, and credit-destroying extensions had to be asked for.

[Slim Performances. –]<sup>536</sup> Meantime, the stockholders were convened and appealed to, to take measures to relieve the concern from its embarrassments; for not only were its creditors becoming justly impatient; and importunate, but from repeated extensions, at high rates of interest compounded, was very rapidly augmenting our already very burdensome indebtedness –

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<sup>532</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>533</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>534</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>535</sup> Presumably meant “epizooty”

<sup>536</sup> Written in the margin

Again “Hors de Combat”

But the promised money was not “forthcoming”, as had been given out, with such a flourish of trumpets, on the morning after the fire, when it was determined to rebuild and refit on a larger scale; none of the stockholders, who had the means to do so, being willing to make a further investment in a business that had proved so disastrous; and seeming to forget that, in addition to its heavy loss by the fire, a large portion of the Company’s embarrassments were brought about by the unanimous vote of the stockholders, and the full sanction of the Directors, in re-building on so munificent a scale. The result was, that, after struggling along under a load of physical labor, and mental worry, extremely crushing in its effects, I was compelled to consent to the transfer of the concern to parties that would take in and pay its debts. Though I then thought – as I still think – that I yet had a substantial interest in the concern, whose assets, on a cash basis, invoiced several thousand dollars more than its liabilities, yet I was unable, “single-handed and alone”, to extricate it from its embarrassments and was obligated to acquiesce in the arrangement, or take, the responsibility of throwing the Company into bankruptcy. This, for the credit of the City, of myself individually, and of the paper that I had so long been connected with, I did not wish to do, and so the transfer was made in January <insertion: 1875><sup>537</sup> ~~1855~~<sup>538</sup> to Messrs Thomas C. Reynolds, Frank J. Staral and John H. Auble; myself and Mr George W. Crouse retaining a mere nominal stock interest, to enable them to keep up their corporate organization, five directors being necessary thereto.

There was no written, or even verbal, positive agreement that I should continue in the service

of the new proprietors for a single day, though I thought there was a tacit understanding that I would have, in some shape, permanent employment in the concern. I therefore kept right on at work – the first month as Business Manager, and afterwards for several months substantially so, performing the duties of the position, though relieved of the title and the honors, and of the financial pressure that had previously attached to the position. For the first six months I worked very hard, indeed, after which, by reason of the parties in interest becoming more familiar with the details of the business, and of the prevailing dullness, I had it somewhat easier. [“Down and Out”. –]<sup>539</sup> The new proprietors finally came to the conclusion that, as a salaried employee, I had substantially “outlived my usefulness”; though offering me the position of solicitor, on commission, which offer was respectfully declined; my connection with the concern terminating on the first of December 1875. Thus, at the end of fifteen years, of the very hardest work of my life, I was forced, by circumstances which I could not control, to retire from a business that I had so assiduously striven to build up, and that I had fondly hoped would be the business of the remainder of my life; and that, too, not only without a single dollar to show for all my labor, but absolutely several hundred dollars worse off, financially, than when I commenced. And while I sincerely believe that others, with whom it was my fortune to be

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<sup>537</sup> Written in pencil in the left margin as the correct date; most likely written at a later time.

<sup>538</sup> The crossed out date is also circled in pencil

<sup>539</sup> Written in the margin

associated, could have averted a portion of the disasters narrated in these pages, and thus have made my sixty years of life less a failure, financially, than it has been, I am not disposed to indulge in personal reproaches, being now, as I trust I ever shall be, on the most friendly terms with them all, and not one of whom would I hesitate to call upon, for such future private or public favors as I may desire.

**294**

[The Moral of it all. –]<sup>540</sup> This brings my life – narrative down to the close of 1875. If it has in it any moral at all, it may thus stated: First, that success in life is rendered certain, only, by singleness of purpose in the selection of a congenial avocation, a thorough preparation for its prosecution and an unswerving tenacity in adhering to it. Second, that single, well-directed effort, is generally productive of more individual and collective harmony and prosperity, than partnership enterprises, however amiable in disposition the several parties in interest may naturally be. There are probably some notable exceptions to this rule – where associated labor and capital produce wonderfully successful results. But a wide observation confirms my own life-long business experience, that partner-ships, with their unavoidable diverse and unequal management, are far more likely to founder and go to pieces than the single scull, propelled by the well-directed efforts of an individual enterprising business mariner.

Voluntary Honors from Governor Dennison.<sup>541</sup>

A few items, intimately connected with my life-history thus far, not readily woven into the main warp and woof of the preceding narrative, may properly be mentioned here: In July, 1861, after I had been connected with the Beacon about six months, the death of William M. Dodge,<sup>542</sup> the Probate Judge of Summit County, created a vacancy in that office, to be filled, by appointment from the Governor, until the ensuing October Election. Governor Dennison, reading the news of Judge Dodge's death in the papers, said to my friend Coggshall,<sup>543</sup> then State Librarian, and Acting Military Secretary to the Governor, that he desired to fill

**295**

the vacancy before the scramble for the place commenced, and asked him if he thought I would take it? Coggshall said he thought I would. The Governor immediately turned to his Private Secretary and said: "Make out a commission for Samuel A Lane, as Probate Judge for Summit County, in place of William M. Dodge, deceased". Coggshall then sent me the following telegram

"Columbus, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1861

"To S. A. Lane Esq. Akron, Ohio.

"Governor Dennison has appointed you as Probate Judge, in place of Dodge, deceased. Commission goes up by mail

W. T. Coggshall".

My predecessor in the Editorial Chain of the Beacon, having professedly, and apparently, reformed his intemperate habits, had just started for Columbus, via Cleveland, with a respectable

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<sup>540</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>541</sup> Dennison, William, 1815-1882.

<sup>542</sup> Dodge, William Morgan, 1805-1861. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 130.

<sup>543</sup> Presumably: Coggshall, William Turner, 1824-1867. Even though Lane spells the last name "Coggshall".

petition, asking for his appointment to the vacancy in question. Being in the Telegraph office in Hudson, when the message to me came over the wires, the operator informed Mr. Lewis of its import, who immediately telegraphed to me, as follows:

“Hudson July 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

“To S. A. Lane Esq. Akron, Ohio,

“Do you accept the Probate Judgeship?

“Answer.

A. H. Lewis”

To this I instantly replied as follows:

“Akron, July 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

“To A. H. Lewis Esq, Hudson, Ohio,

“No!

S A Lane.”

I then immediately telegraphed Gov. Dennison as follows:

“Akron, July 24<sup>th</sup> 1861

“To Hon William Dennison

“Columbus, Ohio

“Thanks for the compliment, but cannot accept the Probate Judgeship. S. A. Lane”.

## 296

My reasons for declining the appointment were these: I had just entered on my duties, as Editor of the Beacon, with a view to permanence; I could not well perform the duties of both positions at the same time: the appointment was only for about four or five months, at the outside, and having but just come out of a four year's pull, at the “public crib”, I had'nt the cheek to go before the people of Summit County and ask them to elect me to another office, so soon. Mr Lewis, therefore, went forward and secured the appointment; but his reformation did not last even till the holding of the nominating convention, and he was given the go-by. Judge Pitkin<sup>544</sup> being nominated and elected in his stead; as he would probably have been, had I taken the position so generously tendered to me. Due course of mail, however, brought me, from Columbus, the following documents as evidence of the Governors kind intentions:

“The State of Ohio, Executive Department,

“Columbus, July 24, 1861,

“Saml A. Lane, Esq.

“Dr Sir: The Governor has heard of the death of W<sup>m</sup> M Dodge, your probate Judge. He “has appointed you, as Probate Judge, to fill the vacancy occasioned by his death, till the fall “election shall decide upon a successor. Herewith please find Commission. Trusting that it will “be satisfactory to yourself, and beneficial to your people. I remain very truly,

“Yours +c

“W. J. Bascom, Private Sec,”

Mr Bascom, I had been personally acquainted with for several years, having previously been Editor of the Ohio State Journal, at Columbus, and soon afterwards purchasing and successfully conducting, for several years, The Mount Vernon Republican, and still later removing

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<sup>544</sup> Pitkin, Stephen H., 1810-1882. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 176.

to Canton and taking a half interest in the Republican paper of that city. The commission accompanying his letter, was as follows:

“In the Name and by the Authority

“of the

“State of Ohio.<sup>545</sup>

“William Dennison

“Governor of said State –

“To all who shall see these Presents, Greeting:

“Know Ye, That whereas the office of Probate Judge in the County of Summit, has  
“become vacant by the death of William M Dodge, the late incumbant;

“Therefore, By virtue of the power vested in me by the Constitution and Laws of said State, I do appoint and hereby Commission Samuel A. Lane of said County as Probate Judge thereof, authorizing and empowering him to execute and discharge, all and singular, the duties appertaining to said office, and to enjoy all the privileges and immunities thereof, till his successor is Elected and qualified agreeably to the Constitution and Laws of this State.

“In Testimony Whereof, I have hereinto set my name, and caused the

“Great Seal of the State of Ohio to be affixed, at Columbus, the Twenty-

“fourth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred

“and sixty-one, and in the eighty-sixth year of the Independence of the

“United States of America.

“By the Governor<sup>546</sup>

“W Dennison

“A. P. Russell

“Secretary of State”

Thus, the reporters of the Hartford and Springfield papers, who called me “Judge” Lane, in their reports of the Suffield Bi-Centennial,

## 298

were not so very far out of the way, though they probably got the idea from hearing some of the older people say, that I was a son of “Judge” Lane, a former resident of the old town.

### Unfortunate Brother Lorenzo.

Brother Lorenzo, after his recovery from the despondent and morbid conditions of mind, and body, into which his business misfortunes had thrown him, in 1855 – his homestead, and all other property, in Chicopee, having been surrendered to his creditors, took up his abode in Hartford, engaging in the Merchant Tailoring business, as Agent, under the auspices, and by the assistance of, his brother-in-law, Mr Nelson Hinckley, of that city. Pursuing that business, with but indifferent success, for two or three years, though then forty years of age – being of a literary turn of mind – he commenced the study of the Law, in 1858. Pursuing his preliminary studies for a year or so, in Hartford, he went to Boston to avail himself of the advantages offered by attendance at the Cambridge Law School. Bending all his energies to the most speedy attainment of his object, he graduated with honors in the winter of 1860-61, and was

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<sup>545</sup> “Coat of Arms” written inside a drawn seal in the left margin

<sup>546</sup> “Seal” written inside a drawn seal to the left of the closing of the letter.

immediately, at the Middlesex County Court, admitted to practice in the several courts of the State of Massachusetts. During this time, he had partially paid his way, by doing office work, copying +c for the Law firm who had kindly given him the use of their Library, to aid him in his studies; and partially by drawing on me for such sums as he stood in pressing need of – the amount thus advanced to him, in fifty dollar installments aggregating two hundred and fifty dollars; the understanding being, that he would re-imburse me out of his very first earnings, after getting through with his studies. On being admitted to practice, he started business for himself, occupying a table in the office of the firm who had so kindly helped him through with his studies.

299

He was beginning to work up a little practice, when, in the spring of 1861, the war of the Rebellion broke out. Prostration<sup>547</sup> in almost every kind of business immediately followed, and notably in Legal Matters. Struggling on, through the summer and fall, with such occasional items of business as he could pick up, he and his wife were barely able to live, by the exercise of the most rigid economy; and during the following winter they were reduced to the very verge of want, if not of despair. The extraordinary strain upon his nervous system, while pursuing his studies, and his great mental distress, at his failure to realize the fruition of his professional hopes, again – unbalanced his intellect, and he made an almost successful attempt to destroy himself; inflicting a number of stabs, with a narrow chisel, upon his left side, one or two of which penetrated the lung. When discovered, he was very weak from loss of blood, but surgical aid being promptly called, his life was barely saved, Sister Sarah immediately telegraphed her mother at Hartford, brother C.V. in New York, and brother J. M. at Chicopee, all of whom hastened to Boston. Brother C.V. immediately wrote to me advising me of the situation, and I sent him a draft for fifty dollars, with a request – should he survive, as soon as he could be moved, to bring him and his wife to Akron. By the most assiduous attention, and the most careful nursing, he was able to be removed upon a mattress in about ten days. On their arrival here, every effort was made, by us all, to restore him to his mental and physical equilibrium, but in vain. His physical health, after a time, became passably good; but his mental derangement proved to be permanent – even a sojourn at the Asylum, in Newburgh, in the summer of 1863, for about three months, failing to produce any beneficial result. Thus, with his faithful wife, he remained with us, a constant care and solicitude, for over five years, when, after several weeks of entire helplessness, he expired, his death occurring on the 19<sup>th</sup> day of August, 1867 — Age 50 years, 21 days.

300

My Dear Good Mother.

In the summer of 1853, my mother came, the second time, to visit us; subsequent family and business changes, finally, keeping her with us to the close of her life; her death occurring instantly, from heart disease, on the evening of December 24<sup>th</sup>, 1865 – Christmas Eve – at the age of 79 years, 9 months 19 days. Although, of course, it was an addition of one to our already quite numerous family, and, by so much, an augmentation of our current expenses, we were all

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<sup>547</sup> Best guess

very glad to have her with us, and to be permitted to do all in our power to make her declining years comparatively comfortable and happy.

Death of Sister Betsey Maria.

In the Summer of 1854 Sister Betsey Maria also came among us, for permanent residence, also living with us – a very great comfort to us all – and especially to my dear wives, as companion and friend – until her death, which occurred on the morning of December 7<sup>th</sup> 1875, of a terribly distressing throat disease, of nearly two months duration, at the age of 51 years and 26 days.

Recalling an old Acquaintance.

Among the earlier reminiscences recorded in these pages, my overland journey from Augusta, in Georgia, to Mobile, Alabama, in the fall of 1834, with a young printer by the name of W<sup>m</sup> H. J. Need, as traveling companion, and our getting lost among the Creek Indians, will be remembered. After bidding him good-bye, in the latter part of January, 1835, on leaving Mobile, I did not hear a single word from him, or he from me, for over eleven<sup>548</sup> years. One day, in the fall of 1846, I was lettering the firm name over the store of G. N. Abbey + Co, on the West side of Howard Street, about where the Crockery Store of Herrick Hannum<sup>549</sup> now is,

301<sup>550</sup>

While thus at work, several persons stood upon the sidewalk watching the operation. As I came down from the staging, on which I had been working, a man enquired if my name was Lane? On being answered in the affirmative, he grasped me by the hand, exclaiming: “How do you do, old fellow!” “I’m glad to see you”, +c. I took a good look at him, but could not trace the least resemblance to any person that I had ever seen before, excepting that his large, black, piercing eyes looked strangely familiar to me. Telling him frankly that I did not know him, he asked me if I had forgotten about sleeping between a couple of “Big Injens”, down in Alabama, a dozen years, or so, before? “Is it possible that this is “Bill Need”, said I. “It ain’t any body else”, said he, and pointing to his huge bushy black whiskers, he laughingly said “This is what ails<sup>551</sup> me”. Of course, we were very glad to see each other. He was still a wandering Jour Printer,<sup>552</sup> and in the intervening years, since we had parted, had traveled nearly all over the world. He had been at work for some time in Cleveland, and was then on his way to Cincinnati, traveling by canal. While the boat was passing up through the locks, taking on and discharging freight, he had strolled up into the Village, and noticing something familiar about me, as I was at work, he had been studying me for several minutes, trying to think where he had ever seen me before. And when, as the last finishing touch to my work, I had written “Lane” in small letters, as indicative of the name of the “Artist” – and remembering that while working there I had made quite a nice sign for the “Southern Spy” office, he had finally made me out. I tried to persuade him to stop over a few days, but as he had paid his passage upon the boat to Portsmouth,<sup>553</sup> he must go on. Finding, however, that the boat would be detained in town for two or three hours, I took him home to dinner, and had a good visit with him, and finally

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<sup>548</sup> Presumably meant “eleven”

<sup>549</sup> Best guess

<sup>550</sup> Page number printed in book.

<sup>551</sup> Best guess

<sup>552</sup> *The Oxford English Dictionary* describes the term, “jour” thusly: U.S. colloquial abbreviation of *journeyman*, which is defined as “One who, having served his apprenticeship to a handicraft or trade, is qualified to work at it for days' wages...”

<sup>553</sup> Portsmouth (Ohio).



parted with him at Lock<sup>554</sup> One, as the boat sped on her winding way towards the Ohio River. [We Meet Again. –]<sup>555</sup> I heard nothing further from my friend until some five years afterwards. One day, in the Spring of 1851, as I was walking rapidly down Washington Street, in San Francisco, I ran square against him. Grasping him by the hand I repeated his salutation of five years before: “How are you, old fellow?” He looked at me with the most perfect astonishment, saying: “You have the advantage of me, certainly, for I cannot tell where I ever saw you before”. “You certainly have not forgotten the chap that slept one night between two “Big Injuns”, down in Alabama”, said I. “Is it possible that this my old chum, Lane!” he exclaimed, and wondered what it was that made me look so different from what I used to. Pointing to the good sized mustache I then wore, I said “very likely this is what’s the matter!” We were, of course, at once on most excellent terms, spending a good deal of our leisure time together, during the Summer; he being at work in one of the City Printing offices, and myself at Painting. In the Fall of 1851, he went to the mines, and early in the Spring of 1852, came back to the city “dead broke”. I gave him lodgings and food until he got work again, on one of the city papers. Earning good wages, and not being either a bummer or a gambler, he was able to lay up from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a month. About the first of July, 1852, he came to me and said that he was going to Central America; that there was fortune and fame awaiting him somewhere in the world, and he had faith to believe that both could be found in Central America. He had already paid his passage on a sailing vessel, which was to start the next morning. I went to the wharf at the appointed hour, and saw him off, he promising to let me

hear from him often, the probability then being that I should permanently locate in San Francisco. But, as heretofore stated, I started for home a couple of months afterwards, and if he wrote to me there, I did not of course, get his letters.

[A “Dream” –]<sup>556</sup> I received no further tidings from my friend for about thirteen years, when, in 1865, I received a long letter from him from New Mexico, where he held <insertion: a> sort of semi-military position in one of the Government Forts of that Territory. He had “dreamed”, he said, that I was editing a paper called the Summit Beacon, in a town by the name of Akron, in the State of Ohio, and having a faint impression that he had visited me, in a town of that name, many years before, he had ventured to write. If I was there, and if I was editor of such a paper, he would be glad to get a letter from me, and also to receive an occasional copy of my paper. I, of course, complied with his request, wrote him a good long letter, and mailed the Beacon to him regularly every week, receiving in return several very interesting communications, regarding the Country he was then in, and the people by whom he was surrounded. He also sent me specimens of the native rubies of New Mexico, and other curiosities, the most of which were destroyed, with my other relics, in the Beacon office fire of 1872. About a year later, some time in 1866, he wrote me that he had embarked in an expedition to the Silver mines of Arizona; that I should not only hear from often, but that if as successful as he anticipated, he would send me some more

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<sup>554</sup> Best guess, possibly “Dock”.

<sup>555</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>556</sup> Written in the margin.

substantial token of his regard and friendship, than I had hitherto received. But I have never heard from him since, and I fear the poor fellow has met the fate of many another good hearted, but restive adventurer, like himself – a premature death. With his generally correct habits, and a naturally robust constitution, it is not impossible, however, that we may again meet. I have recalled these

**304**

reminiscences of him, here, not only as a very pleasant remembrance of a very pleasant companion of my youthful days, but as illustrative of the variableness of human character and of the uncertainty of human calculations; and with the further hope, that, should my early and faithful friend, William H. T. Need,<sup>557</sup> ever, in his old age, make himself known to either of my children, after I have passed away, they will greet him kindly, and offer him such assistance as he may need, in token of his early friendship and kindness to their father. He was, I believe, a native of the District of Columbia, and was from three to five years my senior.

After Office Again – Friends Still Left.

On my impecunious, if not ignominious, dismissal from the Beacon establishment, on the first day of December, 1875, my income, of course, entirely ceasing, with that dismissal, the bread problem became, at once, prominent and perplexing. Had I been twenty years younger, I should have again, as in former years I had so often done, fallen back upon the paint brush. But the city was then well supplied with that kind of handicraft, younger and more vigorous, if not more skillful, than myself; besides which, a very large proportion of the people of the city, not being aware of my former predilection for, and experience in, colors, it would have been vastly more difficult for me to have reinstated myself in that branch of business, than formerly. I had no money with which to embark in any business requiring capital, and but for the liberality of my good second wife, in the use of her own personal funds, for personal and domestic purposes, and the kindness of sundry other friends in furnishing me with family supplies on credit. I should often have been in sad straits for the necessaries of life, though slightly relieved by the board money paid in by “Fred” and “Art” from their weekly earnings.

**305**

But I was soon to learn that I had a good many true friends yet left, in both Akron and Summit County, generally. The Republicans of Ohio, had, at the previous October Election, not only replaced that arrant copperhead democrat, William Allen,<sup>558</sup> with that patriotic Republican, Rutherford B. Hayes,<sup>559</sup> as Governor, but had also secured a good working majority in both branches of the Legislature. About the middle of December, it was suggested that the position of Sergeant-at-Arms could, with proper effort, be secured for me. Letters were accordingly voluntarily written to members elect in various portions of the State; favorable notices published in our own city papers, were copied into a large number of the other Republican papers of the State, with friendly comments; our own Representative, Hon. Orrin P. Nichols,<sup>560</sup> as well as

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<sup>557</sup> Best guess

<sup>558</sup> Allen, William, 1803-1879.

<sup>559</sup> Hayes, Rutherford Birchard, 1822-1893.

<sup>560</sup> Nichols, Orrin P., 1817-1877. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...” see p. 1075.

Senator Marvin Kent,<sup>561</sup> warmly seconded the project, and the following Petition, drawn up by ex-Senator Goodhue,<sup>562</sup> and circulated for signatures by my late “partner in distress”, in the Beacon, Dennis J. Long, was signed with alacrity by all to whom it was presented – including a number of Democrats:

Petition.

“To the Republican Members of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly  
“of Ohio:

“We, the undersigned, Republican citizens of Summit County, respectfully represent that  
“Mr S. A. Lane of Akron, is an old resident of this County, and for the past fifteen years has been  
“connected with the Summit County Beacon, and has been for the greater part of that time  
“Editor-in-Chief of that paper. We know him to be a first class man, citizen and Republican and  
“are also certain he would make a faithful, discreet and efficient Sergeant-at-Arms of your Body,  
“and we respectfully urge you to elect him to that position.

“Nathl W. Goodhue – Geo. W. Crouse<sup>563</sup> – Jos. Corns

“N. N. Seohner – J. A. Kohler<sup>564</sup> – L. K. Miles

**306**

“N. L. Marvin – Geo. H. Helfer – E. Buckingham,  
“D. J. Long<sup>565</sup> – Park B. Johnston – I. G. Raymond,  
“Geo. W. Weeks<sup>566</sup> – J. B. Storer<sup>567</sup> – H. C. Sanford,<sup>568</sup>  
“D.W. Thomas<sup>569</sup> – Charles Rinehart – H. L. Carr,  
“Tho<sup>s</sup> F. Wildes – Tho<sup>s</sup> M<sup>e</sup>Ebright – H. B. Foster,  
“Geo. T Perkins<sup>570</sup> – E. P. Green<sup>571</sup> – S. M. Burnham,<sup>572</sup>  
“N. D. Tibbals<sup>573</sup> – W. G. Robinson<sup>574</sup> – Edw<sup>d</sup> Oviatt,<sup>575</sup>  
“L. J. M<sup>e</sup>Murray – E. C. Ruggles – G. W. Marriner,  
“Sumner Nash<sup>576</sup> – J. R. Buchtel<sup>577</sup> – A. Curtiss,<sup>578</sup>  
“W. C. Jacobs<sup>579</sup> – Geo. H. Payne – J.A. Means,<sup>580</sup>  
“Jon<sup>a</sup> Starr – A. J. M<sup>e</sup>Neil – O. C. Barber,<sup>581</sup>

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<sup>561</sup> Kent, Marvin, 1816-1908. Constructed name authority based on <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marvin\\_Kent](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marvin_Kent)>

<sup>562</sup> Goodhue, Nathaniel W. 1818-1883. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 171

<sup>563</sup> Crouse, George W., b. 1832. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 152.

<sup>564</sup> Kohler, Jacob Adams, b. 1835. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 267.

<sup>565</sup> Long, Denis J., 1844-1883. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 221.

<sup>566</sup> Weeks, George W., b. 1831. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 521.

<sup>567</sup> Storer, James B., b. 1839. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 322.

<sup>568</sup> Sanford, Henry C., b. 1833. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 273.

<sup>569</sup> Thomas, David W., b. 1841. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 361.

<sup>570</sup> Perkins, George Tod, b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 157.

<sup>571</sup> Green, Edwin P., 1828. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 153.

<sup>572</sup> Burnham, Sanford M., 1824. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 163.

<sup>573</sup> Tibbals, Newell D., 1833. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 164.

<sup>574</sup> Robinson, Wilson G., b. 1838. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 517.

<sup>575</sup> Oviatt, Edward, b. 1822. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 266.

<sup>576</sup> Nash, Sumner. b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 275.

<sup>577</sup> Buchtel, John Richards, b. 1820. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 150.

<sup>578</sup> Curtiss, Augustus, b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 665.

<sup>579</sup> Jacobs, William C., b. 1840. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 182

<sup>580</sup> Means, John A., b. 1817. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 373.

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

“W. S. Carr – W<sup>m</sup> Sisler<sup>582</sup> – De Luso Smith,  
“John F. Hoy<sup>583</sup> – C. C. Camp – B. S. Chase,<sup>584</sup>  
“C. E. Helfer – C. C. Carpenter – T. F. Metlin,  
“E. W. Stuart<sup>585</sup> – R. N. Downey – John Memmer,<sup>586</sup>  
“G. H. Simmons – John J. Wagoner – W. A. Durand,  
“J. B. Houghton<sup>587</sup> – D. R. Paige<sup>588</sup> – Cha<sup>s</sup> Norris,  
“Tom C. Raynolds<sup>589</sup> – Sam<sup>l</sup> Higgs – W. M. Day,  
“E. D. Dodge – J. B. Creighton – W. D. Stevens,  
“Geo. W. Kummer<sup>590</sup> – J. A. Long<sup>591</sup> – F. J. Staral,  
“J. A. Beebe<sup>592</sup> – R. P. Marvin Jr – R. S. Elkins,<sup>593</sup>  
“Nahum Fay<sup>594</sup> – W. B. Raymond – Geo. M. Knox,  
“W. M. Farlin – R. F. Palmer – Charles Baird,<sup>595</sup>  
“J. A. Shutt – Ja<sup>s</sup> H. Peterson<sup>596</sup> – H. H. Brown,  
“J. W. Chipman – A. M. Barber<sup>597</sup> – J. H. Pitkin,  
“W. C. Allen<sup>598</sup> – C. A. Barnes – H. H. Mack,  
“L. S. Ebright<sup>599</sup> – L. Lemoin – T. E. Perkins,  
“J. H. Wise – J. S. Buchtel – J. Park Alexander,<sup>600</sup>  
“B. F. Battels<sup>601</sup> – Geo. W M<sup>c</sup>Neil – J. C. Ewart,<sup>602</sup>  
“Edwin Estah<sup>603</sup> – Geo. D. Bates<sup>604</sup> – J. H. Pendleton,<sup>605</sup>  
“L. Chevrier – C. E. Collins – Tho<sup>s</sup> H. Goodwin,<sup>606</sup>  
“J. H. Christy<sup>607</sup> – H. G. Mathews – Claude Clarke,

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<sup>581</sup> Barber, Ohio Columbus, 1841-1920.

<sup>582</sup> Sisler, William, b. 1819. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 794.

<sup>583</sup> Hoy, John, b. 1797. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 98.

<sup>584</sup> Chase, Byron S., 1834-1878. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 179.

<sup>585</sup> Stuart, Edward W., b. 1840. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 272.

<sup>586</sup> Memmer, John, b. 1839. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 299.

<sup>587</sup> Houghton, John Benjamin. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 514.

<sup>588</sup> Paige, David R., b. 1844. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 271.

<sup>589</sup> Raynolds, Thomas Craighead, b. 1848. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 223.

<sup>590</sup> Kummer, George W., b. 1831. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 535.

<sup>591</sup> Long, Jeremiah A., b. 1837. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 468.

<sup>592</sup> Beebe, Joseph A. (Alvin), 1810-1891. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 185.

<sup>593</sup> Elkins, Richard S., 1818-1891. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 320.

<sup>594</sup> Fay, Nahum, 1811. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 112

<sup>595</sup> Baird, Charles, b. 1853. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 274.

<sup>596</sup> Peterson, James H, b. 1830. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 177.

<sup>597</sup> Barber, Alfred M., b. 1830. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 515.

<sup>598</sup> Allen, William Chauncey, b. 1828. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 325.

<sup>599</sup> Ebright, Leonidas S., b. 1844. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 266.

<sup>600</sup> Alexander, John Park, b. 1834. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 264.

<sup>601</sup> Battels, Benjamin Franklin, b. 1832. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 538.

<sup>602</sup> Ewart, Joseph C., b. 1841. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 442.

<sup>603</sup> Personal name, best guess.

<sup>604</sup> Bates, George D., 1811-1887. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 539.

<sup>605</sup> Pendleton, Joy H., 1810. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 156.

<sup>606</sup> Goodwin, Thomas H., b. 1810. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 311.

<sup>607</sup> Christy, James, b. 1830. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 297.

“Dudley Seward<sup>608</sup> – A. Emerson – J. E. Wesener,<sup>609</sup>  
“M. W. Henry<sup>610</sup> – Geo. C. Berry<sup>611</sup> – Charles Webster,<sup>612</sup>  
“John Clemens – David L. King<sup>613</sup> – A. M. Smith,  
“J. H. Hower<sup>614</sup> – Geo. Helfer – Geo. Raynold,  
“John H. Auble – W. C. Weld – S. P. Wallace,  
“A. R. Townsend – S. Sorrick – John Johnston,<sup>615</sup>  
“L. H. Hanscom – Frank Adams<sup>616</sup> – Neri Newcomb,

“R. H. Knight – W. T. Helfer – W. C. Parsons,<sup>617</sup>  
“R. H. Wright – N. A. Means – Cyrus S. Allen,  
“Henry Purdy<sup>618</sup> – L. V. Bierce<sup>619</sup> – John M<sup>c</sup>Gregor,<sup>620</sup>  
“N. J. Howe – A. L. Bowman –”

Defeated by Just Two Votes.

Armed with this document, and a large number of letters from prominent citizens, to personal friends in the Legislature, and accompanied by Hon. N.W. Goodhue,<sup>621</sup> Governor Sidney Edgerton,<sup>622</sup> Gen Thomas F Wildes, and one or two others interested in my success. I went to Columbus, on Friday previous to the organization of the Legislature, which was to take place on Monday, January 2<sup>d</sup>, 1876. Procuring some small cards bearing the legend: “S. A. Lane, Akron, Ohio, candidate for Sergeant-at-Arms, House of Representatives”, I put in Friday evening, and Saturday, in getting acquainted with Members Elect, and preferring my claims. There were several other candidates for the same place, from different parts of the State, and almost innumerable seekers after the various other places to be filled in both Houses, and, of course, a large amount of trading done; quite a number of aspirants for other positions proposing that they would use their influence with their respective members, and supporters for me, if I would agree to use my influence with my backers for them. But I kept entirely aloof from all “entangling alliances”, preferring to “go it” entirely upon my “own hook.” In the Republican Caucus, which was held on Saturday evening for the selection of candidates to be voted for on Monday in the organization of the House. I led the six or seven other candidates voted for upon the first ballot, a “Captain” Brown of Ironton, Lawrence County, being my next highest competitor. After the first ballot votes began to drop off from the weaker candidates, and concentrate on the “Captain” and myself, until, on the 5<sup>th</sup> ballot, I was within two votes of an

<sup>608</sup> Seward, Dudley, 1819-1882. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 379.

<sup>609</sup> Wesener, Joseph E., b. 1827. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 283.

<sup>610</sup> Henry, Milton W., 1816-1886. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 132.

<sup>611</sup> Berry, George C., 1837. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 139

<sup>612</sup> Webster, Charles, 1810-1890. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 465.

<sup>613</sup> King, David L., b. 1825. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 241.

<sup>614</sup> Hower, John H., b. 1822. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 457.

<sup>615</sup> Johnston, John, 1813-1879. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 263.

<sup>616</sup> Adams, Frank, b. 1819. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 318.

<sup>617</sup> Parsons, William C., b. 1841. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 472.

<sup>618</sup> Purdy, Henry, 1815. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 56

<sup>619</sup> Bierce, Lucius Verus, 1801-1882.

<sup>620</sup> McGregor, John, b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 136.

<sup>621</sup> Goodhue, Nathaniel W. 1818-1883. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 171.

<sup>622</sup> Edgerton, Sidney, 1818-1900.

election. On the 6<sup>th</sup> ballot, by some prejudicial remarks in regard to my advanced age, and the importance

**308**

of having a younger and more vigorous man for so arduous and responsible a position, the scattering votes were transferred to the “Captain”, my vote remaining steadfast, and the “Captain” secured the prize by a majority of two. It was, of course, quite a disappointment to both myself and my friends; but I had the satisfaction of knowing that “single-handed and alone”, I had so nearly achieved success, while those, who, through dickerings, thought they had got the wires securely laid, came out far behind, and then complained of having been sold out, by those with whom they had traded – There was this further satisfaction: before the first session was half over, Representative Nichols wrote to me, confidentially, to hold myself in readiness to come to Columbus on a moment’s notice, as “Captain Brown”, owing to his bumming proclivities, was likely to prove a failure, and unless he soon straightened up, the House would displace him, and give the place to me. The “Captain’s” friends, getting a inkling of the project, took him in hand, and he so far reformed his habits as to retain the position, though never, officially, coming up to the expectations of those who voted for him –

Collecting in Old Sheriff’s Costs.

After my return from Columbus, on the failure of my Sergeant-at-Arms enterprise, I bethought me that possibly something might be realized out of the uncollected costs, earned by me as Sheriff, nearly twenty years before. I accordingly secured a table in the Clerk’s office, and went into a thorough examination of the Dockets, resulting in not only the realization of quite a handsome little sum on my own costs, proper, but also in the collection of quite an amount for other parties on commission; besides doing an occasional job of copying for Clerk Weeks, at

**309**

the usual prices paid for that class of labor. This was advantageous to me in more senses than one; for while it very materially aided me in temporarily solving the “daily bread” problem, it also suggested to both myself, and my friends, the propriety of my offering myself as a candidate for my old position, as Sheriff of Summit County, at the ensuing Fall Election.

Bitter But Successful Fight.

Having decided, after duly considering the matter, to give the thing a trial, early in the Spring of 1876, I wrote to a number of my personal and political friends in the several townships of the county, briefly stating my situation and desires, and requesting their co-operation, so far as they could, consistently with their own local interests, and private preferences. My candidacy was received with general good will, and early in the canvass it looked as though I would get the nomination by acclamation. But, as the time for holding the convention drew near, so many other aspirants put in an appearance, each, of course, with more or less local backing, it became apparent that the contest would be vigorous, and the result doubtful. The majority of the County offices were to be filled that year, and the question of locality entered largely into the contest; my being a resident of Akron, working materially to my disadvantage. Then, in beer and whisky circles, my temperance proclivities, as in the canvass of 1856, in a largely augmented degree, were bitterly urged against me, while the friends of my younger competitors most vehemently protested that my extreme age unfitted me for the proper discharge of the peculiar duties of the

office sought. A number of bitter articles against my candidacy, were also published in the Daily Argus, then published as a so-called “Independent” paper by Rev John F. Rowe – the articles in question having been written, over an anonymous

### 310

signature by a prominent lawyer, and ex Judge, who had become embittered against me, during a heated political campaign, a few years before, because I supported, in the Beacon, a certain gentleman for Congress against his particular favorite, for the same position.

[Nominated. –]<sup>623</sup> Though several other candidates for Sheriff made strenuous efforts, in the ward and township caucuses, to secure delegates to the nominating Convention favorable to themselves, without any special effort on my part, the combined delegation of Akron and Portage township, was nearly unanimous for me, which, with votes received from outside townships, gave me the lead among the ten candidates voted for; my vote being 50 out of the 115 votes cast on the first ballot, Mr Joseph F. Whitcraft <insertion: of Bath,> being the next highest, with 28 votes. – Five ballots were had, the weaker candidates dropping out, from ballot to ballot, until on the fifth, Mr Whitcraft and myself, only, were voted for, my vote being 64 and Mr W’s 47. As 58 votes, only, were necessary to a choice, it will thus be seen that I had a margin of six votes only, though my majority over Mr. Whitcraft was 17, only 111 votes having been given upon the last ballot. This result, considering the earnestness of the contest, and the various combinations sought to be entered into against me, was very gratifying to both myself and my friends. In this, as in the Sergeant-at-Arms matter, I steered entirely clear of all bargains, numerous offers having been made, by the friends of other aspirants, to withdraw in my favor, providing I would agree to give their favorites positions under me, if nominated and elected.

[A Rare Treat. –]<sup>624</sup> It had been customary for the successful candidate, at Conventions to treat the delegates to watermelons, and such other fruits as were in season, cigars, +c; but I made such

### 311

arrangements that, if nominated, a full barrel of ice-cold-lemonade should be forthwith provided, which was accordingly done; and as the weather was extremely warm, the treat was greatly relished, by all.

[My Opponent. –]<sup>625</sup> The Democrats selected, as their candidate for sheriff, Mr Wallace A. Harrington, of Cuyahoga Falls, a native of the adjoining township of Northampton. Having been quite extensively engaged in buying and selling cattle, Mr Harrington secured quite a following among the Republican voters of the northern townships of the county, and of the butchers, and others, with whom he had had dealings in Akron; while his free and easy notions, and practices, on the beer and whisky, and other kindred questions, drew to his support a large proportion of similarly inclined Republicans, also. In addition to this, not only did several of my unsuccessful competitors in the convention turn against me, in the canvass, and work and vote against me at the polls, but by reason of his having been born in Northampton, and being then a resident of Cuyahoga Falls, a sort of “bull-dozing” effort was made, to secure a unanimous vote for Harrington, as a matter of local pride, in those two precincts. Greatly exaggerated reports, in

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<sup>623</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>624</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>625</sup> Written in the margin.

regard to my age – representing me as being from 75 to 85 years old, though being then, in fact, but 61 – and of my ultra notions on the various questions of the day, were industriously circulated, both verbally and through printed circulars; the following, distributed in every portion of the county, a few days before the Election, being a fair sample of the entire batch:

“Harrington For Sheriff!

“Read and Think!

“Republicans and Independent Voters!

“The delegates of the Republican Convention of Summit County have placed upon our ticket the name of S. A. Lane for Sheriff, a man extremely radical in all his views; aged

### 312

“to second childhood; a man that has enjoyed your political favors years ago, and by the most earnest solicitation he, hoping to retrieve his adverse fortunes, by again appealing to your political charity, worked up and urged his cause so well, that a dozen as worthy and abler candidates were set aside. Mr. Lane was not, and is not, the choice of the masses of voters; therefore many independent voters and taxpayers suggested to, and urged upon, the Democratic County Convention, that they put upon their ticket, for Sheriff, the name of Wallace A. Harrington, of Cuyahoga Falls, a gentleman of great ability; a man conscientious and strictly honest in all his dealings; a man of iron nerve, and wonderfully successful in all that he undertakes; true to every trust, and respected by all who know him. The Convention acceded to this demand, placing Mr. Harrington in nomination for Sheriff; and this was done without his solicitation. Voters, we now ask, and most earnestly urge you to begin reform at home by placing upon our ticket the name of Wallace A. Harrington, believing him to be much the ablest man, we pledging you that he will faithfully guard our prisoners, our interests and our lives.

“Respectfully

“Many Citizens.”

[A Grand Triumph –]<sup>626</sup> As intimated in the foregoing manifesto, it was both privately and publicly urged, that, having failed in my own private business, I was not a proper person to be entrusted with the business of the public; while my opponent, being highly successful in his own affairs, could be relied upon to discharge the duties of the office with fidelity and success. Scores of men, including several of the disappointed and disgruntled Republican candidates above referred to, were perambulating the county for weeks, prior to the day of election, in Mr. Harrington’s interest, without

### 313

any special effort, on my part, or by my friends, to vindicate myself; or to even state the many damaging facts as to the moral, mental, or business dis-qualifications that might truthfully have been urged against my opponent: and it was generally conceded that if I was elected at all, it would literally be by the “skin of my teeth”. But the “count” proved far more flattering to me than I had dared to hope for, my majority being just even 500, the general Republican majority of the county, that year, being about 1,000, showing that, with all their appliances and efforts to compass my defeat, only about 200<sup>627</sup> of the Republicans of the entire county could be brought

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<sup>626</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>627</sup> Possibly, 250.



to the “scratch” of substituting Harrington’s name for mine upon their tickets. Quite a number of the Republicans, who were thus induced to vote against me, afterwards voluntarily confessed to me that they regretted having done so, and would, as they did, give me their support for re-election, when the proper time should come. It may be proper, here, to remark, also, that my, highly successful business competitor, Harrington, before the close of my first term, was found to be so badly embarrassed in his financial affairs, as to compel his removal to the far west, leaving his real estate to be sold by me, under the hammer, on foreclosure of several heavy mortgages thereon; while both the personal and real estate of one of his chief Republican claquers in Northampton shared the same <insertion: fate.>

#### Visiting The Centennial.

On being assured of my election, though financially very short, my always good friend, Mr. George D. Bates, of the Second National Bank of Akron, loaned me one hundred dollars, with which, accompanied by my good and faithful wife, I was enabled to visit the Centennial Exposition, at Philadelphia; a visit very greatly enjoyed by both the good woman and myself. We also “took in” our friends in New-

### **314**

Brunswick N.J. (cousin Judge Elihu Cook) New York (brother C. V.) Suffield, Conn, and Chicopee, and Springfield, Mass, and on returning, visiting Father Potter, and the very pleasant family of Mr. R. W. Bassett, with whom he was living, at Kendall, Orleans Co. N.Y. and stopping over night at Niagara Falls, arriving at home just in time to vote for our own Ohio candidate for President, Rutherford B. Hayes; my good wife, on our return, insisting upon sharing with me the expenses of the trip from her own private <insertion: funds>

#### Four Years In Jail.

I took possession of the office on the first Monday – this year the first day – of January, 1877. Unlike my former action in that regard, on my election this time, I determined to occupy the dwelling portion of the jail myself, instead of placing it in charge of a Turnkey, though my old friend and former jailor, John L. Robertson, was already domiciled there, as jailor for my predecessor, Sheriff McMurray. My reasons for this were four-fold: First, pecuniary gain; for if there was any money to be made by subsisting prisoners, and from jail fees and perquisites, it was needful for me, in view of my reduced circumstances, and advancing years, to avail myself thereof. Second, in view of the many escapes that had been made from the really insecure old “barracks”, under preceding administrations, particularly the last, I felt as though I ought to have a closer personal oversight of the prisoners committed to my care, than I possibly could have, while residing elsewhere. Third, it would be far more convenient to my business at the Court House, and subject me to far less exposure in cold and stormy weather; and Fourth, it would enable me much better to accommodate Attorneys, and others having business with the office; for I had determined not only to

### **315**

keep the Sheriff’s office open during usual business hours, instead of keeping it closed half or two-thirds of the time, as some of my predecessors had done; but to be conveniently accessible, outside of business hours, should any thing of an official nature be required of me. And, though the care and responsibility, and labor, has been very great, especially upon the good and ever

faithful woman who has uncomplainingly shared my imprisonment – in reality close confinement so far as she is concerned – the plan adopted was undoubtedly the best thing that could have been done; for not only have the emoluments of the jail gone far towards relieving our pecuniary embarrassments, and necessities, but our extra care, and vigilance, has undoubtedly prevented some, if not many, escapes, that would otherwise have been effected by some of the many desperate characters committed to our keeping.

[Again Successful. –]<sup>628</sup> Having successfully nearly accomplished my first term of two years, in the Republican County Convention of 1878, I was renominated without opposition, and by acclamation, in anticipation of which, I had prepared, in advance, another rich treat of lemonade, in one of the side rooms, for the refreshment of the delegates, and others in attendance – both Republicans and Democrats – nearly two barrels being consumed; the unwonted treat being very greatly relished by all. Though during the canvass, a special effort, as two years before, was directed against me, in favor of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Jacob Koplin,<sup>629</sup> then a resident of Norton, but before and since a citizen of Akron – and a far better man for the position, every way, than Harrington – my majority was fully up to the average of the Republican ticket that year, my vote being just 910 higher than Mr. Koplin's.

My second term, from January 1<sup>st</sup> 1879, to January 1<sup>st</sup> 1881, was equally successful with the first, no serious

### 316

mishap, either personally, officially or pecuniarily, having overtaken me, though perhaps having several narrow escapes. At the convention in 1880, to nominate my successor, had not the constitutional inhibition against holding the office more than four years, in any consecutive six years, prevented, I doubt not I might again have received the nomination by acclamation, so cordial was the feeling in my favor; a feeling that was so highly appreciated by me, that, contrary to all precedent in an outgoing officer, I was again on hand with my “barl” – two of them in fact – of refreshing lemonade, as a parting souvenir for the many favors I had received at the hands of the Republicans of the County, which, together with the brief speech that I made in announcing the unexpected treat, was enthusiastically received by the delegates and the large number of spectators <insertion: present.>

#### Exciting Jail Episodes.

There were, of course, very many things about our jail life that were very disagreeable; many that were very exciting, and some that were quite hazardous. Hundreds of prisoners were committed to our custody during the four years, about 30 being taken to the Penitentiary; but fortunately I was not called upon to execute the death penalty, though coming very near it in the case of Patrick Dunn, for the murder of Elihu<sup>630</sup> Whipple, of Northampton, the jury at first standing seven for murder in the first degree, though finally consenting to a verdict of murder in the second degree, the penalty for which is imprisonment for life.

[A “Close Call”. –]<sup>631</sup> We were also fortunate in not having any escapes from the jail, though having several pretty “loud” calls. The closest shave was a young tramp burglar by the name of James Thompson. Mr John

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<sup>628</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>629</sup> Koplin, Jacob, b. 1828. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 282.

<sup>630</sup> Personal name, best guess.

<sup>631</sup> Written in the margin.

Rowan was then temporarily acting as Turnkey, and having, as he supposed, securely locked the prisoners in their cells, had gone home to stay over night, as was his custom. Thompson had complained of being sick, and Mrs. Randall, then doing our kitchen work, had been dosing him during the day, and when Rowan closed his cell he was apparently in bed and asleep. About 11 o'clock, just after I had gone to bed, there was an alarm from within the jail, and on getting up and going to the door, Thompson was groaning and apparently in great agony. I then went to work to prepare some warm peppermint tea for him, by heating the water in a tin cup, over a gas burner, mother in her night dress coming to my assistance, and Mrs Randall, who had been aroused by the commotion, also hastily dressing herself and arriving upon the scene. Opening the door, I entered the jail with a candle in one hand and the cup of tea in the other, and was proceeding to the rear end of the jail to ascend the stairs to the north balcony, where Thompson's cell was located; but before turning the corner, I heard a suppressed scream from the women, and turning upon my heel, and retracing my steps on the double quick – making, as one of the other prisoners on the watch said, “the fastest time on record” – I found the two women in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle with the sick Thompson. Mrs Randall had grasped him tightly around the waist from the rear, while mother was pushing him back from the front. I immediately took a hand in the scrimmage, by seizing him by the collar, he, in turn, seizing me by the throat, and making a desperate effort to push me back into the jail. I hung to him, however, with my left hand, and with my right hand loosened his hold upon my throat, while, at the same time, reaching around the inner door with my right foot. I closed the outer guard-room door, which was

## 318

immediately locked by mother, and <insertion: the> bird was fast again, and safely returned to his cage. By this time Sam Blocker, one of my deputies who slept in the house, was aroused by the noise, and was sent down to lock Mr. Thompson in his cell, when it was found that the supposed sick and sleeping Thompson, that Rowan had seen in the bed, was a skillfully prepared “dummy”, which had been constructed out of an extra pair of pants and shirt, stuffed with husks extracted from one of the mattresses; the real Thompson, being a small man, having eluded the vigilance of Mr. Rowan, by secreting himself in the huge stove, before locking up time. [Suicidal. –]<sup>632</sup> Previous to this, a prisoner by the name of James Lees, as he was about to be taken to the Penitentiary, for burglary, attempted to kill himself, by cutting his throat with the jail razor, but, though producing a fearful wound, he was prevented from fully accomplishing his design, and a few days afterward safely landed in the Pen. Another prisoner, a girl of ill repute, attempted to drown herself in the bath tub attached to the upper jail, and had so far succeeded that both pulsation and respiration had entirely ceased; but she was [Homicidal. –] finally resuscitated. Another prisoner, named John Kennedy, a powerful and desperate fellow, under sentence for assault and battery, becoming very obstreperous, and destructive of the jail furniture and fixtures, in retaliation for my efforts at his subjugation, very seriously threatened and plotted to kill me, and actually did attempt to stab my deputies, George Marriner and Sam Blocker, who with two or three policemen, whose services had been called

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<sup>632</sup> Written in the margin.

into requisition, were endeavoring to put him into his cell. For this attempt he was indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to 10 years imprisonment. This was in July, 1880, and if he manages to keep a clean record, by good behavior, he will get about

319

three years off, so that his time will be out about July 1<sup>st</sup> 1887. This is the only man, of all the desperate characters I have handled, from whom I could ever anticipate any personal injury; and should I survive his release, and any bodily harm come to me, through violence, thereafter, it may reasonably be concluded that John Kennedy is the perpetrator thereof; or John Canaday, as the name was spelled in the indictment, and entered upon the Record. [Kennedy was paroled about 1886, was soon after once seen in Akron by the police, but on being warned to keep away left town, and has not since been heard from (1894)]<sup>633</sup>

[A Financial Success. —]<sup>634</sup> Though my second and last four years' incumbency of the Sheriff's Office was attended with a vast amount of hard work, and innumerable hazards and annoyances, as above indicated, pecuniarily it was more successful than the first. It will be remembered that on retiring from the Beacon, I was several hundred dollars in debt, which was considerably augmented by nearly a year of enforced idleness, and large accruing special taxes on the homestead, for the bridge and grading improvements on West Market Street and the opening of Crosby Street; so that, with the cost of horses, buggies, harness <insertion: etc> purchased on credit, I was in debt at least \$2,000<sup>00</sup> on taking possession of the office. This, of itself, was a seemingly heavy load to stagger under, and I thought that if, in addition to supporting my family, I could succeed in wiping this out, during the four years, and have a few hundred dollars upon the books, to gradually come in as cases were disposed of and costs collected, I should be doing well. The period of my incumbency, however, proved to be so largely prolific of litigation, foreclosures of mortgages etc, that I not only cleared myself from debt, but expended about \$1,000<sup>00</sup> in improvements upon the old homestead, in the way of a new roof, steam-heating apparatus, chimnies, grates, mantels, etc. upon the house, and re-modeling the barn, with a cash margin of about \$6,000<sup>00</sup> still left, and some \$2,000<sup>00</sup>

320

of costs still due upon the books, of which possibly one-half may be eventually realized; for a very large proportion of the litigation is by irresponsible parties, and as bail for costs cannot be required of resident litigants, a pretty heavy per. centage of costs is always lost by court officers.

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[One Serious Regret —]<sup>635</sup> The most serious result of our jail life, was the long and serious illness of the faithful woman, who so bravely, and steadfastly shared with me the labors and responsibilities of the position. That the constant strain upon her nerves; her extreme watchfulness over the prisoners; her fear of bodily injury to me; and the many disagreeable and exciting scenes passed through, added to the large amount of really hard work that she so willingly, and ungrudgingly, performed, more than the malaria to which it was ascribed, was the cause of her long illness, and of her subsequent rather precarious health, I do not doubt. And I

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<sup>633</sup> The sentence in brackets was added in the margin next to this last paragraph.

<sup>634</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>635</sup> Written in the margin.

desire to have it distinctly understood, by my children, that should she survive me, whatever may remain, in money, or otherwise, of the avails of the Sheriff's Office, or of my subsequent earnings, if any, shall be used to the fullest extent necessary to provide her with every care and comfort it can possibly <insertion: purchase>

In The Old Homestead Again.

On removing to the jail, January 1<sup>st</sup> 1877, I sought by advertisement, to lease the old homestead, and finally in the Spring found a tenant of larger promises, but limited pecuniary resources, who, besides damaging the property more than my own family had done in 20 years, beat me out of nearly half a year's rent before I could get rid of him. Then, after standing vacant for some time, another family was tried with about the same amount of vexation and about equal pecuniary results. On my re-election, in 1878, I entered into an arrangement with Julius,<sup>636</sup> to

321

make some needed repairs and improvements upon the house, steam-heating included, and occupy it himself the ensuing two years; renting his own smaller place, and paying me the same monthly rental as he should receive; a scheme which provided to be highly satisfactory to all concerned.

[Scattered Abroad.—]<sup>637</sup> In the meantime, our girl, Carrie, having been married September 11, 1878, to the good boy, Albert J. Pitkin,<sup>638</sup> and the boys, Fred<sup>639</sup> and Arthur,<sup>640</sup> having also got away from us, it was proposed that the Ex-Sheriff and his wife should take rooms in the old family domicile, as boarders of the younger family, which proposition was accepted; a fair monthly rental being paid upon the one hand, and a fair price per week for board, upon the other; an arrangement which has thus far, (Nov 1883,) proved very pleasant and satisfactory indeed, to the seniors at least, who have all the comforts of a home, without the care and labor <insertion: incident thereto>

In the Historical Line.

In January, 1876 – the Centennial Year, the Summit County Agricultural Society appointed me Historian, with the view of having a history of the County prepared and published, and I commenced the collection of materials for that purpose. No provision for compensation for my labor, or for defraying the cost of publication, having been made by the Society, and my Sheriff's duties intervening, nothing further was done in that direction than the preliminary sketch read to the Society, at its Fountain Park Re-union on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, 1876. Near the close of my second term as Sheriff, a Chicago publishing firm, Messrs Baskin & Battery, undertook the compilation of a history of Summit County, and made an arrangement with me to write up certain topics, which will be found embodied in the very creditable work produced by them as follows, Organization of County, etc pages 226 to 243; Railroads, 288 to 203;<sup>641</sup> Agricultural Societies, 194 to 207; County Infirmary, 243 to 248:

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<sup>636</sup> Presumably, Lane is talking about his son, Lane, Julius Sherman, here and not his brother, though it is not entirely clear.

<sup>637</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>638</sup> Pitkin, Albert J., 1854-1905. (S. A. Lane's son-in-law).

<sup>639</sup> Lane, Frederick Alanson, b. 1849.

<sup>640</sup> Lane, Arthur Malcolm, b. 1855.

<sup>641</sup> Author's error in pagination probably meant 228 to 303.

Newspapers, 278 to 288; Biographical Sketch of myself, 728 to 734; Portrait of myself opposite page 128. Besides furnishing the portrait and publishing my biography gratuitously, the firm paid me \$100<sup>00</sup> in money, and gave me five copies of the book, the subscription price of which was \$10<sup>00</sup>; thus enabling me to present a copy to each of the children, which no doubt, later in life, if not now, they will highly prize – besides the copy retained by myself. Though such a volume, compiled in such a way, must necessarily contain many inaccuracies, so far, as my contributions are concerned, being mainly based upon public documents, they may be regarded as strictly authentic, and the book, taken as a whole, may justly be regarded as a valuable accession to the historical and biographical literature of the County.

[Deputy-Sheriff. –]<sup>642</sup> On the expiration of my second term, as Sheriff, my successor, Sheriff William M<sup>c</sup>Kinney,<sup>643</sup> proposed that I should remain with him as his Office Deputy, which I accordingly did for about three months, and should have probably remained longer but for events which had transpired in the meantime as herein after noted.

Mayor of the “Tip-Top City”.

As the Municipal Election for 1881,<sup>644</sup> drew near, the question as to who should be the Republican candidate for Mayor of Akron, began to be agitated, and my name, among others, was suggested. Though ordinarily largely Republican, the temperance and other local questions, rendered the election of a Republican Mayor extremely doubtful, the then incumbent, John M. Frazee, Democrat, and a candidate for re-election, having been elected by quite a handsome majority two years before. I said to my friends that while I had no claims upon the party, or the

people, for further political favors, and while I would not in any degree seek or work for it, if the Republican Convention thought best to nominate me, and the people of the city should ratify that nomination at the polls, I would take the office and do the best I could with it. The nomination was very handsomely made, by a vote of 36 out of a total 48, upon the first ballot. On the announcement of the result, and being called to the front, I responded as follows:

“Gentlemen of the Convention: In response to your call, I desire to say to you, as a body, what “I have perhaps said to some of you and others individually when mentioning my name in “connection with the office to which you have just nominated me, that I have no claim upon the “Republican party or the people of Akron, or of Summit County, for further official favors, “having already been honored in that direction fully up to, if not beyond, my political, business, “social or moral deserts. When first approached upon the subject, I emphatically said “No”, for “the reasons: first, that I did not wish to become an unmitigated nuisance in the shape of a “chronic office-seeker; and second, because I honestly distrusted my ability to satisfactorily “discharge the intricate and often perplexing duties of the position. Later, however, I have so far “yielded to the solicitation of my friends, of different shades of political opinion, as to say, that “while not seeking the office, if the people wanted me for major, and elected me to that office, I “would give it a trial and do the best I could with it. In accepting the nomination, however, “gentlemen, I have no specific pledges to make, and no distinctive, prearranged policy to

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<sup>642</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>643</sup> McKinney, William, b. 1833. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 1077.

<sup>644</sup> For a list of mayors of Akron, Ohio see: <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List\\_of\\_Mayors\\_of\\_Akron,\\_Ohio](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Mayors_of_Akron,_Ohio)>

“proclaim, should the people ratify your action at the polls on Monday next. If the record which I  
“have made in the 46 years, nearly, that I have lived among you, does not evince a hearty desire  
“for your welfare – the welfare of the city of my youthful adoption – the

**324**

“city of my mature manhood – the city of my declining years – then nothing I could now say,  
“would make that desire manifest to your minds, or the comprehension of those whom you  
“represent. I will only add, in conclusion, gentlemen, that, I sincerely thank you for the high  
“compliment implied in this nomination, so handsomely made, and that if elected Mayor of your  
“city on Monday next, I will endeavor to administer the duties of the office faithfully and  
“impartially in the interest of all the people of the city to the best of my judgment and ability”.  
[Very Close Vote. –]<sup>645</sup> On Election day, as had been anticipated, the most determined and  
virulent opposition to my election was manifested, Mr Frazee being the Democratic candidate for  
re-election. Not only the Democratic party, but the entire beer and whiskey element of the  
Republican party of the city, was bitterly and actively arrayed against me, while quite a large  
temperance vote was either cast against me, or my name scratched from their ballots – life-long  
temperance man as I was – simply because I would not publicly declare myself in favor of  
political party prohibition action. Besides this quite a good many Republican votes were given  
for my opponent, because of my supposed friendship for certain other candidates for positions in  
the City government, the Mayor presiding at the organization of the new Council, and having the  
casting vote in case of a tie in the vote for President of the Council and City Clerk.  
[“Gette<sup>646</sup> There, Allee Samee” –]<sup>647</sup> But in spite of all these untoward influences, my election  
was effected, but it was literally by a “mighty tight squeeze”, my majority being 60, only, while  
the majorities of the other Republican candidates for city offices ranged from 300 to 700 –  
[Duly Installed. –]<sup>648</sup> Having been officially notified of my election, and filed the bond and  
taken the oath required by law, I entered upon the duties of Mayor of the City

**325**

of Akron, on the 13<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1881, for the term of two years.  
[Fairly Successful. –]<sup>649</sup> Owing to the disjointed condition of the City ordinances, and their non-  
conformity to existing state laws, as well as from my inexperience in the class of duties  
devolving upon me, I was greatly embarrassed in the administration of the office for awhile, but  
soon, by the aid of my efficient lieutenant, Marshal, William H. Ragg, and the small but  
remarkable faithful Police force at our command, a degree of peace and order was secured,  
which, considering the large transient population; beer and whiskey guzzling, and law and order  
defying ditchers, graders and pavers, then in our midst, was unprecedented in the history of our  
rapidly growing <insertion: city>.

A Double “Surprise Party”.

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<sup>645</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>646</sup> Best guess.

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On my 66<sup>th</sup> birthday, June 29<sup>th</sup> 1881, I said to Marshall Ragg, in the morning, that I wanted him to notify the entire police force of the city, to assemble at the Mayor's Office at 2 o'clock P.M. sharp, as I had something of importance to say to them. I also invited, J. Park Alexander, President of the Council, City Clerk Newton Ford,<sup>650</sup> and other city officials, and the newspaper men of the city to be present. At the hour named I called them to order and addressed them as follows:

"On the 29<sup>th</sup> day of June, 1815, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, of poor but honest "parents, was born a very handsome boy-baby. Retaining, in a remarkable degree, two of the "characteristics of his babyhood – poverty and beauty – that boy now stands before you happy in "the thought that he is able to "set 'em up" to his fellow officials, on this the 66<sup>th</sup> anniversary of "his birth. Pitch in!"

At this moment Mr E. B. Cahoon, the confectioner, with an assistant, appeared from

### 326

an inner room, bearing trays of lemonade, cake and ice-cream, which was partaken of with a relish by all. In the mean time, after a whispered consultation among themselves, Marshall Ragg and one of the policemen slipped away, unnoticed by me, and purchased a fine ebony, gold headed cane, which, in behalf of the Police Force, was presented to me by President Alexander, in an appropriate little speech. This was, of course, as great a surprise to me, as was my treat to them, and the affair was a very pleasant one, all around. Afterwards the head of the cane was engraved as follows: "Presented to Mayor S. A. Lane, on his 66<sup>th</sup> Birthday, June 29<sup>th</sup> 1881, by "the Police Force of the City of Akron, Ohio", and on the six side tablets were inscribed the "names of the donors as follows: "W<sup>m</sup> H Ragg, Marshal; David Bunn;<sup>651</sup> J. C. Russ; S. W. Pike; "J. M. Court; Ed. Dunn; T. A. Doyle; Adam Hart; A. J. Hamlin; J. E Lant; A. J. Cowley, and C. "G. Talcott"<sup>652</sup>

[Eastern Visit.]<sup>653</sup> Feeling the need of a little respite from my four and a half years of continuous official service, with the exception of a single week spent in Philadelphia, in the Winter of 1878-9, and, with the approval of the City Council, appointing my old and tried friendly Sherman Blocker, as Mayor pro tem, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of August, 1881, accompanied by the wife, Mrs Emeline Lane, and by the granddaughter, Miss Pauline E. Lane, then 11 years old. I started for a month's visit among the children, brothers, uncles, aunts, cousins and watering places,

[Dunkirk. -]<sup>654</sup> of "Down East". Our first objective point was Dunkirk, N.Y. where we made a very pleasant twenty four hour's visit with our old friends and neighbors, Mr and Mrs A. R. Townsend, at the hospitable home of their children, Mr and Mrs John A. Townsend.

[New York. -]<sup>655</sup> From thence to New York City, where, as the guest of our bachelor brother, Comfort V. Lane,

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<sup>650</sup> Ford, Newton, b. 1852. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 287.

<sup>651</sup> Bunn, David R., b. 1842. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 274.

<sup>652</sup> Personal name, best guess.

<sup>653</sup> Written in the margin.

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at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, we spent a couple of very pleasant, though very hot, days, in visiting Central Park, Coney Island, and other points of interest in and about the city.

[Providence. –]<sup>656</sup> From New York, accompanied by brother, C. V. we took a Sound Steamer for Providence, Rhode Island, to visit our children Carrie, Albert and Arthur, with whom we spent two very pleasant weeks, making sundry excursions to Boston, Newport, Rocky Point, Narragansett Pier, and other points of interest in and about Providence, sister Sarah Lane,<sup>657</sup> of Hartford, Conn. also joining us in our visit at Providence. Our next

[Chicopee. –]<sup>658</sup> objective point was Chicopee, Massachusetts, where we were very handsomely entertained by our brother, Julius M Lane,<sup>659</sup> and his most excellent wife, Mrs Jane M. Lane; sister Sarah accompanying us thither; brother C. V. also coming up from New York, to visit with us there. Thus were the three surviving brothers, Comfort Vanderson, Samuel Alanson, and Julius Meeker, with the wives of two latter, Emeline and Jane, and sister Sarah, the widow of our deceased brother, Lorenzo, once more all together; a re-union that, considering our several ages and circumstances, may not, very likely, ever again occur.

[In Old Suffield. –]<sup>660</sup> During our stay at Chicopee, the entire party made a two day's excursion, in carriages, to our native town, Old Suffield, where we were right-royally entertained, by such of our surviving relatives and friends as are still residing there. The United States armory, and the beautiful cemetery at Springfield were also visited, and Miss Pauline, accompanied by her uncle Julius, made an excursion to Mount Tom,<sup>661</sup> while myself and brother C. V. made a brief visit to Pittsfield<sup>662</sup> and South Lee, the scenes of our youthful exploits in Old Berkshire.

[Home Again.]<sup>663</sup> Returning from our very pleasant visit East, very greatly invigorated, physically and mentally, about the first of September, 1881, I resumed my duties as Mayor, and kept on the even tenor of my way to the end of my term, though pleasing

### 328

neither of the extremes – the prohibition temperance element, though not lifting a finger to help, denouncing me for being too lenient; and the beer and whiskey element denouncing me for being too severe, in my enforcement of the liquor statutes and ordinances. During my incumbency I was called upon to deliver addresses of welcome and speak for the city of Akron, on several public occasions, which pleasant, but sometimes embarrassing, duties, I think I may say, without undue egotism, were discharged as satisfactorily to the general public, at least, if not to myself, as were similar performances by either of my “illustrious predecessors”; besides which I inaugurated the plan of delivering to the Council annual messages, in regard to the affairs of the city, which were highly commended by the public press, as well as the majority of the Council and the people.

[Thrown Overboard. –]<sup>664</sup> As the end of my term drew near, the question of the succession began to be agitated – a considerable number of both Republicans and Democrats freely, and

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<sup>656</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>657</sup> Lane, Sarah Hinckley. (Wife of Lorenzo Lane.)

<sup>658</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>659</sup> Lane, Julius Meeker.

<sup>660</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>661</sup> Tom, Mount (Mass.).

<sup>662</sup> Pittsfield (Mass.).

<sup>663</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>664</sup> Written in the margin.

apparently honestly, expressing the hope that I might be continued for another term. The Republican “leaders”, however, acting upon the hypothesis that as I had made so close a run two years before, I would, if re-nominated, be completely snowed under at the election, this year, selected another and, as they supposed, more popular man – Mr. John W. Holloway,<sup>665</sup> formerly the Master Mechanic of the Cleveland, Akron and Columbus Railroad;<sup>666</sup> so thoroughly manipulating the caucuses in his favor, as to give me but eight votes out of the forty-eight in the Convention – each ward being entitled to eight delegates – six only from my own ward voting for me, the remaining two coming from the first and fifth wards. The un-wisdom of the “swap”,<sup>667</sup> was most thoroughly demonstrated by the fact that the vote cast for Mr Lorenzo Dow Watters,<sup>667</sup> the young Democratic candidate,

329

was about 130 greater than that cast for Mr Holloway.

[Again “Oust”<sup>668</sup> –]<sup>669</sup> Having thus summarily received my “walking papers”, on the 13<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1883, I turned the office over to my successor, without having failed, except during the vacation above mentioned, in 1881, to be at my post of duty every working day, and having attended every meeting of the City Council but two, and every meeting of the Board of Health but one, during the entire two years.

[The “Spoils” of Office. –]<sup>670</sup> The emoluments of the office, during my incumbency, averaged just about \$950<sup>00</sup> per year, an amount considerably less than some of my predecessors had, and than some of my successors will, realize out of it, largely owing to the fact that it was my aim to discourage litigation as much as possible, by inducing those at variance to settle their differences amicably, instead of resorting to the law.

[More Surprises.]<sup>671</sup> After turning the office over to my successor, with a little speech making, pro and con, Ex-Marshal Ragg, who retired at the same time, took me most thoroughly by surprise, by presenting me, in behalf of the Police Force, who had so efficiently aided me in preserving the public peace, during my administration, with an elegant pair of gold-bowed eye-glasses, which compliment was not only duly acknowledged, but will be gratefully remembered, while life and memory last.

[East Again.]<sup>672</sup> On retiring from the mayoralty, I devoted several weeks to repairing and renovating the interior of the old homestead; thus temporarily “returning to my wallowing in the mire” of paint, putty and paste. Then, about the middle of June, the good daughter, Carrie, with her husband and their two children, Agnes Belle and Frederick Arthur, made us a brief visit, and on their return to Schenectady, N.Y. whither they had removed, since our previous visit to them, in 1881, father and mother accompanied them, leaving Akron via the Valley Railway, at noon June 26<sup>th</sup> 1883 —

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<sup>665</sup> Holloway, John Wesley. Constructed name authority, based his father’s biography, in “Fifty years and Over...” p. 743.

<sup>666</sup> For more information on this railroad, see: <<http://www.railsandtrails.com/PRR/CA&C/default.htm>>

<sup>667</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>668</sup> Best guess

<sup>669</sup> Written in the margin.

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[An Old “Chum”.]<sup>673</sup> On reaching Utica, early on the morning of June 27<sup>th</sup>, I left the party for the purpose of renewing acquaintance with my former young South Lee friend, John B. Wells, referred to in some old-time reminiscences, on pages 43 to 46 of this volume, and whom I had not met for over 45 years. I found him a prosperous merchant, with a family of one son – his partner in business – and three grown daughters, all single and living at home, the wife and mother having been dead some two or three years. Mr Wells seemed to be very glad, indeed, to see me; showed me through his large establishment, got a carriage and drove me about the city, and took me to his large and fashionably furnished house for dinner, and a friendly visit with himself and family.

[A Cousinly Visit.]<sup>674</sup> About 60 miles north of Utica, in Lewis County, is the village of Lowville,<sup>675</sup> in which three of my uncles, Hosea, Gad and Zebina Lane, settled at an early day – all of them raising quite extensive families. These three uncles, with the wives of two of them and some of their children I remember to have seen at our house, in Suffield, in my early boyhood, but had never visited among them. Though aware that all the uncles and aunts had passed away, and that the most of the cousins were either dead or scattered abroad; yet being so near, I concluded to run up from Utica, on the Utica and Black River Railroad,<sup>676</sup> and look up the widow of my lately deceased cousin, Curtis G. Lane, and their only son, Daniel Webster Lane, for a number of years a prominent clothing merchant in Lowville. Getting there late in the evening, I put up for the night at a very comfortable hotel near the depot. After breakfast, the next morning, enquiry revealed the fact that “Web,” as he was familiarly called, being in poor health, had disposed of his business, and, with

his wife and only child, was spending the Summer in Minnesota;<sup>677</sup> and that the mother, Mrs Curtis G. Lane, was about starting with a large company then assembling at the depot, on a Sunday School Picnic excursion to Trenton Falls,<sup>678</sup> quite a popular summer resort, about 40 miles in the direction of Utica. Having enquired her out, and made myself known to her, she received me very cordially, and proposed to remain at home and entertain me. But that I would not permit, especially in view of the fact that she was in charge of three of the minister’s children, whose mother was unable to accompany them. Without even going up into the village to see where she lived, therefore, I took passage upon the excursion train for Utica, visiting with her “on the wing”, and stopping over one train to enjoy the hospitality of the excursionists, on reaching their destination. After dinner, Mrs Lane and myself made the tour of the Falls which are situated upon and are a part of West Canada Creek, or Kanata River, about three-fourths of a mile from the railroad station. Moore’s hotel, a commodious structure, and several other smaller hotels and private boarding houses and private residences, form quite a hamlet or village, with extensive shady and ornamental pleasure grounds, as you approach the river. Passing through

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<sup>673</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>674</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>675</sup> Lowville (N.Y.).

<sup>676</sup> This railroad is also called the Black River and Utica Railroad, see:

<<http://www.usgennet.org/usa/ny/state/his/bk4/ch2.html>>

<sup>677</sup> Sic

<sup>678</sup> Trenton Falls (N.Y.).

these pleasure grounds to the brink of the river, a dime admits you to the gorge or chasm, a hundred feet or more below the surrounding surface, which is reached by a succession of steep stairs. On arriving at the bottom, besides the general beauty of the rapid stream, the overhanging rocks, trees etc. the eye is greeted by a beautiful succession of falls and cascades, which as you follow the tortuous windings of the stream upward, multiply in number and grandeur. It is to my mind far superior to Niagara, in point of the many beautiful scenes presented to the eye, though, of course, not quite so gigantic in its proportions, and is much ahead of our justly celebrated neighboring “High Bridge Glens”, at Cuyohaga Falls, as the latter are superior to that nearer ancient celebrity, “Wolf Ledge”. Following

### 332

the rapidly changing course of the stream, over and through many different obstacles and passages, aided by artificial steps, railings etc. for perhaps a mile and a half, we again mount to the surface at what is called the half way house, a resting and refreshment station, immediately opposite one of the very finest views upon the stream. From thence we wended our way back, through the ever cool and shady “grand old woods”, to the hotel, from whence we took the “bus” to the station. The train for Utica soon arriving, I bade my newly found friend and relatives – a very pleasant and genial well-preserved woman of about my own age – good by, and resumed my journey, well-pleased with my visit to what, in my younger days, was known as the “Black River Country”, and its results.

[At Schenectady. –]<sup>679</sup> Arriving at Schenectady the same evening, June 28<sup>th</sup>, I found that the balance of the travelers had reached their destination in good order, and all ready to welcome the laggard. Found the family in a comfortable two-story brick house, on Liberty Street, surrounded by a remarkably good class of neighbors and friends. The son-in-law, Albert J. Pitkins, coming to the Schenectady Locomotive Works – one of the largest as well as one of the oldest establishments of its kind in the United States – as foreman of the drafting department, had, in the year and a half that he had been with them, shown himself so capable, that, during our visit, he was given the full powers of Superintendent of the works, with a corresponding increase of salary. – the son, Arthur M. Lane, who had been with him at both Philadelphia and Providence, also holding a prominent and lucrative position in the drafting rooms of the establishment, and boarding with the family.

[In Yankeedom –]<sup>680</sup> Remaning with the dear ones, in Schenectady, nearly two weeks, on Saturday, July 7<sup>th</sup> we resumed our journey to again visit our friends in Connecticut and Massachusetts, arriving at the pleasant home of brother Julius M. Lane

333

in Chicopee, Mass, at about six o'clock the same evening.

[In “Crooked Lane” –]<sup>681</sup> Here we were a few days afterwards, again joined by brother C. V. Lane, from New York, and sister Sarah M Lane, from Hartford Conn. as in 1881. As before, we all, with livery teams, visited our numerous “Uncles, Aunts and Cousins”, in Springfield,

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<sup>679</sup> Written in the margin.

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<sup>681</sup> Written in the margin.

Agawam, Feeding Hills<sup>682</sup> and Suffield, mother and myself remaining in Suffield two or three days longer than the rest of the party, spending two nights at the old homestead of cousin Caroline Harmon, west of the center, and one night each, with Cousin Ansel Cook, Uncles Henry and Hiram, and Aunt Jane Sikes, in Crooked Lane. The well-to-do and liberal-minded citizens of the old district, having erected a nice and commodious public hall, a short distance from the site of the old school house, in which to hold literary and other entertainments, religious meetings, Sunday School, etc. I availed myself of the Sunday School exercises, on the Sunday we were there, to take a look at the interior of the new structure; mother and Cousin Caroline, accompanying me. And being invited, I gave a brief talk to the scholars, saying something of my early school days, and contrasting the Sunday Schools of my boyhood with those of more modern times.

[In New York.]<sup>683</sup> After a very pleasant sojourn among our very pleasant friends in the very pleasant valley of the Connecticut; of about two weeks, on July 24<sup>th</sup>, we went by rail to New York, to visit “Our Boy Fred”, then working at his trade, pressman and engineer, in that city. The only places of interest visited, during our brief stay of a little less than two days, were the “Big Bridge”, Greenwood Cemetery,<sup>684</sup> and the Battery, not failing, however, to ride from one end of the city to the other – about ten miles – upon the elevated Railway.<sup>685</sup>

[Up North River.]<sup>686</sup> On leaving New York, Thursday, July 26<sup>th</sup>, we took a day trip, by steamer, up the classic and picturesque Hudson River to Albany. The weather was delightful and this being our first trip on that river, we enjoyed the ride very greatly –

### 334

[In Albany. –]<sup>687</sup> The steamer arriving at Albany at six P.M. just in time to miss the 5.30 train to Schenectady we were compelled to remain in Albany about five hours. After getting our supper at the depot lunch counter, to while away the time we took a street car, up past the new State House,<sup>688</sup> and some two or three miles beyond, to the city park, some 35 or 40 acres of nicely laid-out and tastefully ornamented lands. Here, strolling leisurely along, resting from time to time on [July 26 1883]<sup>689</sup> comfortable settees, this twilight found us on the opposite of the ground from where we entered them, and upon another route, a street car landed us in the vicinity of the depot, whence, after a gloomy tarry of about two hours, we finally departed, arriving again at Schenectady at 11.30 P.M.

[A New “Daughter”.]<sup>690</sup> On reaching the home of our children, it was our pleasure to form the acquaintance of Misses Anna and Belle Gaskill, of Philadelphia, and a day or two later to be asked, by our youngest boy, Arthur, to accept Miss Belle, as a daughter, which request was cheerfully complied with.

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<sup>682</sup> Feeding Hills (Mass.).

<sup>683</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>684</sup> Possibly meant Green-Wood Cemetery in Brooklyn; <<http://www.green-wood.com/>>

<sup>685</sup> From New York City Transit - History and Chronology: "The city's first regular elevated railway service began on February 14, 1870. The El ran along Greenwich Street and Ninth Avenue in Manhattan."

<<http://www.mta.info/nyct/facts/ffhist.htm>>

<sup>686</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>687</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>688</sup> For more information on the capital building see: <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New\\_York\\_State\\_Capitol](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_York_State_Capitol)>

<sup>689</sup> Written in the margin, in pencil, possibly at a later date.

<sup>690</sup> Written in the margin.

[A Pleasant Time.]<sup>691</sup> During our further stay of nearly three weeks with our children in Schenectady, we put in one day – mother, Arthur and myself – among the pleasure-seekers at Saratoga Springs, and it was a very enjoyable day, indeed. I also visited for a day, each, Troy and Albany, besides making a two-day's excursion into Vermont, on [a]<sup>692</sup> business for the Webster, Camp & Lane Machine Company.

We had a real good visit, at Schenectady, with our children and grandchildren, and their kind and attentive neighbors, who seemed to vie with each other in making our sojourn there pleasant and agreeable. Having finally completed our visit, we bade the dear ones good by, on Tuesday, August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1883, at 11.30 P.M. ticketed through to Akron, via the New York Central and Lake Shore Railways. Reaching Brocton,<sup>693</sup> a few miles west of Dunkirk,

335

[At Chautauqua.<sup>694</sup>]<sup>695</sup> on Wednesday morning, we made a diversion to the now celebrated summer resort, Chatauqua,<sup>696</sup> in which the people of Akron have so great an interest, and which we had never before visited. We found Chatauqua in the very height of the season, though nearing its close, and we very greatly enjoyed the very many things we saw and heard there; one day being spent in making the tour of the Lake by steamer, touching at all points of interest, from Mayville upon the North, to Jamestown upon the South, at which latter city, we took dinner, at its one magnificent hotel – the Sherman House.

[Again at Home. –]<sup>697</sup> We bade adieu to Chatauqua on Saturday, August 18<sup>th</sup>, at 6 o'clock A.M. and, in earnest, again turned our faces towards Akron, arriving at the dear old home at 6 o'clock P.M. the same day, where we were as heartily again glad to be, as we were apparently gladly and heartily welcomed by all the “dear ones at home”, both young and old.

#### The Overland Journey to California

Further back in this volume, from pages 199 to 238, I gave an account of my start for California, in the Spring of 1850, my two years' residence upon the Pacific Coast, and my journey home, via the Isthmus of Panama and New York, in the Fall of 1852; alluding to the journey across the plains and over the mountains, only by reference to a series of lectures given on my return home to be found among my papers. Finding on examination, that the ink with which these lectures were given is rapidly fading out, and at the suggestion of the family to whom I am now (January 1884.) reading them, that they ought to be put into a more permanent form. I have concluded to embody such portions of them as have not already been given herein, at this point in this narrative. The people of Akron, and Summit County had a very great personal interest in California matters at the time, not less, probably, than 400 persons having gone thither from the several townships of the County during the previous three years. These lectures, originally

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<sup>691</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>692</sup> Appears to have been erased out

<sup>693</sup> Brocton (N.Y.).

<sup>694</sup> Chautauqua (N.Y.).

<sup>695</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>696</sup> Lane spells Chautauqua properly at the heading of this section, but then proceeds to drop the “u” each time thereafter. Chautauqua is described in Wikipedia by the following: “Chautauqua, an adult education movement featuring lectures, plays, and musical performances; the word is also used for any single organization pursuing this activity. The idea was originated in 1874 in Chautauqua, New York, which lends its name to the format, but was soon copied elsewhere.” <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chautauqua\\_\(disambiguation\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chautauqua_(disambiguation))>

<sup>697</sup> Written in the margin.

five in number, including one upon California and its resources, and the return journey via the Isthmus, were given gratuitously, at my own expense for hall-rent, printing, +c. Union hall (in Henry's Block) the then largest hall in town, being crowded to its utmost capacity every night, and many others unable to gain admittance. I was also invited to deliver them in Middlebury, Tallmadge, Richfield and other places in the County and always had large and attentive audiences.

Lecture Number 1.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

Having been kindly invited, by several friends feeling an interest in the matter, to give a public talk or two upon such items of general interest touching California, as have come under my observation, I have taken the liberty of calling you together here this evening. And allow me here to remark, that it is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that I am once more privileged, after an absence of nearly three years, to appear before so large a concourse of my fellow-citizens of Akron. With joy that myself and so many others that I see before me here to-night, were spared, amid the dangers of the wilderness and the desert – surrounded, as we often were, with ravenous beasts of prey, savage and blood-thirsty Indians, and oftener with still more savage pale-faced ruffians; spared from the pestilence; the life and property destroying fires; the robberies and assassinations of the mines and cities; and finally spared from the perils of the sea, and the hazards of the Isthmus transit, to return once more to the bosoms of our families, and to the society and companionship of the many kind friends who have, with such apparent sincerity, welcomed us back to your midst again. And yet, while I am heartily rejoiced to meet with so many old familiar and friendly countenances, together with a large number of new faces that have come in during my absence, I cannot but feel a deep sorrow for those of my friends who have been laid low in death during that time. Many, very many, of those who left you when I did,

337

full of life and vigor, with buoyant hopes and lofty aspirations, have been stricken down, and now sleep the sleep of death in a distant land; while the King of Terrors has not even spared those who remained quietly at home, but has taken several from your midst. We are thus forcibly reminded that whether old or young; whether at home or abroad; whether in the busy city or upon the snow-clad mountain; whether on the arid desert, the trackless ocean, or the quiet<sup>698</sup> farm; whether watching with intense anxiety the movements of a treacherous enemy, or being watched over with tenderest solicitude by sympathising friends, “in the midst of life we are in death”.

As much is being said, at this time, about constructing a Railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and thereby connecting five of the most prominent cities of the Union, viz. San Francisco, Salt Lake City, Saint Louis, Akron, and New York. I shall make copious extracts from my diary while crossing the plains and mountains, and sojourning in California, that you may form some idea of not only the practicability, but of the absolute necessity, for the speedy construction of a work of this kind.

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<sup>698</sup> Best guess

Of our journey, by mud, to the Ohio River – thence, by water, down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi to Saint Louis; the purchasing of provisions and mules, and our travel over-land, nearly 400 miles, through the State of Missouri, to our starting point, St. Joseph. I'll say nothing, only that we had lots of fun with the long ears, and that the blight and curse of slavery was visible upon every inch of that naturally beautiful and productive state.

We arrived at St Joseph on the 25<sup>th</sup> day of April, and found not only every portion of the town literally crammed with the moving multitude, but for miles, in every direction, the roads and fields and plains were thickly dotted with tents, wagons, animals and humans; thousands having already moved forward upon their journey, and other thousands daily arriving. The crowd was so great at the various ferries in the town, that, on the 26<sup>th</sup>, we went four

### 338

miles up the river, where, after waiting nearly a whole day for our turn, we crossed over, and, by steep and difficult windings, ascended the bluffs and encamped in the Indian Territory, three or four hundred feet above the bed of the river, and about six miles from St. Jo.

Here we remained, some of the company making daily excursions to town for such articles as we deemed necessary to complete our outfit, until the first day of May, when, everything being in readiness – our Captain, Assistant Captain, Secretary, Sergeant of the Guard +c. appointed, wagons and animals properly packed, at precisely 10 o'clock A.M. we bid a final adieu to the borders of civilization, and boldly took up our march, under the influence of the soul-inspiring music of the fife and drum.

Of course, I shall not have time, even in a dozen lectures, to follow the daily doings of our train, and give you every little minutiae of our long and tedious journey – our routine of travel – our camping, cooking, eating, sleeping, standing guard +c. I shall, therefore, speak only of prominent points, with a description of the face of the country, soil and climate, with such objects and incidents of particular interest as came under my observation upon the journey.

Fort Kearney<sup>699</sup> is 300 miles from St Joseph, and situated upon the Platte River,<sup>700</sup> which rises in the Rocky Mountains and empties into the Missouri River, a little below Council Bluffs, and about 30 miles above St. Joseph. This river gives the muddy appearance to the Missouri, which is clear above their confluence, while the Missouri, in turn, imparts its murky attributes to the naturally pellucid waters of the Mississippi, which they retain until they reach, and in fact carry with them far out into the Gulf of Mexico. The country from the Missouri to Fort Kearney is most beautiful; over rolling prairies, interspersed with numerous creeks and small rivers, the most of which are lined with timber, though generally not of very extensive growth; and a better road I never traveled.

### 339

Thirty miles from St Jo. on a slight elevation, commanding a delightful view of the country for many miles on every side, is a Missionary station. There are about 700 Indians

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<sup>699</sup> Fort Kearny (Neb.). For more on the history and significance of this fort see: <http://www.isu.edu/~trinmich/FtKearny.html>

<sup>700</sup> “The Platte River is an approximately 310 mi. (499 km) long river in the Western United States. . . . The river was highly significant in the westward expansion of the United States, providing the route for several major westward trails, including the Oregon Trail and the Mormon Trail” [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Platte\\_River](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Platte_River)



located here and in this neighborhood, the remnants of three once powerful tribes, viz. the Sacs, Foxes and Iowas. They have over 300 acres of land under fence and a good degree of cultivation. The cultivation of the intellect was also being attended to, from 40 to 50 young copper-faces, glistening like new pennies, being in daily attendance upon the Missionary School.

“Delightful task to rear the tender thought  
And teach the little Indians how to shoot”

Speaking of shooting, the young red-skins, in various places along our route – entirely untrammled with clothing – afford the emigrants a vast deal of amusement, by their dexterity in the use of the bow and arrow, rarely ever missing a mark the size of a shilling, at a distance of four or five rods, where the prize was a cracker or piece of bread; while the older ones were quite as expert in bringing down elk, antelope or buffalo, at a far greater distance, with the same deadly weapon.

On our fourth day out, we saw the first grave that had as yet been visible. It was on a beautiful knoll, five or six rods from the road. And who can describe or even imagine, the emotions of that vast throng, at beholding that first grave, almost at the outset of the long and perilous journey before them. There was a path to and from and around that grave as marked and well-beaten as was ever made by devoted pilgrims to their most sacred shrines of worship; every one, in fact, who was on foot or mounted, going to and around that grave, and reading and commenting upon its inscription. There was a strip of board at end of the grave, and upon the head-board was plainly cut; “J. S.<sup>701</sup> Halbert, of Hancock Co. Ill. Died May 27<sup>th</sup> 1849, aged 29 years”, over the head-board was placed, by way of protection, with its prongs firmly driven into the hard earth, the huge branching antlers of a giant prairie elk, of which we saw many in this

### 340

region of the country.

The next day, at Nemeha<sup>702</sup> Creek, running Northeast and 91 miles from St Jo, we saw a card, nailed upon a tree, informing us that Captain Garrett passed this point on the 25<sup>th</sup> of April, with 40 wagons and 140 men – the fame of Captain Garrett, of Ohio, was upon every tongue and as he had performed the journey only the year before, it was supposed that his wisdom was sufficient to guide his devoted followers safely through the mountain gorges, and over the burning sands of the trackless desert; that he would know just exactly where the best grass, the purest-water and the safest camping places were to be found; and great was the anxiety to enlist under the broad banner of Captain Garrett. The result, however, proved that even the experience of Captain Garrett was often at fault, and that his guidance gave as little satisfaction to his followers, as that of many other inexperienced, though, of course, wise and great Captains, who were chosen to the command of trains upon that difficult and perplexing expedition.

Half-way from St Joseph to Fort Kearney, or about 150 miles upon our journey, we crossed the Big Blue river, a beautiful, clear and rapid stream about 125 feet in width, running southeasterly, and emptying into the Kansas, which unites with the Missouri at or near Fort Independence. For some distance on either side of the Blue, we found the country a little uneven, passing over rocky ridges in which sandstone; red, blue and white limestone; granite, iron ore, etc, were distinctly visible, and the banks of the river were also quite well-lined with several varieties of timber.

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<sup>701</sup> Personal name, best guess. May also be, “Jos.”

<sup>702</sup> Best guess, the more common spelling appears to be “Nemaha Creek”.

On the banks of this river were a number of graves of those who died the year before; one aged 62, another 78, and also a new grave of a boy aged 11. Thus we see that the old man, having already exceeded his allotted term of three score years and ten, becomes excited with the wonderful

341

stories which he hears about the land of gold; feels that his youthful dreams of wealth may yet be realized, leaves comfort, kindred and friends, and with tottering footsteps joins the motley throng, but to lay down his life upon the plains, just so soon as the fatigues and privations of the journey overcomes the excitement that sustained him while preparing his outfit and getting under way. And in many instances, too, the hardships of the route are found to be too severe upon children, whose parents, allured by the glittering tales they hear, sacrifice the best interests of the family – the comforts of home, their education, and many of them their lives, in their anxiety to obtain wealth.

Three days travel, over gently undulating prairies, and most magnificent roads, brings to the Little Blue, which is 45 or 50 feet wide, and one of the prettiest little streams of water that I ever beheld. For two days more our course is along the rich bottoms of this stream, in a northwesterly direction, when<sup>703</sup> we diverge more to the north, and, passing over a series of sandy plains and bluffs, 25 or 30 miles, strike the Platte river, ten miles below the Fort, about 2 o'clock P.M. May 15<sup>th</sup>. We remained here overnight, driving our animals across a portion of the river to Grand Island, for feed.

Friend Holmes, both cook and gunner for our mess, took his rifle and waded across the river, with the view of treating us to a game supper, as he thought ducks ought to be plenty in that region. About 5 o'clock I saw the old fellow re-crossing the river, and what do you suppose he had bagged? Nothing but a huge mud-turtle; but the way that we luxuriated on a "hasty plate of soup", that evening, was a caution to General Scott!

Almost the entire country from the Missionary Station to this point, and in fact for 150 miles beyond, is inhabited by the Pawnees, said to be the most thievish tribe of Indians on the whole route, though not a single Indian was visible upon the road up to this point – They took both cholera and smallpox from the emigrants the year before, and were consequently very shy of us, though several small parties and villages were seen by our men in the distance, when out hunting upon the hills.

Being greatly annoyed with dust, while encamped upon the plains, one evening, I fabricated a pair of goggles for the protection

342

of my "blinkers". Perhaps you would like to know how I managed to do it. Well, I will tell you. We had laid in a small stack of trinkets – beads, rings, +c – for traffic with the Indians, a portion of which were arranged in a small paper box with a glass cover. I had my diamond with me, and by the aid of a half dollar for a pattern, I found no difficulty in getting out the glasses in first rate shape. The rims were formed out of pieces of leather, clipped from the superabundance of straps upon the gearing of our little mules. Cutting my leathers the right length, and creasing one edge of each to receive the glasses, and firmly stitching them in place, a thin piece of calf-skin from

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<sup>703</sup> Possibly, "where"

the lining of my wallet for a nose-piece, with some broad tape, with which my good wife had supplied my "bachelor's kit" for string, and the arrangement was complete.

The next day, while enjoying the luxury of my new invention, a stranger riding past me enquired where I got my goggles. On being informed that I had made them myself, and rightly supposing that I could make more, he offered me a dollar for them which I accepted. I then made myself another pair, and on reaching Fort Kearney, I bought a light of 8 x 10 window glass, for which I paid 25 cents, and was thus enabled to supply the other members of the mess, and several outside friends, at a trifling advance on the cost of the material. The pair retained by myself, not only proved very useful to me on the journey, but are now retained as a relic thereof, and that they can't be beat:

For Practical utility,  
Beauty and durability,

I'll just put them on and let you see 'em.

A'rnt they splendiferous!

The Platte river bottoms, on the south side, will average perhaps six or eight miles in width, and with the exception of occasional places covered with a sort of salt incrustation, as fertile a soil as one would wish to cultivate. The season we were there, was very backward and cold, and vegetation had yet scarcely begun to put

343

forth; but the luxuriant growth of old grass standing upon the praires, and river bottoms, where not burned off, indicated that nearly all the lands thus far upon our journey were capable of a very high degree of cultivation. In this connection it may be well to state that there was a pretty well authenticated rumor afloat, that one of the foremost trains, under the command of a Captain Dennison, from Missouri, had purposely set fire to the dry grass, in their rear as they passed along, to retard the progress of coming trains as much as possible, lest others should get into the "diggings" before them; for this dry grass had to be largely depended upon, this year, for the sustenance of the animals during the first three or four weeks of the journey. Whether true or not, if his followers-after could have got their hands upon the aforesaid Capt. Dennison, they would undoubtedly have meted out to him the fullest measure of the justice of the plains and mountains in their power.

Fort Kearney stands half a mile from the river. At the time we were there, May 16<sup>th</sup> 1850, there were, I think, five frame buildings occupied by the officers and their families; several barracks for the use of the soldiers; stables out-houses +c built of unburned<sup>704</sup> brick and layers of prairie sod, with straw, or rather grass, roofs, supported with poles and posts. The fences, or fortification walls, around the entire group, are also constructed of prairie sod, which seems to answer an admirable purpose, though I should not suppose would stand a very heavy siege or assault from without.

The garrison consisted of 175 men, under the command of Major Chilton.<sup>705</sup> The man who kept the Post office, for sending back letters to our families and friends, also kept a record of the number of men and teams that passed. We were almost at the head of emigration,<sup>706</sup> that year, only 1952 wagons and 6,122 men having passed before us!

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<sup>704</sup> Best guess

<sup>705</sup> Chilton, R. H. (Robert Hall), 1816-1879.

<sup>706</sup> Best guess

Fort Laramie<sup>707</sup> is 327 miles from Fort Kearney, and situated upon the Laramie river, near its junction with the north or main branch of the Platte, which forks 120 miles above Fort Kearney. On reaching the forks of the river, instead of crossing the south branch and pursuing<sup>708</sup> our course along the north branch, we were compelled by high water, to continue up the south branch about 40 miles, and, after crossing, pass over a pretty difficult hill, into Ash Hollow,<sup>709</sup> in the

### 344

valley of the North Platte, a distance of about 15 miles, with this slight exception, the roads the entire distance between the two forts were almost equal to a plank road, apparently almost level, hard and well-beaten.

The grand buffalo pasture of the journey was between these two Forts; though we often saw immense herds at a distance upon the north side of the river.

Speaking of buffalo, reminds me of an incident or two. The day after leaving the fort, towards evening, our boys descried<sup>710</sup> a solitary buffalo some two or three miles distant, near the bluffs, and several who were mounted started in pursuit. Friend Holmes, being the gunner for our mess, also shouldered his rifle and, on foot, cruised off that way, too, thinking that possibly the other boys might drive the critter around where he could get a crack at him, and at the same time keep within sight of the train. But, on getting a mile or two away, it was hard to distinguish his own from any other train, of the almost continuous procession moving along the road; and finally, when he thought it was about time to camp and made his way towards the road, we were no where to be seen, on enquiring for the "India Rubber Train", as we were called, from having several wagons with rubber tops – almost the only ones seen upon the entire journey – he was told that we were behind, and back he went some five or six miles, when he was again told that we were ahead. By this time it was dark, and wherever he saw a campfire he would make for it, but to be disappointed and told in what direction they supposed we were. Thus he kept traveling, backwards and forwards, to the right and to the left, for we had encamped in a little valley, where not only our wagons but our camp-fire too were invisible from the road.

In the mean time we had become alarmed about him. McMasters beat his drum and Hughlin blew his fife, and signal guns were fired to guide the wanderer into camp. Nine o'clock came and he did not arrive; the anxiety became intense; he might have got bewildered in some of the ravines of the plains or deep gorges of the bluffs, or met with a serious accident, and a volunteer party of some twelve or fifteen men started in pursuit, equipped with lanterns,

345

rifles, fife and drum. To the bluffs they went, and I suppose that if fifeing, drumming, shooting and shouting could have frightened the wild denizens of that wild region, they were that night frightened out of at least ten years' growth.

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<sup>707</sup> Fort Laramie (Wyo.: Fort). "...located in present-day Goshen County, Wyoming in the United States,...was a primary stopping point on the Oregon Trail and the Mormon Trail and was, along with Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, the most significant economic hub of white commerce in the region."

<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fort\\_Laramie](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fort_Laramie)>

<sup>708</sup> Best guess

<sup>709</sup> Ash Hollow (Neb.).

<sup>710</sup> "Descried" is defined as: "to notice carefully; to detect." <<http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/descrie>>

About 11 o'clock, however, I had the pleasure of seeing the last one return, looking, and feeling, too, about as tired and jaded as a person could well be; having probably traveled from 12 to 15 miles, and in almost every point of the compass, until some one pointed out to him the direction in which he had heard the music of a fife and drum, early in the evening, when he marched straight into camp.

In<sup>711</sup> about 15 minutes after his arrival, the expedition, not to search for Sir John Franklin,<sup>712</sup> but to find Sir James Holmes, came slowly and sadly in; but when they learned that the last was found, their sadness soon changed to rejoicing, and many were the jokes cracked over Jamies buffalo hunt. Holmes kept pretty near home after that.

Three days after this, as we were baiting our teams and eating our lunch, at noon, a herd of perhaps 1000 buffalo were discovered making directly towards our camp, from the north, upon the gallop, and almost with the noise of a tornado. As these were the first we had seen – except the solitary animal above spoken of – our men and horses, and mules, too, were nearly frightened out of their wits. Several of the former sized their rifles and gave chase, leaving the latter to take care of themselves, several of which did so by stampeding, though the most of them were prevented from breaking away, by those of us who were sufficiently level-headed, to get hold of the lariats before they had pulled the pins. There is one peculiarity about horses, mules and oxen getting frightened by a herd of moving buffalo, as, nearly always, instead of running from, they will run towards, and join in with them – and then good-bye ponies, mules and oxen.

Of the six or eight animals belonging to our train lost at this time, four – two horses and two mules – belonging to a German named Kuhner, and an Irishman named Dugan, who with their wives were in a mess by themselves, we were unable to find, after scouring the plains for nearly

### 346

two days. They had two large horses left, however, besides a small Indian pony which Kuhner had purchased a few days before from an Indian trader at the Fort, and got along very well for three or four days, when, on Sunday, May 25<sup>th</sup>, some trivial disagreement occurring. Dugan got his Irish up, and Kuhner's Dutch became excited and they separated – dividing their mess property, provisions, bedding, horses, harness and wagon; cutting right down through the top, box and gearing of a first-class Tallmadge-built wagon, and making each of them a cart. Kuhner, having two animals; his original large horse and the Indian pony alluded to, took the forward part of the dismembered wagon, gearing his two mis-matched animals to the pole; and Dugan, mounting his horse rode some eight or ten miles to the bluffs and secured a couple of pine saplings, out of which he constructed shafts for his vehicle. The next morning when we started on, our neighbors hardly knew us because we had one less noble-looking rubber-top wagon, and in its stead two miserable little bob-tailed carts.

I will here mention that while the search was going on for the missing animals, as above narrated, some of us went to work and set the tires upon the wheels of our wagons, which were becoming rather too musical for safety. The difficulty of performing a job of this kind, without anvil, bellows, coal or wood, will be readily appreciated by those familiar with the nature of the operation. Here, it would be necessary to contract the diameter of the tire, by “cutting and

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<sup>711</sup> Lane does not indent this paragraph.

<sup>712</sup> Franklin, John, Sir, 1786-1847. Presumably, here Lane is referring to the famous explorer whose expedition was lost while in search of the Northwest Passage.

shutting”. There, we enlarged the diameter of the wheel by nailing thin strips of wood to the felloe.<sup>713</sup> Here, a good supply of seasoned wood and shavings, with perhaps a liber[al]<sup>714</sup> supply of charcoal, would be indispensable in heating the tire. There, we used “buffalo-chips”, (or in other words dry buffalo manure) and friend Ira P. Sperry,<sup>715</sup> of Tallmadge, a practical Carriage Ironer, who bossed the job, declared that he never used any thing equal to it! And, by the way, it is a little singular that this kind of fuel should be so abundant the precise place where the emigrant needs it; for there is not a particle of wood

347

between Fort Kearney, and the crossing the South Platte, a distance of over 150 miles.

While we were lying by, searching for missing stock, repairing our wagons +c, I presume we saw millions of buffalo, immense droves of these odd-looking creatures coming so near as to keep us all pretty wide awake for the safety of our stock, our boys killed a dozen or fifteen of them, which was really too bad, as we made use of a portion of two, only. One of the men, Dugan, being out on horseback, came across a buffalo calf, a week or so old, and brought it into camp. It was a pretty little brown-haired fellow, and looked exactly like the ordinary domestic calf, excepting a slight enlargement of the shoulders.

Vast numbers of these useful animals are killed every winter by the Indians and the hunters of the Hudson’s Bay and American Fur Companies, and we met a large number of wagons freighted with furs and skins; the latter chiefly those of the buffalo. The Indians seemed to be a good deal exasperated at the wanton destruction of their “cattle” by the emigrants, in mid-summer; and it is really a very great pity, that an animal whose skin is so very useful – and comfortable, too, this cold weather – should be thinned off unnecessarily; for the time is not many years distant when the encroachments of civilization and Yankee enterprise, will compel both the Indian and his cattle to take up their abode in the mountains of the Moon – if, indeed, Jonathan has not already got the start of them and appropriated all of the inhabitable portion of that planet to himself.

The South Platte, at the crossing, is nearly or quite half a mile in width, with an average depth of about three feet – rapid and muddy, with a quick-sand bottom. The ford is diagonally across, down stream, making the distance to be traversed in the water about three-quarters of a mile. There are occasional hard bars, and when once under way you must keep going until you strike one of those bars, or the sand washes out from under your feet and wheels, and you may get down rather lower than you will care to go. The animals as well as the men seemed to understand this, and needed no urging to “push along, keep moving”, until the solid ground was reached.

Soon after getting over the sharp dividing ridge and

348

into Ash Hollow, 15 miles from the crossing of the South Platte, we came to an Indian Village, of 12 to 15 wigwams, and the next day we passed through what might be called an Indian City,

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<sup>713</sup> “Felloe” is defined by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as: “The exterior rim, or a part of the rim, of a wheel, supported by the spokes....”

<sup>714</sup> Best guess, it appears that Lane left off the last two letters of liber[al] at the end of this line of text.

<sup>715</sup> Sperry, Ira P., b. 1818. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 1052.

of about 100 wigwams, besides several other towns of greater or less magnitude, in this neighborhood. These were Sioux, (pronounced "Soos",<sup>716</sup> and all looked clean and bright. The tribe is said to number about 15,000. They had large droves of horses, and some mules, many of which had undoubtedly been purloined from the emigrants. They would not sell their animals for money, as they did not seem to have any proper idea of its value; but in a trade a small quantity of provisions, tobacco, matches +c would go a great-ways, while blankets, rifles, ammunition +c were eagerly sought after. One of the chiefs, a noble-looking old fellow, stood by the road-side, shaking hands and saluting every one with "how! how! how! – do! do! do!" and presenting a paper, drawn up by a Government Agent, asking for donations of such articles, bread, rice, beans, sugar +c, as the emigrants could spare, to compensate them for the feed, fuel and game we made use of and destroyed upon the journey. In this way they gathered up considerable; for the emigrants at this stage of the journey generally had plenty, and were not driven to the extreme point of destitution and hunger, as were thousands upon the last end of the route.

Their wigwams were built with long poles, tied with thongs of raw-hide at the top, and spread out to any required size at the bottom, and covered with skins of various kinds. We did not have a chance to observe their habits and customs very closely, but there was one observance noticed among these Indians, said also to exist among the Indians of the Pacific Coast, and very probably of the entire race; namely, that instead of burying such of their children as die, they wrap them in blankets and skins and barks, and in a sort of cradle, or canoe-shaped coffin, composed of sticks and thongs, place them in the tops of the highest trees that they can find in the neighborhoods of their villages.

As we continue up the North Platte, toward Fort Laramie, the country is lovely beyond description, the prairies and river bottoms being now covered with

349

with<sup>717</sup> a beautiful coat of "living green". Of course, there were now and then rather difficult crossings of streams, a few miles of sandy or hilly roads, with shortness of fuel, grass and water, and the usual fatigues of travel in any country. But for over 100 miles, this side of Fort Laramie, though gradually on the ascent, our road had the appearance of being almost on a dead level; while upon our left, from four to ten miles distant, were ranges of rocks or bluffs of the most romantic appearance imaginable. It is very difficult to measure distances with the eye upon the plains, especially in the higher altitudes. Hence the emigrants were often deceived, and led off upon many a "wild-goose" chase, to visit curious looking objects apparently but a mile or two from the road, to find, after walking five or six miles, that to all appearance they are no nearer than when they started.

These bluffs, and fragments of rocks, often present the appearance of splendid castles, with their walls and turrets; cosy cottages surrounded with the usual complement of stables, out-house and gardens; magnificent fortresses, and extensive cities, with their parapets and spires, and lofty domes glistening in the sunlight, and it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination, while gazing at these beautiful illusions, to see the activity and bustle, and hear the confused murmurings and rumblings that would strike upon the eye and ear, upon approaching a real city, teeming with life and business.

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<sup>716</sup> Lane, failed to enclose comment with right bracket.

<sup>717</sup> Lane repeats the word "with" at the top of this page.

The first curiosity of the kind that you have a desire to visit, is “Court House Rock”.<sup>718</sup> It stands “solitary and alone” upon the prairie, apparently from two to three miles distant from the road, and in color and shape resembles a first-class stone Court House, with large cupola upon the top. Several of our party went to it – not on foot, however, as vast numbers did, – and found it a good long eight or nine miles from the road; – frequently losing sight of it entirely in deep ravines, and having to cross one or two considerable streams of water, before reaching it. It is a sort of soft limestone formation, three-fourths of a mile around the base and from 150 to 200 feet high. I clambered up perhaps half way, but there being at the time a pretty stiff breeze, and as I never was very well-balanced in the upper story, I did not think it quite prudent for me to climb to the top of the dome, which is nearly perpendicular, and only

### 350

ascended by means of notches cut in the soft stone by some more venturesome hombre<sup>719</sup> than myself. This dome is about 15 feet across the top, which, it is said, affords a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Thousands of names are carved upon curious formation, with date of inscription, place of residence +c. The only name that I recognized, was that of “William Smagg, Akron, Ohio, May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1850”; but unless defaced by the action of the weather, it now bears the name of another distinguished character of “Buzzard Memory”, from the same place, inscribed some ten days later.

Thirteen miles further on, with nothing of the kind intervening, is “Chimney Rock”,<sup>720</sup> composed of the same kind of earthy stone, and some four or five miles from the road. It is a solitary fragment, conical in form, rising sheer from the broad prairie about 150 feet, when from its center, an almost perpendicular shaft, 30 or 40 feet square, shoots up perhaps a hundred feet higher, giving it very much the appearance of the huge chimney or smoke-stack, of one of our modern large manufactories.

Thirty miles or so beyond the “Chimney”, our course lies between two continuous portions of these soft, rocky cliffs, for several miles; that on the right being denominated “Scott’s Bluff”,<sup>721</sup> presenting a range of the most enchanting scenery, while on the left the view is nearly, if not quite, as delightful. There was a tradition among the emigrants that Scott’s Bluff was so named after an adventurer by the name of Scott, who, many years before, being attacked by Indians – his companions killed and himself wounded, secreted himself upon the highest and most dangerous portion of these rocks, where from weakness and exposure he died; having first

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<sup>718</sup> Courthouse Rock (Neb.). Jail Rock (Neb.). “...are two rock formations located near Bridgeport, Nebraska. The Oregon-California Trail, the Mormon Trail, the Pony Express Trail and the Sidney-Deadwood Trail all ran near the rocks. The pair of rock formations served as a landmark along the trails for many pioneers traveling west in the 1800s. Many travelers would stray as much as five miles (8 km) from the Oregon Trail just to get a glimpse of the rocks. Hundreds of westward-bound emigrants mentioned Courthouse Rock in their travel logs and journals. The name “Courthouse” was first used in 1837.” <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Courthouse\\_and\\_Jail\\_Rocks](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Courthouse_and_Jail_Rocks)>

<sup>719</sup> Spanish for “man”.

<sup>720</sup> Chimney Rock (Neb.). “...is a famous, prominent geological formation in Morrill County in western Nebraska...During the middle 19th century it served as a landmark along the Oregon Trail, the California Trail, and the Mormon Trail, which ran along the north side of the rock.” <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimney\\_Rock\\_National\\_Historic\\_Site](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chimney_Rock_National_Historic_Site)>

<sup>721</sup> Scotts Bluff National Monument (Neb.). Scotts Bluff is named after a fur trapper, Hiram Scott who “it is believed...was returning to St. Louis from the 1828 rendezvous when he died near the bluff” For more information see: <<http://www.nps.gov/scbl/historyculture/hscott.htm>>.



cut his name and circumstances attending his death upon the rocks; the inscription and his skeleton being some years later discovered by a party of explorers who had ascended the bluffs.

It is, perhaps, useless to speculate upon the causes which have produced such singular formations of Court House and Chimney Rocks, rising up out of an almost level prairie, hundreds of feet, while there is not another within perhaps fifteen

351<sup>722</sup>

or twenty miles, of the same species, as large as a man's head. My own observation, however, led me to the conclusion that Scott's Bluff, Court House and the Chimney, were all united at one time with the immense range of similar formations that stretch far off to the South, and that the constant action of the winds and rains upon their comparatively soft surface, has wrought them into the singular and often fantastic shapes we now see; for in the immediate vicinity, the surface of the ground and gulches indicate that the Chimney, Court House and Bluffs are now being quite rapidly diminished by this action. Indeed, Fremont,<sup>723</sup> who, several years previous, followed the South Platte a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles further up than we did, and then struck across the country to the North Platte, at Fort Laramie,<sup>724</sup> passed over and between vast ranges of these same bluffs, and it is his opinion that it is the constant wearing away of these rocks, and the deposition of their yellowish earthy substance through the gulches and creeks leading into the Platte, that produces the discoloration of the waters of that river which I have before spoken of. Be this as it may, when we again strike the Platte, after passing Fort Laramie, and getting up among the slate and granite formation of the Rocky Mountains, the waters of that beautiful river are as clear as crystal.

With the exception of a blacksmith shop, a small trading post, and a few lodges of Indians, seen soon after passing the bluffs, nothing further of special interest presents itself until you reach the Fort, distant about twenty miles. As before remarked, Fort Laramie stands upon the Laramie River, near its junction with the North Platte. Its buildings and appointments are very similar to those of Fort Kearney,<sup>725</sup> only that more timber and some stone is used in their construction. The garrison, when we were there, consisted of about 200 soldiers, and the usual number of officers, women, children, mechanics +c. A very large number of Government wagons, which had from time to time been used for transporting lumber, provisions, troops and army supplies from the frontier, with the proper complement of horses, mules and other animals, are accumulated here. Many emigrant wagons were also seen here, one of the officers driving quite a large, and, I should judge, decidedly a profitable

352

business in buying light crippled wagons, repairing and exchanging them for such as the emigrants found too heavy for the rapidly waning strength of their animals, in the prosecution of their journey. Some fifteen miles this side of the Fort, we had the misfortune, in crossing a sharp gully, to cripple one of the wheels of our own wagon, and the good fortune to purchase another one upon the spot; a neighboring train having one more wagon (having fed out the grain made necessary by the shortness of feed upon the first part of the journey) than they needed. It was

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<sup>722</sup> Page number printed in book.

<sup>723</sup> Frémont, John Charles, 1813-1890.

<sup>724</sup> Fort Laramie (Wyo.: Fort).

<sup>725</sup> Fort Kearny (Neb.)

rather a rough-built, but not very heavy wagon, but sound and stout, and we bought it for \$20<sup>00</sup>. Transferring our “plunder” to the new purchase, we hauled the other to the Fort, and all that we could coax the fellow to pay us for it – a splendidly built and furnished \$85. or \$90. wagon here, was the paltry sum of \$12<sup>00</sup>. A few days afterwards, while lying by for dinner, this same wagon came up, the then owner, in reply to our enquires, stating that he traded a good sound wagon, somewhat heavier for it, and paid \$35<sup>00</sup> to boot. There was a chance to get wagons repaired and blacksmithing done here, if you could remain long enough for it, but it required a California “pile” to foot the bills: the operators, here, and in fact everywhere along our route, from the very outset, seeming determined to profit to the very uttermost by the California Excitement.

Fort Laramie, according to Fremont, is in latitude 42° 12', 10", nearly 4° north of St Louis, and about one degree north of Akron, and its altitude is 4,770 feet higher than the Gulf of Mexico. Although our course, thus far, has apparently been almost a dead level, you will perceive that we have been pretty constantly rising, pretty generally following up the water courses, and I believe that it is the common practice for water to run down hill.

We are now at the base of the far-famed Rocky Mountains, and as the thrilling narratives of Lewis<sup>726</sup> and Clark,<sup>727</sup> Fremont, and other celebrated adventurers recur to the mind, the emigrant momentarily shrinks from the supposed difficulties before him, in making the ascent, as in imagination he casts a last, lingering look back

353

upon the beautiful scenes and the many pleasant reminiscences of the journey thus far. But he has little time to regale his fancy upon the sweets of the past, or to indulge in bitter apprehensions for the future. So, after supplying as far as possible, any little deficiencies in his outfit, like a country blacksmith, he spits upon his hands to tighten his grip, and with renewed energy he takes a fresh start towards the “land of promise”.

It is now the last day of May, and we have been just one month on our journey, since leaving St Joseph. Thus far you will have observed, the roads, with rare exceptions, have been splendid, and I may here add, that, as a general thing, the weather was delightful. The days were warm and pleasant, and the nights cool; and a few, of late, cold enough to form ice upon the water in our buckets. No long soaking rains, but an occasional refreshing shower, and of late a few very sudden and severe wind and hail storms, which is not to be wondered at considering the altitude and near proximity to the Rocky Mountains.

There are three roads starting out from the Fort, which are respectively taken by different trains, according to the variety of opinion which prevails in regard to their several advantages as, to distance, grade, comfort of travel +c. The right hand road winds along the river bottoms and is, of course, the most level, though at this time represented as being somewhat muddy in spots, from recent showers and increasing high water in the river from melting snows in the mountains. The left hand road struck up over a succession of pretty sharp hills, denominated the “Black Hills”, from the fact of their being not only largely formed of a dark species of granite-state rock, but also, wherever a foothold could be obtained for their roots, covered with dark colored scrub bushes or stunted trees; after getting over which the road intersects with the river road, 75 or 80 miles beyond the Fort. The middle road rises, by a pretty steep ascent, to the prairie or table lands, between said Black Hills and the river, after traversing which some 15 or 20 miles, it again

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<sup>726</sup> Lewis, Meriwether, 1774-1809.

<sup>727</sup> Clark, William, 1770-1838.

descends into the valley, and unites with the river road. In order to be about as near right as possible, we split the difference, and took the middle road, which from all that we could learn,

**354**

by comparing notes with other emigrants, was altogether the best route of the three.

The morning after leaving the Fort, while crossing this prairie, while two or three of us were riding along some distance behind our train, we saw, about 100 yards off, upon our left, the first grizzly bear that had as yet greeted our vision. He was walking very demurely along, and as we had no rifles with us we very prudently determined not to disturb his meditations, which appeared to be of a very serious nature, indeed.

On passing down from this table land into the valley, just before reaching the river road, a large spring of very pure water, in sufficient volume to run a saw mill, emerges from the bank, and flows into the river. This, though to us cool and refreshing, is denominated the “Warm Spring”, from the fact that its waters have never been known to freeze

It is 125 miles from the fort to the ferry, or crossing of the North Platte, and notwithstanding we have the black hills upon our left, and extensive ranges of apparently solid rock upon our right, across the river, with Laramie’s Peak, and pile on pile of other snow-capped mountains frowning down upon us in front, we wind along low hills and fertile valleys the entire distance, and a road far ahead of any thing that old Mac Adam ever dreamed of.

I am not versed in the science of geology, and cannot give you a technical description of the geological formations of the country we are passing through. I may, however, mention the kinds of rock and other substances noticed, and let you draw your own geological and scientific conclusions. Besides the basis of nearly the whole rocky superstructure before us – granite – I observed at various points, slate-stone; red, yellow, gray and variegated sandstones; and several varieties of limestone. In passing over one low hill I also observed that the surface was covered with a brilliant white hard crust. Upon examining some pieces that had been broken off by the hoofs of our animals, it was found to be beautifully clear and semi-transparent. In my utter ignorance of the matter I called it crystalized plaster, and as I perceive that Fremont speaks of finding gypsum on this portion of the

**355**

Rocky Mountains, I presume that I was correct in my theory, though perhaps not strictly accurate in terms. As this substance was visible at many other points, there is every reason to suppose that inexhaustible mines of the very purest gypsum exists in this region of the country

There were also indications of iron ore to be seen at several points, and also innumerable symptoms of coal were from time to time observable, though we could not halt sufficiently long at any one point to properly test the matter.

There do not seem to be very many volcanic indications in this neighborhood, nor in fact on this side of the South Pass,<sup>728</sup> so far as my observation extended, and yet their<sup>729</sup> are some singular “freaks of nature”, so to speak, that it is very difficult to account for on any other hypothesis than volcanic disturbance. For instance, on our third day from Fort Laramie, a grand surprise awaited us as follows; we were traveling along the banks of the Platte, with every

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<sup>728</sup> South Pass (Wyo.)

<sup>729</sup> sic

prospect that we should continue right straight ahead for a day longer, at least. We could trace the course of the river by the line of timber upon its banks, while upon the opposite side, was, to all appearance, an unbroken chain of granite mountain five or six hundred feet high, as far as the eye could reach. Suddenly, however, about the middle of the afternoon, the bed of the supposed river was found to be dry, while that immense volume of water was found to issue from a fissure in the mountain, at almost a right angle with the course we had been pursuing. The opening in the rocks was just wide enough for the waters to pass through without very much of a rush, and its sides, nearly perpendicular, were several hundred feet in height.

Supposing that we had entirely lost sight of the river for a day or two, at least – for we were aware that it was to be crossed in a few days – we were jogging quietly along, ruminating upon the sudden turn it had taken, and wondering whether it had voluntarily forsaken the nice pebbly bed before us, lined on either side with beautiful trees, fringed with green grass and flowers, and wantonly thrown itself into the frigid embrace of those cold granite rocks, or whether it had been suddenly turned out of its cosy bed, by a mighty convulsion of nature, when lo! and behold! another wholly unexpected “change came o’er the spirit of our dream”. We crossed over

### 356

this dry river, and soon found ourselves winding around through another opening in the vast chain of rocks, four or five miles bringing us around upon the river again, at the point where it enters the chasm, from which we had seen it emerge, as above described.

We remained here over Sunday, and many of our men climbed the rock and followed the course of the cleft through which the river runs, judging it to be about four miles through, and nearly an air line.<sup>730</sup> Before getting to the point where the river leaves its original bed, we crossed and bid it a final adieu, and I leave you to speculate upon the probabilities in the case, while I proceed to mention two very remarkable facts connected with our stay over Sunday at this very remarkable place.

Each member of our mess, as well as many others, were provided with tin canteens, holding about half a gallon each, in which, with strap over the shoulder, we carried our drinking water. All four of ours, had, by careless handling or accident, got into a leaky condition, and the nozzle of mine had become entirely detached; and as we generally devoted our Sundays, to washing and mending our clothes, repairing our wagons and harnesses, and general tinkering, and as I was tinker-generalissimo for the mess, I undertook to mend them. A piece of five-eighths round iron, with a ring and swivel at one end and sharpened at the other, called a lariat pin, used for teddering<sup>731</sup> our animals, was brought into requisition as a soldering-iron; a pewter teaspoon for solder, and a small chunk of rosin, which had been brought along for horse medicine, completed the kit; and if I did not do the work as scientific or as expetiously, as a regular tin-smith, here, would have done it, it certainly had the merit of being substantial. None but practical tanners will understand the peculiar difficulties of the operation, with the appliances named, unless, indeed, some of you, in a fit of economy, may have attempted to save a six-pence, by trying to mend a lot of dilapidated tin-ware with a piece of bar-lead and a red-hot poker.

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<sup>730</sup> "Air line" is defined by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as: (Chiefly U.S.) "A direct line through the air; a straight line between two points on the earth's surface."

<sup>731</sup> Best guess, Lane presumably means “tethering”

The other remarkable fact was this: Judge Wheeler, who, with the rest of the “boys”, had scrambled up the rocky cliffs,

357

to trace for a short distance the course of the river through the mountain, returned to camp with a fine live specimen of the horned toad. The body and head were shaped very much like our ordinary toad, only that it did not have quite such a bloated appearance; plainly indicating that its habits, like those of many of the other inhabitants of the plains and mountains, were infinitely better than the same species found within the pale of civilization. A row of small black horns, lengthwise over the back, and upon either side, a row of white ones extending from the end of his snout to the tip of his tail. “What is that?” say you: “a toad with a tail?” Yes, indeed, and “thereby hangs a tale”: for the old proverb that “there’s no knowing how far a toad can jump by the length of his tail”, is, by this specimen, completely falsified, as that appendage rendered every effort of the toad in question to jump entirely futile.

Nothing of importance after leaving this point occurred excepting that some of the crossings over the numerous little streams we were obliged to ford were pretty difficult, until we reached the ferry, on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of June, at 11 o'clock A. M. The river, at the ferry, is about 300 feet wide, and five boats were in constant operation, crossing rapidly from side to side, by means of ropes stretched across, and kept in proper tension by means of windlasses. The boats were rudely constructed from trees and timber found near, merely hewed out, fastened together with wooden pins and caulked with bark and leaves, by a Company who had gone on from Fort Laramie, in advance of emigration; and I presume that that<sup>732</sup> they made more money than the same number of the most fortunate, even, of those they ferried over that season. They charged four dollars per wagon, and 25 cents for each head of stock.

We saw written upon the trees, here, the names of Hallet Kilbourn, Fred Wadsworth, David H. Bliss, and several other Akronians, under date of May 27<sup>th</sup> and 28<sup>th</sup>, indicating that we were all making about the same speed, for it will be remembered that we started from St. Jo. ten days later than the main body of the “Summit County Invincibles”, under the command of Captain John. O. Garrett. It was, indeed,

358

extremely pleasant, to find the names of our friends and acquaintances, and a record of their progress, upon the rocks and trees, and though we did not know of any in our rear who would be particularly interested in our welfare, yet we did not fail to follow the example of our “illustrious predecessors”, and recorded ours, also.

After crossing the Platte, which at this point runs about north, our course is nearly due West, over rather a rolling or hilly country, some sixty miles, to the Valley of the Sweet Water, which river we strike near the far-famed “Independence Rock”.<sup>733</sup> Between these two rivers we meet, for the first time with the alkali lakes, springs and marshes of which you have all doubtless heard, as being so destructive to the animals of the emigrants, and sometimes, possibly, to the emigrants themselves. Hundreds of dead horses, mules and oxen, line the road, on either hand, and the utmost caution was necessary to get through safe with any. Springs of pure looking, yet

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<sup>732</sup> sic

<sup>733</sup> Independence Rock (Wyo.).

deadly poisonous water would start out and run within a few feet of others perfectly wholesome. Many green and inviting meadows, and plots of grass, were also highly impregnated with the poison, requiring the utmost vigilance in selecting camping grounds. Riding upon a pony, one afternoon, and leading two mules, I stopped for half an hour or so, as was our custom, while the train kept on, to give them a nip at a patch of nice looking grass a short distance from the road. Soon after starting on again, I discovered that all three of my animals were sick, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could urge them forward till the train was reached, which, fortunately, had early gone into camp. They were evidently in great distress – stopping every few minutes, cringing and crouching nearly to the ground, and retching and straining, as if trying to vomit. We drenched them with a strong solution of tartaric acid, and in fifteen minutes the mules were apparently as well as ever, and the pony a good deal better, though it was several days before he entirely recovered from its effects. I think our company were very greatly indebted to the suggestions of Mr Russell Abbey, of this Village,

359

who crossed the plains the year before, to provide ourselves with acids; for when we were obliged to let our animals drink water impregnated with alkali, which was more particularly the case upon the latter part of the journey, the poisonous quality of the water was largely, if not wholly, neutralized by the acids, and we did not lose an animal. The citric acid, also, not only rendered these alkaline waters harmless to ourselves, but with the aid of a little of our nice crushed sugar, made quite a palatable lemonade.

Twelve or fifteen miles this side of the Sweet Water, we cross what, as we approach, looks like a lake of milk, about as large as our Summit Lake. Upon reaching it, however, the contents of this lake are found to be solid salearatus.<sup>734</sup> With a pick, or an axe, any quantity can be obtained, and many procured a supply and pronounced it equal to the ordinary salearatus of commerce. How came this immense quantity of salearatus here; enough to supply the world for a century, if it could only be got to market? This is a question that some wiser head than mine must answer, though I shall show, before I get through, that there are probably vast subterranean fireworks in operation under and within these mountains, that with a supply of proper materials, might produce this salearatus.

The Sweet Water is about eight rods wide, and from two to four feet deep. It is a very clear, rapid stream and its waters peculiar from having a sweetish taste, produced, no doubt, by the mineral substances with which it comes in contact. “Independence Rock”, near which we cross the river, is a solid and solitary mass of granite, 1800 feet long, 360 feet wide, and from 300 to 400 feet in height; so named not only because of its standing on the level plain of the valley, independent of the neighboring chain of rocks, but also because nearly the first train of emigrants that went through to Oregon, celebrated the Fourth of July under its shadow, and planted the Stars and Stripes upon its summit. This rock was literally covered, at every get-at-able point, with the names of emigrants – put on with white, black and red paint, tar, lampblack and grease, charcoal, chalk +c, and some were even rudely chiseled into the hard granite.

360

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<sup>734</sup> Presumably Lane means: “saleratus”

A few miles beyond Independence Rock, is the far-famed "Devil's Gate".<sup>735</sup> The course of the river along here, for several miles, is near the foot of a vast chain of rocks or mountain, running nearly East and West, and almost an air line. At this point, however, an abrupt spur of the mountain is thrown out, almost at right angles from the main body, causing the original bed of the river to run around the point, in something like the form of a horseshoe. But, by some means, a cleft has been formed in this arm of rocks, similar to that in the Platte, heretofore described, only on not quite so large a scale, through which the waters take a shorter cut. The sides of this cleft, are nearly perpendicular, and about 400 feet in height, the whole formation and appearance indicating that they were once united. It is perhaps a quarter of a mile through, and being considerably narrower than the bed of the river, on either side, the water rushes through with considerable force, and a noise, when near by, like the roar of old Niagara in the distance.

Why it should be called the "Devil's Gate", I do not know, for there is in fact nothing very "devilish" about it, though I must confess that it is a little singular that that hard granite rock should be so accommodating as to split in twain, just to save the translucent little Sweet Water the trouble of running around it.

We encamped over Sunday, and a most beautiful camping place it was, a short distance about the "Devil's Gate". So far upon our journey, our mess had managed to escape the broils and dissensions that had agitated, and in fact broken up, a vast number; for notwithstanding I have thus far represented the journey as, in reality it was or might have been, a mere pleasure excursion, it seemed to be well-calculated to unmask a man, and cause him to show out his real character and disposition. If naturally savage and depraved, though his ferocity and depravity might have been restrained at home, it stood out in bold relief upon the plains. If naturally irritable and quarrelsome, though perhaps at home surrounded by such influences as make him, in the estimation of his

361

neighbors, a first-rate clever fellow, his cleverness gets mighty transparent there. If naturally weak in mind and physically indolent, though by being bolstered up with the honors of place and power, through the influence of wealthy friends, he enjoyed the reputation of being shrewd and enterprising here, his inefficiency would very soon manifest itself upon that journey. Many persons, too, considered at home, very humane, very charitable and extremely pious, withal, could close their hearts to the most natural dictates of humanity, and leave the sick members of their own trains upon the road-side, to get well and follow on at their leisure, or die by themselves, according to the strength of their constitutions; could close their ears against the cry of the hungry for food, though their own wagons contained a superabundance; could curse and swear and threaten to destroy the lives of their fellows, and sometimes, perhaps, carry their threats into execution. I even heard of instances of husband and wife quarreling and separating upon the plains, a thousand miles from any place; though I must say, that I believe that the fault in such instances was entirely on the part of the husband; for so far as my observation extended, the women upon that journey were more cheerful, more energetic, more humane, more courageous, and physically tougher than were the men; and what is more, I believe that if the most of us had sent our wives to California and staid at home ourselves, we should all have been far richer than we are now.

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<sup>735</sup> Devil's Gate (Wyo.)

So now, close proximity to the “Devil’s Gate”, or some other malign influence, on this Sunday, produced a little “flare-up” between myself and another member of our mess. I am not going to tell you who it was, for some of you already know, from his own report, and the rest may guess. He had got the impression that he performed a greater share of the labors of that laborious journey than any other member of the mess, and been quite surly for several days, and to day it burst out. Because of some difficulty that he had experienced in getting the mules across a marshy piece of the river bottoms, and thinking I did not come to his rescue as promptly as I might have done, he accused me of being lazy and I did not under-

**362**

take to deny the “soft impeachment”. Why should I deny what was so notoriously true? He was’nt going to be my “nigger” any longer, and was bound to break up, divide the animals and provisions, and each go on his own hook, and I was ready for that. My ready acquiescence to all of his assertions and propositions seemed to irritate him still more, and he copped the climax by saying that every body told him, before we started, that I was a mean fellow, and that every body in the train said I was a “scalawag”, and now he knew it to be so! I replied that having found what every body had told him to be true, of course he was’nt disappointed, and had no right to complain, and I might have added, had I been disposed to be quarrelsome, that I was, and had good reason to be, disappointed; for every body, before starting, said that he was a first-rate clever fellow, and I had found out that, in this case at least, what every body said was not true.

The other two members of the mess, however, formed themselves into a “Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union”, as they say in Congress, and resolved that the team should not be broken up; that if any one, being dissatisfied, wished to withdraw, he could, taking his share of the animals and provisions, but should not compel any other one to do so, and thus the affair ended, for the irate member found that he had as much need for the services of a “nigger” or two, to do his cooking, dish-washing, and the thousand other indispensable duties of the camp, as the rest of us had for one to look after our horses and mules. In fact the cook and the chamber-maid, were as as<sup>736</sup> ready at any time to exchange work with the self-constituted “boss” of the establishment, and his Irish assistant, as I doubt not any lady or lady’s maid, here present, would willingly perform the out-door work of any establishment in town in preference to the never-ending duties of the “Department of the Interior”

Several of our boys crossed the river and ascended the mountain the top of which was some five or six miles distant, and and<sup>737</sup> perhaps two thousand feet higher than the river. Many

**363**

goats and mountain sheep were visible upon the crags at a distance, but when our fellows got around to where they were they were, like the Irishman’s flea, they were not there. What appeared to us, in the valley, like small bushes, in the crevices of the rocks, were found to be groves of tall pines, standing in quite extensive valleys, between the numerous crests of the vast chain of mountains, their extreme tips only being visible to those in the valley of the river. This appeared the more singular to us, as the river bottoms and valleys through which we were then passing were entirely destitute of timber. Having passed the buffalo region, our fuel for the most

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<sup>736</sup> sic

<sup>737</sup> sic



part, consisted of the wild sagebrush; a scraggy shrub from one to five feet high, very much resembling our domestic sage plant in color and form, and not altogether dissimilar in taste and smell, only a good deal stronger. This shrub is what Fremont so often speaks of as Artemisia.

Considerable excitement was occasioned at this point by the discovery that the sands of the Sweet Water were full of shining particles, very similar in appearance to fine gold dust. Our first impulse was to wash out a small fortune and return; but, on “sober second thought”, concluded that even if these glittering sands should prove to be gold, they were so very small that it would be better to go twelve or fifteen hundred miles further and shovel up the big lumps! This shining substance was probably a species of barytes, with no appreciative commercial value, though for the moment extremely attractive and alluring.

The fourth day after leaving the “Devil’s Gate”, having forded the Sweet Water several times, and passed over some quite rough rocky ridges and snow banks, and between a range of lofty snow-capped mountains, we reached the “South Pass” at 3 o’clock P. M. June 13<sup>th</sup>. The days were pleasant and comfortably warm, but the nights were freezing cold, so much so as to form ice upon the water in our buckets, and on shallow streams, from one-fourth to three-fourths of an inch in thickness. It was singular sight, that, after a cold freezing night like this, to see the grass as green and the flowers as bright as any to be found in any of our gardens, at the most favorable season of the year.

### 364

It was truly a rare treat, the gathering of bouquet of beautiful flowers with one hand, and an ice-cold snow-ball with the other – yet so it was.

Singularly enough, for several miles before reaching the Pass, the roads are sandy and heavy, which is also the case for some distance on the other side. The general impression about this South Pass is that it is a narrow, crooked, rocky defile, between lofty mountain ridges, through which the emigrant can barely squeeze, with his animals and wagons. But, on the contrary, it is 18 or 20 miles in width, and so nearly level that it is impossible to tell, by the conformation of the ground, where the exact point of culmination is; so that a person traveling along, without any guide or information on the subject, would only know that he had passed the summit, by finding the waters of “Pacific Creek” running in the opposite direction of the Sweet Water. The “South Pass”, so named by the earlier explorers to distinguish it from the only other passes then known, all further north, is in latitude 42°, 24’, 32” and is 7,490 feet higher than the Gulf of Mexico. This is getting pretty well up in the world and the atmosphere is very light and pure indeed. This highly rarified air has a very peculiar effect upon a person’s lungs, until one becomes accustomed to it. For several days before reaching the Pass, I had experienced a difficulty of breathing, and began to entertain fears that my lungs were failing. Any little extra exertion, such as walking a trifle faster than usual would set me panting, like an over-driven horse. But I soon found that our animals, and every thing and every body having lungs, was affected in the same way. In fact, it was almost impossible to cook our beans, or rice, and other articles of food that needed boiling, because of the extremely low temperature at which the water would boil. So while sojourning in these high altitudes we had to content ourselves with hard-bread and such other kinds of our provisions as needed the smallest degree of heat in their preparation. There is no doubt, how-<sup>738</sup>

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<sup>738</sup> Author appears to have forgotten the remainder of the word “however”

that the clear cool atmosphere of this region, when a person becomes accustomed to it, is salubrious, for notwithstanding many of the emigrants were sick, with the so-called mountain fever, there were but few deaths in the mountains. One word about this mountain fever. In my opinion it is nothing more nor less than the ordinary bilious fever, brought on by gormandizing. Why, friends, you have no sort of an idea of the enormous quantities of food consumed by men upon that journey; particularly the first half. I'll venture to say that each and every member of our company ate at least four times as much every meal, as they ordinarily do at home. I know I did! A camp-kettle full of beans or rice, cooked on Sunday, or some night when the cook was standing guard, to lunch on, cold, for two or three days, would generally disappear the first noon with perfect ease. Sometimes, however, they would sour on the stomach, before the digestive organs could master them, and then look out for breakers! And then, the way they manage, when they do get sick, is a caution to old Esculapius<sup>739</sup> and all his satellites. It won't do to give up eating, O, no! The strength must be kept up by proper nourishment! Then, to carry off the bile and aid the stomach in digesting and assimilating the superabundance of food taken into it, a dose of calomel or some kind of cathartic pills is swallowed; and lest their operation should reduce the system too much, a dose of some kind of cholera specific<sup>740</sup> is taken to check the discharges; with a few large doses of quinine or some patent tonic, which generally straightens the patient out; frequently upon the flat of his back; and the wonder to me is that so many escape with their lives.

We are now 320 miles from Fort Laramie and 960 miles from St. Joseph.<sup>741</sup> Looking either to the north or south, you see in the distance the highest peaks of the Rocky Mountains, denominated, I believe, the "Wind River Mountains";<sup>742</sup> the Missouri River and its principal tributary, the Platte, rising amidst the everlasting snows upon the East, and the Columbia and Colorado, and their tributaries, emerging from their icy caverns on

### 366

The west; the waters of the former, finding their way through the Mississippi, into the Gulf of Mexico; and the two latter respectively finding their way into the Pacific Ocean, through Oregon and the Gulf of California.

Eighteen miles from the South Pass, over an almost level plain, brings us to the forks of the road; that on the south striking off southwesterly to the "City of the Great Salt Lake"; that on the right being the old Fort Hall<sup>743</sup> and Oregon Trail, and continuing on about due west. A portion of the emigrants went past the Mormon City, though the great majority kept straight on, intending to take a new route called "Sublette's Cut-off",<sup>744</sup> some two hundred miles further along, of which I shall speak more fully, hereafter.

Three miles from the forks, we crossed the Little Sandy river, and six miles further on, the Big Sandy, tributaries of Green River. The distance from Big Sandy to Green River, is about

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<sup>739</sup> Presumably referring to: Aesculapius (Greek deity). The Greek god of medicine.

<sup>740</sup> sic

<sup>741</sup> Saint Joseph (Mo.).

<sup>742</sup> Wind River Range (Wyo.).

<sup>743</sup> Fort Hall (Idaho).

<sup>744</sup> Sublette Cutoff (Wyo.).

50 miles, and is called a desert, because there is no water the entire distance, though grass is abundant. We took along, in our kegs and rubber tanks, sufficient water to give our animals a full drink at noon, and about half a drink at night, after which they drank nothing until we struck Green river, about one o'clock P M. the next day. It may be proper to remark, here, that we kept ourselves tolerably well posted in regard to the route before us, from day to day, from Guide Books, prepared by parties who had gone through the year before, and which we found, in the main, to be remarkably accurate, and of very great benefit to us, indeed.

The last eight or ten miles of this desert is heavy sand, and some pretty steep and difficult grades are encountered, in getting down to the river. It is now Sunday, June 16<sup>th</sup>. We have been 47 days on the journey and are just about half way. As there are but two boats in operation, and a vast number in ahead of us, we shall be unable to cross the river for perhaps two or three days. I shall, therefore, leave you encamped on the

**367**

banks of the river, in the midst of a severe, but not very cold, snow storm, where I hope you will make yourselves as comfortable and as happy as we did. Should my hearers deem the journey sufficiently interesting to continue on into the Wonders of the Great Basin, and have fortitude enough to endure the horrors of the real desert, and surmount the difficulties of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, I am at your service, one week from this evening. Good night!

Lecture Number 2

Ladies and Gentlemen:

A week ago to-night, I left you encamped on the East bank of Green river, in the midst of a dense snow storm, awaiting your chance to get ferried over. This is an extremely rapid river, and very high at this time, from the melting of the snow in the mountains. Ten days before the emigrants forded the river, though with great difficulty and danger, on account of the swiftness of the current; now it was 25 or 30 feet deep, and correspondingly more turbulent. It was here that Bruce Herrick lost his provisions, as did also many others. But some Mormons from Salt Lake, and an Indian Trader, had established a ferry, a few days before our arrival, thus obviating the necessity of lying by several days for the waters to subside, or endangering our lives in an effort to ferry ourselves over in our wagon boxes. Unlike the ferrymen at the North Platte, they had no cables, with which to span the river, their rude boats being propelled by oars and the current, the landing upon the opposite shore being fully a quarter of a mile below. After unloading, the boat was towed up stream, by a yoke of oxen, far enough to be sure and hit the landing upon this side. They charged only seven dollars for crossing a wagon, and one dollar for each head of stock; the emigrants themselves being carried over free. We ferried our wagon over, but made our animals swim for it. Many of the emigrants, however, being either unable or unwilling to pay the fee demanded, ferried themselves over in wagon boxes, or on rafts, about a miles above. It was rather a hazardous undertaking, though, for many lost every thing they had, and quite a number their lives, one raft, with a loaded wagon and three men on board became unmanageable

**368**

and swept down past the ferry like a rocket. They fortunately effected a landing a mile or so below. In swimming their animals across, the emigrants experienced great difficulty, as if they

were driven in to cross by themselves, they would almost invariably turn in mid stream and return from whence they started. Quite a common way was for some member of a mess, or company, to mount one of their strongest animals, and ride across upon his back, the rest of the animals of that mess, or company, readily following; though often, the mounted animal would prove inadequate to the task, and, with his rider become completely submerged in the rapid stream, thereby causing great confusion, and sometimes loss of both animal and human life. A novel expedient adopted by us rendered the task of getting our eight head of stock safely and expeditiously across. We had taken along a small-sized cow-bell, and had been accustomed to keep it upon which ever of our animals was in the lead under the saddle, during the day; it being our general custom to drive four – two horses and two mules – to the wagon, while the other four were either ridden or led or suffered to follow by themselves. They were thus accustomed to follow the sound of the bell, and if one of the loose ponies or mules, should stop by the way to take a nip at an inviting plot of grass, he was sure to take to his hoofs again before the bell got entirely out of hearing. So, after vainly trying two or three times to get our animals to cross of their own accord, I happily bethought myself of the little bell. I accordingly took it across the river, on the boat, and going to the point where we desired them to land, the boys once more headed them into the stream, and the bell commencing to tinkle at the same moment, they drew a bee line for it, and every animal was landed in safety.

At this point a sort of mania seizes upon the emigrants to either abandon their wagons and pack, or else lighten their loads by disposing of their supposed surplus provisions, clothing, guns +c. Some of our own company sold considerable quantities of provisions to other emigrants, and almost went hungry themselves before getting through. A busy scene was here presented; men cutting up wagons, harness +c to get timber and straps for pack-

369

saddles; others weighing or measuring out provisions and setting things to rights, or wrongs, generally. If they could only pack, they would need much less provisions, because they would get through into the diggings so much sooner. Fatal mistake! The animals, unused to packing, became galled under the illy-constructed saddles, or got foot-sore, and the poor packers found, after a few days, that they could not get along as fast, even, as those who retained their wagons, while at the same time they were deprived of the many home-like comforts which the wagons afforded. It is also a little singular how men feel, or act, about such articles as they are obliged to dispense with. If unable to sell them, they will almost universally destroy them. A wagon, for instance, instead of being left intact, so that some one else might use it, would be mutilated or crippled, in some way, if not entirely destroyed. Provisions if left, unsold, would be rendered unfit for use by any who might come after them. A mess from Stark County, thinking it necessary to lighten up their load this side of the South Pass, left a stove, and about 100 pounds of cured pork; but instead of leaving them in good order, they demolished the stove and rolled the pork in the sand. It is also said that a lady from this county, being compelled to leave by the way, a pair of flat-irons, threw them into the middle of the deep stream nearby. It was well enough, perhaps, to bend the barrels of the thousands of rifles left by the way side, lest the Indians should make bad use of them, though then would have been but little present danger, owing to their entire lack of ammunition and inexperience in their use.

Green river, at the ferry, is 6,250 feet higher than the Gulf of Mexico, and 1,240 feet lower than the South Pass. It unites with, or perhaps more properly is the Rio Colorado, which

runs nearly south some 1,000 or 1,500 miles, and empties into the Gulf of California. It is, as you may well imagine, from its numerous mountain tributaries, on either side, a formidable rival of the giant Mississippi, long before it reaches the Gulf.

On Tuesday, the third morning after our arrival, came our turn at the ferry, and our wagon and other effects, as well as ourselves all got over safe, our animals having been taken across, as above described, soon after our arrival, and picketed on a meadow of most excellent grass, about one mile from the river. By about 10 o'clock we were again in motion and on the march towards the

### 370

land of hope, if not of promise. For two days our road was mostly over steep hills and several considerable streams of water, tributaries of Green river. On crossing Ham's Fork,<sup>745</sup> just before night, on the second day, one of our wheel mules became entangled in the lead bars, and floundered so much that he got down in the water, with his head under the pole, and came very near drowning. Our Irish messmate, M<sup>c</sup>Kibbon, was driving, and in getting down the steep pitch into the stream, instead of giving the leaders full play, and holding up the wheelers, he reversed the order, hence the catastrophe. Holmes being on the wagon at the time, and Carson and myself in the saddle close at hand, we all plunged in to the rescue; Carson and myself getting off with our boots full of water, but Holmes securing for himself a most thorough ducking. However, the good and faithful mule was saved, and we were all happy.

We encamped on the bottoms of this stream, where were located quite a number of Indian lodges and villages. Grass being abundant here, and two or three of the company being on the sick list, we remained over one day. The Indians found here are called "Snakes",<sup>746</sup> and we had many opportunities of observing their character and habits. They were less dignified and taciturn than the Sioux,<sup>747</sup> and other tribes we had encountered. They made themselves very familiar, and were such persistent beggars, that it was almost impossible to refrain from giving them all we had. Their dress was less tasty<sup>748</sup> and complete, than with the other tribes we had seen; a girdle, or sort of skirt, around the waist forming the entire wardrobe of most of the adults, of both sexes, while the younger ones were generally clad in nature's habiliments alone. This was probably their summer costume, for I should suppose that the<sup>749</sup> must dress warmer in the winter or freeze to death. This tribe, however, had contrived to pick up many articles of clothing which had been discarded by the emigrants, and it was amusing, in the extreme, to observe their several styles of wearing them. A stately old chief would come riding along, wearing a dilapidated bell-crowned hat, minus the top, with his long, coarse hair protruding therefrom, and fluttering in the breeze. Another would sport a sleeveless shirt; others an old coat, vest or pair of pants. One strapping fellow had his long arms stuck through the legs of a dilapidated pair of pants with the

371

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<sup>745</sup> Hams Fork (Wyo.).

<sup>746</sup> Shoshoni Indians.

<sup>747</sup> Dakota Indians.

<sup>748</sup> Best guess

<sup>749</sup> Author most likely meant "they"

waistbands fastened about his neck; while a rather good-looking copper-colored damsel had adorned her brow with a brimless and nearly crownless chip hat, and finished her toilet by walking into the sleeves of an old red and white blanket overcoat, and, with a leather thong, tying the skirts about her waist.

As soon as our cooking operations commenced, one or two of the maternal “Snakes” with four or five juvenile “Snakes” each, would squat themselves down within a few feet of our camp-fire, and watch our every motion, and if we did not voluntarily give them a liberal portion, the old Snakes would be sure to beg for some before it all disappeared. Their own habits of living, cooking +c are rather peculiar. The larger kinds of game was rather scarce in that region, though the streams probably afforded them some fish. Prairie dogs and gophers, which are nearly identical – being about half way between a squirrel and a rat, and burrowing in the ground, are very numerous, and largely used for food by the Indians. In fact, when properly dressed and cooked, and seasoned, (and our cook well-knew how to do it) they did’nt go very bad with us. Holmes went out with his rifle to try for a mess, but being extremely alert and quick to drop out of sight into their holes, on the first click of the hammer, he only succeeded in getting one, which he threw upon the ground as not worth fussing with. A young Indian soon after came along and by signs begged us to give it to him to which we assented. Getting permission from Wheeler and Howe to cook it at their camp-fire, raking open the embers, he covered Mr Gopher up, without skinning or removing the entrails, and after letting it smudge for 15 or 20 minutes, took it out and eat<sup>750</sup> it with great apparent gusto. The Indians of this region also raise large numbers of wolfish-looking dogs, which they make use of for food. While we were lying by, among the Snakes, several members of our company witnessed the slaughtering and cooking, and partial serving up of one of these gastronomic rarities, by a venerable squaw. She knocked the savage-looking, but perfectly domesticated canine upon the head with a club, and, before he had fairly done kicking, held him over the fire to singe the hair off, and then, without drawing the entrails, or any further dressing whatever, placed the carcass in a sort of stone kettle to boil. When it was done I presume they had a right royal

### 372

feast; though, getting no invitation, I did not stay to dinner!

After leaving Ham’s Fork, we passed over a succession of high hills, pretty steep and difficult, called the Bear River Mountains,<sup>751</sup> 25 miles to Bear river. These mountains on the east, and the Sierra Nevada’s on the west, with transverse ranges on the north and south, form what is called the “Great Basin”, in which the renowned Salt Lake is situated. This basin is peculiar for having no known outlet for the numerous large rivers and streams which traverse it in almost every direction. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that these waters find their way to the ocean through whirlpools and subterranean channels, and the sinking of many of the streams seems to warrant this belief. But upon this point more anon.

In passing over one of the mountains, between Ham’s Fork and Bear river, we passed through a large grove of pine, fir and cedar trees, the most beautiful, I then thought, that I ever beheld. It was, indeed, an oasis upon our long and tedious journey; for we had traveled many a weary mile without the sight of even the smallest bush, and though nothing for a long time that could be dignified with the name of timber. Those lofty firs! How cheering to the sight, and the

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<sup>750</sup> sic

<sup>751</sup> Presumably: Bear River Divide (Wyo.).

hearts, too, of all that beheld them. And while gazing upon their tall and majestic proportions, a verse of a little poem learned early in life, long since forgotten, came freshly into my memory again:

“I remember, I remember, the fir trees dark and high.  
“I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky;  
“It was a childish ignorance, but now ‘tis little joy,  
“To know I’m further off from Heaven than when I was a boy”.

And now, even to an adult mind, after so many days and weeks of shadeless sterility, as we toilsomely climbed towards the summit of that mountain and that grove, it did indeed seem as if the “slender tops” of those “fir trees dark and high”, were literally “close against the sky”, and whatever may have been the religious sentiments of that vast throng. I do not believe a single emigrant passed through that grove without a devout feeling of gratitude for its cooling shade and its invigorating influences, or emerged therefrom into comparative barrenness without sincere regret.

373

Bear river, where we struck it, runs about northwest, and with the exception of passing over a spur of the mountain, around the base of which the river closely runs, about 16 miles across, we followed down its right bank about 65 miles, when it takes a short turn to the south, and, through a mountainous looking region, finds its way into the Great Salt Lake. In getting down from the spur of the mountain spoken of, we saw hundreds of dead horses, mules and oxen on every hand, a sure indication that the waters of the streams and springs of the vicinity were poisonous, and we did not let ours drink of them. I may remark here, that where the hills or mountains were hugged too close by the streams as to prevent the passage of teams between them, the emigrants had no time to stop and excavate a road on an easy grade around the hills, as you would for a railway. But as it was absolutely necessary for them to “push along, keep moving” they took the most natural road they could find: viz. along the valleys where practicable, but when a hill or mountain must be crossed, go right over the summit, in order that their wagons might maintain as nearly as possible a perpendicular. Winding thus around many of the sharp hills that we passed over, will, of course, obviate many of the difficulties, that would strike the casual observer as insuperable barriers to the graduation and construction of a railroad to the Pacific.

The balance of our road along Bear River, 45 or 50 miles, is nearly level, and very good indeed. Four miles before leaving the river, or rather before the river leaves us, we come to a point fraught with a vast amount of interest. First, there was a trading post and many Indian lodges, in a fine grove of cedars; the Indians as well as the white traders doing quite a prosperous business, trading horses, mules +c with the emigrants. We here also met an old hunter, an Englishman called Captain Grant, who had been employed in this region for many years, by the Hudson’s Bay Company. He was over 60 years of age, still vigorous and active, and seemed to have unbounded influence over the Indians. The Captain gave us much valuable information about our future route, and unhesitatingly advised us to go the old route, via Fort Hall, instead of taking the new route, called “Sublette’s Cut-off”. ~

374

A little this side of the trading post, a few rods distant from the road upon the right, was a white mound 12 or 15 rods in diameter, and perhaps 10 or 12 feet higher at the summit than the surrounding plain. The ascent is gradual, the surface hard and smooth, and similar in appearance to hard-packed saleratus. On the top of this mound is found a bubbling spring in a circular aperture of five or six feet diameter. This has been denominated "Soda Spring",<sup>752</sup> on account of its waters possessing a sparkling effervescent appearance, and a smart soda-like flavor. There was no regular running outlet, but a gradual oozing over upon all sides of the basin, and it is the constant flow of these mineral waters, and their evaporation and solidification, that has formed the singular white mound in which the spring is found. There are several other springs near by the waters of which bubble up and foam and sparkle, with sharply pungent taste, and are denominated "Beer Springs". Would it not be well for such as as<sup>753</sup> are in the habit of guzzling beer and ale to emigrate to that region? It would not only save them the outlay of a vast amount of three and five cent pieces, but they would also be pretty tolerably sure that a less number of defunct rodents were used in the brewing of this natural beer, than in the fabrication of the common "rat-soup" they drink here.

But the most singular phenomenon of this phenomina abounding region, is a spring in the bank of the river, called "Steamboat Spring".<sup>754</sup> Through a small fissure in the rock a foaming spray-like jet of water is constantly being thrown up, the usual height of the column being perhaps a foot and a half. At regular intervals of a few seconds a sudden single spurt attains the height of about three feet accompanied with an internal noise very much like the puffing of a steamboat. Within six or eight feet from the "boiler" of this steamboat, is the "safety-valve", in the shape of a hole about one inch in diameter, from which issues a constant current of hot air, and every few seconds a regular emission of lightish smoke, accompanied by a noise very greatly resembling the escape of steam from a low-pressure engine.

We did not, of course, have time to explore the surrounding region, or make chemical analysis of the waters of these springs

375

even had we possessed the necessary scientific knowledge and apparatus, but will refer my hearers to Fremont, who seven years before had visited this country on a tour of exploration and discovery, and who found and minutely described besides those seen by us, many similar curious springs and objects of interest in this vicinity. Of a quart of water taken from Soda Spring Fremont gives the following analysis: "Sulphate of magnesia, 12.10 grains; Sulphate of Lime 2.12 gr; Carbonate of magnesia, 3.22 gr; Carbonate of Lime 3.86 gr; Chloride of calcium, 1.33 gr; Chloride of magnesium, 1.12 gr; Chloride of sodium, 2.24 gr; vegetable extractive matter +c 0.85 gr. The carbonic acid had mainly escaped before subjected to analysis, and was not taken into consideration."<sup>755</sup>

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<sup>752</sup> Soda Springs (Idaho).

<sup>753</sup> Author repeated the word "as" here.

<sup>754</sup> Steamboat Springs, located in Idaho "was a site or landmark where the emigrants stopped for hot water and clothes washing. Alexander reservoir has flooded or covered a good part of Steamboat Springs. For more information see: < <http://www.idahohistory.net/OTsprings.html> >

<sup>755</sup> It appears that Lane excerpted this from, *Narrative of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842: And to Oregon and North California in the Years 1843-44*. By Frémont, J. C. (John Charles), 1813-1890. Published by D. Appleton, 1849.



Continuing our journey, on reaching the point where the river turns abruptly to the South, the road again forks, the left hand road, keeping on straight west across the valley, five or six miles, and over a succession of steep mountain ranges, some 65 or 70 miles to the original California trail, and called "Sublette's Cut-off"; the right hand road running northwest to the head of the valley, about 20 miles, and thence by an easy pass, over the dividing ridge between the Great Basin and the valley of the Columbia, to Fort Hall, distant about 60 miles. We moved<sup>756</sup> near the forks, at the bend of the river and a very remarkable place it is. It is perhaps a hundred feet from the surface to the water, on the north side of the river, while upon the opposite side, the river washes the base of a solid wall of dark reddish rock 1,000 or 1,500 feet, nearly perpendicular; the river, at the bend, being about 200 feet wide. – On the side where we were lurching, and also in the bed of the river, were fragments of volcanic rock, of all shapes and sizes, scattered about and piled upon each other in most admirable confusion, over and between and through the dark green though dwarfed and crabbed cedars sprouted and hung in picturesque disorder and beauty. It was considerable of a "getting up stairs", to bring water for our animals from the river, the path being very intricate and difficult, indeed.

A grand consultation here took place as to which of the roads we had better take, a portion of our men being inclined to accept the advice of Capt Grant, while others vigorously opposed it.

### 376

The entire emigration thus far, since passing the Salt Lake forks, had apparently taken the "Cut-off" route. This year, the appearance of the old Oregon trail, or Fort Hall road indicating that not a single train had gone that way. The cut-off was over the mountains and evidently rough and difficult, while the Fort Hall road circled around the hills, the two uniting upon the other side. The argument in favor of the cut-off was that the distance to be traveled by that route was much less than by the old route; while the Fort Hall advocates maintained that though further around the extra distance would be more than made up by the greater levelness and smoothness of the road; while at the same time feed for our stock would be more abundant, the grazing of the animals of the immense emigration ahead of us, keeping the grass pretty constantly down to, and sometimes a little below the surface. An old Indian standing by and listening to the discussion, though not understanding a single word of it, undertook to enlighten us upon the subject. Taking as an "object lesson", one of our water buckets, he ran his finger along the bail, from ear to ear, as it laid upon the edge of the bucket, and then raising it to a perpendicular again did the same thing, indicating that the real distance over or around was substantially the same; and then by signs sought to make us understand that the hills upon the cut-off were both numerous and difficult, while with the exception of the low-divide, between the Bear river and the Columbia valleys, the road was comparatively level to the junction upon the other side. He also, through the medium of signs informed us that the grass was more abundant in the valleys than upon the mountains, and that the rivers, between the mountains were rapid and difficult to cross, while after reaching the valley they widened out, became shallower, less impetuous in their course and easily fordable.

It was finally determined follow Captain Grant's and the old Indian's advice, and go by Fort Hall; nor did we have cause to regret it, for we found their notions correct, while by comparing notes with many who took the cut-off, our traveling time from point, though in point

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<sup>756</sup> Best guess.

of fact the distance was probably nearly one-fourth greater, did not exceed theirs half a day, and performed with far less labor and fatigue to both men and teams. Through some misapprehension, as to “which road was which”, Dugan<sup>757</sup>

377

with his cart, and our old fifer, Hughlin, from Trumbull County, with his two-mule team, got started upon the Cut-off road, and though a messenger was sent to advise them of their mistake, they did not turn back, and we did not see them again, though I afterwards learned they got safely through. We regretted this curtailment of our train, as it not only deprived us of the society of one of the only two ladies in the train, but also substantially put an end to our martial music, for the very best of drums, even M<sup>c</sup>Master’s science in beating it, is of very little account, unaccompanied by the shrill notes of the fife.

Making a short exploration tour west of the bend in the river, on the Cut-off road, I found a rocky ridge, perhaps half a mile wide, full of seams and crevices, nearly parallel and running north and south. These fissures were from 2 or 3 to 12 or 15 inches wide, but their depth was undeterminable, because of their darkness and irregular surfaces, though a pebble dropped into one of the wider ones would bound along audibly, from side to side, for several seconds, as if descending hundreds of feet. Fremont, in making his explorations, followed down Bear river to the Lake, from the point I have described, and thus records what he saw and found in this immediate vicinity

“As we were about resuming our march in the afternoon, I was attracted by the singular appearance of an isolated hill with a concave summit, in the plain about two miles from the river and turned off towards it, while the camp proceeded on its way southward in search of the Lake. I found the thin, stony soil of the plain entirely underlaid by the basalt which forms the river walls, and when I reached the neighborhood of the hill, the surface of the plain was rent into frequent fissures and chasms of the same scoriated volcanic rock, from 40 to 60 feet deep, but which there was not light enough to penetrate entirely and which I had not time to descend. Arrived at the summit of the hill, I found that it terminated in a very perfect crater, of an oval or nearly circular form, 360 paces in circumference,<sup>758</sup> and 60 feet at its greatest depth. The walls were perfectly vertical and disposed like masonry, in a very regular manner, and composed of a brown colored scoriaceous lava, similar to the light scoriaceous lava of Mts Etna, Vesuvius and other volcanoes. The faces of the walls were reddened and glazed by the fire in which they had been melted, and which had left them contorted and twisted by its violent action”.

378

Leaving this interesting point, our journey to Fort Hall was very pleasant, indeed though a sense of loneliness was experienced by all, for not a single human being, either civilized or savage, save our own company, was visible for nearly two days. Hitherto we had been a part of the grand cavalcade – a vast army in unbroken column for over a thousand miles; now we were an isolated train, and like Court House and Chimney Rocks, solitary and alone upon the plains; and though not quite so tall, you would have considered us quite as interesting natural curiosities of that wild region, could you have looked in upon us – especially about supper time.

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<sup>757</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>758</sup> Sic

Speaking of supper reminds me that I have not yet described our manner of living – camping, cooking, eating, sleeping, standing guard, +c. Our train consisted of about a dozen wagons, 75 or 80 animals, some 50 men, from one to two women, and one big dog. On camping at night, on ground previously selected by our Captain, or some one or more of his assistants, riding on in advance of the train for the purpose, our wagons were placed in a circle, some distance apart, so as to form a sort of enclosure of from a quarter to an acre of ground, according to circumstances. Our tents were pitched sometimes between and sometimes outside the wagons, facing inwards, and our campfires located as nearly in front of our tents as the direction of the wind would admit of. Immediately on camping, the animals were taken, by those whose duty it was to care for them, to the nearest available feeding ground, and securely tethered, left to feed until 8 or 9 o'clock, when they were gathered up and picketed within the enclosure for the night. In the meantime the cook had prepared the evening meal, of which the family had partaken; had washed the dishes and put the kitchen and larder in order; the “chambermaid” had pitched the tent, made up the beds and arranged the furniture of the sleeping apartment, and the sergeant of the guard had detailed, in their regular order from the roll, from nine to fifteen men, according to the supposed emergency of the occasion to perform guard duty for the night.

In the line of provisions, our mess (and generally our entire company) were supplied with cured side pork, dried beef, codfish, beans, rice, cornmeal, pinola (parched corn meal sweetened) hard-bread, white and graham flour, dried apples, dried

379

peaches, coffee, tea, brown and crushed sugar, salt, pepper vinegar, with sundry other luxuries upon the first part of the journey, such as cheese, cookies, ginger-snaps +c.

The cooking was generally done at camp-fires built upon the ground, but our mess was provided with a small sheet-iron stove, with an oven and two boiler holes, upon which the finer portion of our cooking was done. Our tea or coffee boiling and our meat frying upon the top, and a tin of light bread or biscuit baking in the oven, with some cold boiled rice or beans, a dish of peach or apple sauce, or a plate of cheese or dried beef, produced a meal that, with the same exercise to sweeten it that we had, your most dainty city epicure might relish. And I'll turn out Holmes against any professional or unprofessional cook, male or female, in town, for getting up a batch of bread or biscuit, or cooking a meal of victuals – just give the old fellow a chance. A pan of flour between his knees, upon the ground, with a supply of pork fat, for shortening and soda and cream tartar for lightening close at hand, and this hombre near by to feed that stove with wild sage brush, buffalo-chips, and sometimes weeds or grass for fuel – But there is no use in drawing comparisons, which in this case would pretty generally prove to be “odorous”; though I may very properly remark that in point of lightness, the old lady's night, which was as light as a feather, was no where. And then those griddle cakes, so light that they would fairly flop themselves over upon the griddle – don't mention them, if you have any regard for my feelings! By way of variety, we used to soak over night, and fry for breakfast, an occasional dish of our hard-bread, which when “done brown”, and properly seasoned, was very palatable and toothsome, indeed. Thin sliced<sup>759</sup> dried beef stewed, with a flour gravy; stewed codfish; codfish <insertion: balls> made of codfish, cornmeal and flour: cornmeal mush for supper and fried mush for breakfast; baked Indian or rice puddings; apple-dumplings, bean porridge, prairie-dog

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<sup>759</sup> sic

stews and gopher chowders, went to make up a portion of the luxuries under which our table – and sometimes, alas! our stomachs, groaned.

And the table – what kind of a piece of furniture was that? It was the solid earth! An oil-cloth about four feet square was spread upon the ground for a table cloth; four round pie tins for plates; four pint tin cups for tea and coffee; pewter tea and iron table spoons, knives and forks, and the edibles arranged around

### 380

promiscuously in pails, basins, bags +c, the beans, rice or mush in the camp-kettle and the meat in the frying-pan, standing in the center, each, waiving all ceremony, helping himself to to<sup>760</sup> such and as much as pleased him best, as he sat flat upon the ground around what should have been, and often was, this festive board. Sometimes, when the ground was wet, real board – the lid of our provision chest – was substituted, by being adjusted upon the pole and doubled-tree of the wagon, in which case, of course, like fashionable party-goers, we had to take our rations standing.

In mounting guard for the night the modus operandi, was as follows: The night was divided into three watches; the first watch being from 8.30 to 11 o'clock, which was considered the easiest and most desirable watch to stand, and which the three or five first upon the list for the night were entitled to. The middle watch was from 11 to 1.30 o'clock, and was considered the hardest because it took the two hours and a half right out of the middle of a poor fellow's sleep, and knocked those pleasant dreams of home and wife and children in which he was luxuriating into perfect smash.<sup>761</sup> The morning watch, from 1.30 until daylight, was performed by the last three or five on the list; the first watch arousing the second, and the second the third at the proper time for taking their respective beats. The circle around the camp was divided off into three or five equal beats, each guard walking back and forth, armed with a loaded rifle, on the beat assigned to him, keeping a bright look-out into the surrounding darkness, as well <insertion: as> an occasional glance at the picketed animals within the enclosure, which sometimes got entangled in their lariats.

It was a hard matter that, after our day's march, fatigued and sleepy as we were, to perform the duties of a sentinel, occasionally one, sitting down a moment upon a wagon pole to rest his weary limbs, would inadvertently forget himself, and be discovered by his equally tired, but more alert, comrades, fast asleep. I also did know of one instance, at least, when the watch was turned forward half an hour, the perpetrators of the fraud being discovered, by comparing the watch with that of the sergeant of the guard the next morning; a trick that was so energetically denounced and by that officer, and the other members of the train, that it was not again resorted to; nor indeed could have been, with safety.

### 381

At the approach of daylight, usually about 4 o'clock, signal guns were fired by guards to arouse the camp, when the gentlemen of the mulinary<sup>762</sup> department arose from their beds of down (upon the ground) and led their animals forth for their morning meal, while the gentlemen

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<sup>760</sup> sic

<sup>761</sup> Best guess

<sup>762</sup> Bets guess

of the culinary department, were equally alert in providing the wherewithal to appease the appetites of the ever-hungry bipeds of the caravansary.

Speaking of providing food for our animals, a word in regard to the kinds and quality of the grasses and other herbage that sustained our teams during this long journey may not be amiss. Besides the tall and rank prairie grass of which I have already spoken, as being so nutritious, even in its dead or dry state, and the finer sort of meadow grasses upon the river bottoms, several other grasses and wild grains were found upon the hills and in the valleys, which proved to be extremely nutritious, indeed. The buffalo grass, growing in little tufts, just about the right size for a mouthful – by some called “bunch-grass” – and producing two crops a year – the spring growth drying up in mid-summer, and an under-growth coming on in the fall, afforded sustenance for our stock that astonished us all. Then we found wild rye and oats in various places along our route and at several points a species<sup>763</sup> of wild barley with short-stems but large heads, that the animals were very fond of. And as we advance further, many of the rich valleys through which we passed produced both herds-grass and clover, that would cause your Ohio horses and cattle to laugh as loud as it did our ponies and mules, to get a nip at it. It cannot be otherwise than that these indigenous grasses and grains contain vastly more nutriment than those of our cultivated farms in Ohio. I know full well that the same animals could not perform the same constant travel and draft, here, upon the best of cured hay, or even green grass or unripe grain without falling away, while, but for the poisonous waters and grasses met with, and the barrenness of the Humboldt Valley and the deserts, the animals of the emigrants would be in much better flesh at the end than at the beginning of the journey. The buffalo, antelope and horses and other animals of the Indians, along the Platte, where the new grass had not yet started, were in fine condition, though without shelter, subjected to the snows and rigors of that cold climate, while, housed in warm stables and fed upon cured hay, and an occasional nubbin of corn or measure of oats, many of our animals will come out spring poor, in spite of us ~

### 382

I forgot to say, in describing the contents of our larder, that in addition to a liberal “chunk” of cheese, purchased at St Jo, for immediate use, our mess had in advance provided ourselves with a 50 pound Tallmadge-built cheese, which being securely packed in a strong round box of the proper size, we concluded not to cut into until well along upon our journey. After we had been on the road a month or so, the St Jo purchase having been “all any more” for several days, I exhumed the big cheese from the depths of the wagon bed, and cut therefrom a large wedge perhaps eight inches in width upon the outer rim. Replacing the cheese in the box and the box in the bottom of the wagon, we went along the even tenor of our way, until several days after the wedge aforesaid had disappeared, when it was voted that another draft upon the box should be made. It was thereupon brought forth, and lo! and behold! on removing the lid, the cheese was found to be apparently whole, and only the closest scrutiny could discover where the wedge aforesaid had been taken out. After exhibiting the miracle to the crowd, I again took out precisely the same sized wedge as before, and again placed the box in the wagon, going forward as before until we again became cheese-hungry, when opening the box for the third time, the cheese was for the third time found to be whole, so far as diameter and circumference was concerned, but by this time there was quite a “gone” appearance about the center. The cause of these phenomena was thus explained. The cheese being very rich, and pulpy, the motion of the

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<sup>763</sup> Sic, partially overwritten.

wagon caused the wedge-like cavity to gradually fill up, while the snug fitting band, bottom and top of the box, still kept its form intact. On removing the third wedge, farther “fantastic tricks” of the cheese aforesaid were prevented by filling the cavity with paper or other proper support.

Another little incident is here worthy of mention. Though the most of our company were strong temperance men, among our stock of medicines was a half gallon canteen filled with the very best pale brandy that could be procured in St Louis, which was also stowed away in the bottom of our wagon. There it remained undisturbed until, when nearly half way, we had the misfortune to lame one of our mules by the dislocation of his stifle joint. Thinking that bathing it with some kind of stimulant would be good the canteen of brandy was ordered to be brought forth. As I was delving for it, our Irish

383

mess-mate, M<sup>c</sup>Kibbon, sung out, his mouth fairly watering with the idea “Well byes, I’m bound to have one good swig at <insertion: it> anyhow”! The canteen was finally resurrected and the cork drawn, when lo! and behold! the pale brandy that we had purchased was found to be as black as ink, having in reality, by corrosion, been transformed into a tincture of tin. The Irishman’s “swig” was therefore dispensed with, and as it was not deemed safe to be used as an internal remedy for sick humans, after liberally using it upon our lame mule, and satisfying ourselves that it would not be needed further in that direction, the remainder of the aforesaid pale brandy was spilled upon the ground.

In getting over the divide between the Bear river and the Columbia river valleys, there was nothing worse, if as bad, as the Sherbondy hill west of Akron, or the hill beyond Middleby<sup>764</sup> on the road to Tallmadge, either in ascending or descending. The second night of our solitary wanderings, after getting over the divide, we encamped on a beautiful mountain rivulet with splendid grass, though literally swarming with mosquitos, about the first we had seen upon our route. Previous to this, the only annoyance of this nature, had been, in occasional localities, from myriads of gnats, almost invisible to the naked eye, which would cover our faces, noses, ears and hands with blotches by their poisonous stings, unless we covered hands and heads completely up.

Just at sunset, while thus encamped, our vision was greeted by the appearance of two human beings riding towards our camp from up the valley. On reaching the camp, they proved to be a fine looking young Indian and his youthful spouse whom we all pronounced a “perfect beauty”. They were well dressed and seemed to have a good supply of buckskin and other garments, blankets +c. By signs, they asked permission to camp with us for the night, which was readily granted. A few of our men, however, notably our Tallmadge friend, Jonathan F. Fean,<sup>765</sup> were rather fearful, that it was an Indian ruse, to get into our camp in confidence, and then, in the dead of night, to betray us into the hands of a party of red-skin marauders. This was simply absurd; for the large quantity of jerked venison and other dried meats and skins with which their two loose animals were packed, as well as their own signs, indicated that they had been out upon a successful hunting expedition, and were now returning to their not far distant homes;

384

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<sup>764</sup> Location name, best guess.

<sup>765</sup> Personal name, best guess

and besides the strong guard that we kept constantly on duty, as above described, would prevent the possibility of such a stratagem as that succeeding, as the very first indication of treachery would have been a sure passport for from three to five bullets to the traitors' hearts.

The roads from the divide to the Fort, 35 or 40 miles, were good and the feed first rate, with the exception of one barren, sandy plain about six miles across. We arrived at the old Fort, near which we encamped, just at night, June 26<sup>th</sup>. It is upon Lewis' Fork of the Columbia river and belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company, though now within the domain of the United States. It is now simply a trading post, in charge of Captain Grant, and one or two subordinate agents and their families. Our Government Fort is a few miles up the river, and visible from the road, though we did visit it. The troops had been withdrawn and sent to old Fort Bridger,<sup>766</sup> on the Salt Lake route, during the preceding winter in consequence of the inclemency of the weather and the scarcity of provisions; one man only remaining to care for the government property.

Speaking of the scarcity of provisions reminds me of a statement of an agent of the American Fur Company whom we met in the neighborhood. He said that the total number of robes traded by that company and others, annually, would not vary very much from the following figures: American Fur Company, 70,000; Hudson's Bay Company, 10,000; all other companies, probably, 10,000; making a total of 90,000 as the average annual sales for the past eight or ten years. In the northwest, the Hudson's Bay Company purchase from the Indians a comparatively small number, their only market being Canada, and the cost of transportation of such heavy skins as those of the buffalo, nearly equaling their market value, and only within very recent period have they received buffalo robes in trade, though handling immense quantities of the finer grades of furs. He also stated that out of the very large number of buffalo annually killed throughout the extensive region inhabited by the Comanches,<sup>767</sup> and other kindred tribes, no robes whatever were furnished for trade. During only four months of the year, from November until March, are the skins suitable for dressing, those obtained during the

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<sup>766</sup> Fort Bridger (Wyo.).

<sup>767</sup> Comanche Indian Tribe.

remaining eight months being valuable for trade, while the hides of bulls are seldom taken off and never dressed as robes at any season of the year. Probably not more than one-third of the skins are taken from the animals killed, even when they are in good season, the labor of dressing and preparing the robes being very great and it is seldom that a lodge trade more than 20 skins in a year. It is during the summer months and in the early autumn that the greatest number of buffalo are killed, and yet at this time the skins are never taken off for trade. And these statements are fully borne out by Fremont's observations made nearly ten years before. From these and other data it is quite evident that nearly, if not quite, half a million buffalo have been killed annually during the past 18 or 20 years, thereby rapidly diminishing almost the entire subsistence of the Indians, to say nothing of the companies and settlements that are too remote from frontier towns to be supplied therefrom.

During the evening and morning, while encamped near the fort, our boys carried on quite a traffic with the traders and Indians. They bought buck-skin pants, hunting coats, leggings, mocassins, and unwrought buckskins, out of which to fabricate gold bags to store their "piles" in, after reaching the diggings. We also obtained from the ladies of the fort, some milk and butter; the former at 10 cents a quart, and the latter at 50 cents per pound. There were seen here, among the Indians, the representatives of many different tribes. I was unable to learn much about them or the names of the tribes to which they belonged. The "Snakes" were pretty numerous; and one bright, active boy, 15 or 16 years old, in reply to the question as to whether he was a "Snake", shook his head, and pointing to a middle aged Indian, probably his father, and then away off to the northwest, said "Walla-Walla". These two Indians, father and son, volunteered to guide us over the marshes and streams that were so numerous in the neighborhood of the fort. Two miles from the fort, is the "Port Neuff" river, at that time some 300 feet wide at the ford, and from three to four feet deep. In crossing these streams, when the water was deep enough to reach the beds of our wagons, we either raised our provisions and clothing up, by placing sticks a cross the top of the box, or else, by blocks on the bolster and rocks raising box and all. Getting across the Port Neuff all right, three miles brings us to the "Pannack", 350 feet wide, and of variable depth

**386**

from three and a half to five or six feet deep, and, like the Port Neuff, rising in the "cut-off" mountains and emptying into the Lewis Fork, a short distance below. The old Indian and his boy, were of much service to us here; plunging in, upon their horses, and showing that in going straight across the horses had to swim for it, while by turning up stream, immediately upon entering the water, and describing a sort of oblong semi-circle, in their course, the water scarcely reached their horses flanks. Following the directions of our guides, we all got safely over, except the wagon of Mills and Anson.<sup>768</sup> The driver, William Denaple, inadvertently drove a little too far into the stream before turning up. The wagon bed was thus floated from off the blocks upon which it had been raised, and as he undertook to turn his team, the current capsized it, thus completely saturating their provisions and clothing, though nearly every thing was finally saved. After passing through some pretty bad sloughs and mud-holes on the other side, and once more

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<sup>768</sup> Personal name, best guess



getting on terra-firma, we gave our guides some, bread, sugar, matches, powder +c, with which they seemed much pleased, and informing, us by signs, that our course was now clear, they turned back, and we went on our way rejoicing.

At noon, however, we halted for the day to give our unfortunate water-soaked comrades an opportunity to “dry up”. By spreading the contents of their larder and wardrobe upon the ground, they were before night in quite ship-shape order again, the several other messes of the train taking as much soft-hard bread, and such other of their water-soaked provisions as we could probably use up before getting moldy or sour, and giving the same quantity of our “dry-goods” in return.

While the drying process was going on, I performed a small piece of dentistry that it would puzzle any of your most scientific dentists to surpass. This tooth, which had been inserted on a pivot, some eight years previous, by Doct Carter,<sup>769</sup> had, by rather too ravenous an attack upon a piece of our hard bread, become loosed from its moorings, and fallen out. My case of dental instruments and materials was somewhat limited; but any numbskull can do a passable job with first class timber and tools, while skillful workman, only, can produce

387

a finished piece of workmanship without either. Splitting a small piece from the butt-end of our hickory whip-stock, I whittled out, with my trusty jackknife, a peg of the proper dimensions, carefully fitting one end to the orifice in the jaw, and the other to the porcelain tooth, after extracting the moisture from each, by a little cotton-batting extracted from an old bed-comforter, manipulated with my darning-needle. I firmly fixed the tooth in its place and drove it home with a horse-shoer’s hammer, where it has firmly remained ever since, now fully two year’s and a half.

The next day, near camping time, we came to the American Falls of the Lewis’ Fork of the Columbia River, which is quite a romantic place. The river is 600 or 800 feet wide, immediately above the falls, smooth and placid, though with quite a strong current. Where the fall commences the river suddenly narrows, and with the combined force of the contraction<sup>770</sup> and the descent, it plunges madly along, among the numerous volcanic rocks imbedded in its course, about 50 rods, when from between a couple of abutments perhaps 200 feet apart, it takes a regular Niagara perpendicular leap some 25 or 30 feet, and then goes roaring and tearing down through a wild rocky chasm, between nearly plumb, though craggy walls from 50 to 75 feet high, as far as the eye can penetrate. We encamped a few miles below the falls, on a small but beautiful stream, with an abundance of excellent grass, where, on account of the illness of Mr Sperry,<sup>771</sup> we laid by two days. It is now Friday June 28<sup>th</sup>, and we are about 220 miles from our last resting place, Green river, where we will leave you until one week from this evening. Good night!

### Lecture Number 3.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

One week ago, Friday June 28<sup>th</sup> 1850, found us snugly encamped a short distance below the American Falls, on the Lewis’ Fork of the Columbia river, for an indefinite halt, on account of the severe illness of our friend Sperry. On Saturday our boys tried their hands

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<sup>769</sup> Carter, Israel E., (1810-1885). Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 265

<sup>770</sup> Best guess

<sup>771</sup> Sperry, Ira P., (b. 1818). Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 1052.

at hunting and fishing, but with no very marked success, though Holmes did hook one salmon trout that weighed 2 ½ or 3 pounds, which made us quite a good meal. A few days previous, Holmes and M<sup>c</sup>Masters succeeded in making a joint catch of just about half enough for a one-mess meal, and Anson and myself matched coppers

**388**

for the lot and I won. This was the sum total of my gambling operations while I was gone, though I saw thousands of dollars lost and won in the innumerable gambling houses in San Francisco, Sacramento and other California cities which I visited. On Sunday, June 30<sup>th</sup>, another slight rupture occurred in our mess; this time between the member who upon a former occasion, near the Devil's Gate, had called my industrious habits in question, and our other Irish messmate. This was, undoubtedly, one of those oft-recurring conflicts between the "Corkonians" and the "Fardowns". The Corkonian was impatient of delay, and during our morning meal intimated that if the train laid by any longer than that day, he should take his two animals and be off. The Fardown angrily responded that <insertion: if><sup>772</sup> he touched the animals aforesaid he would blow his brains out. "Ye will, will ye?" says the Corkonian. "We'll be after sayin' jist?" So down he goes into the valley and brings up the entire eight head of stock, and demanded to know which two he should take. Holmes and myself remonstrated, but in vain. The Corkonian's back was decidedly up. He'd "travel niver a fut funder wid the spalpeen that 'ud threaten to blow his brains out"! So finding that he was bent on leaving us, Holmes and myself, after consulting the Fardown, designated the two animals he might take, with which he was perfectly satisfied. His quarter of the provisions, was then measured out to him, consisting of hard-bread, superfine and graham flour, cornmeal, pinola, rice, beans, dried apples and peaches, pork, dried beef, sugar, salt, pepper, soda, cream tarter +c, which was securely stowed away in pantaloon legs, shirt-sleeves, pocket handkerchiefs +c. He then agreed to relinquish his interest in the wagon and harnesses for one of each of the riding and pack saddles, and a fair proportion of the dishes and cooking utensils, and a couple of blankets, and every thing was in readiness for his departure on the following morning. But we at length so far conciliated him, that he concluded to keep along with us if the train should start on the next morning, which, on a majority vote of the train concluded to do so, and the lately warring factions, though not remarkably social for some time, finally became so far reconciled to each other, that they went to mining together, on getting through, the partnership

**389**

continuing for several months and until the poor Corkonian sickened and died and was buried by the Fardown. I have only spoken of disagreements in our own mess. If others got at loggerheads occasionally, as is not improbable, they may, or may not, as they please, enlighten you upon the subject.

On Monday morning, though Mr Sperry was apparently no better, the majority of our train, as before stated, impatient with so many delays, voted to move on, and leave him and his mess behind. But I assure you that it was a hard matter, with a few at least, that the force of circumstances compelled them to perpetrate that act of inhumanity. Mr Feun,<sup>773</sup> a townsman of

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<sup>772</sup> Insertion added in pencil, possibly by someone other than the author

<sup>773</sup> Personal name, best guess

Mr Sperry and his mess-mate Mr Leonard Root as well as Mr James Mills of Akron, remained with him. Mr Philo Wright, of Mr Sperry's mess, having also been quite unwell for several days, going on with Anson in Mills stead. We all supposed that in thus taking leave of our sick friend, that it was for the last time, and many of us felt very sorrowful, indeed, as we resumed our journey. I watched with him the night previous, and as he lay there in a semi-unconscious, restless stupor, his flesh hot and feverish, I did indeed feel that his hold on life was extremely precarious. About midnight I aroused him up to administer some medicine or nourishment, when he expressed a wish for some lemonade such as Holmes and myself had often prepared from citric acid sugar and water and oil of lemon. I accordingly hunted up the materials and prepared about half a gallon, from the cool mountain stream nearby, and in reply to his question as to whether I thought it would hurt him I told him he might drink all he wanted to. During the night he drank nearly all of it and seemed to relish it very much.

The day that we left him, his disease seemed to take a favorable turn, and the next, although still extremely weak, they carefully placed him upon a comfortable bed in the wagon, and moved slowly forward a dozen or fifteen miles. Mr Sperry has since told me that he never before nor since experienced such pleasureable emotions, as were caused by the motion of the wagon, as they started from camp. And no wonder, For three or four days he had been lying upon the hard earth, with a reasonable prospect that it would open to receive his lifeless remains – away from

### 390

his wife and children, and at length abandoned by those whom he had so often laid under great obligations by his ever prompt assistance in their many difficulties. And now to feel that he was once more in motion; that though still very weak, he was improving; that his destination might yet be reached, and, above all, that he might once more be permitted to join his family and friends in old Tallmadge, were certainly emotions that may be better imagined than described. The next Sunday, while we were lying by in "Thousand Spring Valley", they came up with us, for some of us had contrived, in various ways, to lessen our daily travel as much as possible, without "raising a row in camp", to give them an opportunity to overtake us, if happily he should begin to mend, or if on the other hand his faithful attendants should have to bury him. As they were discovered in the distance, and slowly approached our camp, our anxiety was intense, until we learned that our friend was still alive, and if our "shouting aloud for joy" was somewhat restrained by his still feeble condition, we were none the less rejoiced to see him once more with us alive, and apparently on the mend. He did not entirely recover, however, until long after reaching California, if indeed he has ever become as strong and hearty as before, and is doubtless one among thousands who are fully satisfied that going to California after a fortune, like making a tin whistle out of a pig's tail, costs more than it comes to. I may here add that I am fully convinced that those copious draughts of lemonade brewed by me, and administered by me to Mr Sperry, as stated, was the means of breaking his fever, and perhaps saving his life.

Soon after leaving our sick friend, near the American Falls, we left the old Oregon trail to the right, and diverging to the South, some found ourselves winding up the rich, though at that time somewhat swampy bottoms of Raft river, a tributary of Lewis' Fork, and like the Port Neuff and Paunack,<sup>774</sup> rising in the mountains traverssed by the Sublette Cut-off. This is a narrow but

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<sup>774</sup> Best guess

very rapid stream, and extremely difficult to cross, which we were obliged several times to do, the last crossing, though not more than 25 or 30 feet wide,

391

we were compelled to ferry over, making use of one of our wagon boxes for a ferry-boat. The second day we came to a small stream called Rattle Snake River, a tributary of the Raft, at which point the Cut-off intersects with the Fort Hall road, and it seemed, almost, as though we had got home again. The road at the junction and as far ahead the eye could reach, was thronged with “pilgrims on their winding way”, while two or three small trails, only, had been seen upon the route we had been traveling.

Crossing the Rattle Snake, we followed up its right bank, about 20 miles, where we struck up into the hills or mountains that divide the waters of the Columbia from those of the Great Basin, or more properly speaking the Humboldt River. The roads over these hills, excepting a few rough places, were very good indeed and the grades quite easy. A few miles before reaching the summit we came to the junction where the Salt Lake City road unites with ours, and the emigration once more presents an unbroken column. Just before reaching the junction is a point of extreme interest called “Steeple Rocks”, in the arrangement of which not only a mighty power, but a most wonderful skill seemed to have been displayed. Huge blocks of granite, from 20 to 40 feet square were piled one upon another from four to six or eight high – some of the columns tolerably true and even; others irregular with the upper blocks so far projecting over the lower, that seemingly a sudden gust of wind from the right direction might dislodge them and hurl them 75 or 100 feet to the ground. These rocks, like all others of the kind we had passed, were covered with thousands of names of the moving multitude, though none, among the few that I had time to glance at, that were familiar to me.

It is now the third day of July, and we are still some 500 or 600 miles from the “diggings”, and about 150 miles from Salt Lake City, as reported by those who came that way, who by comparing notes were found to have been several days longer in reaching the point than we had been, perhaps because of a longer tarry among the “Saints”, than we had made at any one point on the route which we had chosen. On the morning of the Glorious Fourth, our encampment near the Steeple Rocks, was aroused by a somewhat more vigorous<sup>775</sup> firing of guns than usual, though, while feeling mighty “independent,” we could not spare the time to indulge in any thing like an elaborate celebration of the day.

392

A few miles beyond the junction we passed the divide between the Columbia and the Humboldt Valleys, Forty or fifty miles, a portion rough and hilly, and a portion, along Goose Creek, somewhat marshy, brings us to the head or edge<sup>776</sup> of Thousand Spring Valley. This is a sort of shallow basin, nearly circular in form, descending very gradually from circumference to center, and about 30 miles in diameter. As we enter the valley, on the right hand, a large spring of pure, cool water emerges from under a rock, from whence flows quite a large stream towards the center of the basin. Stopping a moment, to refresh ourselves and animals, for we had just passed over a stretch of about 15 miles without water, we followed the course of the stream, on

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<sup>775</sup> Best guess, could also be “rigorous”

<sup>776</sup> Best guess

our way across the valley. Imagine our surprise, if you can, when within a mile, we find the bed of the stream entirely dry, the water having disappeared in the sand. Going on four or five miles, over a perfectly dry road, we are again surprised by the discovery of, a large spring or natural well, six or eight feet across the top, and of unknown depth, full, even with the surface, of most excellent water. We encamped near this spring, on good, though rather coarse, grass. There were other similar springs, or wells, nearby, and as we proceeded on through the valley, they were seen for several miles on either hand. I did not notice any myself, but was informed by others, that springs of quite hot water were seen in this valley. As we neared the other side, the ground again became dry, and nearly barren, producing coarse and innutritious<sup>777</sup> weeds, only.

Acting in the capacity of a self-appointed aides-de-camp to our rather inefficient Captain, while riding ahead of the train in search of a good camping place. I noticed, in a slight depression upon the left, a slight streak of sand that seemed to me to have been formed by running water. Following this up about a mile, the sand appeared to be a little moist, growing more so as I advanced, until it finally became a running stream, and was found to emanate<sup>778</sup> from a sort of springy meadow, some 15 or 20 rods in width and nearly a mile in length, and profusely covered with most excellent grass. Hastening back to the road, I piloted the train to this most desirable location

393

where we encamped over Sunday; and it was here that our sick friend, Sperry, whom we had so cruelly left by the roadside to die, and his faithful companions, came up with us as stated. The peculiarity of this valley is that the numerous little streams which rise in its borders, sink into the light pourous sands near their sources, to reappear in the lower grounds near the center, in the springs or wells we saw; hence the name, "Thousand Spring Valley".

There was now, July 7<sup>th</sup>, any quantity of snow to be seen upon the tops of the mountains to the Eastward, between us and Salt Lake, and the nights and mornings were so cold that gloves and overcoats were by no means uncomfortable. We were now getting into the neighborhood of the Digger Indians, and as we came into the road, on Monday morning, quite a number of them made their appearance among us on horseback. These were more athletic and savage in their general appearance and actions than any we had yet seen. The Diggers are very numerous, extending far to the South, covering the Sierra Nevadas, and spreading over a good portion of California. They are called "Diggers" from the fact that owing to the scarcity of game throughout a large portion of their territory, together with their own inherent laziness and improvidence, vast numbers of them eke out their miserable existence upon roots, bugs, worms, lizzards +c, that they dig out of the ground and from among the rocks. There is perhaps more of caste among these Indians, than can be found in any other tribe upon the continent. The better class, it is said, live in communities in the most fertile valleys and most eligible locations in the mountains, where fish and game can be procured; and also laying up large stores of pine nuts, acorns, berries +c for their subsistence during the winter, scouting from among them and looking down upon common "Diggers" with as much contempt, as our own civilized bloods and cod-fish aristocracy do upon us common stock who have to dig for a living here.

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<sup>777</sup> Lane probably meant "innutritious"

<sup>778</sup> Best guess

Thirty miles from Thousand Spring Valley, over passably good roads, brings to the North fork of the Humboldt river, which we forded without trouble, though we soon after came to a slough across which our wagons had to be snaked with ropes by hand. Thirty miles further

**394**

over a level, but very dusty road, we came to the main branch of the Humboldt river, a pretty deep and rapid stream, though safely forded, by raising our provisions and clothing upon the tops of our wagon beds. In consequence of the waters of this river being so high this year, we were compelled to traverse its entire length, upon the western side, instead of crossing and recrossing at pleasure, as had been done in years previous. On this account our journey was rendered far more difficult than it otherwise would have been, being obliged many times, to learn the level of the valley and climb over high bluffs and steep hills, while owing to the wet and miry<sup>779</sup> condition of the river bottoms, we could not safely turn our animals out upon them to graze. With very few exceptions, along the entire length of this river, 300 miles or more, grass could only be obtained by wading through sloughs and marshes from knee to chin deep, cutting with knives or sickles, and backing it<sup>780</sup> from one half to one and a half or two miles. In many places, indeed, the river, which, as we proceeded, became much larger and very rapid, had to be crossed by swimming, the grass having to be cut and backed, often long distances to the bank of the river, and the bundles towed across by ropes.

Between the two branches of the river spoken of, we saw a fresh grave, and upon the head board was a paper giving an account of the manner in which its occupant had come to his untimely end. A train having encamped near the road, grazed its stock over night upon the grass found among the sage bushes, about half a mile distant, with a suitable guard for their protection during the night. All went well until daylight, when all the guards but one went in to arouse the camp and prepare for a start. Soon after their departure, the remaining sentinel discovered some six or eight Indians in the distance coming towards him. He immediately commenced gathering up the stock to drive them into camp, when a brawny savage rose up from behind a sage bush, in front of him, and before he could raise his rifle to his shoulder the Indian buried an arrow in his breast with such force

**395**

as to nearly perforate him through and through. The sentinel, in return, fired upon the savage and wounded him, upon which, with a loud yell he took to his heels. The other Indians then rushed up, yelling and whooping, but the brave fellow kept them at bay with his revolver, until his comrades from the camp came to his rescue when they decamped. His friends extracted the arrow, and dressed his wound as carefully as they could but after lingering in great agony for a day or two the brave fellow died from its effects.

The next day we saw a similar notice pinned upon a tree, cautioning the emigrants to keep a bright look out, as 22 horses had been stolen from one train a few nights before. We also saw many trains lying by in this vicinity, looking for missing stock. An ox-train, stopping at noon to bait, turned their cattle into a little valley, just out of sight from their camp, and on going for them an hour or so afterwards, found one of them killed and several Indians cutting him up

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<sup>779</sup> Best guess

<sup>780</sup> Best guess

and packing off the meat. The members of one train, who had lost several horses, started out in different directions to look for them. One of the men, on rising a small hill, discovered a couple of their horses in possession of three Indians, who were engaged in cutting up an antelope which they had killed. He approached them, and by signs told them that the horses belonged to him, and made a move to take them. One of the Indians, by signs, objected, and while this pantomimic controversy was going on, he heard a sound like the click of a pistol, and on looking around discovered that one of the Indians was endeavoring to discharge an old single barrel horse pistol at him. Drawing his revolver he shot the savage dead in his tracks, and quickly turning, instantly killed another; the third incontinently taking himself off. Swinging the antelope across one horse, he mounted the other, and made his way back to camp.

In many instances, perhaps, the cruelties practiced upon the Indians, incited them to commit depredations upon the Emigrants, by way of retaliation, and revenge. There was one most horrible story rife among the Emigrants

### 396

to this effect: A reckless young white man in passing through an Indian Village, fired his rifle at random among a company of the natives, men, women, and children, killing one of their favorite young squaws by so doing. The Indians in large force followed this train, which was quite small, and coming upon them when encamped alone, compelled them to surrender the murderer to them. Taking him but a short distance, and in full view of the train, among whom was the young man's own father, they fastened him hand and foot to the ground, and actually flayed him alive, from the effects of which, of course, he soon afterwards died.

We had no difficulty with them, however, from the fact that we did not in any manner molest or annoy them, and kept our own camp and animals well guarded. One night however, the boys in charge of the stock mistrusted that the wily red-skins were after them, from this circumstance. We had been obliged to take the animals nearly a mile from camp to feed in quite a extensive meadow there found, and it was thought best to leave them there all night, with a strong guard, instead of bringing them within the enclosure of our camp, in the manner heretofore described. All went well until far into the night, when all the animals, having eaten their fill, were lying down to rest, and while all was perfectly silent, save the regular tread of the sentinels on their lonely beats upon the outer edge of the meadow, in an instant every animal sprang to its feet and rushed in the same direction the full length of its lariat, the utmost panic and fright having apparently seized upon the entire herd. They were at length quited<sup>781</sup> down, and after a time resumed their recumbent positions and their "naps", and were found to be all right in the morning. It was supposed that the stampede was caused by some Indian strategem, unnoticed by the men, but seen or heard by the keener senses of the animals, with the expectation that in the darkness they would break through the cordon of sentinels, to be picked up at leisure by the Indians; but the scheme was frustrated by the faithful

### 397

manner in which they had been picketed by those having them in charge.

The waters of the Humboldt were a little brackish from the start, and growing more and more salt as we advanced. After getting half way down they begin to be impregnated with alkali,

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which also increased in strength as we progressed, so that before reaching the “sink” you can well imagine they were any thing but pleasant or wholesome. The more men or animals drank of them the more thirsty they became. A fair sample of the Humboldt water, near the sink, might be produced by putting about a quart of good wood ashes into a bucket of water, and after letting it soak awhile, add half a pint or so of salt. This, with the exception of an occasional sip from a little spring in the hills, constituted our only beverage for about 350 miles. It gave our tea and coffee a remarkably agreeable flavor. Just throw a handful of ashes and a spoonful of salt into your coffee-pot tomorrow morning and you will get a better idea of it than from any any<sup>782</sup> language I can use. The only way that we could make it even tolerable, was by making it into lemonade with acids and oil of lemon, which in a measure neutralized the alkali, though the salt remained. The stock of the emigrants suffered most, having to not only drink these unwholesome waters, but also to eat grass largely impregnated therewith, and for 400 miles its deleterious effects were seen in the thousands of dead animals seen on every hand –

The earth, the entire length of this river, seemed to have been subjected to intense heat, and though hard was very much like a bed of solid packed ashes, while the rocks in the occasional points of the hills we passed were of a volcanic character; often resembling the cinders from a blast furnace. Hence, from the immense travel upon the road through the dry season (for we had no rain along here) we found it very dusty, indeed. In some places the road was from one to two feet below the surface of the plain from the action of the wagons and teams, the fine ashes-like dust being taken out by the wind. Thus, we were obliged to travel, day after day, through clouds of almost suffocating dust

### 398

that permeated everything, and became part and parcel of our very being. Our clothing, bedding and provisions; our eyes, mouths, ears, hair and whiskers, being filled and covered with the pulverized earth. Even those wonderful prairie-grown goggles, described and exhibited in my first lecture, were of little account there. And it was impossible to escape from it. Owing to the thick growth of sage bushes on either side of the road, we were compelled, while on the march, to keep along in solid column. If, being on foot, the dust all appeared to be on the side you were walking, and you crossed over to escape it, you found it just as bad there. And finally, by the time the emigrant reaches the point; ie. half way down the Humboldt, like the eels which the old fish-women had been skinning alive for 20 years, they’ve got so used to it that they don’t mind it very much. The dusty, salty, ashy water of the river tastes good, and bread and pancakes made from about equal proportions of flour and dirt dont go bad; while your pork, if you’ve got any left to fry, is all the better for being seasoned with the fine “circulating medium” of that region.

In passing around a shelving rocky ridge, so near the river that it was difficult to keep our wagons from sliding in, several hot springs boiled up and ran across the road. It was said of an old Dutchman, who, thinking to get a good drink of pure, cool water, laid himself down to drink from one of these springs, after scalding the tip of his nose in the effort, he jumped up and sung out at the top of his voice: “Trive on Hans! trive on! for hell ish not more as two miles from dis blace!”

After traversing this beautiful river for about 150 miles, we came to a point where the emigrants were engaged in cutting grass and making hay, preparatory to crossing the desert. Although it was known to be 300 miles or over from where we struck the river, to its sink, yet

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<sup>782</sup> Lane repeats the word “any” here



even those who performed the journey the year before, were unable to tell whether, or not, this was the point to rest and recruit our stock and make hay for the desert. It was argued that we had shortened the distance very much, by striking up over the

399

hills occasionally, instead of following the tortuous course of the river, and crossing and recrossing it several times, as had been done in previous years. Although this point was said to resemble the "big meadow" – the proper place to lay in a supply of hay – yet we did not believe, from the time consumed and speed made, since striking the river, that we were in such close proximity to the desert; still as we did not certainly know, we concluded to "follow suit", and let our animals rest and take on a small supply of grass, which was quite abundant and good, when once got at. One mess in our train having a tight wagon box, established a ferry across a slough, or branch of the river, that lay between us and the grass. They charged members of other trains a quarter each for crossing, and made \$25<sup>00</sup> or \$30<sup>00</sup> by the operation. We paid our toll in grass.

In getting grass, at this place, we went nearly two miles, cut it with sickles and knives, and after partially drying it, backing it through mud and water from one to three feet deep to our camp.

The day after leaving this haying ground we met a pack train from California, the only one thus far met upon the entire route. They gave us much consolation by informing us that we were yet a good long 150 miles from the sink. It was well, however, that we took along the hay, for we found the grass scarcer, or rather more difficult to get at as we proceeded. We were on the sterile side of the river, and could only obtain grass with great labor, and often at the imminent peril of our lives. The river was very crooked, deep and rapid, and many men were drowned in their efforts to obtain grass for the subsistence of their animals. I cannot swim, but those who could and did, said that it was the hardest stream to swim they ever crossed. It was full of eddies, and they could hardly overcome the rotary action of one than they would find themselves within the influence of another, which made the effort to swim very difficult and fatiguing indeed. Just at dusk, one evening, three of our boys, Benjamin D Wright of Tallmadge, and Henry Anson and Warren Clark of Akron, who, among others had been over for grass, in attempt-

400

ing to recross the river, came very near being drowned. Getting into the influence of a number of these miniature whirlpools, they soon became so much exhausted that they could not make headway towards either shore and were barely able to keep their heads above the water, and call for assistance. Those of us left in camp were all unable to swim, but did the best we could by throwing such pieces of boards as we had, attached to our lariats into the river, which, however, they could not reach. Fortunately at this moment, a stranger came up, and at once realizing the peril, stripped off his clothes, seized a rope and springing into the water, succeeded, by the help of those on shore pulling upon the rope, in saving the lives of all three of them. The name of this stranger I have forgotten, but, his train having gone to pieces, he was traveling alone and was entirely destitute of both money and provisions. Sperry's mess, to which Wright belonged, not only having plenty of provisions, but feeling a deep sense of gratitude for his timely aid, took him into their mess for the balance of the journey.

And it was here, along the Humboldt, that the great amount of destitution and suffering for food existed among the emigrants. Thousands were entirely out of provisions, and many also destitute of money. Many times a day we were importuned to sell provisions, and were very glad that we were enabled to sell some 45 or 50 pounds. Scarcely a meal passed but from one to four or five would come into our camp, begging for something to eat, and I am happy to state that, notwithstanding some of our own company were rather short, none were turned away hungry – We finally arrived at the real “Big Meadow”, 20 miles this side the real desert, on Sunday July 21<sup>st</sup> about the middle of the afternoon, and, contrary to our usual custom in cutting grass and making hay – the weather being very warm indeed and the grass having to be backed about a quarter of a mile. About the middle of the next afternoon we finished up our haying, loaded up and started for the Sink,

401<sup>783</sup>

the country being perfectly barren excepting a few stunted sage bushes. Distant from the meadows about 15 miles, we encamped upon hard salearatus<sup>784</sup> ground, without a vestige of vegetable life as far as the eye could reach; feeding and watering our stock with the hay and water brought from the big meadow, and without pitching our tents, getting a few hours sleep in the open air, rolled up in a blanket on the hard ground.

Early the next morning we went down to the Sink, distant five miles, where we remained until five o'clock in the afternoon, resting ourselves and our animals for an all night journey across the desert. As we were eating our dinner, or rather supper, while here, a man came up and asked us for something to eat, saying that he had eaten nothing for nearly two days. One or two of our mess rudely repulsed him, by saying that we had no more than we needed for ourselves. He had six dollars in money, and he finally found a mess in another train who consented to let him have three pounds of hard-bread for it. While the bread was being weighed out to him, our afraid of starving to death mess mates had finished their repast and gone to look after the stock, and the cook and “chambermaid”, in whose breasts the “milk of human kindness”, though perhaps a trifle curdled, had not yet entirely “dried up”, called the poor fellow back and gave him a good liberal dish of the bean porridge upon which we had been feasting. He devoured it with avidity, and with tears of gratitude in his eyes, declared that he had never before tasted any thing half so good. I then felt that I could cheerfully deny myself a little, and shorten my own allowance a trifle, to keep others from famishing.

But it was rather a tight place for even a humane and liberal-minded man to get into, that's a fact. He might have plenty and to spare, if he could only be sure of getting through without any trouble, as soon as he anticipated. But his animals might fail, or himself or comrades be taken sick and compel them to lie by; and on the principle that “self-preservation is the first law of nature”, people sometimes would not, or rather dare not, when they could, as well

402

as not, relieve the sufferings of their destitute fellow travelers, others, less sympathetic, however, though they had plenty themselves, that those now destitute might just as well have had, and that

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<sup>783</sup> Page number printed in book.

<sup>784</sup> Best guess

their destitution was entirely due to their improvidence in preparing their outfit, or to their careless or possible laziness, in protecting their stock and supplies upon the route. But when men, and women, and children too, were starving, hundreds of miles from any civilized settlements, in a gameless, fruitless and sterile region, it was no time enquire how they got into that condition, so long as we had the means to relieve them. It was a pitiable sight, that, women with children in their arms or walking wearily by their sides, destitute of food, and almost of raiment,<sup>785</sup> footing it over those burning sands, their teams having given out, and perhaps the husband and father having died upon the journey. Yet such sights were by no means rare, though somewhat mitigated by the the<sup>786</sup> thoughtful kindness extended to them by their more humane fellow-travelers, and, sometimes, fellow-sufferers.

Speaking of Humboldt Sink,<sup>787</sup> we did not exactly see the aperture into which the waters of the river disappear, for it is not there. The river, however, loses its distinctive form or character as a running stream, by dividing itself up into innumerable sloughs, and spreading out into an extensive marsh, and is thus absorbed into the earth, probably to reappear upon some lower level in the form of lakes, springs or wells, similar to those in Thousand Spring Valley,<sup>788</sup> and others that we had seen. This year, 1850, the waters of this river were so high that those<sup>789</sup> sloughs, in many places, covered the road, as traveled in pervious years, and even extended out upon the desert several miles, necessitating a number of quite extensive detours from the usual route; one considerable stream, in fact, having to be forded nearly ten miles out upon the desert.

A good deal of fault was found with Fremont,<sup>790</sup> about his account of the resources of the Humboldt Valley; but I think the many accusations of misrepresentation urged against that gentleman were wholly uncalled for. It will

403

be borne in mind that we were compelled, by reason of high water, to go entirely upon the western, or sterile, side of the river, with nothing but barren salearatus<sup>791</sup> plains and volcanic hills between the river and the Sierra Nevadas. The bottom of the river, upon its eastern side, were not only covered with luxuriant grass, though now, as we have seen, largely under water, but they were also fringed along with verdant looking hills, and numerous groves of cotton wood and other trees. The river being low, and the bottoms hard, Fremont and his company crossed and recrossed at pleasure; besides which, being under pay of the government, having an abundance of provisions, and ignorant of the existence of gold in California, they did not, of course, rush ahead, regardless of rest and comfort, as we did, and he probably gave a correct account of things and objects as viewed in the light in which he saw them.

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<sup>785</sup> "Raiment, n. (Now chiefly arch. and literary.) clothing, dress, apparel." The Oxford English Dictionary. 2nd ed. 1989. OED Online. Oxford University Press. 1 Dec. 2008 <<http://dictionary.oed.com/>>.

<sup>786</sup> Here Lane duplicates the word "the".

<sup>787</sup> Humboldt Sink (Nev.). "...is an intermittent dry lake bed, approximately 11 mi (18 km) long, and 4 mi (6 km) across, in northwestern Nevada in the United States." <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Humboldt\\_Sink](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Humboldt_Sink)>

<sup>788</sup> Thousand Springs Valley (Nev.). "...at the source of the Humboldt River, is another great grazing section, and large quantities of hay are here yearly cut. This place in former times was a goal toward which the weary emigrant hopefully plodded, knowing that if once reached his foot-worn and emaciated cattle could speedily recruit...." For more information on this see:

<[http://www.nevadaobserver.com/History%20of%20Elko%20County%20\(1881\).htm](http://www.nevadaobserver.com/History%20of%20Elko%20County%20(1881).htm)>

<sup>789</sup> Best guess

<sup>790</sup> Frémont, John Charles, 1813-1890.

<sup>791</sup> Best guess

It is about 40 miles across the desert proper, though getting around the sloughs before spoken of, made it fully 45 miles for us. The first part, the roads were hard and dusty, like those we had been traveling – a mile or two of sand about mid-way, then hard and dusty again, except the last 15 miles, which was about the deepest and hardest sand to pull through, that I ever saw. We started upon the desert about five o'clock in the afternoon, though the sun was still shining pretty hot, hoping to reach the Carson River Valley,<sup>792</sup> on the other side in the early morning. It was a bright and beautiful night, just at the full of the moon, the night that we crossed this ever to be remembered landmark in our long and toilsome journey. Dead horses, and mules, and oxen were to be seen and smelt, upon either hand; and from actual count, we found that they would average about 20 to the mile. We saw several that were still alive, but having given out, had been left upon the desert to die. Many, however, when their animals thus became exhausted, and could go no further, put an end to their sufferings by shooting them.

Our four mules and the two larger horses were attached to our wagon, but our two ponies, which were the nearest done over of the entire eight head, were led nearly the whole distance. Holmes and myself

#### 404

each towing a pony, were walking side by side, talking the while, about the “pleasures” of the journey, the matchless beauty of the night, and the “odoriferousness” of the atmosphere, when the old fellow, remembering one of the songs of his younger days, beginning:

“The moon had climbed the highest hill

“That rises o’er the source of Dee” –

suddenly broke out into a

poetical strain thus:

“The moon had climed<sup>793</sup> the highest hill” –

Here he hesitated, but having

caught the inspiration I immediately added:

“That rises o’er the Humboldt Sink” –

The third line being added by Holmes:

“And as we travel o’er the plain,” –

To which I responded:

“Whew! How those old dead horses stink!”

You will thus discover that there were at least two spirits there, which the fatigues of travel nor the horrors of the desert, could render wholly insensible to the unsurpassed loveliness of the night, and the highly concentrated fragrance of its breezes.

We halted twice for an hour and a half or two hours to give our leg-weary animals a little rest, a sip of water and a bite of hay; also catching a few minutes slumber for ourselves, rolled up in our blankets upon the ground. Wheeler and Howe,<sup>794</sup> finding their mules giving out, left their two wagons midway, on the two mile stretch of sand before spoken of, packing the balance of the way through.

We struck the 15 mile stretch of sand about sunrise, and now came the “tug of war”, with fresh and full vigor, and the very best of pluck, our progress would have been slow and

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<sup>792</sup> Carson River Valley (Nev.).

<sup>793</sup> Possible spelling error meant “climbed”

<sup>794</sup> Howe, Richard, 1799-1872. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 117.

fatigueing in the extreme. But jaded and nearly famished, as both men and animals were, it was tedious beyond description or even conception. Plod, plod; plump, plump, through deep sand, with the scorching rays of the mid-summer sun, pouring down upon ones head, is pretty well calculated to take the aristocratic starch out of a fellow, if he was ever troubled that way. I started on, ahead of

405

the wagon, with our two nearly played-out ponies, having to pull them along, almost by main strength, until we got within two or three miles of the other side of the desert, when, getting a sniff of the waters and grasses of the Carson river, they began to prick up their <insertion: ears,> gazed eagerly forward, quickened their pace, and before getting through I had to step quite lively to keep up with them.

We did not suffer as much from thirst, on the desert, as many did, for in addition to the water taken along for the animals, we filled our canteens with cold tea and lemonade, from which we took an occasional sip ourselves, besides giving now and then a treat to others less fortunate, or less provident than ourselves. After getting ahead of the wagon, however, having unwittingly left my own canteen on board, I did get pretty thirsty, I assure you. Six miles this side of the river, we found a water station, a couple of emigrants being engaged in hauling water from the river, and selling it at 25 cents per quart. Having a loose quarter “post<sup>795</sup> me”, I bought a quart; wet the lips of my ponies; drank part of it myself, and gave the balance to a poor “Michigander”, who had no money to buy for himself. He afterwards told me that without that drink of water, he never could have got through, though thousands as bad, if not worse off than he, did get through safely. Twenty-five cents a quart for water is a big price, that’s a fact; but the labor of hauling water six miles through that sand was not small; besides, they gave half a pint to each person who asked them for a drink, who had no money to pay for it. I think I never tasted water half so sweet as that drink from the Carson river. It was neither alkaline nor brackish, a luxury to us that can only be appreciated by those who, having been sick, have drunk nothing but nauseous and disgusting slops for two or three weeks; or a toper sobering up from a week’s debauch. But men got so utterly thirsty, so thoroughly parched through and through, that the pint or even the quart they might drink at the water station, six miles from the river, would relieve them for a few minutes only. I saw men so completely frantic from thirst, that they would plunge right into the river and drink like cattle;

406

while horses, mules and oxen, unless restrained, would rush into the deepest part, with their heads up stream, and let the water run down their throats, seemingly without swallowing –

Here, for the first time in nearly a thousand miles, we were privileged to enjoy the shade of trees; large cottonwood’s, with which the banks of the Carson river were lined. We also found, here, supplies of provisions, which had been packed through from California, by traders and speculators. They sold for high prices to those who had money, and to those who were destitute gave a small supply. We also soon afterwards met the relief trains which had been so generously sent out by the people of California, on learning from the earlier arrivals, of the suffering and destitution existing among the emigrants. Many of those ahead of us suffered

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<sup>795</sup> Best guess

dreadfully for food, and in numerous instances were obliged to eat portions of their own famished mules and horses.

From this point on, through the Carson Valley and the Mountains, traders and speculators were abundant. At first the prices were \$2<sup>00</sup> a pound for bread and flour; \$1.50 for pork, sugar etc. and \$1<sup>25</sup> a pint for whiskey, for that was one of the necessaries of life, that the emigrants must have. And it was curious to see men with no provisions, and but little money, buy, drink and get drunk upon the miserable liquors so temptingly displayed by those whiskey peddlers. Many forgot, for the time being, the horrors of their journey & their present destitution and misery, and became as “happy as lords”, and in imagination as rich as though their dilapidated pockets were full of the biggest kind of rocks.

These traders made a vast deal of money that season, by exchanging a few pounds of bread or other provisions for an exhausted horse, mule or ox, and recruiting it upon the rich grasses of the Carson Valley, many, in their extreme destitution, eagerly exchanging a first rate but tired out animals for a week or ten days’ supply of provisions. In fact, the traders, mostly Americans, who had been one or two seasons in Cali-

407

fornia, seemed to be nearly, if not quite, destitute of the commodity called conscience. And as for that matter, the article was rather scarce with some who had not yet reached that conscience-searing land. For instance, a man in our own train, who had plenty of provisions but could not swim, made a bargain with the boys of another mess, who were running short of supplies, that if they would get grass for his animals from across the Humboldt, he would pay them in bread – a pound, which was then considered worth a dollar, for each back load of grass; for labor, too, was worth something there. They furnished him with the grass, as per contract, but when, a few days afterwards, they called for their bread, he wanted to pay them in money – a dollar a load – which they refused to take. They worked and periled their lives for bread, which they would not have done for money. In the course of the discussion it transpired that he had found that he could get two dollars a pound for his surplus bread, and had actually sold all he could spare to strangers at that price. They finally submitted the matter in dispute to three arbitrators, each party choosing one, and they selecting the third, myself constituting one of the Board. After hearing the statements of the parties, and the testimony of other disinterested members of the train, it was decided that one good back load of grass was worth more than a pound of bread, any where along the Humboldt river, where that treacherous stream had to be crossed to get the grass; and that if bread was worth \$2<sup>00</sup> per pound, grass was worth \$2<sup>50</sup> per load, and that there was due to the kind-hearted Irish boys some \$18<sup>00</sup> or \$20<sup>00</sup>. To this decision the defendant put in a demurrer, but when he found that the three judges were sustained by a full bench, and that, according to the unwritten but irrevocable laws of the desert, he must pay it, he reluctantly did so; and afterwards reported that he had been robbed.

To save ourselves and animals the labor and fatigue of getting our wagons over the Sierra Nevadas, the balance of our train, except Fenn,<sup>796</sup> and Sperry,<sup>797</sup> concluded <insertion: to> leave them and pack through; Wheeler + Howe, it will be remembered, having left theirs upon the desert. We left our wagon and

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<sup>796</sup> Best guess personal name, possibly “Henn”.

<sup>797</sup> Sperry, Ira P., b. 1818. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 1052.

[wagon and]<sup>798</sup> tent standing in good order, and a small hand trunk which I could not conveniently pack, I locked, tied the key to the handle, and left it in the tent. But before leaving the camp, other parties, noticing our preparations, asked permission to take possession of the property we were thus abandoning, which was readily given.

I undertook to carry my little rifle, weighing only 7 ½ pounds, through on my shoulder, but after trying it on one day, it got so heavy, that I gave it away. McMasters was determined to take his drum through at all hazards, but on the second morning of our packing life, the long cherished drum was left, not exactly “hanging upon the willows”, but on the limb of a large Cottonwood tree. –

For 65 or 70 miles, our course was over a succession of narrow deserts – points of the big desert – around which the river runs; one 12 miles, one 15 miles, and one 26 miles without grass or water. A few miles along the river, between these strips of desert, afforded us comfortable camping places. We went across the 26 mile stretch in the night, stopping about midway to rest and bait. While stopping here, Thomas W. Moore, of Sharon, Medina, County, who went through the year before, came along and being recognized by some of our company, made us quite a visit. He was on his way to the “big meadow” to buy stock, and gave us much valuable information about the roads, and the condition of the country we were approaching.

After getting across these arms of the desert, we emerged into the broad, beautiful valley of Carson river, which we traversed, for about 40 miles, through almost one continuous meadow of timothy, herdsgrass, red-top and clover of the most luxuriant growth and quality; while every few rods a clear cold stream of pure water direct from the mountains flowed across our path into the river. This Carson river,<sup>799</sup> which is about 200 feet wide, like the Humboldt, sinks, or disappears, as a flowing stream, a short distance below where we struck it. The Truckee<sup>800</sup> or Salmon river a considerable stream which rises in the mountains some distance north of the Carson, and runs toward the Humboldt, also disappears in the sands of the big desert,

And now, that we are about to take our leave of the “Great Basin”, it may be worth our while to enquire; what becomes of the waters of these numerous streams that rise in its outer borders, and sink before reaching any ocean, lake or other grand reservoir?<sup>801</sup> It is my opinion that what is not absorbed in the parched and calcined earth, goes to make up the immense lakes and the innumerable springs, wells etc, that are found in many portions of the basin. “But,” says some one, “these streams constantly running into the basin, without any outlet, would soon overflow it. This theory would perhaps hold good as regasus<sup>802</sup> streams and basins in general. But it will be

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<sup>798</sup> Author repeats “wagon and” twice

<sup>799</sup> Carson River (Nev.). “...named after explorer Kit Carson, is a river in northern California and northwestern Nevada in the United States....In the 1850s and 1860s, the river was used as the route of the Carson Trail, a branch of the California Trail that allowed access to the California gold fields, as well as by the Pony Express.” <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carson\\_River](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Carson_River)>

<sup>800</sup> Truckee River (Calif. and Nev.). “...is a river 140 miles (225 km) long in northern California and northern Nevada in the United States. It drains part of the high Sierra Nevada, emptying into Pyramid Lake in the Great Basin.” <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Truckee\\_River](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Truckee_River)>

<sup>801</sup> Sic, Lane used both a period and question mark here.

<sup>802</sup> Best guess

borne in mind that it is only during the melting of the snows upon the mountains, in the spring and early summer, that these streams attain to any thing like the size we found them, and that through the entire summer, there is no rain in the Valley at all. While these mountain streams are full from the melting snows, the lakes, wells and springs are swollen much beyond their ordinary bounds, but as they become reduced to their natural living resources, the process of absorption and evaporation constantly going on over such a large extent of extremely thirsty territory, will, I think, do away with the necessity of a subterranean communication with the ocean.

Leaving the Carson Valley – the “Garden of Eden” of our journey – we pass through what is called the “Big Cañon” (pronounced canyon) a narrow rocky chasm, or pass, between two, or rather through one lofty mountain, whose walls, often perpendicular, and sometimes overhanging, are from 500 to 1000 feet high. This cañon, some five miles through, is traversed by quite a large stream, or creek, which has to be crossed and recrossed several times. The crossings and mud holes had been so bad that many animals had swamped and died therein which added very greatly to the natural fragrance of the place. Three of the worst of these crossings, however, had been bridged with poles, by the relief parties before spoken of which made it quite comfortable for us.

Emerging from this cañon, we passed up a pretty valley, 10 miles, to Red Lake, near the foot of the California Mountains, where we encamped. The waters of this lake had a bright reddish appearance, by daylight, probably from

#### 410

the reflection of the red rocks of the surrounding mountains, This was on the 30<sup>th</sup> day of July, and the night was cold enough to freeze ice upon the water in our buckets, nearly half an inch thick. Sleeping in the open air on such a night as this, with no wife or good old grandmother to tuck in the bedclothes, was somewhat chilly that's a fact! But though the tips of our noses were rather cool, they came out as bright as did the grass and flowers, after the morning sun had displaced the hoary coverlid of frost under which they, too, had slept during the night. Leaving Red Lake we passed over the California Mountains to another beautiful little lake, without a name in our guide books. The California Mountain, was the most rocky and difficult of any that we had yet scaled. It did seem impossible to get over it with a wagon, yet many wagons were taken over it. They had to be taken entirely apart, however, and carried, piece by piece, though narrow defiles,<sup>803</sup> and up almost perpendicular ledges, through and over which the pack-animals squeeze<sup>804</sup> and climb; the operation being many times in making the ascent and descent; and we, certainly were not sorry that we had left ours behind.

Taking an early lunch, on the borders of the nameless lake, we crossed over the “Snow Mountain”, 15 miles to “Tradgey Lake”. This Snow Mountain, is the highest we passed, being about 10,000 feet above the sea level. In climbing up the north side of the mountain, where the sun did'nt get a fair chance at it, we that passed over a long bank of hard-packed, and very probably, perpetual snow, which, from the shape of the mountain, looked as if some portions of it might then be from 50 to 100 feet deep. The transit of so large an army – the few wagons, but the many animals and men – and the few mid-day rays of the sun that reached it, had settled the road, or trail, in spots from 10 to 20 feet below the general surface. I found my old shaggy

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<sup>803</sup> "Defile" is defined by the *Oxford English Dictionary* as: "Mil. A narrow way or passage along which troops can march only by files or with a narrow front; esp. (and in ordinary use) a narrow pass or gorge between mountains."

<sup>804</sup> Sic



overcoat and buckskin mittens very comfortable, in the middle of the day, and just exactly the middle of the Summer, July 31<sup>st</sup> –

411

Tragedy<sup>805</sup> Lake, a small, beautiful sheet of water, is so called, according to the legendary lore of the guide books, from a circumstance of this sort. A small company of the first emigrants who crossed by this route, being encamped here, were inhumanly massacred by a party of Indians, who appropriately<sup>806</sup> the animals, provisions and other effects of their victims, and proceeding on about two miles, halted at a large spring to regale themselves upon their spoils. Other emigrants soon after coming along, upon discovering the freshly mutilated remains of their fellow emigrants, quickly pursued their murderers, came upon them at the spring, and killed the entire band; and as a natural sequence, this place was called “Tragedy Spring”.

From this point on, we had no very severe mountains, though many pretty rough hills to climb and descend. The roads were tolerably fair, but very dusty. Feed along the road was very scarce, but with much trouble a little could be found in the valleys and ravines from one to three miles off. Fourteen miles from Tragedy Lake is Leek Spring Valley,<sup>807</sup> a springy, marshy sloping plain at the left of the road, half a mile in width and from two or three miles long. The ground is so full of leeks, or a sort of wild onion, and the grass so impregnated therewith, that animals would scarcely taste it, though nearly famished as many of them really were. For over 30 miles from Leek Spring Valley, we found no grass at all; that on the hills having all been grazed off, and that in the valleys not get-at-able; browsing our stock upon the bushes. We then came to a point where, three miles from the road, there was a large meadow of first rate grass. This was a perfect “God-send” for the emigrants and their starving animals – now, was’nt it? And the beauty of it was that some kind and generous-hearted fellows had come out from the diggings, and mowed, cured and stacked the entire crop, and were hauling it up to the road, where they had established a whiskey-shop – a cloth edifice – called the “Mountain House”. This was decidedly clever was’nt, to save the poor emigrant six miles travel, and enable him, while his animals were eating, to keep his spirits up, by pouring spirits down? The only drawback to the pure and unadulterated

412

philanthropy of the thing, however, was that the fellows compelled us to pay twenty-five cents per pound, or at the rate of five hundred dollars per ton, for the hay that rightfully belonged to us. But those having animals, and money, and souls, would buy a few pounds and the venders made a vast sum of money by the operation.

After buying a few pounds and baiting our animals, our mess – for we were no longer traveling as a train – concluded to go down to the meadow, and let our animals graze upon the stubble, until the next day. This meadow was surrounded by woods, and in fact the hills and most of the valleys of this region, were covered with a heavy growth of timber; pine, and redwood being the most predominant. There were many trees from ten to twelve feet in diameter, straight as an arrow, and from two to three hundred feet high. The trunk of one prostrate tree, broken off

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<sup>805</sup> Sic

<sup>806</sup> Best guess; presumably meant “appropriated”

<sup>807</sup> Leek Spring Valley (Calif.)

several feet from the ground, with a portion of the top also missing, was eighty paces, or about 240 feet in length.

While perambulating through the woods, here, our boys came across a lot of wild gooseberries very large and fair. I stewed some of them for tea, and they did'nt go bad. The skins were rather tough, though, and while quite as tart as the cultivated fruit, they were somewhat more puckery; and the pricklers upon them were very stiff and sharp, and from one-quarter to three-eighths of an inch in length. While picking them over, I wore a thick pair of buckskin gloves, and got my fingers pretty badly pricked at that. We had also seen wild currants, and some other kinds of berries in the course of our journey, but not in sufficient quantities to compensate for the time that would be required to gather them.

At the "Mountain House", and other whiskey shops along our route, all sorts of stories were told about the roads, the mines, the times in California etc. A short distance beyond the Mountain House, the roads forked, the right leading to "Hangtown" and Culloma, and the left to Weberville, the rival of Hangtown, about

413

three miles South of it. Those in favor of Hangtown asserted that the diggings were of no account and that there were no supplies to be had at Weberville; while the Weberites insisted that the road to Hangtown was impassable even for packers, that the town was very sickly, and that the mines there were entirely exhausted, having been dug over five or six times. We finally took the right hand road, which proved to be very good indeed, with but few hills, though extremely dusty.

And now that there is a prospect of terminating our long and toilsome journey there is quite a reluctance – almost a dread – to going forward. The gold for which we had traveled so far and suffered so much, might have become exhausted; provisions might be very scarce, or business dull; and above all, the change in our living and habits, climate etc, might bring us down with sickness. And then, having run wild for nearly five months, a sense of inferiority would come over us now that we were once more about enter the "pole of civilization". We should'nt, of course, know how to act! This feeling was so strong in us, that though we could readily <insertion: have> reached our destination, by the middle of the afternoon on Saturday, August 3<sup>d</sup>, we turned aside into a pleasant little valley where we encamped for the balance of the day and night.

But it would'nt do to remain there "chewing the cud of bitter fancy", so early the next morning, we again joined the no longer solid phalanx, but straggling multitude upon the dusty highway, each riding a mule and towing along a pony. Riding along in somber silence, and in single file, myself in the lead, followed respectively by Holmes, M<sup>c</sup>Kibbon and Carson, the latter upon the largest of our four mules, while descending a small but quite stony hill, a sudden and peculiar noise was heard in the rear, when, on looking around, it was discovered that Carson's mule having stumbled had thrown his rider entirely over his head and sent him sprawling on all fours upon the ground. This mishap to the "Fardown" was truly a "sweet morsel upon the tongue" if the "Corkonian", who called out to Holmes and myself, in his "rich Irish brogue":

414

“Look ye there, b’yes!<sup>808</sup> Bob’s diving head-foremost intil Californy!”. Too far in the rear to vent his spite upon the tickled “Corkonian”, the “Fardown” wreaked his vengeance upon the unfortunate mule, by a number of inhuman kicks from his thick-solid, nail-clad boots, which, of course, caused the poor brute to “take heed to his steps” during the balance of the way.

Nothing further of moment, either serious or comical, occurring to hinder our progress, about 10 o’clock in the forenoon of Sunday, August 4<sup>th</sup> 1850, we rode triumphantly into Hangtown! And if you could have seen us riding through Akron, as we rode through the irregular and tortuous streets of that “Classic City”, on our poor emaciated mules and ponies, with our slouched hats and soiled garments, unshaven and sun-burnt faces, and completely covered with the fine red dust through which we had been traveling, you would have been puzzled to determine, whether we were Arabs, Ethiopians, Indians or stragglers from the “lower regions” who had been vomited forth in some of the volcanic convulsions of which we had seen so many indications on our journey.

The distance between St Joseph and Hangtown, (now known by the more respectable name of Placerville) as estimated and jotted down in my diary, day by day, varies but little from the general distance stated in our Guide Books – 2,000 miles. We were 94 days on the journey, but lying by nearly every Sunday, as well as several other days and parts of days, our traveling time was scarcely more than 75 days, making our average daily travel about 26 ½ miles; remarkably good speed considering the difficult nature of a considerable portion of the route, coupled with the fact that the entire distance was traveled upon a walk; for those who undertook to rush ahead at a faster gait, had to leave their animals by the side of the road before getting through, and make the balance of the journey upon their own most thoroughly jaded “Shanks Mares”,<sup>809</sup> –

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<sup>808</sup> Best guess; possibly meant “boyos” for boy or lad

<sup>809</sup> “Shanks' (or Shanks's) mare, pony, etc.: one's own legs as a means of conveyance.” "shank, n.1b" [The Oxford English Dictionary](http://dictionary.oed.com/). 2nd ed. 1989. [OED Online](http://dictionary.oed.com/). Oxford University Press. 8 Oct. 2008 <<http://dictionary.oed.com/>>.

Two additional lectures, to the three here transcribed, were originally given, embracing my travels from Hangtown; my two year's sojourn in San Francisco, a general description of the country and its resources, and my journey home via the Isthmus of Panama, the substance of which having already been given in this volume, on pages 203 to 241, need not be reproduced here.

#### Auto-Biography Resumed

Resuming, now, the thread of our personal and family narrative, after returning from the visit to our children in Schenectady, and New York, and other friends in the East, in August, 1883. I soon afterwards commenced a vigorous campaign on the uncollected costs of my last two terms as Sheriff. This necessitated a thorough investigation of the dockets and records in the Clerk's office, the mailing of a large number of circulars and letters, and personal interviews with many litigants, Attorneys etc. fully occupying my time through the ensuing Fall, Winter and Spring.

[Deputy Clerk.]<sup>810</sup> In June, 1884, Clerk Sumner Nash<sup>811</sup> desiring to be absent for a couple of months had me sworn in as a<sup>812</sup> deputy to assist his regular deputy, Mr Othello W Hale,<sup>813</sup> in running the office and the Courts. I also serving in that capacity about a month, later in the season, receiving \$2<sup>50</sup> per day for such service.

[Arthur<sup>814</sup> + Belle.<sup>815</sup>]<sup>816</sup> This summer, 1884, also brought to us a new daughter, our good son, Arthur, having been married to Miss Isabella <insertion: P> Gaskill, in Philadelphia, on the 18<sup>th</sup> day of June of that year, the old homestead in Akron having been made the objective point in the bridal tour of the truly happy pair. Their visit, all too brief, by reason of an urgent business call from

#### 416

the Locomotion Works, at Schenectady, was very pleasant, indeed, the entire family, old and young, using their very best efforts to give them a hearty welcome and make them feel at home.

[East Again. -]<sup>817</sup> As the holiday season approached, loud calls were made for mother and myself to again visit the children and grandchildren at Schenectady. But the weather being excessively cold, it was not deemed advisable for mother to undertake the journey, and I alone responded to the call. starting about ten days before Christmas, with the mercury in the neighborhood of zero. On arrival at Schenectady, finding my good younger brother, Julius M.<sup>818</sup> and his most excellent better half, Jane M. Lane, already holiday guests at the Pitkin Mansion,

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<sup>810</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>811</sup> Nash, Sumner. b. 1836. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 275.

<sup>812</sup> Possible error, presumably meant "in as".

<sup>813</sup> Hale, Othello W., b. 1841. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 493.

<sup>814</sup> Lane, Arthur Malcolm, b. 1855.

<sup>815</sup> Lane, Isabella P. Gaskill.

<sup>816</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>817</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>818</sup> Lane, Julius Meeker.

No 32 Liberty Street. I was kindly “taken in and done for” at the junior Lane domicil,<sup>819</sup> No 17 Liberty Street. Here, on Christmas Eve, we were joined by brothers Comfort V Lane<sup>820</sup> from New York, and, though rather frigid, a right joyous time was had. The Christmas tree at No 32, bearing quite a goodly crop of suitable presents for both old and young, including a number of the intimate friends and neighbors of the two families present on special invitation. [Uncles, Cousins etc.]<sup>821</sup> The day after Christmas, leaving C. V. and J. M and wife in Schenectady, I started Eastward, taking lunch with cousins Mary Woodman and Louisa Cook, in West Springfield, about 4 o'clock P.M. and later that evening going down to Suffield, where, as usual, I was met at the station by cousin Frank Harmon, and a few minutes later welcomed at the ever hospitable old Harmon homestead by my ever esteemed cousin and friend, Mrs Caroline (Lane) Harmon, and the other members of the household. Here I remained three days, on Monday Dec 29, 1884

417

accompanied by Mrs Harmon, making a flying visit to Crooked Lane, making brief calls upon uncles Henry and Hiram and aunt Jane Sikes, and my venerable cousin Ansel Cook and family. [In Hartford.]<sup>822</sup> Tuesday morning, December 30, in company with cousin Ashbel Harmon, I went down to Hartford, where, after visiting Hartfords new Court House and Connecticut’s pride, the New State House, and making a pleasant call on Mr Whitney, of the firm of Pratt + Whitney. I visited sister Sarah, at the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr Oliver Woodhouse,<sup>823</sup> 12 John Street, where I was made very welcome by Mr and Mrs Woodhouse and family, taking dinner with them at 5 o’clock P.M. Mr W’s brother; Col. Levi Woodhouse and wife, also being present, at the table

[In New York.]<sup>824</sup> During the day, and before my arrival, sister Sarah had received a telegram from Julius S. (who knew from a pre-arranged program where I would probably be on any given day during my absence.) requesting her to inform me that he was then en-route to New York, and would meet me at the Cosmopolitan on Wednesday morning. Soon after going to my room, however, late that evening, there was a rap on my door, the opening of which disclosed the familiar features of the young man himself, just arrived, and who finding my name on the register, had, at his own request been assigned to the adjoining room.

[New Year’s Dinner.]<sup>825</sup> Wednesday, December 31, was partially devoted to business, and partially to sight-seeing, friendly calls etc. Thursday, January 1, 1885, was spent in examining the famous Brooklyn Bridge, visiting the Baptist Home, (as a possible future resort for our then rapidly aging brother and uncle, C. V.) and other places of interest, closing with a most agreeable visit to the home of our old Akron neighbor, Mr Camden O. Rockwell,

418

and partaking of a most bountiful New Year’s dinner with his amiable family.

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<sup>819</sup> sic

<sup>820</sup> Lane, Comfort Vandorsan, b. 1810.

<sup>821</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>822</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>823</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>824</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>825</sup> Written in the margin.

[Seeing the sights. –]<sup>826</sup> On Friday, January 2, besides looking after the business matters which had called him to the city, Julius took me to the “Seige<sup>827</sup> of Paris”, “Battle of Yorktown”, and several other places of interest, and at 6 o’clock PM. I again set my face homeward, (leaving J. S. behind to complete his business,) safely landing in Akron about 1 P.M. Saturday, none the worse for my mid-winter visit to the “Arctic Regions”

[Home Again. –]<sup>828</sup> Uncle Jule<sup>829</sup> and Aunt Jane, in making their holiday call at Schenectady, being in fact en-route to Akron, in accordance with a previous invitation. I accordingly found them snugly ensconced at 510. West Market Street, on my arrival. It had been some 16 or 17 years since they had visited us. Their sojourn with us of several weeks, was extremely pleasant and enjoyable, all around.

[Deputy Clerk Again. –]<sup>830</sup> February, 9, 1885, on his accession to the Common Pleas Clerkship, to which he had been elected the previous October, Mr Othello W. Hale appointed me his deputy to serve until the young man he had selected to fill that position should get through the term of school which he was teaching in Tallmadge, in which capacity, at intervals, I worked for Mr Hale about three months during the Spring and Summer of that year.

[70<sup>th</sup> Birthday.]<sup>831</sup> In the meantime the children had been planning for a reunion at the old family homestead 510 West Market Street, on my 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, June 29, 1885. Pursuant to that plan, the children and grandchildren began to gather in, so that on the day named all were present as follows: our oldest son, Julius S. Lane<sup>832</sup> and his wife Julia E. Lane,<sup>833</sup> and their six children – Henry

419

Marquette, Pauline Elizabeth, Frank Pitkin, Albert Alanson, Florence Maria and George Comfort – our second son, Frederick Alanson Lane,<sup>834</sup> (who having returned from New York was then in charge of the Beacon Presses and machinery; our third son, Arthur Malcolm Lane and his wife nee Isabella P Gaskill, of Schenectady N.Y. and our only daughter, Carrie Maria (Lane) Pitkin<sup>835</sup> and her husband, Albert J Pitkin<sup>836</sup> of Schenectady with their three children – Agnes Belle Arthur Frederick and Elizabeth Bancroft Pitkin, 16 in all which with the good looking septuagenarian in whose honor the gathering was held, Samuel Alanson Lane, and his good wife, Emeline (Potter-Manning) Lane, made the entire number surrounding the bountifully laden board just exactly 18. [Beautiful Souvenir.]<sup>837</sup> The most important feature of the dinner (to me) was the finding under my plate a splendid gold watch, the joint contribution of my four boys – a token of filial affection that will be highly cherished to the end of my conscious existence. Another pleasant feature of the occasion was the photographing, engroupe, of the entire family, ~~from~~ <insertion:

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<sup>826</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>827</sup> sic

<sup>828</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>829</sup> Presumably short for Julius

<sup>830</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>831</sup> Written in the margin.

<sup>832</sup> Lane, Julius Sherman, b. 1841.

<sup>833</sup> Lane, Julia E. Pitkin.

<sup>834</sup> Lane, Frederick Alanson, b. 1849.

<sup>835</sup> Pitkin, Carrie Maria Lane, b. 1858.

<sup>836</sup> Pitkin, Albert J., 1854-1905.

<sup>837</sup> Written in the margin

on> the front steps of the familiar old domicile, the likenesses, with the exception of that of the little Elizabeth, who moved a trifle during the operation, being remarkably truthful and life-like, considering the large number of persons embraced in the group. All, from the greatest to the least, were provided with copies of the picture which will be prized more and more, as the years go by, and especially so, as from old age or disease the familiar faces are re-removed<sup>838</sup> beyond the physical vision of the survivors.

**420**

[Attack of Measles.]<sup>839</sup> During the visit, and previous to the birthday festivities, the little six year old granddaughter, Agnes, had been taken with the measles, from which she had not entirely recovered when the picture was taken, which accounts for the somewhat dolorous expression upon her generally pleasant and cheerful countenance. As the two younger children had not yet had the measles, and as the youngest of the home family, George Comfort, was also liable to come down with the disease, it was deemed advisable that the Pitkin branch of the Schenectady visitors should somewhat abbreviate their stay, and as Albert had orders from headquarters to proceed immediately to Chicago and other Western points, on business, I accompanied Carrie and the children home. I remained at Schenectady until Arthur and Elizabeth were well through with the disease (about two weeks) when I left for home, via New York, stopping over there one day with brother C.V.

#### A New Departure.

Soon after my return home the small cloud which had for some time been hovering over and threatening the permanency of the business relations of the elder son, Julius Sherman, with the Company to whose prosperity and success he had devoted 17 years of the best portion of his adult life, began to assume serious proportions. The culmination of the difficulty was reached early in August, when he tendered his resignation of the position of Superintendent of the Western Camp + Lane Machine Company, of Akron, and accepted the position of the M. C. Bullock Manufacturing Company of Chicago. The necessity for this movement was most seriously regretted by all – by the younger branch of the family because of the severance of life-long

**421**

business, church, school and social relations, and by the elders because it portended their displacement from the particularly warm, soft nest they had so snugly and comfortably enjoyed since their release from jail, nearly four years before. The change would, of course, necessitate the picking up of the dropped stitches, and the resumption of household duties and cares, which it was fondly hoped, after an experience of more than 40 years, had been fully laid aside. It is true that both Julius and Julia cordially invited us to share with them the new home to which they were going, while Albert and Carrie, and Arthur and Belle were equally anxious that we should <insertion: come to them.>

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<sup>838</sup> Author appears to have duplicated word

<sup>839</sup> Written in the margin

The Old “Latch-String”<sup>840</sup> Still Out.

But it was deemed advisable, by the old folks, themselves, that they should remain in the old hive, as long as health and strength should permit and notwithstanding her rheumatic difficulties and impaired eyesight, the duties and responsibilities of housekeeping, were again cheerfully assumed by the good wife and mother. Meantime brother C.V., in the 76<sup>th</sup> year of his age, unmarried, infirm and without means, was invited to make his home with us, while Fred, who had, since his return from New York, boarded at the Empire, again took up his quarters in the old homestead, making, with the hired girl, a family of five, [Written in Jan 1886]<sup>841</sup> which at this writing, January, 1886, are getting along comfortably and harmoniously.

[A sort of “Goneness”<sup>842</sup> –]<sup>843</sup> It was, indeed, a very great change for us – the departure of our ever kind and pleasant son and daughter, Julius and Julia, and the six wide-awake, and at times, perhaps somewhat noisy grandsters, and even now, at the end of five months, while listening to the voices of the neighborhood juveniles upon the street, <insertion: it seems> as though the lively troop might come tramping<sup>844</sup> and shouting in on their return from school.

422

After getting partially settled in their new home, the pleasant Oak Park suburb of Chicago, they were urgent that we should visit them, so on the first of October we made the journey, remaining with them one week, and enjoying the visit both with the family and in the city very greatly.

“Fifty Years and Over of Akron and Summit County.”

[The beginning of his historical work]<sup>845</sup> Feeling the necessity of employment, as well as with a view partially defraying our household expenses, I about this time entered into negotiations with the Beacon Publishing Company for the preparation of a series of local historical articles, resulting in the agreement embodied in the blue pencil memorandum on page 19 of the tablet in my large Russia leather pocket book, as follows:

“March 16, 1886. Mem of agreement this day made with Beacon Pub. Co. (F. J. Staral “Bus. Man.) for series of articles for papers, and matter to be also printed in pamphlet form for “sale, B. P Co to pay me \$3<sup>00</sup> per col. and also to give me one-half the net avails of the books, “the Co to furnish paper and do the printing and binding”

[Hard at It. –]<sup>846</sup> In accordance with this arrangement I set myself vigorously at work, not only ransacking the recesses of my own pretty retentive memory, and interviewing other old settlers, but by extensive correspondence, examination of records, and newspaper files covering the period to be written of, the first serial installment appearing in the Daily Beacon of December 31, 1886, and the Weekly Beacon of January 5, 1887, and ending with Daily Beacon of April 27, 1889, and Weekly Beacon of April 31, 1889, making 122 weekly installments of from two and a half to four columns each, without missing a single issue.

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<sup>840</sup> “Latch-string” is defined as: “A string passed through a hole in a door so that the latch may be raised from the outside....” The Oxford English Dictionary. 2nd ed. 1989. OED Online. Oxford University Press. 8 Jan. 2009 <<http://dictionary.oed.com/>>.

<sup>841</sup> Written in the left margin at this point in the paragraph.

<sup>842</sup> Best guess

<sup>843</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>844</sup> Best guess

<sup>845</sup> Written in the margin, in pencil with arrows and lines pointing to the subtitle and the start of the third paragraph on the page.

<sup>846</sup> Written in the margin



[Original Plan. —]<sup>847</sup> It had been the original intention to change the newspaper matter into book pages on the accumulation of sufficient matter for a 16 page form, and to

#### 423

work off as large an edition as could probably be disposed of, and on the completion of the series have the several forms thus printed plainly but substantially bound into books for sale. This arrangement did not contemplate any other any other illustration than my own portrait, as engraved by Mr Henry E. Canfield, and given in Chapter 1, and to be used as a frontispiece to the book.

[Change of Program]<sup>848</sup> — On the completion of the first installment in the Weekly Beacon, the question arose as to changing the matter into page form. To this several objections were interposed by Mr. Raynolds:<sup>849</sup> First the newspaper type could not be spared long enough to accumulate sufficient for a book form. Second, the newspaper single column matter was unsuited to a comely book page without running the matter entirely over; Third, that the newspaper type then in use was too badly worn for the production of a fair quality of book work; Fourth, that it would be more creditable to the office, and nearly if not quite as cheap, to reset the matter in regular book type, besides obviating the necessity and expense of carrying the large stock of high priced paper needed for the completion of the work through the year and a half or two years that the series would probably be running through the papers, as well as afford opportunity for revision, changes and such additions to the various chapters as the intervening lapse of time would naturally call for.

[End<sup>850</sup> of Serial. —]<sup>851</sup> This mode of procedure was finally adopted by Messrs Raynolds and Staral, and acquiesced in by me. When the series was one-third or more completed a settlement was had, on the stipulated basis of \$3<sup>00</sup> per column, and on the final

#### 424

completion of the series, final settlement was had on the same basis, and the balance then due me embodied in the note now held by me against the Beacon Publishing Company for the sum of \$647<sup>87</sup> dated May 8, 1889.

[A New Difficulty. —]<sup>852</sup> In the latter part of 1889, the question of going on with the publication of the book recurred between myself and Mr Raynolds, the then Business Manager of the Beacon Publishing Company, owing to the somewhat straightened financial condition of the Company. Mr Raynolds was averse to going on with the work until the money to meet the cost of its publication was “in sight”. Accordingly a prospectus was drawn up by me, and revised and amended by Mr Raynolds proposing to publish a book of about 1,000 octavo pages at \$5.<sup>00</sup> per copy, it also having been determined between Mr Raynolds and myself that we would pretty liberally illustrate the book on the plan of requiring those who were able to do so, to pay, in

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<sup>847</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>848</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>849</sup> Raynolds, Thomas Craighead, b. 1848. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 223.

<sup>850</sup> Best guess

<sup>851</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>852</sup> Written in the margin

addition to their subscriptions to the book itself, \$5<sup>00</sup> for such portraits of themselves and their deceased friends as it was deemed advisable to include in the book.

[A Personal Canvass. —]<sup>853</sup> With this prospectus and on this plan I commenced a personal canvass, devoting to it and gathering in photographs and biographical data, and other matter necessary to its completion, nearly a year, resulting in securing orders for nearly 800 copies of the book itself, and pledges for about 350 portraits on the terms mentioned; during the time mentioned, also, through correspondence, and visits to Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Chicago, making the necessary arrangements for having the engraving done, as well as a large amount of work in hunting up old and in securing new views of public buildings, street scenes, Cemetery Lodge, Memorial Chapel etc.<sup>854</sup>

425

[Among<sup>855</sup> the Printers. —]<sup>856</sup> Then came several months of close application among the printers, revising and rearranging the old and preparing the new matter, reading proof, revising, etc. pending the publication of the book. This close application, and the strain upon my physical and mental powers was very wearing upon me, a general collapse intervening early in January, 1892, delaying the completion of my Index for several days, the last sheet going into the hands of the binder about the 20<sup>th</sup> of January 1892. Before any were ready for delivery I had so severe a recurrence of the prostration, that the delivery of the books and the collection of the bills was placed in the hands of Mr Wallace J Newman, an employe of the Company, the Beacon Publishing Company having meantime been consolidated with the Republican Publishing Company, under the title of “The Akron Printing and Publishing Company”, with Mr Raynolds still continued as the Business Manager. Mr Newman was generally very pleasantly received, and the majority of the bills were promptly and cheerfully paid by those who had given me their pledges for books and portraits, though there was still a sufficiency of the other kind of fellers to create considerable annoyance, and some slight losses.

[The Edition. —]<sup>857</sup> In determining the number of books to publish, as only a partial advance canvass had been made, it was thought by both Mr Raynolds and myself that the list could quite readily be worked up to 1,500, and covers for that number duly bound. To provide for the possible contingency of a larger sale, however, while the forms were on the press (it not being deemed advisable to electotype the pages) 500 extra sheets were run off, and are now in stock to be used if needed.

426

[The Result. —]<sup>858</sup> With returning health, in the Spring, I resumed my canvass, and though interrupted by other occasional “poor spells”, and with visits to friends, East and West, reunions, pioneer picnics, World’s Fair, Democratic panic etc the entire sales, at this writing, January 1894, including some 50 or 60 orders not yet filled, have been not far from 1150 copies, and if

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<sup>853</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>854</sup> Best guess

<sup>855</sup> Best guess

<sup>856</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>857</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>858</sup> Written in the margin

health permits, on the return of business prosperity, I hope to be able to work off the entire bound edition at least, having meantime, in the spring of 1893, added a 20 page supplement, with 12 new portraits and three other illustrations to bring he<sup>859</sup> work down to date

Resumption of Personal and Family Narrative.

After an interregnum of something over eight years, [written in Jan. 1894]<sup>860</sup> the threads of our personal and family narrative are now (January, 1894,) again gathered up. The good mother, with the exceptionally competent help with which we have been favored (three changes only in the eight years) has managed the household with remarkable courage, cheerfulness and ability, for a woman of her advanced years and at best rather infirm health.

[75<sup>th</sup> Birthday.]<sup>861</sup> Without mentioning, in detail, the several visits made by us to the Oak Parkers, and the Schenectady and other Eastern friends, or their all too-short semi-occasional calls upon us, it will be in order here to notice the second reunion, at the old Homestead, on a somewhat larger scale, on the occasion of the writer's 75<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary, in which the Lane and Pitkin families were both pretty fully represented.

[Lane-Pitkin Reunion -]<sup>862</sup> The real anniversary, June 29, 1890, falling on Sunday, the reunion was held on the ensuing Tuesday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, the number present,

427

old and young being as follows: Mr and Mrs S. A. Lane and Comfort V. Lane, of the home domicil; their younger brother, and wife, Mr and Mrs Julius M. Lane, of Chicopee Mass.; Mr and Mrs Julius S. Lane, of Oak Park, Ill. and their six children, Henry M., Pauline E., Frank P., Albert A., Florence M and George C.; Fred. A. Lane, then of Toledo; Mr and Mrs Arthur M. Lane, and daughter Jessie Beulah; Mr and Mrs Albert J. Pitkin and their three children – Agnes Belle, Arthur Frederick and Elizabeth Bancroft, – and Miss Grace C. Pitkin, of Schenectady, N.Y.; Mr and Mrs Thomas N. Pitkin and daughter Bessie, of Vandalia, Ill; Mrs Julian H Pitkin and daughter Fannie,<sup>863</sup> of Ravenswood, Ill; Mr and Mrs Will. G. Pitkin and their two children, Paul Bancroft and Fred Seward; Mr and Mrs Stephen H Pitkin and daughter, Marion<sup>864</sup> Maltby; Mr and Mrs A. L. Caldwell of Akron, and Mrs Albert T Manning and son Roger, of Cleveland – 39 in all.

[The Festivities. -]<sup>865</sup> Our spacious dining-room was spanned by the three large tables, room and tables being tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, with a bountiful spread of the choicest of viands, ice cream, fruit etc. At the conclusion of the dinner, a prearranged literary program was successfully carried out, besides the address of welcome, by the master of ceremonies, Arthur M Lane, and the reading of a fine original poem by Mrs Myra Seward Pitkin, responses to toasts being made by the following participants:

1. "Our Father" – Response by Julius S. Lane
2. "The Children" – Response by Samuel A. Lane,
3. "The Children in Law" – Response by Albert J. Pitkin
4. "The Grand Children" – Response by Pauline E. Lane,

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<sup>859</sup> sic

<sup>860</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>861</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>862</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>863</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>864</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>865</sup> Written in the margin

5. "The old Homestead – Julia E. and Fred A Lane,
6. "The Pitkin-Lane and Lane-Pitkin

**428**

Combinations" – Response by Julian H Pitkin, read by Mrs Pitkin in the unavoidable absence of Mr P. 7. "The Old Bachelors of the Family" – Response by Comfort V. Lane, 80 years old. 8. "The Bus" – Response by Will. G Pitkin.

[Highly Enjoyable. –]<sup>866</sup> These responses, as well as the remarks of the Master of Ceremonies, in announcing the toasts, were all very appropriate and most of them extremely witty, eliciting much laughter and applause, and are all given in full in the handsome 30 page pamphlet report of the proceedings, embellished with a fine electrotype portrait of the writer, a full page photo-gravure copy of the entire group arranged on and about the front steps of the Old Homestead, and other illustrations, copies of which pamphlet were duly provided for all the participants, copies of the large photo itself also being distributed

["75 Silver Years"]<sup>867</sup> The Gift of Honor, 75 Bright Silver Dollars, was presented by the then youngest Granddaughter, the dear little Jessie, Beulah Lane.

Our "Omnibus" Monthly Letter.

The reference made to the "Bus," in one of the toasts, calls for a word of explanation to such of the readers of this narrative (if any,) as may not be familiar with our family usages. In order to keep actively alive, and constantly and brightly burning, the sacred fires of love and paternal, maternal, fraternal and filial affection among the now widely separated families, soon after their removal to Oak Park, Mrs Julia E. Lane inaugurated the "Omnibus" plan of correspondence, herself and other members of that household writing on such personal or family topics as their friends would probably be interested in,

**429**

and forwarding to Mr and Mrs Julian H. Pitkin; they adding their contributions and forwarding to Fred A. Lane at Toledo: and so on, in turn, to Paulina and Frank at Oberlin; Arthur M Lane and A. J. Pitkin at Schenectady, N.Y.; Grace C. Pitkin, at Holyoke, Mass; Julius M Lane, at Chicopee Mass; S. A. Lane Will G Pitkin, and S. H. Pitkin, at Akron Ohio, Henry M Lane at Perdue University, Lafayette, Ind; T. N. Pitkin, Vandalia, Ill, and thence to the starting point, Oak Park, Ill, and then round again and again, varying the address with changes of location, each correspondent taking from the package the preceding communication [At a later date each took out their own previous letter.]<sup>868</sup> of his or her immediate successor. Thus, for over eight years have the several families been kept in constant and sympathetic touch with each other, in both their joys and their sorrows, the average time of the "Bus", in making the "grand rounds", being a little over one month.

Fine View of The Old Homestead.

One very pleasant feature of my 75<sup>th</sup> birthday anniversary, which I omitted to notice in the proper place, was the reception of a very fine 24 x 30" nicely framed picture of the Old Homestead, from the good step-son and brother, Walter B. Manning, of Georgetown, Brown

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<sup>866</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>867</sup> Written in the margin

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County, Ohio; enlarged by him from a 4 x 6 photo taken by him while on visit to us some two or three years before. This handsome present arrived just in the nick o' time, and was very greatly admired by ~~by~~ all.

Brother "C. V." Finally at Rest.

The good elder brother, Comfort V. Lane, coming to us in his old age and pecuniary destitution, as before noted, remained with us until his death, at the age of 81 years, 1 month and 14 days, February 23, 1891. This elder brother, good conscientious man that he was, though never marrying,

**430**

and often unsuccessful in his business enterprises, was, in his early adult life, after the death of our good father, as noted in the beginning of this narrative, in reality, for quite a number of years, the mainstay of the family – the dear dependent mother and the two younger children, Betsey Maria and Julius Meeker, and though never myself blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods, it is a great consolation to me that, besides being privileged to provide for the two former, as well as for our invalid brother, Lorenzo, in their last days. I was also enabled to offer so comfortable a refuge as the old West Hill Homestead, to brother C.V. himself, in his declining years.

Branching Out.

Our good boy, Fred, remained with us as a boarder, though in many ways greatly aiding us in our household duties and cares, until establishing a happy home for himself, on October 28, 1891, by marrying Mrs Crissie Harris Grover, at the Harris homestead, two doors to the west of us, where, with Mother Harris as a highly cherished member of the family, they are living very cosily and happily, indeed, both, in addition to their own household duties and cares, exercising due filial interest in, and extending every needed assistance to, the inmates of 510.

Sad Calamity to the Good Mother.

On the 7<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1892, a sad accident befel the dear wife and mother, in the breaking of her right hip, by a misstep in descending the cellar stairs. It was feared, at first, that owing to her advanced age, then being in her 77<sup>th</sup> year, the shock to her system would prove fatal, or at all events that she would never again be able to walk, even with the aid of crutches. But though, while lying in one position upon her back, with a heavy weight attached to her foot, the trouble was greatly aggravated by an acute

**431**

and stubborn attack of inflammatory rheumatism in the same limb, she bore it all with great fortitude and hopefulness, in five or six months being able to get about the house on crutches, and in two weeks less than a years, celebrating Washington's birthday, February 22, 1893, by laying her crutches entirely aside, and for the past year, nearly, very comfortably walking without aid, though of course not quite so supple in that limb as before.

The Western Branch.

The family at Oak Park, in point of numbers at this writing, remains in status quo, though the heads of the elders are rapidly becoming "silvered o'er with age", and the little boys and girls, have meantime become, or are fast becoming, men and women, and already beginning to scatter abroad.

The Eastern Branches. [Written early in 1894]<sup>869</sup>

At Schenectady, the dear little Jessie Beulah, came to bless and cheer the hearts of her devoted parents, Arthur M and Belle P. Lane on the 5<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1887, and is now, in her 7<sup>th</sup> year, is the idol of her doting parents, and her maternal grandmother, Mrs Beulah Gaskill, who happily now resides with them.

The Great Bereavment.

To the other dear family at Schenectady, Albert J. and Carrie M (Lane) Pitkin, in addition to the three already married – Agnes Belle, born December 16, 1879; Arthur Frederick, born November 4, 1881; and Elizabeth Bancroft, born November 26, 1883, came little Albert Lane, born Sept. 22, 1886; and died February 21, 1888, followed by the dear little Albertina Lane, born April 2, 1891, then, on the 20<sup>th</sup> day of April, 1892 came the the<sup>870</sup> great bereavement of the household and of the entire circle of relatives and friends, the death of the affectionate daughter and sister, and the loving wife and mother, Carrie M (Lane) Pitkin, stricken down in the

**432**

very prime of her devoted and useful life at the age of 34 years and 24 days. This sad bereavement was all the more sorrowful to her doting father, and her devoted second mother, from the fact that owing to the broken hip accident to the latter, before spoken of, and an acute bilious trouble with the former, they were both unable to attend the funeral, and, being in the very best of health when last seen by them, six months before, at the marriage of her brother Fred, as stated, it is very difficult for them to realize that she has indeed passed away.

The Good Aunt Sarah also Passes Away.

Sadly coincident with the death of dear Carrie, was the death, on the same day, of Aunt Sarah, (widow of her own uncle Lorenzo.) to whom in life she was so devotedly attached. She had been an invalid for several years, and during her last years her home was with her only surviving brother Col. Nelson G. Hinckley, in Hartford, Conn, death coming to her suddenly, but peacefully, between the hour of retiring to bed at night and the hour of the rising of the family the next morning. Her age at the time of her death was 74 years.

The New Wife and Mother.

Fortunately, at the time of the death of dear Carrie, the good sister, Grace C. Pitkin, then a teacher in the Schenectady High School, had her home with the family, and, at once resigning her position as teacher, took charge of the household, which she managed most admirably, until relieved by the good second mother, which the bereaved husband and devoted father wisely selected for that sacred position, in the person of Miss Anna Collin Clarke, of Longmeadow, Mass, to whom he was married on the 7<sup>th</sup> day June 1893. This new wife, mother,

**433**

sister and daughter, is full cousin to Grace, (half sister only to Albert), and was a very dear friend of Carrie's, and there never was, probably, a second marriage more generally and thoroughly satisfactory to the surviving friends of a deceased relative than this one.

Still Making Herself Useful.

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<sup>869</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>870</sup> sic

Mrs Ada Maltry<sup>871</sup> Pitkin, wife of Stephen H. Pitkin, having meantime deceased, leaving the little five year old Marian motherless, the devoted Grace, on being superseded at Schenectady; by the home-coming of the new wife and mother, transferred her sisterly and motherly benefactions to Akron, where she is now (January 1894) the efficient<sup>872</sup> matron of her widowed brother's pleasant home at 108 Park Street, with the cheering prospect that, on the advent of the (as yet known) new wife and mother there – and possibly sooner – a still more congenial and sacred Tark (er)<sup>873</sup> will be hers, though involving quite a wide departure from the “straight and narrow path” in which she was raised, in her Church associations.

The Columbian Year.

The year 1893 was, in many respects, very remarkable. First and foremost should be mentioned the Great Columbian Exposition, or World's Fair, in commemoration of the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, held at Jackson Park, in Chicago, from May 1<sup>st</sup> to October 31<sup>st</sup>, six months – the most extensive and most brilliant display of the entire world's progress, in Agriculture, Manufactures, Science, Art, Literature, Religion, Commerce, Finance, etc. ever before witnessed. As the great majority of those who will probably glance through these pages, spent more or less

**434**

time at the Exposition, any attempt at description here, will of course be out of place. Suffice it to say that the writer visited it at three different periods of its existence – first during the preparation of the grounds and the erection of the buildings, in October, 1892; second in May, 1893, while the exhibits were being placed, and third, and last, in September, 1893, in the very height of its prosperity and success, spending, in all, a good portion of eleven days upon the grounds. And, as a highly valued souvenir of this truly “Greatest Show on Earth”, through the good judgment and taste of the dear Granddaughter, Florence Maria Lane. I have nearly a hundred fine photographic views of the magnificent buildings and beautiful grounds, rendered all the more valuable to me by the fact of having myself arranged them in a neat and substantial Album especially made for that purpose, bearing the title of “The White City, 1893” – the name of each view being inscribed thereunder, with pen and ink, by my own 78 year old fingers.

“Good Old Democratic Times.”

This is, of course, no place for a partisan political homily, though doubtless every person who may be permitted to read these lines would readily subscribe to the very warmest eulogiums I could formulate in behalf of the one, and the most pointed maledictions I could utter against the other, of the two present most prominent political parties of the United States. It is sufficient<sup>874</sup> for me to say, here, that after long years of Democratic misrule, under the domination of the malignant Southern Slave-driving oligarchy, bringing the country to the very verge of bankruptcy and national disgrace, the Republican party, in its third of a century of control, not only quelled the most gigantic rebellion in the history of the world, bequeathed to it by its defeated predecessors, but by its wise financial,

**435**

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<sup>871</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>872</sup> sic

<sup>873</sup> Best guess

<sup>874</sup> sic

commercial and industrial policy, brought the country up to the highest degree of prosperity it had ever before enjoyed.

[A fatal “Change”. –]<sup>875</sup> But, in an evil hour, through mendacious misrepresentation, and the grossest frauds, the malevolent Democracy, dominated by the self-same plantation elements as of yore, again came into full control of the Government on the 4<sup>th</sup> day of March, 1893, and lo! and behold! from its attempt to put in antagonistic theories into practice, and to carry out its threatened industrial, commercial and financial “Reforms”, it has, within the few intervening months, brought upon the country a panic and distress, surpassed in severity by no other similar depression in the history of the Nation.

[“Hope on. Hope Ever”. –]<sup>876</sup> Nearly all our family – direct and collateral – belong to the class most readily and most severely affected by a panic of this character, and to whom the outlook, at this writing, (February 1894;) is far from encouraging. But as the writer, less thoroughly equipped, has weathered several similar, and perhaps, for these times, equally severe, squalls, he trusts the juniors may survive this malign disaster, and with the uprighting of the Good Old Republican Ship, soon again find themselves sailing smoothly on the very topmost wave of prosperity and success.

#### A New Granddaughter.

[Written Feb 1895]<sup>877</sup> After an interregnum of one year, the thread of our narrative is now, February, 1895, once more resumed, several very important family changes having meantime occurred. First in order may be mentioned the marriage, at Lafayette, Indiana, on March 7<sup>th</sup> 1894, of the eldest Grandson, Henry Marquette Lane, to Miss Maud A Burroughs, and though not yet personally acquainted with her, we most cordially welcome her to the family circle.

436

#### An Early Spring Visit East.

The latter part of March, 1894, being on a business trip to the Far West, our good “boy”, Albert J. Pitkin, brought with him, for a week’s visit with her grandparents, “uncles, cousins and aunts” in Akron, the good girl, Agnes Belle Pitkin. At the conclusion of her visit, though rather too early for a pleasant outing, her grandfather accompanied her home, reaching Schenectady on Saturday morning April 7<sup>th</sup>. The following Thursday, accompanied by the good youngest son, Arthur Malcolm Lane, took a run down into New England, visiting brother Julius M. and sister Jane M. Lane, in Chicopee, and our several relatives in Springfield, and on Saturday going down to the old native town of Suffield, where we were very hospitably entertained by our good cousins, Mr and Mrs Ashbel C. Harmon, in “Crooked Lane” and Agawam.

#### An Interesting Episode.

Among other places visited was the old graveyard, adjoining the Congregational Church, at the center of the town, <insertion: Suffield><sup>878</sup>, and the graves of my father, Comfort Lane, and of my maternal grandfather, Gideon Sikes and other relatives. Here Arthur made a pencil drawing of the stone, at the head of his grandfather’s grave, which, premising its dimensions to be: width 2 feet, height above sod 3 feet 7 ½ inches, I roughly reproduce as follows:

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<sup>875</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>876</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>877</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>878</sup> Written in pencil, possibly at a later date



“In memory of Mr. Comfort Lane. who died Sept. 21, 1828; aged 45.”<sup>879</sup>

437

While visiting an old school-mate, happening casually mention our visit to father’s grave, he asked me how much <insertion: I supposed> my father’s coffin cost? to which, from my recollection of ancient usages, I replied: “O, about two dollars and a-half,”. “Well”, said he, you have come nearer to it than I thought you, <insertion: would,> and producing the account book of Mr John Fitch Parsons, the old cabinet-maker, who made nearly all the coffins for that neighborhood, in my boyhood days, he found the last charge on my father’s account to read thus: “Sept 21, 1828, a coffin, 2.75.” Many other charges for coffins were found in the book, ranging from 75 cents up, very few over \$3.00, one only, of cherry, and probably with considerably extra work, and more expensive trimmings, being charged at \$10<sup>00</sup>, a significant contrast between ancient simplicity and frugality, and modern flummery and extravagance.

Again Westward, Ho!

Returning to Chicopee on Monday, after a day or two longer sojourn at the “Casino”, we again fell back on “Old Dorf”,<sup>880</sup> where my time was pleasantly spent between the two households, for a week or so longer, when I returned to Akron, to find that the good mother, with the aid of the good girl, Maggie, with an occasional in-look from the good near-by children, Fred, and Crissie, had got along very nicely during my nearly three weeks’ absence: and myself greatly improved by the journey; having also met, at Schenectady, my good elder son, Julius Sherman Lane, who had, for a week or two, been skirmishing around among the so-called “abandoned farms of New England”, in quest of a suitable location for that bound-to-be-a-farmer boy of his. Frank Pitkin Lane, then just finishing his bucolic education at Amherst Agricultural College, having previously had considerable practical experience in Tallmadge, Bath, etc

438

A Complete “Change of Base”.

The “skirmishing” just alluded to, resulted in the selection of a small, but “well fortified” farm in the southern portion of my native state, Old Connecticut, some three or four miles from the villages of Westport and Saugatuck, on the New York and New Haven Railroad, and about midway between those two cities and in close proximity to Long Island Sound. Not being yet blest with a wife of his own, Frank wisely selected as his housekeeper the wife of his father, his own good mother, and the entire Oak Park family, being substantially businessless and incomeless by reason of the “Good old Democratic Times” before alluded to, transferred themselves, bag and baggage, about the first of May, 1894, to the new purchase, which they appropriately rechristened “Sweet Briar Farm”, deeming it far better to grow their own bread and butter, potatoes, cabbages, peas, beans, pigs, chickens, eggs, honey etc, by the “sweat of their faces”, then to entirely exhaust the proceeds of their earlier toil for the necessaries of life, while awaiting the subsidence of the Democratic blizzard then and still prevailing –

A New and Welcome Grandson.

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<sup>879</sup> These lines are written on the bottom half of a gravestone, drawn by Lane; above these words is a depiction of a carved tree and plant, also drawn by Lane.

<sup>880</sup> Best guess

“In the course of human events”, and as had long been foreshadowed, there came a time when the dear Pauline received a “call” to sever the bands which for 24 years had connected her with the paternal household, and assume, among the matrons of the earth, the exalted domestic and social station, which nature, coupled with good home training, and faithful application in her studies, had so admirably fitted her to adorn. Accordingly, in due time, friends received invitations to assemble at “Sweet Briar Farm”, on June 20,<sup>th</sup> 1894, to witness the marriage of Miss Pauline E. Lane, to Rev. Warren H. Wilson. Though we had been unable to witness the marriage of

439

our good eldest grandson, Henry Marquette, as stated, and though I had so recently visited Connecticut, I at once determined to aid in giving the good eldest granddaughter a proper send-off. The dear Grandmother, who, by reason of the infirmities heretofore written of, had scarcely been able to visit even our nearest neighbors for over two years, though at first protesting that she could not possibly undertake the journey, finally yielded to my persuasion to make the effort. We made the journey safely, witnessed the important ceremony, had a most excellent visit with the “Sweet Briar” family, with whom we tarried just six days.

My 79<sup>th</sup> Birthday.

From Wesport<sup>881</sup> we went to Chicopee, brother J. M, who had been notified of our coming, meeting us at Springfield. On Friday, June 29<sup>th</sup> 1894, my 79<sup>th</sup> birthday. I procured a comfortable two-seated livery rig, and with the two women, drove down, through Springfield, West Springfield and Agawam to Suffield, calling briefly on relatives and acquaintances on the way, among other points of interest visited being the very house, and the very room where I was born just 79 years before, and also calling at the old homestead where I was raised half a mile further down the street, then, as now, known as “Crooked Lane”. Having notified them, in advance, of our intended invasion, we reached the home of our cousins, Mr and Mrs Ashbel C. Harmon, a few minutes before twelve o’clock, with whom we took dinner, and were otherwise very pleasantly entertained. On our return, reached Chicopee about 6 o’clock P.M. the good mother, though considerably fatigued, standing the nearly thirty mile drive remarkably well, indeed. —

440

Again in Schenectady.

Occupying and enjoying our comfortable quarters at the “Casino”, until Monday morning, July 2, 1894, we again started for Schenectady, sister Jane accompanying us as far as Springfield, where we were joined by our good children, Albert J and Annie C. Pitkin, and the dear little Albertina, on their return from a visit to their friends in Longmeadow.

Homeward Bound.

We remained with the dear children and grandchildren, in Schenectady, until Friday P.M. July 6, [1894]<sup>882</sup> when we again embarked for home, and in spite of the great derangement of travel, by reason of the great railroad strike then prevailing, we safely reached Cleveland only about half an hour late, arriving in Akron on time at 10.30 A.M. where we found awaiting us at

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<sup>881</sup> sic

<sup>882</sup> [1894] Written in pencil in margin, possibly at later date

the Station, our good girl, Maggie, and faithful “Old Kit”, ready to transport us to the familiar old domicil, both of us, after getting a little rested, feeling all the better for our nearly three weeks’ outing.

The Latter Half of 1894.

During the extreme heat of the midsummer months, and owing to the continuance of the severe business depression, I was able to do but comparatively little in the canvassing and bookselling line, the good mother also, in August, encountering a severe fit of sickness – a combination of dysentery and lung trouble – necessitating my close attendance at her bedside for about three <insertion: weeks> though I managed to attend the several family reunions, and pioneer picnics usually in vogue at that season of the year.

Farewell Faithful Old Kit. –

Kind and ever-faithful “Old Kit”, the pet of the entire family, old and young, for over 17 years, had for some time exhibited signs of decrepitude and early in September of this year,

**441**

(1894) suddenly became almost entirely helpless, I endeavored to nurse her back to a reasonable degree of vigor, but age was against her, (nearly 26), and as she continued to grow weaker, and evidently a great sufferer. I deemed it to be but an act of humanity to put an end to her sufferings, and about the middle of November. While yet she could walk away, I placed her in the hands of a professional animal dispenser to be summarily disposed of. We all miss her very greatly.

The Winter of 1894-1895.

Having for several previous winters, had more or less severe attacks of the grip, or other illness incident to old age, decreasing vitality, exposure to cold, etc, I determined this winter to keep pretty close to the radiator, and by a pretty vigorous manipulation of the coal-shovel have managed, thus far (March 1895,) to keep very well and comfortable, indeed, in spite of the abnormally severe weather, here, and everywhere, prevailing, though, of course, doing very little in the canvassing or book-selling line, except making an occasional collection, or securing an occasional order through correspondence.

The Later Financial Situation.

On page 319, was given my financial status at the close of my last term as Sheriff, in 1881, showing a surplus, in hand, and in sight, of about \$7,000. My subsequent earnings as deputy Sheriff, Mayor, deputy County Clerk, and for my serial historical writings for the Beacon, were not far from \$3,000, and my net receipts on the sale of my book, to date (March, 1895,) have been about \$1,500. But, in the interim, what with living expenses; repairs and improvements; taxes; fire and life insurance; special assessments for bridging sewerage, grading, paving, sprinkling etc, for both Market and Crosby Streets: doctor’s bills, traveling expenses, charity and other unavoidable incidentals,

**442**

[March 1895]<sup>883</sup> my out-go has so far exceeded my in-come that my available cash assets are now only about \$4,000, with the prospect, even with such further sum as I may realize from future sales and collections on my book, of constant diminution with the lapse of time, giving

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<sup>883</sup> Written in the margin

promise of little, if any, surplus, when the end, now, at the best, not very far distant, shall have been reached. I have, however, with the aid of accruing dividends, yearly kept up the premiums on my life insurance policies \$2,000 in the Mutual Life of New York, and \$1,000, in the Etna Life of Hartford, though the latter, being on the half-note plan, will probably net my heirs only about \$800. This is not a remarkably brilliant financial showing, but infinitely more satisfactory to me than would have been the accumulation of millions by the devious methods of some of my more fortunate, or less fortunate, contemporaries.

The old homestead, however, which very wisely was placed in the name of the dear first mother, is now intact, and, largely enhanced in value from the original purchase price, unless some unforeseen emergency shall arise, will inure to the benefit of our surviving children and grandchildren, though from present indications it will probably pass into the hands of strangers on the decease of the present occupants.

#### My Eightieth Anniversary.

Had any one predicted, fifty years ago, that I would live to celebrate my 80<sup>th</sup> birthday, so frail was my physical condition during my early manhood days, I should have certainly considered him a false prophet, but by strict abstemiousness, in regard to the use of stimulants and narcotics, and reasonable care, I have, providentially, been enabled to do so. – Changed conditions among the dear ones rendering a reunion of the surviving children,

443

grandchildren and other family relatives, at the old homestead, impracticable, this year, invitations were extended to about 70 of our old friends and neighbors, to aid us in duly celebrating the eventful day. A few, by reason of physical infirmity, were unable to respond, but the number seated at our table, including the dear mother and myself, was 58, varying in age from 91 to 50, the average being 76, and the aggregate over 4,400 years. Forty-five of our guests were seated at the tables in our capacious dining room, and the overflow upon the porch. When all were seated I made a brief characteristic address as follows:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: Eighty years ago, to-day, if the Old Family Bible and tradition “speak truly, there was born, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river, a very beautiful “boy-baby. With augmenting beauty, day by day, during that long intervening period of time, “that boy-baby now stands before you, and, in behalf of himself and the equally beautiful girl- “baby, born in that Garden of Eden, Ontario County, New York, four months and a half later, “and who has, for nearly a quarter of a century, shared with him the joys and sorrows of their “declining years, he bids you a cordial Welcome to these humble hospitalities, and most “sincerely thanks you for your presence and kindly greetings on this auspicious anniversary”.

After the invocation of the divine blessing, by the venerable Webster B. Storer, as previously requested and while the waiters were passing the first course, consisting of cold sliced ham, cold pressed beef, potato salad, tea-rolls and butter, sweet pickles, and tea and coffee, I again arose and said: “It has been customary in this household, for many years, on the recurrence “of a birthday, with either the old or the young,

444

“to provide a birthday cake, duly ornamented by “Our Special Artist on the Spot”, which custom “has been adhered to on the present occasion, and that each one present may have a look at, and

“a taste of, said cake.<sup>884</sup> I will now pass it over to the attendants, for exhibition and dissection, “and on examining it, you will discover that though perhaps said “Special Artist” is not quite so “dextrous with the brush as he was 50 or 60 years ago, he is still considerable of a dauber”.

The collation closed with cake and ice cream, and though the whole affair was unceremonious and unostentatious, it was pronounced a very great success, and all present appear to enjoy themselves, one of the pleasantest features of the occasion, to us, being the receipt, just in the nick of time, of between 40 and 50 loving congratulatory letters from relatives and family and personal friends and acquaintances, besides quite a number of floral gifts, and several more substantial tokens of remembrance and regard.

#### Fourth of July Orator.

This year (1895) an elaborate and extensive celebration of the Fourth of July was indulged in by the people of Akron, including the ceremony of unveiling a fine bronze statue to the memory of the late Col. Simon Perkins in Grace Park. The committee of arrangements, at the request of the Perkins family, selected me to lead the ten or a dozen “Orators of the Day” in a five minutes address, which I accordingly did, for which I not only received the personal thanks of several members of the family, but also the exclusive compliment of having it published in full in the report of the proceedings in the Daily Beacon and Republican.

#### Other Public Functions

Later, during the Picnic season, this year (1895) Mother and myself, together, attended the Waite Family Reunion at

445

Macedonia (via the C.A. + C R.R); the Bettes’ Family Reunion, at Bettes’ corners; the Spicer Family Reunion, at Lakeside Park; the Sherbondy Family Reunion, on Sherbondy Hill, and the “Boys and Girls of Thirty Years Ago” Reunion, at Blue Pond Park; and myself attending the Viers Family Reunion, at Silver Lake and the regular Summit-Medina Annual Perry’s Victory Picnic in Bath – the inevitable call for a speech having everywhere to be responded to: one day also having been given to the Medina County Fair, and part of two days to our own always attended Summit County Annual Exposition.

#### Still Kindly Remembered.

That we are still held in kindly remembrance is evidenced by the almost daily attentions of our near-by children, Fred and Crissie, and by such frequent calls from others as the exigencies of business and family cares will warrant. This year (1895) having brought to us brief visits from J. S. Lane, A. M. Lane, A. J. Pitkin, Annie C Pitkin and the dear little Albertina: Agnes Belle Pitkin, and Frank Pitkin Lane, besides scores of the most affectionate letters from every segment of the circle; one of the most pleasant episodes of the season being the taking of the picture of the youngest grandchild, Albertina, in the baby-carriage made for the dear first child, Sarah Maria, fifty-five years before.

#### Great Grandchildren

[Written 1895]<sup>885</sup> This year, too, (1895) is a notable one, in the history of the writer from the fact that two Great Grandchildren have been added to the family tree – Julia Elizabeth, bon<sup>886</sup> to

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<sup>884</sup> Image drawn in margin of said cake, decorated with a circle of leaves surrounding the words: June 29 / 1815 **80**  
1895 / SAL

<sup>885</sup> Written in the margin

<sup>886</sup> Spelling error; most likely meant “born”

Maud B. and Henry M. Lane, at Lafayette, Ind. June 1, 1895, and Margaret Monshaw,<sup>887</sup> born to Pauline Lane and Warren H. Wilson at Tucker Hill N.Y. Sept. 9, 1895

446

Another Eightieth Birthday.

The good mother, and grandmother, Mrs Emeline Potter Manning Lane, was born Nov 13, 1815, just four months and a half later than the writer. Though for many years the anniversary had been duly remembered by the members of both branches of the family, it was thought that a more emphatic observance of her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday was justly her due. Consequently it was arranged that a reunion of all her own children and grandchildren should be held at the old domicile, there being present at the birthday dinner, besides us two old folks, Walter B Manning, wife and their two children, from Georgetown, Brown Co Ohio, and Albert T Manning, wife and their two children from Berlin Heights, Erie Co, Ohio, together with Fred, Crissie and Mrs Harris. Of course the duly "ornamented" birth day cake was largely in evidence, about thusly:

Nov, 13  
1815 E L 1895  
80<sup>888</sup>

The dinner was a very enjoyable one indeed, being topped out with a liberal ration of Cahoon's very best ice cream. It was truly a Red-letter Day, in the life of the Good Mother, to which she will look back with pleasure during the remainder of her life.

Literary and<sup>889</sup> Scientific

Though adverse circumstances compelled the writer to "graduate" from the Connecticut "little brown school house" in his 16<sup>th</sup> year, and though continued adverse circumstances, in his early and middle manhood compelled him to give his own children a more limited scholastic education than he would have been glad to have conferred upon them, he is very happy in the thought that his grandchildren are faring so much better in that regard: Henry M. Lane, graduating from Perdue (Ind) University, now (1896) being Professor of Mineralogy<sup>890</sup>

447

in the College of Montana, at Deer Lodge Montana; Pauline, a graduate of Oberline, now as Mrs Warren H. Wilson, now filling the chair of Assistant Professor of Theology, at Quaker Hill, Dutchess Co. N.Y.; Frank, topping off his bucolic education at Amherst, now officiating as Professor of "Bovinity and Equinity" at Sweet Briar Farm at Westport Conn, with Florence reveling among the sweets of Pratt Art Institute, at Brooklyn, N.Y. and Agnes among the Classics of Oberlin, and "several other precincts yet to hear from"

A Desirable Collateral Accession.

Frequent mention has been made in these pages of the truly good and faithful sister, Grace C. Pitkin, and her helpfulness to her brothers, Albert and Stephen, in their family bereavements, and it is proper to note, here, her own happy marriage, on May 15, 1895, at the home of her brother, Albert, in Schenectady, N Y. to Rev. Edwin S. Tasker, then and still (March

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<sup>887</sup> Personal name, best guess

<sup>888</sup> Another cake image drawn within the text which is decorated with leaves surrounding the text.

<sup>889</sup> Word is circled

<sup>890</sup> Best guess

1896) Pastor of the Bridge Street M. E. Church, in Lowell, Mass. May happiness ever attend her and the husband of her choice!

Europe, Africa Etc

In looking back over these pages, I find that I omitted to note, in its proper connection, of the visit, in 1885, of Julius S. Lane, to England, Sweden, <insertion: Germany +> France, in the interest of the Company of which he was then the Superintendent – “The Webster, Camp + Lane Machine Company” and certain extensive operations in the Iron mines of Lake Superior, not only largely adding to his business qualifications, but very greatly interesting such members of the family and other friends as listened to his graphic accounts of his travels and observations.

Ten years later, in 1895, after some six or eight months of extensive travel in the interest of the Yale + Towne Manufacturing

**448**

Company, of Stanford, Conn, with headquarters in New York, he again visited Europe, as consulting Engineer, for an extensive mining Company, with its headquarters also in New York. After several weeks spent among the mines and machine shops of England, Scotland and Wales, on December 7 1895, in company with a Mr Chapin, a member of his firm, he sailed from London, or rather Southampton England, for South Africa, touching only at the Island of Madeira, and reaching Cape Town on December 27, 1895. Written and pictorial observations of his travels, both in Europe, on the Ocean at Madeira, and in South Africa, to date (February 25, 1896), indicate that he is not only having a “good time, gerally,”<sup>891</sup> himself, but that his family and friends will be greatly edified and benefitted by his experiences and his photographic operations.

[1897]<sup>892</sup>

Resumption.

After an enforced suspension of a year and a quarter, by reason of failing eyesight, I will endeavor to record a few lines more, as sight and light may enable me to do so. Within the past year my eyes have so far failed me + not altogether the dimness of increasing age, but probably from a derangement of the optic nerves caused by excessive use – that it is impossible for me to recognize my most intimate acquaintances, a few feet away, or even to read or write, excepting under the most favorable conditions of light, atmosphere etc, a deprivation which I feel very keenly, both on my own account and because of the trouble and annoyance which it brings to my friends. But in the nearly 82 years that I have lived, these eyes have witnessed so many wonderful and beautiful things, some of which I have not perhaps duly appreciated,

**449**

and benefitted by, that I have no just cause to murmur,<sup>893</sup> now that the shadows are creeping over them. Yet I am not now, and have no fears of becoming helplessly blind. While I cannot see the thing I look at, by reason of the misty cloudiness that seems to envelop the object looked at, objects above, below and sidewise, are nearly as distinctly seen as though my sight was normal, thus while unable to distinguish letters, figures, features etc, still suffices for walking and driving with comparative safety.

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<sup>891</sup> Best guess, could be short for “generally”

<sup>892</sup> Written in pencil in margin, possibly at later date

<sup>893</sup> Best guess

Still Growing Old.

During the year 1896 and so far of 1897 the good mother and myself, with the exception noted, have jogged along just about so; occasionally a little “off”, but generally enjoying a greater degree of health and comfort than that accorded to the average of aged humanity. Of course the two intervening birthdays – the 81<sup>st</sup> – were duly celebrated in a modest way, on June 29<sup>th</sup> and November 13<sup>th</sup> respectively: At the former, besides Fred, Crissie and Mrs Harris, my Sixth Ward friend, Mr George F Kent – one year and three days older than myself – and his son, Rueben F Kent and wife, were present at dinner, the inevitable birthday cake, of course being provided, though “our special artist on the spot”, could hardly distinguish one color from another, in its ornamentation.

In the November 13<sup>th</sup> affair, the good mother, having had quite a sick spell, was wholly unsuspecting that any thing was being done to mark the event, but Crissie prepared a nice cake which was a [...] <sup>894</sup> wreath around the edge with a large golden crisanthemum flower in the center, the brick-house people unexpectedly, (to her) dropping into supper, which, together

**450**

with the supper, was most heartily enjoyed by the good mother and by us all.

Business Changes.

Meantime changes in the Beacon office having occurred by which many of the long-time employes were about to be thrown out of their jobs. Fred, as pressman, Samuel F. Ziliox, as job-printer, John P Brennan, as book-binder, and Frank P Allen as manager, organized the “Commercial Printing Company”, in March, 1896, fitting up their office, opposite the Webster, Camp + Lane Machine Works, on North Main Street, with entirely new machinery and material, with electricity as motive power, having thus far (April 1897) considering the general business depression, been phenomenally successful.

During his year and fifteen days absence from his native land – from October 31, 1895 until November 14<sup>th</sup>, 1896, we greatly enjoyed the letters and the blue prints from his camera, of our good eldest son, Julius Sherman Lane, both those sent directly to us, and those circulated through the dear old bus from mouth to mouth. His peril was at times, undoubtedly very great, both on ship-board, as well as during his seven months sojourn in South Africa, but no greater, perhaps, if indeed as great, as was that of his father in going to, sojourning upon, and returning from the Pacific coast nearly half a century before, as recorded in another portion of this narrative.

Visits, Reunions, Picnics Etc.

The reunion business, during the year 1896, was faithfully attended to, the good mother going with me to the Waite gathering, near Bettes’ Corners; the Spicers, at Randolph Park; the Sherbondy’s, on Sherbondy Hill; and the “Boys and Girls” at Fountain Park, and I going by myself to the

**451**

Bettes gathering, at Cuyahoga Falls, and the Summit-Portage Pioneers, at Kent, and the Summit-Medina Pioneers, at Bath.

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<sup>894</sup> Indecipherable word



Among the brightest spots in our hum-drum lives, during the year, were the semi-occasional visits of our children, grandchildren and friends – Julius, Julia, Frank, Arthur M; A. J. Agnes and Alice Pitkin, having visited us during the summer and fall, the next brightest being the frequent good family letters and especially the big letter, the “Bus”, which for over ten years has been so great a factor in keeping the members of the several families in such thorough touch with each other [O! How I stagger!]

#### Another Great-Grand-ster.

The whirligig of Time and circumstance having evolved the good eldest grandson, Henry Marquette Lane from his Professor-ship in the College of Montana, at Deer Lodge, into a similar position in the State of Agriculture College at Pullman, Washington, his faithful wife, Maud, on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of April, 1897, presented him with a son, which to the great gratification of the writer, the fond parents christened Samuel Alanson, making him the third Samuel and the fifth Alanson in the three existing generations of our family. This is a token that the family name is in no immediate danger of becoming extinct, or that the Pitkin branch of the Lane-Pitkin combine is is<sup>895</sup> likely to create a corner in the baby market, for, at this writing, September 10<sup>th</sup> 1897, in the matter of recent accessions, by birth, “honors are early”, both as to number and sex, with several precincts yet to hear from.

#### Improving the old Domicil

We had hoped that with the revamping of the old domicil, twenty years ago, by J. S. and the repainting by myself some seven or eight years ago,

**452**

the old domicil would have lasted as long as we should have need for an earthly tenement, but, after repeated hatchings, the old roof had become so shaky in 1896, that it was deemed advisable to reshingle the entire house which was done accordingly, with Tacoma (Wash) cedar shingles. Other repairs also being necessary upon the house, farm, shop, fences etc. I hired a young man – half carpenter – half painter, for a month, and by bringing what was left of my old mechanical experiences into requisition we rejuvenated the entire plantation, winding up my painting career by “graining” the front door with my my<sup>896</sup> own hand, though from the dimness of my sight, unable to see the “grains” after I had made them – the front fence, by replacing two of the main posts, and fortifying several of the smaller ones, being about as good as when Walter and Arthur constructed it in 1873.

#### The Events of 1897.

By keeping in pretty close proximity to the radiators of the reliable steam-heating apparatus placed in the old domicil by the good boy, Julius Sherman, in the fall of 1878, and the aid of our faithful domestic, Maggie Edwards, we got through the winter of 1896-7 very comfortably indeed.

The “campaign” for 1897, so far, (Sept 15) has been very successful, and, to us, very pleasant. Our good boy, Julius Sherman, and his good boy, Albert Alanson, while drafting and supervising the building, at Mount Vernon, of machinery for the South African gold mines, have made several brief calls upon us during the summer. With the June roses came to us for a week

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<sup>895</sup> Author appears to have duplicated word at line break.

<sup>896</sup> Author appears to have duplicated word at line break.

the dear granddaughter, Elizabeth Bancroft Pitkin whose visit was a very great comfort to us, her good father, AJP, also very briefly calling several times during the Summer.<sup>897</sup>

453

Besides being with us at the Christmas-tide of 1896, with her husband, soon after his return from across the “briney deep”, the good “Sweet Briar” daughter, Julia, with the good granddaughter, Florence, and the good grandson, George Comfort, gave to us the entire month of July, to the pleasure of which was added several days of the “honey-moon” of Mr and Mrs. Halsey Hulbert Matteson (nee Anna Pitkin) who were spending that period with Mr M’s parents in Seville, Medina County. In addition to this, the children and grandchildren of the good mother – Walter and eldest child, Eva, from Georgetown, and Albert, Sadie and youngest son, Kent, made brief but extremely welcome visits to the old domicil, so that it might be very go without saying,<sup>898</sup> that with us, in spite of our infirmities, the Summer of 1897 has been a very full and a very happy one.

#### Birthday Number 82.

Thinking it possible that the “Sweet Briar and the Mount Vernon-ites might be planning to drop in upon us on that day, a rather liberal provision was made for the family birthday dinner on June 29<sup>th</sup> 1897. But the “rutlanders”<sup>899</sup> came not, so that the brick house contingent, Fred, Crissie and Mrs Harris being our only outside guests on that auspicious occasion, the colors upon the cake being as gaudy, if not symmetrical, as on any former similar celebration of the day. A grand culmination of the event, however, came later in the day, in the shape of a 4 o’clock lunch party, sprung upon us by our good girl, Maggie at which besides ourselves, seven of our old friends were seated with us at the table as follows: Mr and Mrs Nahum Fay,<sup>900</sup> Mr and Mrs Hiram J Spicer,<sup>901</sup> Mr James M Hale, Mr. Daniel Farnum<sup>902</sup> and Mr Robert Baird, Messrs Edward Oviatt<sup>903</sup> and James Christy,<sup>904</sup> also calling during the afternoon but not staying to lunch; Mr and Mrs Alexander Brewster<sup>905</sup> not being able to come

454

#### Kindly Remembered.

My good old friend – almost brother – Mr Paris Tallman, died December 17, 1887, aged 78 years, 8 months and 8 days. His wife (the second Mrs. Tallman) well-known to all of my children and most of the older grandchildren, pluckily lived alone in their large house, 802 East Market Street until within a very few weeks of her death, which occurred at the city hospital on

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<sup>897</sup> The word “Summer” is written below the sentence

<sup>898</sup> It appears that the author lost his train of thought here; possibly meant “so that it might be [said] that with us...” or “so that it go[es] without saying, that with us...”

<sup>899</sup> Best guess

<sup>900</sup> Fay, Nahum, 1811. and Fay, Lucia Cumings. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 112.

<sup>901</sup> Spicer, Hiram J., b. 1816. and Spicer, Cerenia L. Barnett. 2<sup>nd</sup> wife of Hiram. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 316.

<sup>902</sup> Farnum, Daniel, b. 1816. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 489.

<sup>903</sup> Oviatt, Edward, b. 1822. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 266.

<sup>904</sup> Christy, James, b. 1830. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 297.

<sup>905</sup> Brewster, Alexander, b. 1808. and Brewster, Lucy Jane Gale Chamberlin. 3<sup>rd</sup> wife of Alexander. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 300, 47.

May 30, 1897. Lacking only three days of being 81 years of age. Though not named as legatees in her will, Mrs Tallman kindly remembered the family, by directing her chosen executrix, Mrs. Fannie Cobb Bloomfield, (daughter of my early friend, Mr Charles B. Cobb mentioned on pages 128 and 129) that, in the distribution of her personal belongings, a nicely upholstered easy chair, and a pretty hair-cloth upholstered tete-a-tete be given to us, which now constitute a part of the furniture in our West sitting room, and also that a China cup, and saucer, and small silver teaspoon marked "H T", bought by "Mother" Tallman in 1872, be given through us, to one of our grandchildren, which we have accordingly passed over to our good eldest granddaughter, Pauline Lane Wilson, as a token of regard for "Mother" Tallman, the foster mother of her own dear grandmother, Paulina Potter Lane.

Picnics and Reunions Galore.

The usual "crop" of picnics and family reunions, for 1897, has been "harvested" by us, Mother having attended four of them with me – the Spicer at Rendolph Park; the Waite, at Gaylord's grove; the Sherbondy, on Sherbondy hill and the Boys and Girls of 30 Years Ago, at Lakeside Park, and I having attended four "all alone by myself" – the Summit-Portage Pioneers (formerly at Kent) this year at Randolph Park; the Summit-Medina Pioneers (formerly at Bath)<sup>906</sup> this year in Sharon,<sup>907</sup>

455

[written probably late in 1897]<sup>908</sup>

the Farmers picnic and the Viers family reunion, each at Silver Lake, the Bettes, family, of which we are "honorary" members having to be omitted this year, on account of the Summit-Medina coming on the same day, not having missed a single meeting of the latter, rain or shine, since its organization, 39 years ago.

Another Jewel in my Hadem.<sup>909</sup>

On the 26<sup>th</sup> day of Sept. 1897, my old age honors were increased by the birth of the fourth great-grandchild, and the second great-grandson, – Julius Lane Wilson – at the home of its fond parents, Rev. Warren H and Pauline Lane Wilson, at Quaker Hill Dutchess County, New York. Though from time decimated by death, it is a very gratification to the writer <insertion: in his declining years> to know that his tribe is thus increasing

456

[The following is written on separate pieces of paper, laid sideways on the page]

This may be the very last entry that I can possibly make with my own hand in this record. Much that I have written may possibly seem irrelevant and frivolous to those of my descendants, whose environments in life have been less cranified,<sup>910</sup> and whose opportunities, educational, social and industrial have been so much superior to those of my own earlier life. Therefore, let all avoid my

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<sup>906</sup> Lane fails to close his parenthetical statement here.

<sup>907</sup> Best guess

<sup>908</sup> Written at the top of the page, in pencil

<sup>909</sup> The following passage was written on a separate piece of paper and pasted into the autobiography.

<sup>910</sup> Best guess

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

failings – real or seeming – as <insertion: herein> recorded, and, ~~always~~ by strict sobriety, integrity, industry and frugality, tempered by a reasonable charity barring the crosses and reverses incident to the best regulated lives all will be well with you. These last words, if they shall so prove to be are written — 1897. So, though I may ~~be~~ personally <insertion: be> permitted to enjoy

the society and affectionate care and sympathy of my friends yet for a very brief period, my historical life <or auto-biography> here ends, and what ever else may be written by other hands and be largely in the line of an obituary. Good by one and all

S.A Lane

Mr. Lanes's Last Writing<sup>911</sup>

S. A. Lane, whose death today, means the removal of one of the makers of the city and one of its best citizens for many years, last year prepared some verses which he requested be published after his death. The sentiment conveyed is typical of the man and his life,—direct, simple, kindly, upright and dignified. The verses follow:<sup>912</sup>

Cover me not o'er with flowers, when dead,  
Nor rear imposing shaft above my head,  
But let some neighbor say, with heart-felt tear,  
"The world was bettered by his living here."  
This were more grateful, if cognizant<sup>913</sup> then,  
Of what transpires 'mong the sons of men,  
Than to have died a multi-millionaire,  
With loveless greed striving my gold to share.  
I covet not the miser's hoarded sheen—  
I were as wealthy, had I been as mean—  
For nobler heritage than sordid pelf,<sup>914</sup>  
Is the ability to help one's self.  
So though, when called to pass the "Golden Gate."  
I leave behind no large or rich estate,  
My best bequeathment to each cherish son,  
Is the good name by which success is won.  
Thus, memory fading, as fade it will,  
That such a mortal e're existed, still  
The little light I shed, while ling'ring here,  
Will brighter glow with each recurring year.  
Then calmly I await the final end.  
Toward which all earthly beings surely trend,  
In fondest hope that, this life's voyage o'er,  
I'll greet my loved ones on the other shore!

June 29, 1904.

S. A. LANE.

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<sup>911</sup> Newspaper typeface document; no source provided

<sup>912</sup> Bold blank marking [inch long?] centered above the actual verses

<sup>913</sup> Presumably meant "cognizant"

<sup>914</sup> Wealth or riches, especially when dishonestly acquired. <<http://www.answers.com/topic/pelf>>

Cover<sup>916</sup> me not o'er with flowers, when dead,  
Nor rear imposing shaft above my head,  
But let some neighbor say, with heart-felt tear,  
"The world was bettered by his living here".

This were more grateful, if cognizant then,  
Of what,<sup>917</sup> transpiring 'mong the sons of men,  
Than to have died a multi-millionaire,  
With loveless greed striving my gold to share.

I covet not the miser's hoarded sheen—  
I were as wealthy, had I been as mean—  
For nobler heritage than sordid pelf,<sup>918</sup>  
Is the ability to help one's self.

So though, when called to pass the "Golden Gate",  
I leave behind me no large or rich estate,  
My best bequeathment to each cherished son,  
Is the good name by which success is won.

Thus, memory fading, as fade it will,  
That such a mortal e're existed, still  
The little light I shed, while ling'ring here,  
Will brighter glow with each recurring year.

Then calmly I await the final end.  
Toward which all earthly beings surely trend,  
In fondest hope that, this life's voyage o'er,  
I'll greet my loved ones on the other shore!

June 29, 1904

S. A. Lane  
89.

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<sup>915</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>916</sup> This section written in Lane's hand in a tipped in page of his autobiography

<sup>917</sup> Best guess a comma

<sup>918</sup> Wealth or riches, especially when dishonestly acquired. <<http://www.answers.com/topic/pelf>>

458<sup>919</sup>

**Pioneer Passes to His Reward**<sup>920</sup>

**The Veteran Journalist, S. A. Lane, Died at His Home Here.**

**CONSCIOUS TO THE END**

**He Retained His Faculties Until the Very Last.**

S. A. Lane, pioneer, journalist and historian, died at his home here Wednesday morning at the age of 90 years.

Mr. Lane was known to all the older inhabitants of the city and the country, where he was loved and respected by his fellow citizens who have watched closely the last few weeks of his life, which slowly ebbed away until the summons of death was answered Wednesday, and a life passed out which has<sup>921</sup> been a useful, ambitious one; a life spent in furthering the interests and promoting the welfare of this city and its citizens.

Samuel Alanson Lane was known far and wide as an editor, for during his career at the helm of the Weekly and later the Daily Beacon he gained prominence throughout the country as a journalist, and the Beacon likewise gained prominence in the journalistic field through his untiring efforts to further the great questions of the day it undertook to present to the people.

**Maintained His Reason.**

Up to but a very few minutes before death called this noble citizen to his last sleep he maintained his reason, and when the end of his earthly career came he peacefully entered into sleep that knoweth no awakening. The funeral arrangements have been made and will be held at the old homestead, 212 West Market Street,

[p. 2]<sup>922</sup>

Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Burial will be private.

Samuel Alanson Lane was born June 29, 1815, in Suffield, Conn. His father died when he was 13 years old and he was early obliged to care for himself. At the age of 16 he was employed as a clerk in a store in South Lee, Mass. A year or two later he canvassed the state of New Hampshire for the sale of a history of the United States, later going to South Carolina and Georgia on the same business. While waiting for books he was employed as assistant editor of the "Southern Spy" at Washington, Ga. From there he went to New Orleans in search of employment. Failing to find anything, he came up the Mississippi and Ohio to Cincinnati by boat and by stage to Cleveland, reaching Akron June 10, 1835.

**Student of Shakespeare.**

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<sup>919</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>920</sup> Akron Beacon Journal, Wednesday Evening, June 14, 1905; obituary written in three newspaper columns and pasted in to the autobiography.

<sup>921</sup> Engraving of S. A. Lane; captioned Samuel A. Lane. inserted within column.

<sup>922</sup> Newspaper column 2

While in New Orleans he purchased a copy of Shakespeare's works, which was his constant companion for many years and had much influence in shaping his mind. All through his life even to the last days he would quote apt passages from his early teacher.

During his first winter in Akron he taught the district school in Portage township,<sup>923</sup> located at Portage path and West Market street.

In the fall of 1837 he started a small semi-monthly paper called "The Akron Buzzard." The object of the paper was to combat and expose blacklegism,<sup>924</sup> gambling and other wrongdoing along the line of the new canal. In 1839 this paper was discontinued.

In 1844 he published a paper called "The Cascade Roarer," in the interests of the widespread Washingtonian temperance movement.<sup>925</sup>

In 1850 he joined one of the many overland companies going to California in the rush for new-found gold and was engaged in various business enterprises in San Francisco for two years. Returning to Akron, he engaged in the clothing business for a short time.

#### **Was Elected Sheriff.**

In 1856 he was elected to the office of sheriff, which he filled for four years; after this he became one of the proprietors and editor of the Summit County Weekly Beacon and later founded and edited the Daily Beacon. Here he put in 15 years of his best work and his editorials during the Civil war had always the ring of the highest patriotism and loyalty to his country and did much in influencing the minds of his readers to love of country and duty to her needs; there were few papers in the country that exceeded the Beacon in vigorously upholding the government.

In 1876 he was again elected sheriff and re-elected two years later, on the expiration of the second term he served two years as mayor of the city. From that time for about seven years he devoted himself to collecting and arranging material for his book "Fifty Years and Over of Akron and Summit County" into which he put much hard work. His retentive memory and the habit of keeping a memoranda files of papers and other information, together with<sup>926</sup> his wonderful diligence and painstaking care resulted in his producing a local history of people and events that is probably nowhere excelled for its accuracy and reliability. It will stand as his monument in the minds of the people of this vicinity.

He was truly a gentleman of the old school, gentle and courteous of unblemished honesty and integrity, combining<sup>927</sup> to an unusual degree strength of character and charity for all.

[p. 3]<sup>928</sup>

#### **His Family.**

In 1838 he married Miss Paulina Potter. To them were born eight children, three of whom survive him, Julius S. and Frederick A., of Akron, and Arthur M., of Schenectady, N. Y.

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<sup>923</sup> Portage Township, Summit County, Ohio

<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portage\\_Township,\\_Summit\\_County,\\_Ohio](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portage_Township,_Summit_County,_Ohio)>

<sup>924</sup> "black-leg, -legs, n.2. A turf swindler; also, a swindler in other species of gambling. (Formerly also black-legs.) [As in other slang expressions, the origin of the name is lost: of the various guesses current none seem worth notice.] Hence (in sense 2) black-leggery, blacklegism, the profession or practice of a black-leg. "

< <http://dictionary.oed.com/cgi/display/50022993>>

<sup>925</sup> <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Washingtonian\\_movement](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Washingtonian_movement)>

<sup>926</sup> Sic, should read "with"

<sup>927</sup> "combind, v. COMBINE, bind together." < <http://dictionary.oed.com/cgi/display/50044573>>

<sup>928</sup> Newspaper column 3



Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

Mrs. Lane, dying in 1871, the following year he married her sister, Mrs. Emeline Potter Manning, who survives him.<sup>929</sup>

Although Mr. Lane was known as a prose writer, he also occasionally wrote some verse, a poem being found that he had composed in anticipation of his own death. After writing these verses, he placed them among his private papers, so that they would not be found until after his death. However, several weeks ago he informed Mrs. Julius S. Lane of the whereabouts of the poem he had written, which is as follows:

**His Last Verse.**

Cover me not o'er with flowers, when dead,  
Nor rear imposing shaft above my head,  
But let some neighbor say, with heart-felt tear,  
"The world was bettered by his living here."

This were more grateful, if cognizant then,  
Of what transpires 'mong the sons of men,  
Than to have died a multi-millionaire,  
With loveless greed striving my gold to share.

I covet not the miser's hoarded sheen—  
I were as wealthy, had I been as mean—  
For nobler heritage than sordid pelf,<sup>930</sup>

Is<sup>931</sup> the ability to help one's self.

So though, when called to pass the "Golden Gate,"  
I leave behind me no large or rich estate,  
My best bequeathment to each cherished son,  
Is the good name by which success is won.

Thus, memory fading, as fade it will,  
That such a mortal ere existed, still  
The little light I shed, while ling'ring here,  
Will brighter glow with each recurring year.

Then calmly I await the final end.  
Toward which all earthly beings surely trend,  
In fondest hope that, this life's voyage o'er,  
I'll greet my loved ones on the other shore.

S. A. LANE. —89.

**DIED.**<sup>932</sup>

LANE—In Akron, O., June 14, 1905, Samuel Alanson Lane, aged 89 years, 11 months, 16 days.

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<sup>929</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment

<sup>930</sup> Wealth or riches, especially when dishonestly acquired. <<http://www.answers.com/topic/pelf>>

<sup>931</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment

<sup>932</sup> Separate piece of newspaper attached to the page.

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

Funeral at the family home. 212 West Market Street, Friday, 2 p.m. Burial private Kindly omit flowers.

459<sup>933</sup>

**Did you Know That** – (On request sent with stamped addressed envelope. Web Brown<sup>934</sup> will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.)<sup>935</sup> - - - **By Brown**

SAMUEL ALANSON LANE,  
PIONEER CRUSADING  
EDITOR HERE, FOUND IT  
NECESSARY TO INCLUDE  
A SINGLE-BARRELED BRASS  
PISTOL WITH THE TOOLS OF  
HIS TRADE. ATTEMPTED  
BEATINGS, RAWHIDINGS AND,  
ROTTEN-EGGINGS AND THREAT-  
ENED, SHOOTINGS CONFRONT-  
ED HIM ALMOST DAILY.<sup>937</sup>

[cartoon depiction]<sup>936</sup>

“I STAND HERE NOMINALLY TO DEFEND  
MYSELF AGAINST THE CHARGE OF ASSAULT  
AND BATTERY, BUT IN REALITY AS THE  
DEFENDER OF VIRTUE AND INNOCENCE  
AGAINST SUCH UNMITIGATED SCOUNDRELS AS  
THE COMPLAINANT IN THIS CASE...AND I AM  
NOT TO BE INTIMIDATED BY THE FOUL-MOUTHED  
BILLINGSGATE OF THE IMPORTED BLACKGUARD  
FROM NEW YORK, NOR AM I TO BE FROWNED  
DOWN, NOR AWED INTO SILENCE, BY THE  
BLOATED DIGNITY OF THE COURT!”<sup>939</sup>

[cartoon depiction]<sup>938</sup>

Early local courtroom language sometimes rose to the heights touched by Attorney John Curtis Singletary<sup>940</sup> in

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<sup>933</sup> Page indicates part of Lane’s Autobiography

<sup>934</sup> Editorial Cartoonist, "Brown, Daniel Webster (1876-1974)" Haverstock, Mary Sayre, Jeannette Mahoney Vance, Brian L. Meggitt. *Artists in Ohio, 1787-1900*. Kent, Ohio : Kent State University Press, 2000: 122.

[http://books.google.com/books?id=ZdICm\\_W8xKwC&pg=PA122&lpg=PA122&dq=%22web+brown%22+artist+S+ummit+County&source=web&ots=s4gJKjHNfq&sig=Hn1vIrMR-fX-HUkMXDwx7ur3zo8&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book\\_result&resnum=1&ct=result](http://books.google.com/books?id=ZdICm_W8xKwC&pg=PA122&lpg=PA122&dq=%22web+brown%22+artist+S+ummit+County&source=web&ots=s4gJKjHNfq&sig=Hn1vIrMR-fX-HUkMXDwx7ur3zo8&hl=en&sa=X&oi=book_result&resnum=1&ct=result)

<sup>935</sup> Cartoon [unknown Newspaper banner and no date]; attached onto the page

<sup>936</sup> Two men depicted in fisticuffs; third man standing in a doorway where the door is labeled printing

<sup>937</sup> Caption positioned left of engraving

<sup>938</sup> Man depicted behind table, with his left arm flung up and finger pointing, facing the Judge’s bench; with diagonal line leading to the quoted caption. Judge standing behind his bench depicted banging gavel and sweating profusely off his face. Large tomes shelved under the Judge’s bench.

<sup>939</sup> Caption positioned above of engraving

<sup>940</sup> Singletary, John Curtis, b. 1810. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 52.

defending himself against charges of assault and battery preferred by a canal boat captain who retained David K. Cartter,<sup>941</sup> then, newly arrived in Akron, as counsel.<sup>942</sup>

459<sup>943</sup>

Town Crier<sup>944</sup>

<sup>945</sup>By KENNETH NICHOLS

AKRONESQUE: What may be a prize historical find for this town has turned up in, of all places, Schenectady, N. Y.<sup>946</sup> It is an unpublished and almost unknown autobiography of Samuel Alanson Lane, one of Akron's most colorful characters of all time. He was, at various times, mayor, sheriff, hell-raising newspaper editor, historian and criminologist. His grandson Cleveland Lane, now the assistant to the president of the Manufacturing Chemists Association in Washington, learned of the book while attending a reunion in the New York city. Only a few members of the family had read it, or knew of its existence. Written in long-hand in a 400-page leather-bound journal, the book, writes Lane, "apparently contains a great deal of information which he did not elect to publish either in his book or any newspapers." Until now, it was assumed by local historians that the only autobiography of Sam in existence was the one which appears at the forefront of his authoritative history of this area—"Fifty Years and Over of Akron and Summit County" which was first published in 1891. An effort will be made by Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic fraternity, to bring Cleveland Lane here to talk about such portions of the "secret" autobiography as he may deem fit.

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**SEEING EYE:** The experience of former Police Capt. E. L. "Bus" Engelhart onetime chief of the traffic department, is now being utilized, if you haven't heard, by J. Gordon Gaines' insurance firm.

Bus is a safety engineer for that company and patrols the roads to see that rigs covered by his employer follow the rules set up for careful driving.

Over the years, Bus has come to have a real admiration for the skill, judgment—and heart—of the average tractor jockey—an admiration not one bit lessened on U. S. 30, North, just west of Crestline.

**At one side of the road there was a boy, about 2. On the other side, his young mother—trying frantically to get across the highway and reach her son. The cars zipped along at high speeds.**

Then two truck drivers, coming in opposite directions, took in the scene. Almost as if they had a prearranged signal, the drivers signalled for a stop, halted the traffic and opened a path for mother and boy.

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<sup>941</sup> Cartter, David K. (David Kellogg), 1812-1887.

<sup>942</sup> Caption appears below the engraving.

<sup>943</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>944</sup> Column piece attached on page 459 of Autobiography; appears to be a 'regular' column by Kenneth Nichols, source unknown

<sup>945</sup> Black marking in crayon around the section of the article relating to Lane's autobiography.

<sup>946</sup> Photograph of Kenneth Nichols embedded into column.

**BIRD IN HAND:** Which brings us along to a tale of a grateful pigeon.

You see, some children in the Westwood av. neighborhood found there a pigeon with a broken leg. Their first thought was to take it to Rosalind DeRose, at 273 Westwood av., who, when she isn't operating the Four Hour Laundry on W. Bowery st., is nurse and doctor for all stricken pets.

The broken leg demanded more skill, though, so Rosalind took the bird to a vet and had it set. She nursed the patient tenderly, fed it with an eyedropper but, when the bird was strong, away it flew.

**A pigeon, thought, Rosalind, just has no sense of gratitude. But she was wrong.**

Maybe the bird had some affairs to clean up elsewhere. Anyway, it was back in a week and now occupies, most of th[e]<sup>947</sup> time, a clothesline put up in Rosalind[ 's ]<sup>948</sup> back yard.

460<sup>949</sup>

## PEACEFUL END TO LONG LIFE<sup>950</sup>

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<sup>951</sup>**S. A. Lane Called From Earth**

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**And Akron Loses a Pioneer.**

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**Was Active In the Early Days,**

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**Occupied Positions of Trust and Importance**

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**And Retained His Interest In Affairs to the End.**

Samuel Alanson Lane, aged 89 years, 11 months and 16 days, most prominent of the remaining Summit<sup>952</sup> county pioneers, died at his home, 212 West Market st., at 7:30 this morning of heart failure. Mr. Lane had been ailing for the past three months and for the last few weeks the end had been expected at any time.

Several times lately it had been reported that he could last but a few hours, but he always rallied and until ten minutes before his death his family hoped that he might live till his ninetieth birthday, June 29. Since the advent of cold weather Mr. Lane had been confined to his home, by illness. As the weather grew warmer he did not seem to rally and become as active as he usually does in the spring. His condition grew rather worse than better, and grave fears were felt for his recovery. He was obliged to sit in a chair all of the time and upon lying down became immediately worse.

This morning with only his son Julius Lane, and his wife, and Mrs. S. A. Lane by his beside, Mr. Lane passed quietly away. He was conscious until five minutes before he died. For the past year and during the past few months he had suffered considerable pain. One of the last wishes that Mr. Lane expressed before departing was that there should be no flowers at his funeral. He

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<sup>947</sup> Edge of column cut off when removed from the newspaper.

<sup>948</sup> Edge of column cut off when removed from the newspaper.

<sup>949</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>950</sup> Akron Times-Democrat, Akron, Ohio, Wednesday Evening, June 14, 1905 obituary attached onto the page.

<sup>951</sup> Engraving of Samuel Alanson Lane appears left of sub headings.

<sup>952</sup> Summit County, Ohio.

liked flowers and enjoyed their presence but he always considered a super abundance of floral offerings at funerals a useless waste of money.

Three children survive: Julius S. and Frederick A., of Akron, and Arthur M., of Schenectady, N. Y.

Mrs. S. A. Lane, wife of the deceased, is bearing the shock very well and is able to be about the house.

The funeral will be held from the residence Friday afternoon at two o'clock. Internment will be private.

In<sup>953</sup> the death of Samuel A. Lane, the last of the makers of Akron, -- the final survivor of that sturdy pioneer band who started the making of a great garden and a place of fine cities out of what was then practically a wilderness in the Western Reserve.<sup>954</sup> Mr. Lane lived with Akron, had at a time when sturdy men were needed for public office, and he lived to see the village in which he located as a youth grow to be a great city, a manufacturing city. His friends and associates died, one by one, but this pioneer lived a score and a decade of years beyond the usual span allotted to man and enjoyed a clear intellect, a sturdy body and a cheerful spirit to the end.

Samuel Alanson Lane, fourth son of Comfort and Betsey Lane, was born at Suffield, Hartford county, Conn., June 29, 1815. His father, a carriage maker by trade, designed his son to be a carriage and ornamental painter. The father died when the boy was but thirteen years old, the carriage business was discontinued, and the next few years were devoted to going to school and performing such farm labor as a boy could do.

May 1, 1831, when sixteen years old, he entered into service as a clerk in a

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(Continued on second page.)

store.<sup>955</sup> Several other positions followed, and then Mr. Lane went south as a canvasser for a publishing house of the early days.

This work completed, he determined to visit "New Connecticut" as the Ohio Western Reserve was known in the early days. That part of his journey north from Cincinnati<sup>956</sup> to Cleveland<sup>957</sup> was by stage,<sup>958</sup> via Columbus,<sup>959</sup> Mount Vernon,<sup>960</sup> Wooster,<sup>961</sup> etc. He located in Portage county<sup>962</sup> for a time, and was advised by friends to steer clear of Akron, when he proposed again to set out to seek his fortune, for Akron in those days was known as a place of bad men and desperate practices. But Mr. Lane decided to come over and take a look at it and he did so one day, coming by stage from Aurora.<sup>963</sup> He got a position as bookkeeper, bartender, etc., at one of the old time hotels in Akron village, worked at that for a time, did house and sign painting, taught school, embarked in business for himself as a painter, and then turned to the literary career that has been so important a part of his life. In September, 1837, while still following the

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<sup>953</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment

<sup>954</sup> Western Reserve." Encyclopædia Britannica. 2008. Encyclopædia Britannica Online. 18 Nov. 2008 <<http://www.search.eb.com/eb/article-9076665>>.

<sup>955</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment

<sup>956</sup> Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio.

<sup>957</sup> Cleveland, Cuyahoga County, Ohio.

<sup>958</sup> "Stagecoach." <<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stagecoach>>

<sup>959</sup> Columbus, Franklin County, Ohio.

<sup>960</sup> Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio

<sup>961</sup> Wooster, Wayne County, Ohio.

<sup>962</sup> <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portage\\_County,\\_Ohio](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Portage_County,_Ohio)>

<sup>963</sup> Aurora, Portage County, Ohio.

business of sign painter, he began the publication of a small semi-monthly paper the "Akron Buzzard," which was devoted to the task of attempting to clear the town of Akron of the roughs that then infested it. The editor had some stormy times, but ultimately roused a spirit among the better class of citizens that brought a large measure of success to his undertaking.

In 1838 he was united in marriage with Miss Paulina Potter and spent some time as a temperance<sup>964</sup> lecturer, and revived the Buzzard as a temperance paper. The name was afterward changed to the "Cascade Roarer." Then, in 1850, he crossed the continent in search for gold, in the newly discovered fields of California. In 1852 he returned to Akron having had some hard experiences in the west and engaged in the clothing business in this city, but was burned out soon afterward.

Then, in 1853, he made his first political venture, an unsuccessful one, as the candidate of the Temperance Reform party for Representative. In 1854 he was appointed a member of the town council of Akron. Then he was made a member of the school board and served it as treasurer for a time.

In the first National campaign of the Republican party, in 1856, Mr. Lane was elected Sheriff. After serving he took a position as editor in chief of the old Summit County Beacon, a few years later acquiring a one-third interest in the paper. Some six months after assuming his editorial duties Mr. Lane was appointed probate judge of Summit county, to fill a vacancy made by death. Twenty years later, when his worldly goods had been again destroyed by fire, Mr. Lane was again elected Sheriff of the county. This was in 1876, when Mr. Lane was 61 years of age.

In 1881 he was elected Mayor of Akron on the Republican ticket, after a hot campaign in which Mr. Lane's well known Temperance sentiments were made an issue. He served for a single term.

On November 11, 1872, Mr. Lane was again married, this time to Mrs. Emeline Potter Manning, a sister of his first wife, who survives him.

Probably the most lasting monument which is left by which the people will remember Mr. Lane is his book "Fifty Years and Over in Summit County," which was written in the years following his retirement from public life. The work is remarkable. It shows the writer to have been a man of excellent memory, and his history records thousands of incidents of the early life of the city and county which would otherwise probably be lost forever.

Even up to the days of his final illness, Mr. Lane took a lively interest in public affairs, exhibiting a keen insight into men and motives, and possessing a lively humor in the making of his comments on current events. He was a remarkable man, and Akron's loss in his death cannot even be estimated.

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**LAST**<sup>966</sup>

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### **Tribute of Love and Grief**

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<sup>964</sup> temperance movement." Encyclopædia Britannica. 2008. Encyclopædia Britannica Online. 18 Nov. 2008 <<http://www.search.eb.com/eb/article-9071631>>.

<sup>965</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>966</sup> Akron Times-Democrat, Saturday Evening, June 17, 1905; obituary attached onto the page

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**By the Bier of S. A. Lane.**

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**Impressive Funeral Service Friday**

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**For One of Akron's Really Great Men.**

Seldom will one see, in the busy city of Akron, such a number of its representative and venerable citizens gathered together to do a last honor to a fellow citizen as was collected under the roof of S. A. Lane's late residence at 212 West Market st., yesterday afternoon at 2 p. m.

The funeral service was opened by a song, "Lead Kindly Light," by a quartette consisting of Mrs. S. S. Haynes, Mrs. D. L. Marvin, Prof. N. L. Glover and J. P. Hale. The song was rendered with touching pathos. Rev. J. L. Davies, former pastor of the West Congregational church, read from the scriptures, which was followed by a prayer, by Rev. Philip E. Bauer, present pastor of the West Congregational church.

Rev. Davies then delivered the obituary address which is, in part, as follows:

"It will not be expected of me to enter into a detailed account of the life of him in whose honor we hold this service. His ancestry, his birth, the struggles of his boyhood, his brave and manly efforts to make his way in the world up to the time he became a resident of the Western Reserve are recorded by him in the volume which his industry and persistency has given to the appreciative people of this county<sup>967</sup> and commonwealth. From the day he came to Aurora<sup>968</sup> to 'Squire Stocking's to that of his death, his life has been an open book to the people of this whole region. He has lived in the open.

He was one of the forces that made history for this section. He has affected the intellectual, political, moral, and spiritual life of the community in no slight degree. He has taught in our schools. He was the founder of our local periodical literature. He was a social reformer in the days when ruffianism was rampant, crime was common, lawlessness was spreading in a society just shaping itself into permanency of form and habit. He was the maker and guide of political opinion through his connection with the leading newspapers of the county during the disastrous period immediately preceding and covering the civil war. He has been honored by the people of the county with an important political position repeatedly. He has in the retirement of these later years entertained and instructed

<sup>969</sup>the community again and again through the press. No life has been so thoroughly and familiarly known as that of the venerated man whose mortal remains lie before us.

"He has lived many years. His life spans a period of wonderful progress in human history. The thunders of Waterloo were still reverberating around the world when he was born. Our own splendid commonwealth was but in the thirteenth year of its existence as a state. The mighty inventions that have given glory and wealth and power to the age were yet undreamed of. Revolutions that have changed the destinies of the race were yet dormant in the mind and hearts of the people that were to give them birth when he himself was learning the meaning and se-<sup>970</sup>crets of life in his boyhood home in Connecticut. The spirit of the age in which he lived was aggressive, aspiring, courageous, intensely loyal to fact, thirsting for the real and true, eager to

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<sup>967</sup> Summit County, (Ohio).

<sup>968</sup> Aurora, Portage County, (Ohio).

<sup>969</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>970</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page

see life clear and see it whole, not afraid of shadows, not to be cheated of its rights, willing to share with others whatever was found that was good and useful. It was an age in which men were moving forward to a higher, broader, purer, nobler life. With this spirit of the age our departed friend was in fullest accord. He partook of it. He was inspired by it. He lived in it.

“Pardon me for noting what seem to me some of the salient traits of his character. I was glancing over his autobiography yesterday and I was impressed by the indomitable spirit of the youth as he quit the scenes of his childhood and boyhood to begin life in new country among an alien people, and then after experiences and vicissitudes that would break the spirit of many a man, pushing his way back to the North, friendless, with meagre<sup>971</sup> resources, to begin life anew in a new country. The persistency, resourcefulness, unconquerable purpose to make place and position for ones<sup>972</sup> self in this struggling world of ours, that turned rugged hills and story valleys and wild forests into well tilled fields and fruitful gardens all along the grantie<sup>973</sup> coast of New England was the patrimony with which this young Yankee began life in the Western Reserve. It served him well in California. It never failed him. It was his to the last. What he felt he ought to do, he did.

“He was not to be cast down, dejected, discouraged by disappointment or failure. He would out of failure organize a new venture. To fail was but a summons to rise and push on with greater vigor to new<sup>974</sup> achievement. This is the quality that makes a people great. The nations that persist, that press on, that make disappointment and present failure the occasion for new venture are the people who dominate the world. These nations are made of men of whom our friend was a type and an example.

After quoting the following lines of Mr. Lane’s last poem Rev. Davies went on:  
So though, when called to pass the “Golden Gate.”

I leave behind me no large or rich estate,  
My best bequeathment to each cherished son,  
Is the good name by which success is won.  
Thus, memory fading, as fade it will.  
That such a mortal e’r existed, still  
The little light I shed, while ling’ring here,  
Will brighter glow with each recurring year.  
Then calmly I await the final end,  
Toward which all earthly beings surely trend.  
In fondest hope that, this life’s voyage o’er,  
I’ll greet my loved ones on the other shore!

“Here in the twilight of the long earthly day we hear the whispers of this faith: sweet, calm, wistful as that of a child resting on the bosom of parental love when wearied with the day’s sport it gives itself to sleep. It speaks of life past modestly, with a consciousness that it has shed some light at least on this world’s darkness. Unbelief never speaks thus, it can never catch this accent, it never sounds this note even faintly. It is a child of light who speaks in this wise. But not faith alone but hope also blends its notes with humble trust; hope that the light will grow with

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<sup>971</sup> "Meagre Adjective 2. Deficient or inferior in amount, quality or extent; paltry; scanty; inadequate; unsatisfying."  
<<http://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/meagre>>

<sup>972</sup> Presumably meant “one’s”

<sup>973</sup> Possibly meant granite

<sup>974</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page



each recurring year. It is the hope of the husbandman<sup>975</sup> that what is sown in weakness shall bring its harvest. It is light that is sown, not darkness. This is the language of one who is at peace. And faith and hope look beyond the present. They see the Golden Gate, the end of the voyage, the desired haven, the other shore and love speaks through both as the expectant soul breathes out its long wings. "I'll greet my loved ones on the other shore." In this faith, this hope, this love, he passed away. Who could doubt that he has passed through the "Golden Gate," that he has greeted, and been greeted by the "loved ones on the other shore."

After the conclusion of Rev. Davies' remarks the quartette rendered another beautiful and fitting selection which was followed by a prayer by Rev. Clark Crawford, pastor of the First Methodist church.

Nothing could have been more simple or impressive than were the ceremonies, and nothing more in example of the life of Mr. Lane. According to his wish the floral decorations were few and such flowers as there were, were simply, but tastily arranged in the rooms and about the casket.

The burial was private and only the relatives, and the immediate friends of the deceased attended.

AKRON TIMES-DEMOCRAT<sup>976</sup>

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 17, 1905.<sup>977</sup>

462<sup>978</sup>

THE AKRON TIMES-DEMOCRAT<sup>979</sup>

PUBLISHED BY  
THE AKRON DEMOCRAT CO<sup>980</sup>

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905<sup>981</sup>

Akron's "Grand Old Man" is gone. The city which was the pride of that sturdy pioneer, Samuel Alanson Lane, the streets that he trod for so many years, and the familiar places that were dear to him, will know him no more. He lived his life; he did his work; he wrought faithfully and well and he has entered into the enjoyment of his reward. Never again will we look upon his like. Seldom does such a sweet and serene old age descend upon any man, as upon this one who, up to the end of his nearly ninety years of stay upon earth, had a hearty greeting for his every friend, a kindly or an incisive comment to make upon every subject of general interest that might be broached. He was of the type of citizenship that makes republics possible. Strong and vigorous mentally and physically, able to hold his own magnificently in the struggle of life.

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<sup>975</sup> "husbandman noun 1: one that plows and cultivates land : farmer." <<http://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/husbandman>>

<sup>976</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>977</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>978</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>979</sup> The Akron Times-Democrat, Thursday June 15, 1905; obituary attached onto the page

<sup>980</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>981</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

Samuel<sup>982</sup> Alanson Lane, was always in the foremost rank of every municipal or village army that fought for reform, for better government, and for and law and order. His life will long be an example for students of right citizenship.

June 16 1905.<sup>983</sup>

THE BEACON JOURNAL<sup>984</sup>

THE BEACON JOURNAL, CO.  
Main Street, Corner Quarry Street.

T. J. Kirkpatrick.....General Manager  
C. L. Knight.....Business Manager  
William B. Baldwin.....Editor

A NOTABLE CHARACTER.<sup>985</sup>

The passing of Samuel Alanson Lane should attract more than cursory notice. No man in Akron's history has had a greater or a more beneficent influence upon the community than has Mr. Lane.<sup>986</sup> Though comparatively unknown in a personal way to the present generation, Mr. Lane's personality has nevertheless to a greater or less extent stamped itself upon the lives and characters of all. His entire life was devoted to the uplifting of the city in every sense. In early and middle life, in his official and private capacity, and especially as a journalist of the old school, he was a mainstay of the elements that enter into the moral and social fabric of the community. From a village of a few hundred souls he has seen Akron expand into a city of 50,000, and in this remarkable growth Mr. Lane bore no inconsiderable part. In later years the advance of old age has compelled him to live in retirement yet even then he has always been ready to lift his voice and pen in the cause of right and justice, as he saw it. As a contributor to the columns of the Beacon Journal he is best known during the last two decades, and his strong virile and always interesting articles have done much to make the columns of this paper bright and readable.

Samuel Alanson Lane's life will be one of the monuments of Akron's growth and progress. His death will be a milestone to mark the passing of one of the greatest, most notable and most lovable characters in her history.

463<sup>987</sup>

WELL-KNOWN MAN DEAD.<sup>988</sup>

S. A. LANE, BEST KNOWN OF PIONEERS, PASSES AWAY AFTER ILLNESS OF SEVERAL WEEKS.<sup>989</sup>

<sup>982</sup> Ink line on Autobiography page to the left of the last lines of document.

<sup>983</sup> Handwritten in ink at top of page over column The Beacon Journal.

<sup>984</sup> The Beacon Journal; obituary attached onto the page

<sup>985</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>986</sup> Ink line on Autobiography page to the right of the first few lines of document.

<sup>987</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>988</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner or date available] attached onto the page

<sup>989</sup> Photograph titled 'S. A. Lane' embedded in column.

S. A. Lane, the best known pioneer of Akron and Summit-co, died this morning from exhaustion, having been ill several weeks.

His name was a household word throughout Summit and adjoining counties. He was born in Suffield, Hartford co, Conn., June 29, 1815, and came to Akron, June 10, 1835. He edited the first newspaper published in this city and for many years was editor of the Beacon. Many years ago he served his county as probate judge and sheriff.

In the early history of the county Mr. Lane took a prominent part in the life of his city and county. He took an interest in the schools of the city and found time to write a complete history of Summit-co. He was a member of the Summit-co Pioneer association and never missed one of the meetings of that association.

He was looked upon as a walking encyclopedia among the people of his county.

Previous to his last illness, Mr. Lane wrote an original poem which started, "Cover me not over with beautiful flowers."<sup>990</sup> The funeral will be held at the family home, 212 West Market-st, Friday at 2 p. m. Burial private.

### **FUNERAL OF S. A. LANE LARGELY ATTENDED.**<sup>991</sup>

The last tribute of respect to the memory of S. A. Lane was paid Friday afternoon by friends who gathered from far and near. The funeral was held from the old homestead, 212 West Market-st, and was largely attended. Many of the most prominent residents of the city and county were present. Conspicuous among those who attended the funeral were many of the oldest men and women of the county, pioneers who had been lifelong friends of Mr. Lane.

The funeral oration was delivered by Rev. J. L. Davies, former pastor of West Congregational church, now of Columbus. In referring to the life of Mr. Lane, Rev. Davies said: "Mr. Lane was one of the forces that made history in this county. He always lived in the open. He was a maker and leader of public opinion, and he was honored by the people of the county, being elected to several offices of trust. No life in this county has been so thoroughly and universally known. He learned the secrets of life in his boyhood home back in Connecticut. He was one of the men who never became discouraged by failure. There was in him a truthfulness that gave a charm. He has gone, but, his life's work will live on."

After the oration and brief prayers by other pastors of the city, the friends retired leaving the relatives alone with their dead. The burial was private and was in Glendale cemetery.

### **The Akron Press**<sup>992</sup>

464<sup>993</sup>

Form 2289 K.

NIGHT LETTER  
THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
INCORPORATED

25.000 OFFICES IN AMERICA

CABLE SERVICE TO ALL THE WORLD

<sup>990</sup> Misquoted; this should read: "Cover me not o'er with flowers ..."

<sup>991</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner or date available] attached at the top, but presumably from The Akron Press which is pasted directly below the article.

<sup>992</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>993</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

This company **TRANSMITS** and **DELIVERS** messages only on conditions limiting its liability, which have been assented to by sender of the following **Night Letter**.

Errors can be guarded against only by repeating a message back to the sending station for comparison, and the Company will not hold itself liable for errors or delays in transmission or delivery of **Unrepeated Night Letters**, sent at reduced rates, beyond a sum equal to ten times the amount paid for transmission; nor in any case beyond the sum of **Fifty Dollars**, at which unless otherwise stated below, this message has been valued by the sender thereof, nor in any case where the claim is not presented in writing within sixty days after the message is filed<sup>994</sup> with the Company for transmission.

This is as **UNREPEATED NIGHT LETTER**, and is delivered by request of the sender under the conditions named above.

**THEO. N. VAIL, PRESIDENT**

**BELVIDERE BROOKS, GENERAL MANAGER**

=====

RECEIVED AT

13 NY B 38 NL NL BACK DATE

*MANHATTAN CROSSING*

*EAST NEW YORK STATION*

*BROOKLYN, N. Y.*

*OPEN UNTIL 10 P. M.*<sup>995</sup>

ELYRIA O MAR 29-30-1914.

J S LANE,

245 ARLINGTON AVE, BKLYN, N.Y.

MOTHERS JOURNEY CAME TO A PEACEFUL END AT NOON TODAY SADIE WAS WITH US TO THE LAST FRED COME OVER THIS AFTERNOON TO HELP MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FUNERAL HERE TUESDAY PM INTERMENT IN AKRON ON WEDNESDAY PROBABLY BEFORE NOON.

W B MANNING.

1103 AM

Mrs. Emeline Potter Manning Lane. Second wife of Samuel A. Lane, and elder sister of his first wife Paulina Potter died at 11 a m Sunday March 29 1914. At the home of her son Walter B. Manning, Elyria Ohio. She was born Nov. 13. 1815 and at the time of her death was aged 98 years four months and sixteen days. Buried in Glendale Cemetery, Akron Ohio. beside her second husband S. A. Lane, on the Lane lot.<sup>996</sup>

465<sup>997</sup>

### **BURY WIDOW OF WAR TIME EDITOR**<sup>998</sup>

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**Mrs. Emmeline**<sup>999</sup> **Lane, Dead at Age of 98, Buried in Akron**  
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The funeral of Mrs. Emmeline Lane, 98, oldest resident of Elyria, and widow of S. A. Lane, war-time editor of the Akron Beacon, was held Wednesday at 10:30. Rev. S. B. Salmon of First Methodist church conducted the services.

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<sup>994</sup> Best guess, presumably meant "filed"

<sup>995</sup> Italicized segment written over receiving station data, by receiving station Manhattan Crossing.

<sup>996</sup> Handwritten note on page, in ink, by unknown author.

<sup>997</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>998</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner or date available] attached onto the page

<sup>999</sup> Misspelling

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

Mrs. Lane made her residence in Akron for 65 years, from 1840 to 1905. In 1842 she was married to Levi Manning, who died in 1865. Seven years later she was married to S. A. Lane, for many years editor of the Akron Beacon. Lane died in 1905, and Mrs. Lane went to Elyria to live with her son. She died in Elyria Sunday.

She became a member of the First Methodist church of Akron in 1841 immediately after its organization and has for many years been the oldest member of the church both in years and in length of membership. She never removed her membership to any other church. Mrs. Lane saw Akron grow from a mere village to a city of importance.

**OLDEST ELYRIAN DIES  
AGED 98 YEARS<sup>1000</sup>**

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At the residence of her son,<sup>1001</sup> 416 East avenue, Mrs. Emeline Lane came to the end of her life's long journey Sunday, being ninety-eight years of age. She was not considered seriously sick until a few days before her death, when she seemed to suffer a slight paralytic stroke from which she failed to rally, and passed peacefully away at the noon hour yesterday. She was born in Seneca, Ontario county, N. Y., in 1815, came to Ohio in 1840 and married Levi Manning of Akron in 1842. Three sons were born to them. Seven years after her first husband's death she married S. A. Lane, a prominent citizen of Akron, who died there nine years ago. Soon after his death Mrs. Lane came to make her home with her sons in Elyria.

She is survived by one son, N. B. Manning, of East avenue, and four grand children: R. W. Manning<sup>1002</sup> and Ashley Manning of Cleveland, Kent S. Manning of Mercedes, Texas, and Mrs. J. L. Tedrow of West Fourth street, this city.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at 2:30 o'clock at 410 East avenue. Internment will be in Akron the following day.

**MRS. EMILINE LANE  
IS DEAD IN TLYRIA<sup>1003</sup>**

News has just reached here of the death of Mrs. Emeline Lane, 98, widow of S. A. Lane, noted Summit county historian. She died Sunday at Elyria, O.<sup>1004</sup>

Funeral services will be held Tuesday at the home of her son, Walter B. Manning, in Elyria. The remains will be brought to Akron and placed beside her husband in Glendale cemetery.

March 30, 1914.<sup>1005</sup>

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**APPROACHING HER HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY, DIES**

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<sup>1000</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner or date available] attached onto the page

<sup>1001</sup> Walter B. Manning

<sup>1002</sup> Roger W. Manning

<sup>1003</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner or date available] attached onto the page; presumably meant "Elyria"

<sup>1004</sup> Presumably meant "Ohio"

<sup>1005</sup> Obituary [no Newspaper banner] attached onto the page

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**Mrs. Emeline Lane, Passed Away in Her Ninety-ninth Year**

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**AN ELYRIA RESIDENT**

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**BORN IN NEW YORK STATE NOVEMBER 13 1815<sup>1006</sup>-- WAS MARRIED TWICE,—  
DIED AT HOME OF SON ON EAST AVENUE,—FUNERAL WILL BE HELD ON  
TUESDAY AFTERNOON.**

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Mrs. Emeline Lane, the oldest resident of Elyria, died Sunday afternoon at the home of her son, W. B. Manning, 410 East avenue, at the age of 98<sup>1007</sup> years and 5<sup>1008</sup> months. 16 days<sup>1009</sup>

The deceased was born in Seneca, Ontario county, New York, November 13, 1815.<sup>1010</sup> All but the first 25 years of her life were spent in Ohio.

**Was Married Twice.**

Mrs. Lane married Levi Manning in 1842, her first husband, who died in 1865. Seven years later she married S. A. Lane, a prominent citizen of Akron, O.<sup>1011</sup> She resided in Akron 33 years<sup>1012</sup> until her death of her second husband, when she moved to Elyria and made her home with her son here.

She is survived by one son, W. B. Manning, and four grand children: Ashley and Roger W. Manning, of Cleveland; Kent S. Manning, of Mercedes, Texas and Mrs. J. L. Tedrow, of this city.

**Funeral Tuesday.**

The funeral service will be held at her late home, 410 East avenue Tuesday at 2:30 p. m. Internment will be in Akron on Wednesday. Rev. J. H. Grant will officiate.

**466**<sup>1013</sup>

**BEACON JOURNAL ROUNDS OUT FIFTY YEARS TODAY AS LEADING DAILY PAPER**<sup>1014</sup>

Dec. 6, 1919.<sup>1015</sup> -----

**Newspaper Founded As Daily When Akron Had But 10,000 People Justifies Promise of Early Days As One of Strong Newspaper of the Country**

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Fifty years ago today the Akron Beacon was started as a daily newspaper.

The Beacon as a weekly paper goes back 80 years, clear into the shadowy days of Akron's early history, but today commemorates its advent as a daily paper.

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<sup>1006</sup> Ink change to "5"

<sup>1007</sup> Ink change to "8"

<sup>1008</sup> Ink change to "5"

<sup>1009</sup> Inked in phrase

<sup>1010</sup> Ink change to "5"

<sup>1011</sup> Presumably meant "Ohio"

<sup>1012</sup> Inked \* attached to a right diagonal line through column

<sup>1013</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

<sup>1014</sup> Beacon Journal; Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1015</sup> Handwritten in ink below headline

It was started with a circulation of 800 in a town of 10,000 people, but which as O. D. Capron declares was known even at the time as “the best city of its size in the country.”

And Capron adds: “It never lost the reputation in the years that followed.”

Just as Akron justified the promise of 50 years ago in growing to a city of 200,000, so the Beacon Journal has kept abreast of its development and grown from a paper of 800 circulation to one now of 34,000 subscribers. And yet it is not generally known that the Beacon Journal today stands fifth among the afternoon papers of the United States in the volume of advertising business carried.

Of<sup>1016</sup> the founders the best known are Samuel A. Lane, who died several years ago, and Horace G. Canfield, who is still living at 85, at his home on Walnut st. Lane’s remarkable career here as writer, historian, journalist, four times sheriff of the county and once mayor of Akron, is told in some detail below by his son, Julius A. Lane, now a resident of New York.

Capron came to the daily Beacon as a printer three weeks after it started, and now at 70 is still running a print shop of his own. He stayed with the paper for 20 years retiring as the superintendent of the printing department, earning the then munificent salary of \$25 a week.

Capron<sup>1017</sup> looks down on Bill Orr, who is still setting type at the Beacon Journal, as a mere youngster. Orr will round out merely his 46<sup>th</sup> year with the Beacon next April.

“In my day,” said Capron, “I set up all the advertising, including the want ads, set up list of unclaimed letters, the births, marriages and deaths, about a column of general matter and helped make up the paper.

“And we did all the composition work by hand too then. There were no linotype machines.

“Of the men in business here when the Beacon started, all the

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(Continued on Page Nineteen.)

**BEACON JOURNAL CELEBRATES 50<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY TODAY AS DAILY  
NEWSPAPER—HERE ARE TWO OF PAPER’S FOUNDERS AT ITS HOME.**<sup>1018</sup>

Dec. 6,

1919<sup>1019</sup>

[photograph]<sup>1020</sup>

The modern home of the Beacon Journal at Broadway and E. Market sts.<sup>1021</sup>

467<sup>1022</sup>

**BEACON<sup>1023</sup> ROUNDS OUT 50 YEARS TODAY AS LEADING DAILY PAPER**

(Continued from Page One)

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<sup>1016</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1017</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1018</sup> Cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1019</sup> Handwritten in ink below headline

<sup>1020</sup> Photograph of 2 story building on a corner – centered on paper

<sup>1021</sup> Caption below the photograph.

<sup>1022</sup> Page indicates part of Lane’s Autobiography

<sup>1023</sup> Column cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

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merchants are dead except ~~Herace~~<sup>1024</sup> <insertion: Orson<sup>1025</sup>> Remington, who still has a jewelry store, and Alfred Baldwin, who is still living at 94, on Balch st. He ran a furniture store at High and E. Market sts. All the doctors then practicing here are dead, and all the lawyers except Judge E. W. Stuart.”<sup>1026</sup>

J. S. Lane’s article below recites the story of the early history of the Beacon. There were some changes in the list of stockholders from time to time, Mr. Canfield retiring in 1871 and in 1891 there was a merger with the Republican Publishing Co. George W. Crouse<sup>1027</sup> becoming president, K. B. Conger,<sup>1028</sup> vice president, and T. C. Reynolds,<sup>1029</sup> business manager. In 1897 the Beacon absorbed the Daily Journal, taking the name of Beacon Journal, which it still bears.

The paper next passed into the hands of R. T. Dobson, who built a new building for it at Quarry and Main sts., and two years later T. J. Kirkpatrick and C. L. Knight took over the management. In 1905, two years later, it passed into the sole control of Mr. Knight.

J. H. Barry became business manager and H. S. Seymour circulation manager in 1911. Hugh Allen became managing editor in 1914, and Edward Noutzenholzer<sup>1030</sup> advertising manager in 1917.

The present building at East Market and Broadway was erected in 1911 and it was expected that it would be adequate for the paper’s needs for 20 years to come, but the growth of the business has left the quarters already congested and an annex on Broadway extending the building 50 feet farther back to the alley is now being constructed.

The growth of circulation has been steady and unchecked, and the Beacon Journal’s leadership in the section of Ohio has never been challenged. The subscription list has grown from 14,000 in 1911, to 17,000 in 1913, to 20,000 in 1914, to 23,000 in 1917, to 31,000 in 1918 when the price was raised to two cents and now has a net circulation close to 34,000.

### **SON PAYS TRIBUTE HERE TO S. A. LANE, BEACON FOUNDER**<sup>1031</sup>

by J. S. LANE,<sup>1032</sup> New York City  
(Written for the Beacon Journal)

My father was born in Suffield Conn, June 29, 1815, and come to Akron at the age of 20. After engaging in several lines of work, he taught school in a log school house on the northwest corner of West Market st. and Portage Path. Then he made his first entrance into the newspaper business.

Having noted the great amount of evil in the way of gambling, drinking and other vices that prevailed along the Ohio canal,<sup>1033</sup> he conceived the idea that a paper devoted especially to that

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<sup>1024</sup> Best guess personal name; Strikethrough with ink

<sup>1025</sup> Handwritten in ink

<sup>1026</sup> Stuart, Edward W., b. 1840. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 272.

<sup>1027</sup> Crouse, George W., b. 1832. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 152.

<sup>1028</sup> Conger, Kenyon Bronson, b. 1866. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 535.

<sup>1029</sup> Reynolds, Thomas Craighead, b. 1848. Constructed name authority based on “Fifty Years and Over...”, see p. 223.

<sup>1030</sup> Best guess personal name

<sup>1031</sup> No newspaper banner or date available, presumably Beacon Journal; attached onto the page

<sup>1032</sup> Lane, Julius Sherman, b. 1841.

<sup>1033</sup> "Chesapeake and Ohio Canal: . . . Chesapeake and Ohio Company. Benjamin Wright, formerly Chief Engineer of the Erie Canal, was named Chief Engineer of this new effort"  
<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chesapeake\\_and\\_Ohio\\_Canal](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chesapeake_and_Ohio_Canal)>



end would greatly aid the authorities in ridding the town of the blacklegs, gamblers and thieves who infested and disgraced it.

Father had traveled through the southern states and had noted that a bird called the buzzard was helpful by making way with matter that would be otherwise disagreeable. He named his paper the Buzzard.

The first number, Sept. 7, 1837, a copy of which is before me, is small in size and only four pages, but when we learn that all the type setting, most of the press work, as well as the writing of articles was done by this enterprising young man of 22, we cannot but admire the pluck with which he started on a big job. As we look at it now and as his friends saw it then he literally took his life in his hands in his brave fight against evil in the town of which he had so recently become a resident.

### **Life Was Threatened**

So enraged were the evil doers over the vigorous warfare he relentlessly waged against them that his bodily safety and even his life was many times threatened and on several occasions he narrowly escaped traps that were laid to draw him into ambush where it had been planned "to thrash him within an inch of his life."

He started by publishing "The Buzzard Platform." "The Buzzard will be real jolly, nothing to do with politics, anti-blacklegs' paper, devoted to the news, popular tales, miscellany, anecdotes, satire, poetry, humor, the correction of public morals, etc.

"It will strike at the vices of mankind with an occasional brush at its follies. It will expose crime whether committed by great or small and applaud virtuous and noble actions, whether performed by rich or poor. It will encourage the honest man in well doing and make a transparency of the breast of the hypocrite."

In short it will be to society what the common buzzard is to one of the southern cities, viz.: it will pounce upon and by its influence endeavor to reform or remove such loafers as are nuisances in the community, by holding them up to the gaze of a virtuous public."

The Buzzard was a successful venture from the start. It was soon doubled in size and made a great stir in its time. After a year and a half when it had accomplished its mission, the Buzzard was discontinued and its subscription list transferred to Hiram Bowen, esq.,<sup>1034</sup> under the name of the Summit Beacon.

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(Continued on Page Nineteen).

(Continued from Page One)<sup>1035</sup>

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This was the start of the Beacon, 80 years ago.

Now I will skip over the years from 1839-1844 when my father again entered journalism, except to say that he had in the intervening years been engaged in the carriage business with his brother, Henry L. Lane.<sup>1036</sup> They built shops on the present site of the M. O'Neil store and carried on quite an extensive business until Henry L. Lane's untimely death.

### **Second Newspaper Experience**

The Buzzard was revived in 1844 when the Washington temperance movement was at its height, as a temperance paper published by S. A. Lane and Isaac Chamberlain, jr., Mr.

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<sup>1034</sup> Bowen, Hiram, 1815-1886. Constructed name authority based on "Fifty Years and Over...", see p. 219.

<sup>1035</sup> Column cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1036</sup> Lane, Henry Leander, b. 1811.

Chamberlain a few weeks later disposed of his interest to William T. Coggeshall, then a young man of about Mr. Lane's age.

With Mr. Coggeshall's advent the name of the paper was changed to the Cascade Roarer, partly because that portion of Akron in which it was published was still known by its original name of "Cascade," but also because of its cold water significance.

These two vigorous and forceful young men made a great success of the paper and soon had a weekly circulation of about 2,500 which was more than there were inhabitants in Akron at the time, the paper circulating over Ohio, Western Pennsylvania, and even farther.

In 1846, Mr. Lane sold his interest in the Cascade Roarer to James S. Drew, a practical printer, of Massillon, and as there was considerable agitation among the mechanics of the country for a 10 hour day (instead of 12 to 14 hours a day then in vogue) and for cash payment instead of the order and "truck and dicker" system then used, the name of the paper was changed to the Temperance Artisan and the paper became one of the first to take up the interests of labor.

However,<sup>1037</sup> in October, 1846, it was merged with a paper of like character in Cleveland and Mr. Coggeshall moved to Cincinnati.

Again passing over the intervening busy years, ending by Mr. Lane having served four years as sheriff of Summit county, he became editor in Jan., 1861, of the Summit County Beacon, which was published weekly by Beebe and Elkins. Mr. Lane, by giving more attention to local matters than had been given and by the large amount of space devoted to the writings and doings of the Summiot<sup>1038</sup> county "boys in blue" during the war increased circulation of the paper from 1300 to 2500 copies weekly within two years.

My memory of these days is that father reached the office about seven in the morning and put in a busy day meeting traveling salesmen, business men and merchants who wanted his aid in revising their advertisements, farmer friends in for a friendly chat, and city friends who felt free to drop in and talk; ladies wanting a write-up for church, soldier's aid or other affairs, political friends and others. So the day went.

Father would come home at night with a bundle of exchanges. After the pleasant evening meal he would spend a social half hour or more with the family and then go through his exchanges. After which, and about the time the rest of the family were going to bed, father would take his pen and write his editorials and other articles for the paper and personal letters, not a few in number, were written at the end of the day, near midnight. He worked harder and longer hours than any man in the employ of the company.

His editorials bore no uncertain sound, strongly supporting the government, encouraging the soldiers at the front<sup>1039</sup> and denouncing the copperheads<sup>1040</sup> at home. I have many of these editorials in a scrap book and they are marvels in strength and vigor.

In January, 1865, Mr. Lane, and Horace G. Canfield each bought a one-third interest from Messrs. Beebe & Elkins, the name of the firm being Elkins, Lane & Co., after-

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<sup>1037</sup> Column cut as a separate segment attached onto the page

<sup>1038</sup> sic

<sup>1039</sup> United States.—History—Civil War, 1861-1865.

<sup>1040</sup> "The Copperheads were a vocal group of Democrats in the Northern United States who opposed the American Civil War, wanting an immediate peace settlement with the Confederates.

"<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Copperheads\\_\(politics\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Copperheads_(politics))>

<sup>1041</sup> Page indicates part of Lane's Autobiography

wards changed to Lane, Canfield & Co.<sup>1042</sup>

In the winter of 1868, Thomas C. Reynolds, then just graduated from the Michigan university, was employed as assistant editor.

#### **Akron Daily Beacon.**

Akron, having grown to a city of about 10,000,<sup>1043</sup> with manufacturing and commercial activities to match, it was thought it ought to have a daily paper.

On the 6<sup>th</sup> day of December, 1869 the first number of the Akron Daily Beacon was published by Messrs. Lane, Canfield & Co., with Mr. Lane as editor-in-chief, Mr. Reynolds as assistant editor, Mr. Canfield as business manager and superintendent of machinery.

In December 1871, the Beacon Publishing Co., was organized, Mr. Lane becoming business manager, Mr. Reynolds,<sup>1044</sup> editor-in-chief, and Mr. Wilson M. Day, associate editor.

After a number of years my father was elected mayor in April 1881 retiring in 1883. He spent several years in gathering the data and preparing historical matters contained in his weekly letters to the Beacon, and afterwards, at the solicitation of friends, published in a book. Good judges have pronounced this the best and most accurate county history ever written.

He had been up to that time a resident of Akron, for 52 years; had been a newspaper man off and on about 43 years; had a wonderful memory and a habit of keeping memorandum books and other data; had excellent literary ability, and very great desire for accuracy, which led him to take the utmost pains in erifying<sup>1045</sup> dates and figures and to have his statements correct.

Father had the power of thinking ahead of his pen, just what he wanted to write, so that he never had occasion to interline or make changes or corrections. As a proof of this, we have a substantially bound book of 450 pages, larger than fools cap made, by Mr. John Brennan who was at that time foreman of the Beacon bindery. In it my father wrote for our family his autobiography in his very legible hand writing. There is not a blot, erasure, interlineation,<sup>1046</sup> change or mis-spelled word in the book. This personal account of his life was undertaken at the suggestion of my younger brother, Arthur M. Lane of Schenectady.

Father made no claim to be a poet, yet for many years he wrote the Beacon Carriers New Year's Address in verse, and at the age of nearly 90 he wrote the beautiful lines below:

Cover me not o'er with flowers, when dead,  
Nor rear imposing shaft above my head,  
But let some neighbor say, with heart-felt tear,  
"The world was bettered by his living here."  
This were more grateful, if cognizant then,  
Of what, transpires 'mong the sons of men,  
Than to have died a multi-millionaire,  
With loveless greed striving my gold to share.  
I covet not the miser's hoarded sheen—  
I were as wealthy, had I been as mean—

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<sup>1042</sup> Newspaper column attached onto the page; Presumably continuation from page 467 of Lane's Autobiography; Samuel Alanson Lane's tribute written by his son, Julius S. Lane attached onto the page

<sup>1043</sup> Best guess

<sup>1044</sup> Presumably meant "Reynolds"

<sup>1045</sup> Possibly typesetting error meant "verifying"

<sup>1046</sup> Presumably meant "interlineation"

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

For nobler heritage than sordid pelf,<sup>1047</sup>  
Is the ability to help one's self.  
So though, when called to pass the "Golden Gate."  
I leave behind me no large or rich estate,  
My best bequeathment to each cherish son,  
Is the good name by which success is won.<sup>1048</sup>  
Thus, memory fading, as fade it will,  
That such a mortal e're existed, still  
The little light I shed, while ling'ring here,  
Will brighter glow with each recurring year.  
Then calmly I await the final end,  
Toward which all earthly beings surely trend,  
In fondest hope that, this life's voyage o'er,  
I'll greet my loved ones on the other shore!

The Late Samuel A. Lane, one of the original owners of the Beacon, which afterwards became the Beacon Journal.<sup>1049</sup>

**THE AKRON BEACON JOURNAL**<sup>1050</sup>

Published by  
THE BEACON JOURNAL COMPANY  
East Market Street, Corner of Broadway

C. L. Knight.....General Manager  
J. H. Barry.....Business Manager  
Hugh Allen.....Managing Editor

WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE: | EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE:  
Story, Brooke & Finley. People Gas | M. C. Watson, 286 Fifth av.  
Bldg. Chicago | New York City

TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

BELL PHONES: | OHIO STATE PHONES.  
General Manager's Office (private | General Manager's  
line) ..... [....]<sup>1051</sup> |  
Office.....[....]<sup>1052</sup> |  
Private exchange connecting all | Business Office.....[....]<sup>1053</sup>  
Department: .....5056, 5057, 5058, 5059 | Advertising Department.....[....]<sup>1054</sup>

<sup>1047</sup> Wealth or riches, especially when dishonestly acquired.<<http://www.answers.com/topic/pelf>>  
<sup>1048</sup> Column is cut; continues as a separate segment attached onto the page  
<sup>1049</sup> Cut as a separate segment with an engraving of S. A. Lane above description; attached onto the page  
<sup>1050</sup> Newspaper banner and publisher's information attached onto the page  
<sup>1051</sup> Indecipherable number sequence  
<sup>1052</sup> Indecipherable number sequence  
<sup>1053</sup> Indecipherable number sequence

Title: S. A. Lane Autobiography

Night and Holiday Connections:		Circulation Department.....[...] <sup>1055</sup>
Editorial Room.....5056		News and Editorial Departments.....[...] <sup>1056</sup>
Composing Room.....5057		
Business Office.....5058		
Circulation Department.....5059		

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Entered at the Postoffice.<sup>1057</sup> Akron, Ohio, as second-class matter.

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Subscription rate: By carrier, per week, 12c; per month 50c; per year, [...]<sup>1058</sup>  
by mail, per week. 12c; per month 40c;<sup>1059</sup> per year \$4.50, paid in advance.

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Guaranteed the largest circulation of any paper circulated in Summit county. Circulation records open to all.		[...] <sup>1060</sup>
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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1919.

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THE BEACON JOURNAL'S BIRTHDAY.

This is the Beacon Journal's birthday. Fifty years ago it came into the field as a daily newspaper. It has been here ever since and is likely to stay here for some time to come. We are neither going to brag about or deprecate what the Beacon Journal has accomplished. The record is rather well known and it is clean and honest. We make but one promise for the future. So long as the Beacon Journal remains in the hands of the present owners it will have no alliances with any person, business or interest whatever. A rubber factory, a labor union, a bank or a cab driver all look alike to us, for newspaper purposes. The one has just as much chance to influence the paper as the other, and the claims of the one will be given just as careful consideration as the other. In this spirit we are for Akron, the county, the state, the union. For our prosperity we are indebted only to the people. We sincerely thank them.

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<sup>1054</sup> Indecipherable number sequence  
<sup>1055</sup> Indecipherable number sequence  
<sup>1056</sup> Indecipherable number sequence  
<sup>1057</sup> Presumably typesetting error  
<sup>1058</sup> Indecipherable number  
<sup>1059</sup> Best guess  
<sup>1060</sup> Imprint symbol