



THE HISTORICAL TIMES

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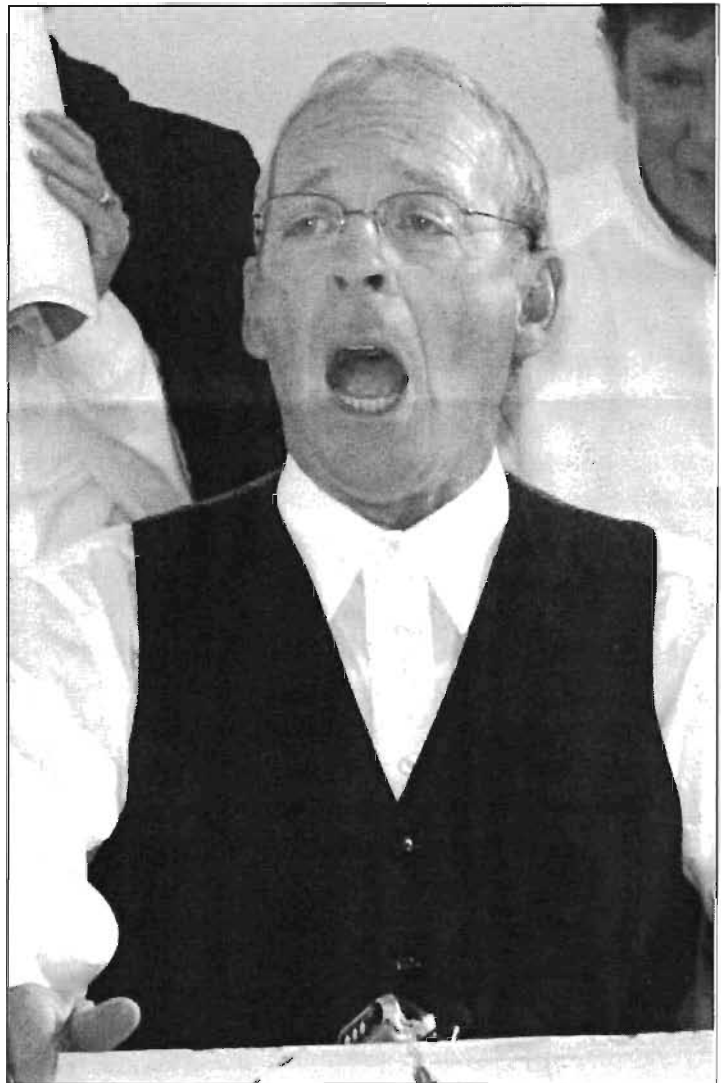
Sign the pledge!

'Spirit' of 19th-century
Temperance fervor rings
through Old Academy

Editor's Note: The following is a distillation of a typical Temperance sermon from the 1800s, delivered by Emeritus Professor Jon Farris, portraying the Rev. Jacob Little, at a special spring gathering of the Granville Historical Society held in the Old Academy Building. Theresa Overholser edited the original 16-page speech into the shorter format appropriate for the Spring Meeting of the Granville Historical Society.

Friends and Fellow Citizens:

We have this day assembled to celebrate the 57th anniversary of American Independence. On that day the golden eagle of America deposited her egg, the young of which in seven years was full-fledged, and lighted herself on the high peak of the liberty pole and spread her broad pinions over the destinies of a free and happy people. What excites our admiration most, and throws the brightest luster on the patriots of that time, is that they acted not for themselves



"Intemperance... enervates and deranges the constitution of a man!" declared Emeritus Professor Jon Farris, portraying the Rev. Jacob Little in a reenactment of a 19th century Temperance meeting for the Granville Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of Bill Holloway.)



The Temperettes, a Temperance chorus, performed to help maintain the spirit of the meeting. (Photo by Bill Holloway)

alone, but for their country's weal and for future generations who were yet to descend through their loins.

Now the question arises: how shall we express our gratitude; how shall we act a part that will tell us worthy to be called the sons of such heroes; how shall we hand it down to posterity after us that the American blood has not curdled in our time. What thing shall we do?

Everyone has anticipated me. The true answer lies upon the tongue of every person: keep and preserve inviolably those blessings that they have handed down as their legacy. Fortify and strengthen those bulwarks that they set up. Nothing else can we do worthy of our ancestry, or this blessing we inherited, but keep the sacred depository inviolate and hand it over to posterity, to descend whole and entire to our children's children to the latest period of time.

After standing 50 years, we are the most prosperous nation on the globe. We are the asylum of the oppressed the world over. It requires sound wisdom and counsel and most wakeful vigilance and enterprise to preserve such government, and make it happy. This is the work that devolves on us, the work of keeping

what we have got, and adding to it for others after us. And now the question arises, how shall this be done?

On subjects like this we come at important truths by reasoning from analogy. What has preserved kingdoms and nations? What has destroyed them? Experience and facts have shown the world that while a nation maintains sound principles and virtuous habits, and reveres and obeys the fundamental law of the kingdoms of heaven and earth they have stood. They have stood and will stand so long as the principles of virtue and sobriety guide their counsels and their conduct. And when indolence, licentiousness, debauchery, intemperance and drunkenness have become sealed and taken vital root, they fail. When wickedness becomes so extensive and deep-rooted as to branch out and become national sins, then that people are rife for ruin. The very heart and trunk of the tree has felt the withering bite of the devouring worm, and it will fail, and its broad leaves will wither over their heads at noon. I repeat, they are tottering upon a rotten foundation, and they must fall.

And I say that a nation will not and cannot outlive the day that the mass of the people is corrupted. According

to the law both of nature and of divinity, virtue and safety have gone hand in hand. But corruption and destruction run in the same channel, and if one flows, the other will follow. This was true of the nations of the Old World: general wickedness was the cause of their destruction. This was true for all those kingdoms that have stood high in power and earthly glory, whose ruins only show for themselves where they were. Rome, the mistress of the world, still stands only to tell the sad tale of her fallen greatness. She that extended her broad hand over the whole known world and received tribute from the whole, as soon began to totter as she reached the height of her voluptuousness and intemperance and profligacy. Greece has shared the same destiny, and only presents a monument that tells of departed glory. Troy fell in her revelry and wine, and was duped and destroyed by the simple artifice of a wooden horse.

Hailstorms, tornadoes, and earthquakes may shake nations to the center, but they will generally survive. But when the floodgates are opened and the broad streams of moral pollution run current through from sea to sea, they may be sure destruction is close by. And here is the only ground of fear to this great, this free, and happy republic. We have moral evils in our land, which some have already called national sins.

Intemperance is one of these evils, and one toward which our attention is particularly turned at this time.

First: Intemperance is depreciating to the physical strength of our country. It enervates and deranges the constitution of a man. It unfits him for that active, untiring life of duties which his hardy system otherwise could endure. Look around at the old men who 50 years ago withstood the toils and fatigues of camp and the pitch of battle. I can see them, and so can you. But they are not among that number that has been intemperate in their middle age. Such have gone down prematurely to their graves, or their intemperate habits have prostrated their nerves, put in action ailments and infirmities, so that when they walk, even in their sober hours, they totter upon their benumbed limbs, and manifest the derangement of their frames. Further, the intoxicated man has not the strength by which to defend himself or his family and dearest interests, but must actually be himself



Laura Evans recalls the gyrations of Lucy Van Kirk, a celebrated figure in the Granville Temperance movement, at the Temperance meeting reenacted at the 2007 annual meeting of the Granville Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of Bill Holloway)

defended, or else exposed to all the various evils, which may befall the helpless.

Second: Intemperance does depreciate from the moral energy of our nation, renders us less efficient in deliberation and counsel. The first failure that is generally discovered in the intemperate man is in the energies of his mind. His powers of thought are shattered, his readiness of apprehension is blunted, his sensibilities are weakened, and his heart and soul begin to be palsied.

Again: Intemperance tends to profligacy and sensuality, and thereby prevents that vigilance and watchfulness which is essential to the liberty of our country. Were you or I to lead an army into an enemy's country, we could ask no better advantage than to find them in a state of strong intoxication. You might take their bow and their spear, and with the coat off their back return unhurt.

Again: Intemperance diminishes the number of living men that are able to take up arms in defense of our country. The intemperate part of a community is mostly

within the ages that stand to be drafted for the country's defense. And who would risk his safety on the valor of an intemperate army? Or who would lead an army of drunkards out to war against a phalanx of sober men?

But again: Intemperance diminishes the amount of wealth and essentially lessens the exchequer of our country. And thereby the country's means of defense and protection are diminished, her interests are contrasted, and rising glory retarded. And now I have shown you that intemperance is an enemy to our country's weal, and as far as it goes is subversive of our liberties and therefore have a right to appeal to every patriot and freeman, to join his hand with common forces for expelling the foe. But if I shall not trespass on your patience, I have another view in which to present the subject.

It is freedom, liberty of conscience, and freedom from unjust taxation that we are contending for. This is that for which our fathers fought and bled, and this is what I have shown you we are bound to keep, and intemperance does impose upon us something equivalent to slavery. The man who drinks excessively does impose upon himself hardships and cruelties and hunger and nakedness such as the unjust taxation of Britain never imposed. The Tea Act never imposed the heavy yoke, which the vicious habits of the drunkard impose on him. Neither did the Stamp Act, which was so ably and manfully repelled, ever lay such burdens on any citizens as the intemperate man becomes when his goods and chattels are sold to pay his taxes, and his family turned out without the necessary comforts of life. It is actual bondage, and that of the most degrading kind. And what is more, it enslaves the mind, too. Never has that power and degradation and misery and suffering been brought upon families by the most cruel taxation, as that which has fallen upon the drunkard's family by HIS willing bondage to this most beastly and debasing vice. But this is not the extent of the tax which intemperance lies upon us. It lays its claim upon the purse of the sober and industrious also. Every man of you, who labors hard for his slow-earned gatherings, pays a yearly taxation for the support of that folly, idleness, and beggary which intemperance unjustly imposes upon us. And who does not feel himself taxed by the bars and locks and safeguards which, but for the intemperate, would hardly be needed? And who does not feel taxed by the calls to settle diffi-



The seriousness of the occasion is evident on the faces of Temperettes members Tom and Barb Martin, in the reenactment of a Temperance meeting at the 2007 annual meeting of the Granville Historical Society. (Photo courtesy of Bill Holloway)

culties, the setting of juries, the fears of in-breakings, the disturbances which he meets, the thefts and felonies and murders which he witnesses almost solely from the vice of intemperance? It is bondage! Intemperance is not only subversion of liberty, but it is slavery. It is opposed to the wealth, and glory, and permanence of our free institutions, and in its corruptions opens a floodgate through which come iniquity and death.

The work is before us! The duty falls upon us! I urge this duty by the hallowed memory of the blood of patriots, by the recollections of the past and by the anticipations of the future. Sign the pledge! Follow the example of your noble ancestors when they signed the declaration of freedom. There is no signing away of liberty and no bondage about pledging yourself to do right. The work is before us. The duty of every man is plain, our interests are joint, our hopes are one. Sign the declaration of everlasting freedom and the work will be done. If you will save yourselves, if you will bless our nation, if you will be free, if you will bless posterity.

DESTROY THE EVIL! SIGN THE PLEDGE!



A turn-of-the-century fish camp at Buckeye Lake. (From the photo collection of the late Chance Brockway)

‘The very audacity!’

News of new yacht club comes to Buckeye Lake

The following vignette was originally published in the 1956 “History of the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club” written by Commodore Kyle Armstrong. It is a delightful account of the reactions of the old fishermen in Millersport when they first heard rumblings about the possibility of a yacht club invading their sacred fishing spots in the former reservoir built in 1825 for the Ohio-Erie Canal. The founding meeting for what became the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club took place on April 24, 1906 at Leachman’s Restaurant in Columbus.

A Whimsical Venture

It was early morning, late in April of 1906. The gray-bearded sages of Millersport, as usual on weekdays, were up at dawn — early birds getting worms. Also as

usual, they were assembled on the stoop at the general store-post office, on the bank of the Ohio and Erie Canal, when the proprietor came to open up. Here these disciples of Izaak Walton regularly gathered to get the latest weather reports, and to lay in fresh supplies of J-T or Star plug — basic ingredient for making baits enticingly juicy and sweet — before poling and sculling their punts through the canal to favorite fishing haunts among stumps and weeds of the reservoir. On this particular morning their sporting ardor was dampened and cooled, temporarily, by a light yet penetrating cold drizzle. But, it being April, the sun could blaze forth almost any minute. So, meanwhile, they tarried to enjoy the storekeeper’s hospitality.

Within reach of the cracker-barrel, they deposited themselves around the potbellied cannonball stove, which

soon drew from their jackets an atmosphere-permeating vapor of fishy odor. There, sitting on and leaning against counters, they spat at the sawdust-box, reminisced, respun well-worn yarns, and gummed crackers. The storekeeper, in his capacity as postmaster, finally giving up hope, left his openly filching guests to meet the T. & O. C. train and pick up mail and newspapers. One of these sages, a nonagenarian, recollected canal and reservoir during construction. All had seen the rise and decline of barge traffic past this very spot, and most, in one way or another, had participated in it. But, while lock tenders, toll collectors and maintenance crews still were on the canal's payroll, it had been nearly ten years since a vessel had passed through or moored at Millersport.

Now, however, revival of canal boating hopefully seemed assured. Such wishful thinking was founded on faith in George H. Watkins, life long canal man, former canal superintendent, and new president of the state's Board of Public Works, which had gained superior influence in administration of the waterway jointly with the old canal commission. Surely, with his background, experience, ability and leadership, barges soon again would be plying canal and reservoir. Millersport would enjoy economic recovery. The reservoir would be freed from further molestation. Fishing would be improved and preserved.

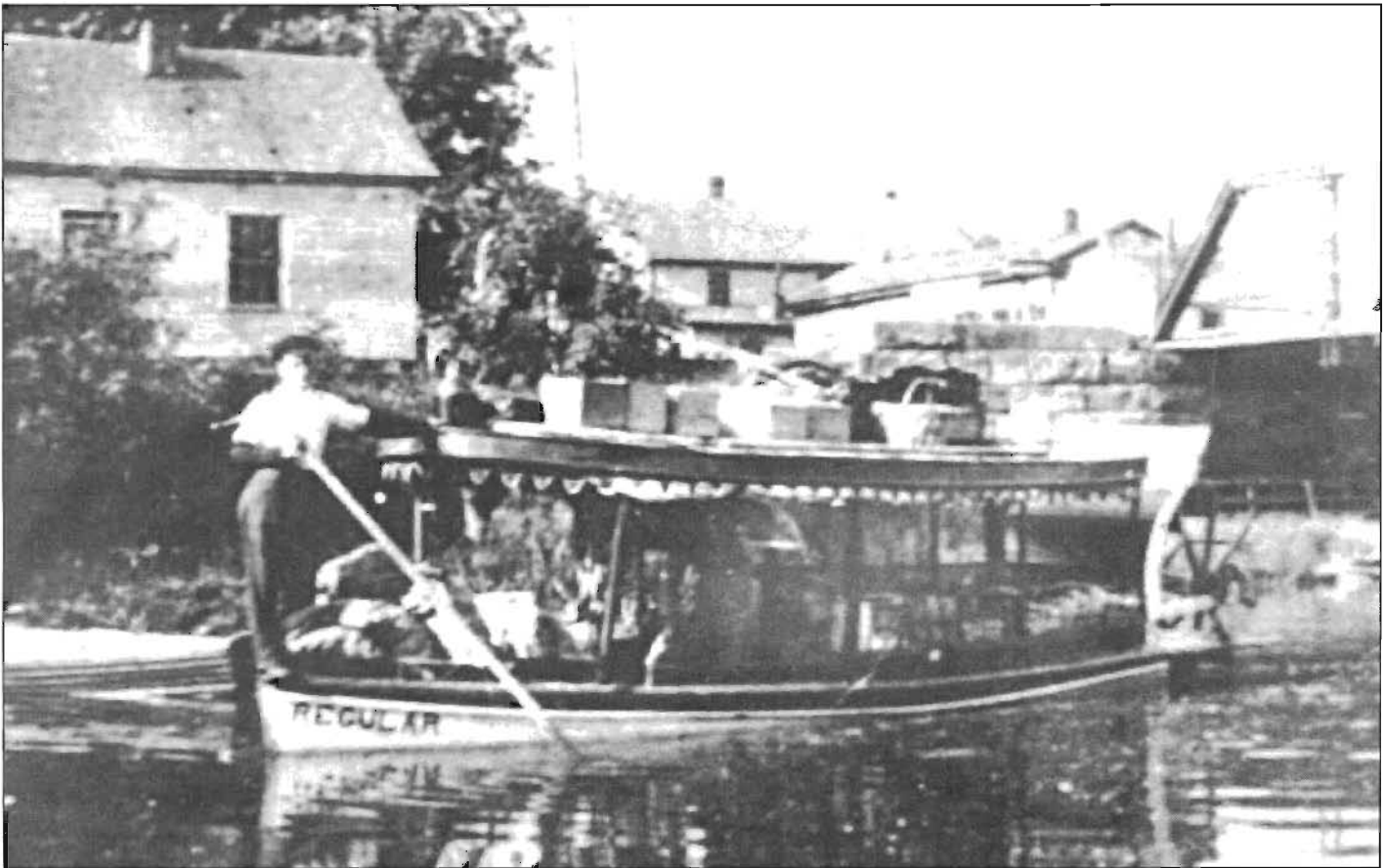
Since thirty years earlier, when the first railroad came to the reservoir bringing in ever increasing numbers of anglers, fishing in it had grown steadily worse. And with arrival of the electric interurban, just three years before, such deterioration had increased rapidly until the waters were well nigh fished out. Now, perhaps, this trend would be reversed. But there still remained one, big, pesky fly in these diehards' conjured up molasses. Twelve years before, in 1894, the state legislature had "reserved Licking Reservoir" as a public park to be known as "Buckeye Lake." Such action, however, had not made it a "Lake." It still remained substantially unaltered and potentially as much a fisherman's haven as ever before. About all that the lawmakers had accomplished was to legalize and encourage the reservoir's encroachment and depredation by ever increasing numbers of unsympathetic people and boats. Even talk of efforts to make a lake of this body of water was disturbing to the "sot" of the graybeards' ways. They admitted no net advantage in minor so-called improvements that had been made.



A Buckeye Lake grocery boat such as the one pictured above brought a complete stock of groceries, fruits and vegetables to the docks of Buckeye Lake residents three days a week. This photo appeared on an advertisement for Bendum and Peters of Millersport. (From the photo collection of the late Chance Brockway)

These had been such as could be accomplished without purposely lowering the waters. Such willful drainage would have prejudiced canal boats' passage over Licking Summit, and therefore was unthinkable. But, of course, there had been extra-dry seasons when the surface naturally and unavoidably had fallen unusually low. At such times, in the past dozen years, considerable areas had been cleared of dead and live vegetation down to variously low water levels. Thus, channels and some fair sized basins, interspersed among large, island-like, still unnavigable areas, had been made somewhat safer for boating, especially when stages of water were high. Such opened waters, however, soon had led to desecration of this long-time fishermen's paradise, first by Dell Fisher's steamboats in '96. Then came these newfangled, noisy, little "stinkpots," moving faster than a buggy horse can trot. Now, there were crazy youngsters in boats with sails, fouling stumps and capsizing but, so far, not disturbing fishing. What would happen to these craft when water got low, as usual in mid-summer?

The storekeeper, long since, had returned from the railroad station with his bag and bundles. Back of his post-office cage he had been sorting mail, maybe reading the postal cards, placing it in the alphabetical



A boat navigates the canal at Millersport, circa 1900. (From the photo collection of the late Chance Brockway)

pigeonholes, darting frequent glances toward the cracker-barrel. His gray bearded guests had been too engrossed in their world's problems to pay him any attention. But at their mention of stinkpots and sailboats he came out from behind and joined them. With an open newspaper in his hands he asked if they had seen the news. Obviously none had. Then holding the paper so they could see it, right side up, he pointed his corn-cob pipe at a bold headline above a half-column of small print. No part of it made any impression on their watery eyes. So he started to read, and their jaws dropped open — the better to absorb the amazing story. "YACHTSMEN MEET AND FORM A CLUB," was the heading of this article in that morning's Ohio State Journal. The night before, a lot of power and sailboat owners had organized a yet unnamed "yacht club" which would ply Buckeye Lake. The very audacity of a highfalutin' yacht club on this old, snag-bestrewn, fishing preserve!

Similar items appeared the same day in The Columbus Dispatch, Columbus Citizen and The Newark American Advocate. All seemed about as

much astounded by the reported occurrence as were the sages of Millersport. Then, two days later, The Toledo Press came out with its story about the event; it recognized longstanding rivalry between Toledo and Columbus in all things — except yachting. Now it foresaw competition even in that sport. Concluding it stated that: "To show Columbus sailors their hearts are in the right place, members of T.Y.C. will arrange to ship reservoirs of water to the capitol during the late summer months, that the croquet ground of the Columbus club be flooded to a depth sufficient . . . for its . . . yachtsmen to continue their sports." Thus was evidence shown as to what experienced big-water sailors thought about yachting on Licking Reservoir. But evidently they wished to be considered as fraternally helpful to this young organization of nautical neophytes.

Editor's Note: During 2006, the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club celebrated its one hundredth anniversary. As part of the year long centennial celebrations, Tony Lisska developed an historical account of the yacht club from its earliest days through the end of the centennial events;

Our readers write...

From Ms. Jan Wentworth, a daughter of Mrs. Jo Deeds Krause, came the following comments about the Winter issue on Edward A. Deeds:

To the Editors:

Through your kindness and that of Ann and Dick Fryman, I was able to get The Historical Times article on E.A. Deeds in the hands of his three grandchildren and six of his great-grandchildren. They were all quite pleased to have that issue and all three grandchildren remarked that they thought it was well done-and they even learned a few things themselves. So we all thank you enormously for making it possible for us all to read and remember E.A.D.

Note on the numbering of an earlier issue

This Fall 2007 issue is the last number of The Historical Times for the calendar year 2007. In addition, please note that the published Winter issue of the quarterly was listed as "Winter: 2006;" it should have read "Winter: 2007." The issue published a year ago during the winter months of 2006 discussing Professor Lorle Porter's account of "local history" was correctly noted as "Winter: 2006." We are sorry for any inconvenience that this incorrect numbering of the an earlier issue in the volume may have caused.

Buckeye Lake

(Continued from P. 7)

this book, which was published in July 2007, is titled "An Illustrated History of the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club" and contains a large cache of historical photographs of Buckeye Lake principally from the collection of the late Chance Brockway. Commodore Armstrong's piece above has been reprinted in the new centennial history.

The centennial history is available at the Denison University Bookstore and at the Buckeye Lake Yacht Club, Wednesday through Sunday.



A Granville couple fishes on Buckeye Lake. (From the Richard Howe collection)



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