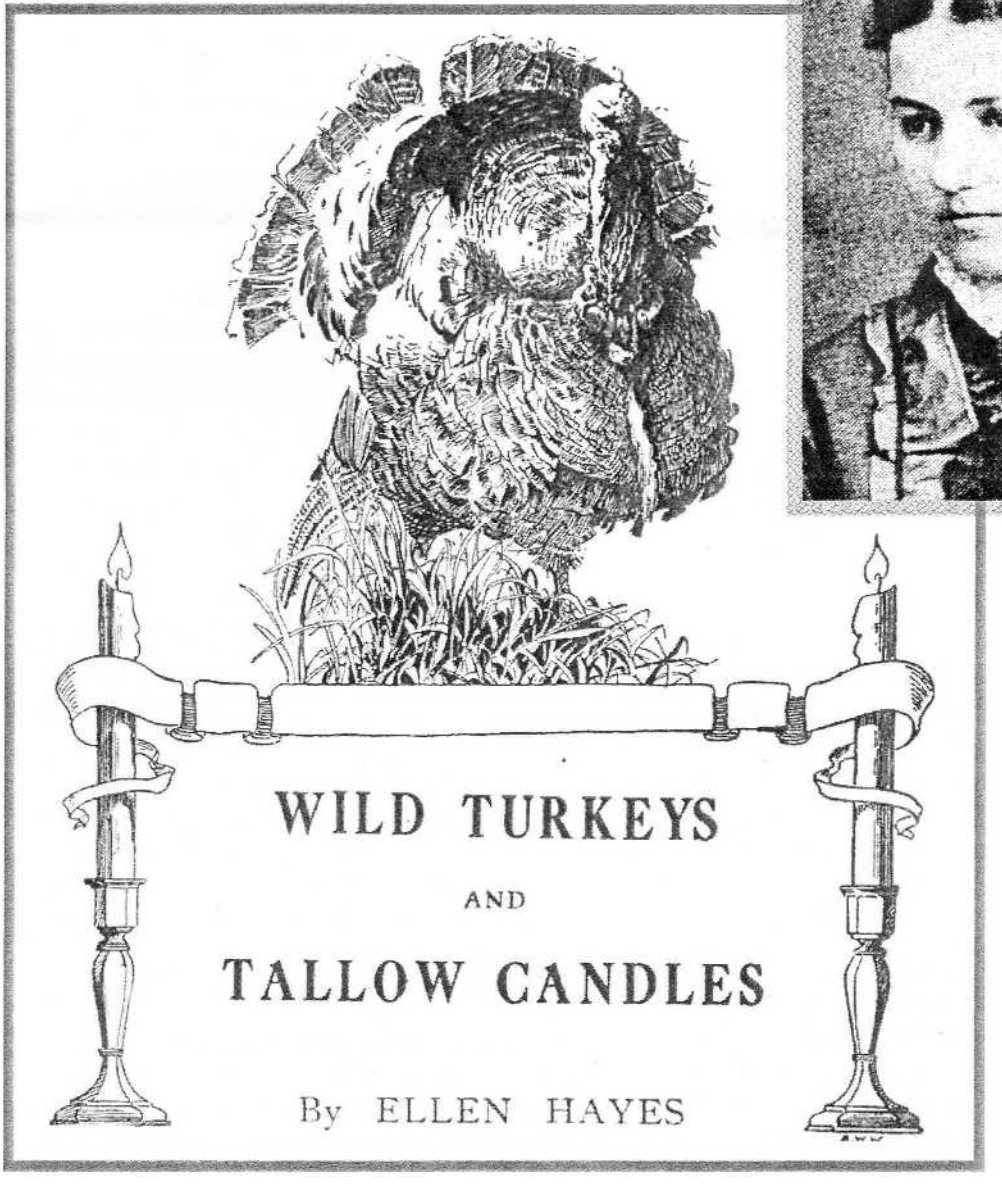
THE HISTORICAL TIMES

QUARTERLY OF THE GRANVILLE, OHIO, HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume XVIIIIssue 1 *Winter 2004*

Ellen Hayes

GRANVILLE AUTHOR, POLITICAL RADICAL & WELLESLEY COLLEGE MATHEMATICIAN



Ellen Hayes

In 1920, a charming book appeared about the early days of Danville written by a daughter of Granville but one who had lived in Massachusetts most of her adult life. *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles,* written by Ellen Hayes, is a moving narrative and descriptive account of the early days in Granville Village and Township. Writing to Stanley W. Hayes, Ellen's brother, Granville author and historian Charles Browne White offered the following praise for this account of early Granville:

> [Ellen's book] is, in my opinion, a work of imperishable beauty. Of the endless stream of books which the printing-press is disgorging, how many will survive oblivion? Her book will be read with delight by discriminating readers long after "you and I beyond the veil have passed." I have recommended it to many friends who have no genealogical ties with Granville, and they have invariable found the deepest pleasure in its pages.'

Ellen Amanda Hayes was born in Granville on September 23, 1851. She was the oldest of five daughters and two sons in her family. Her father, Charles Coleman Hayes, who later served in the civil war as an officer, earned his livelihood as a tanner. Ellen's mother, Ruth Rebecca Wolcott Hayes, was a direct descendent of the founding settlers of Granville; her mother's father, Horace Wolcott, journeyed from Massachusetts to Licking County with the original group of transplanted New Englanders in 1805. Ellen's grandmother, Rebecca Winchell Wolcott, was the six-months-old babe who was carried on horseback in the arms of her mother, Ruth Rose, all the way from Granville, Massachusetts, to Granville, Ohio. Reflecting on the pioneer roots in Ellen's ancestry, Charles Browne White once wrote the following:

> This sturdy pioneer ancestry, coupled with the independent pioneer environment of her childhood, explains the intellectual vigor and originality which mark the career of Ellen Hayes. Her personal charm and deep philanthropy must be attributed, in large measure, to her tender shepherding of her brothers and sisters, whose innocent adventures are described so winsomely in several chapters of her most noted book, *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles.'*

One can well imagine that Grandfather and Grandmother Wolcott charmed and regaled their young granddaughter with stories of the early days in Granville, the fodder from which emerged *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles.* Grandfather Wolcott himself served as a Trustee of the Granville Female Academy and Ellen's mother had graduated from this early institution located on East Broadway and dedicated to the education of young women. The family home, where Ellen was born, is the red sided structure of painted brick still standing on the north side of the Newark-Granville Road just west of the Church of St. Edward the Confessor. Another Granville woman of letters, Minnie Hite Moody, later inhabited this red house, standing on the east bank of Clear Run.' Charles Browne White, in an essay in *The Granville limes* about the importance of this little stream called Clear Run in Granville literature, wrote the following:

> Allusions to this bright brook are frequent in the pages of *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles,* to which discerning critics assign a high rank in American *belles-lettres,* a distinction whose justice no one will dispute after reading the book Its author, Ellen Hayes, spent her girlhood within sight of Clear Run. With her little sisters and brothers she waded in its sparkling shallows, fished in its deeper pools, and gathered flowers along its banks, "herself the fairest flower."'

Raised in a family devoted through at least two generations to education broadly construed, Ellen early on was home-schooled by her mother. She acquired the skills of reading and writing and also was taught elemental topics in astronomy and botany. At the age of eight, Ellen began her more formal education at the Centerville School, located about a mile and a half east of Granville Village on the way to Newark Today's Newark-Granville Road originally was named Centerville Street.

Long interested in teaching, upon the completion of her Granville education, Ellen taught school in the rural regions for five years. Saving earnestly from her meager salary in order to further her education at the collegiate level. Ellen entered Oberlin College in 1872; Oberlin was the first college in the United States to have a firm policy of co-education. Ellen appears to have spent three years at Oberlin in preparatory work prior to her matriculation as an official undergraduate student, which she did in 1875. Ellen graduated three years later, in 1878 with a B.A. Oberlin fostered an abiding and consuming interest in mathematics and the sciences, fields in which she was to spend her later career as a nationally acknowledged member of the Wellesley College faculty. At Oberlin. Ellen also immersed herself in history and English literature and studied Greek and Latin. This well-rounded education would assist her immensely in her later efforts as advocate and public speaker on behalf of social change and women's suffrage.

Following her graduation from Oberlin, Ellen spent one year as an instructor at Adrian College in southern Michigan. The next year, she received an appointment to Wellesley College, then in the nascent years of its existence as an undergraduate college for women, earmarked to transcend the limits of what was known in the late nineteenth century as "seminary" education for women. It is interesting to note that Wellesley, even at this early moment in its existence, was building a faculty strong in the sciences, a role Ellen was to play for her nearly forty-year stint as a prominent member of the Wellesley faculty. Wellesley itself was one of the first colleges in the country to embark on the project of developing scientific laboratories for empirical studies by its students.

Ellen joined the Mathematics Department at Wellesley, and within ten years, she was appointed professor and head of the department. In 1897, Wellesley created a new Department of Applied Mathematics and Ellen was appointed its first head.' In 1904, this department was enlarged and became the Department of

Astronomy and Applied Mathematics, again with Ellen as its head. Ellen appears, for the most part, to have been a "laid back" department head. An instructor in mathematics, Helen Merrill, once noted that Ellen, while the person who chose class textbooks and constructed course examinations, nonetheless rarely would visit classes and almost never called department meetings.

Her work in mathematics was recognized nationally when in 1891, Ellen was elected a member of the New York Mathematical Society, which later became the American Mathematical Society. Ellen was one of the first six women elected to membership in this organization. Yet one historian of science writes that Ellen's most important piece of original scientific scholarship was accomplished in astronomy. In 1887-88, Ellen was a participant in the astronomical observing sessions conducted at the Leander McCormick Observatory of the University of Virginia. During these astronomical observations, Ellen conducted research on one of the minor planets (Minor Planet 267) and she spent time calculating its orbit. In the next decade, Ellen also undertook observations of a comet, the results of which were published in the May 1904 issue of *Nature*.

A prolific writer, within a ten year period, Ellen authored several textbooks in mathematics: *Lessons in Higher Algebra* (1891; revised edition, 1894); *Elementary Trigonometry* (1896); *Algebra for High Schools and Colleges* (1897); and *Calculus with Applications: An Introduction to the Mathematical Treatment of Science* (1900). Following her retirement from active teaching at Wellesley, Ellen turned to other genres of writing. It was in this period that her delightful Granville narrative, *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles*, appeared. Shortly before her death in 1930, Ellen published a historical novel titled *The Sycamore Trail* (1929).

Even though a prodigious writer, it was in the classroom that Ellen excelled. One of her former students, Louise Brown, who later became a close friend of Ellen, wrote the following sketch entitled "Ellen Hayes: Teacher, Friend and Companion."

> It was in her teaching that these qualities (dear thinking, quiet enthusiasm and rare culture) had the remarkable effect of stimulating mental activity that surprised even her students themselves. My courses with her included Calculus, Celestial Mechanics, Logic and Astronomy. Emphasis was placed on the nature and significance of natural law, on the need of clear definition of terms, the nature and use of evidence, conditions under which authority must be relied upon or rejected. These principles were later embodied in one of the best of her publications entitled "How Do You Know?" Her power as a writer, like her power as a teacher, was due to her clearness of thought and rare command of English. These qualities served her as well also in her public addresses in Boston and elsewhere, where her audiences responded with spontaneous enthusiasm to the quiet personality on the platform.'

During the first three decades of its existence in the late nineteenth century, Wellesley College oscillated between emphasis on its commitment to sustained scholarship and its commitment to social action and political renewal in order to better the status of women. Many of the early Wellesley faculty adhered more firmly to the latter set of goals. An early chronicler of the college, Florence Converse, wrote that "the Wellesley faculty is a public spirited body," and that "its contribution to the general life is not only abstract and literary; many of its members are identified with modern (social and political) movements.'"

Ellen Hayes, however, appears to have found a blended mix of these two competing demands for the busy time of a college instructor. Ellen was dramatically active in these social causes. Charles Browne White once wrote that "the life of Ellen Hayes was dedicated to the welfare of others." White continues his praise of Ellen's concern for others in the following way:

> This altruism found expression not only in her forty years of service as a teacher of astronomy and higher mathematics in Wellesley College, but also in an eager and undaunted championship of the cause of the unfortunate.'

One historian writes the following about the radical tendencies of Granville's own Ellen Hayes:

> A dauntless radical all her days, in the eighties she was wearing short skirts; in the nineties she was a staunch advocate of Woman's Suffrage; in the first two decades of the twentieth century, an ardent Socialist. After her retirement, and until her death in 1930, she was actively connected with an experiment in adult education for working girls. Fearless, devoted, intransigent, fanatical, if you like, and at all times a thorn in the flesh of the trustees, who withheld the title of Emeritus on her retirement, she is remembered with enthusiasm and affection by many of her students.

While engaged in these efforts for the betterment of both women in particular and humankind in general, Ellen undertook to write and publish her own radical monthly magazine called *Relay*. It was once suggested that Ellen embarked upon this publishing project because she found it more and more difficult to find a sympathetic press to cover the themes of social reform in which she was most interested. Hence, she invented her own publication. Describing this radical magazine and its purpose, Ellen wrote the following for the inaugural issue of *Relay* in 1924:

> ...the *Relay* plans to camp in a rut by the side of the road and to keep a lamp or two burning-in the hope of being a friend to wayfarers and especially to the limping Under Dog.'

During her last years at Wellesley, Ellen found it more difficult to get a hearing for her programs of social reform. The Trustees, in particular, found her positions on education and politics not easy to live with. Along with the rights of women to vote and to have full access to education, Ellen also fought for the rights of the trade unions. One historical note suggests that these positions resulted in threats on her life and her being arrested at least once. Louise Brown's booklet contains a rare newspaper photograph depicting an elderly Ellen Hayes being led away by officers from the Boston Police. Her political views were liberal and to the left at a time when the Robber Barons held sway over the collective imagination of many Americans. Ellen regarded herself as a socialist. Well-known in New England socialist circles as an energetic spokesperson for these political positions, in 1912 Ellen was nominated for the position of Secretary of State in Massachusetts on the Socialist Party Ticket. This nomination made her the first woman to be a candidate for a state elective office in Massachusetts. Of course, at this time, women had not yet received the right to vote. Hence, there were no women voters eligible to cast a ballot for her and her social and political positions. Nonetheless, she received nearly fourteen thousand votes from male registered voters, which was more votes garnered in that election than received by any other socialist candidate. Given these radical social and political positions, one wonders if Ellen ever made contact with the other nationally known feminist social thinker of the era from north of Granville, Victoria Woodhull. Certainly Woodhull has received much

more press on her political work than one fords about the radical involvement of Ellen Hayes.

Always the educator, Ellen Hayes was greatly concerned about the commitment, and sometimes the lack thereof, of the young women matriculating at Wellesley College in the first decade of the twentieth century. Ellen voiced many of the faculty's worries in her *Letters to a College Girl.'* She worried that a degree of social elitism had begun to affect the fabric of the Wellesley College atmosphere. Ellen asked rather tough questions of her students. "Some day it will be well worth your while to set to work and find out how it comes that you are thus fortunate." The forward to this book suggests that the new Wellesley woman was beginning, sadly, to forget the energized efforts the educational pioneers at Wellesley had exerted in order to pave the way for the then contemporary woman's education. Ellen's forward indeed reflected her position and her sentiments on this issue:

Thoughts time great hearts once
Broke for, we
Break cheaply in the common air."

Long committed to the education of working class women, in the last year of her life, Ellen established the Vineyard Shore School, which was located in West Park-on-the-Hudson, New York. This institution functioned as a summer school for these women. Charles Brown White notes that this "institution opened the treasures of culture to many young women who had been denied the opportunity of an advanced education." [12] Historians suggest that the Vineyard Shore School was modeled after the Bryn Mawr School for Working Women. Ellen's former colleagues in the science departments at Wellesley donated science equipment as a show of support for this exceptional program undertaken by Ellen.

While known nationally as a mathematician, astronomer and political activist, nonetheless Ellen Hayes is best remembered in Granville as the author of *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles.* The publication of this book on Granville's history was underwritten by Ellen's brother, Stanley W. Hayes of Indiana. Charles Browne White, throughout the pages of his *The Philosopher of Mount Parnassus,* raves about this narrative depicting mid-nineteenth century life in Granville. One such example, while bordering on hyperbole, is the following:

> It is a great distinction to have taught for forty years in a college like Wellesley. It is a much greater distinction to have written a book like *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles,* which will be read with relish and profit far into the future, not only on account of its charm but also for its historical value. The world is indebted to Ellen Hayes for these services and will not forget her."

In a letter to Ellen's brother, Stanley, White again waxes eloquently about the continuing value of *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles:*

> And, best of all, we have in the public library and the Denison library copies of *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles.* We owe you a debt of gratitude for sponsoring the publication of that masterpiece. It is still read avidly by both students and civilians. Over a period of years it is probably our most popular book. It will live long after books of current popularity shall have been buried in a benevolent oblivion. It will live because it has that perennial charm, so rare in books, of personal magnetism, added to its perfect portrayal of pioneer life in one of the most unique colonial settlements in this broad land. I tried to save a thousand dollars for a Denison memorial to Ellen, but the New Deal took the savings. But not the ambition!"

One of Ellen Hayes's last contributions to others was on behalf of the village of her birth. Charles Brown White provides the following charming account of Ellen's long time commitment to Granville.

> Throughout her long life she remained loyal to the village of her birth. That loyalty was demonstrated at the celebration of the 125' anniversary of the founding of Granville. For the concluding event of that celebration, the exercises commemorating the influence of Granville Female College, the principal address was prepared by Ellen Hayes and read by her nephew, Brice Hayes. That address was proof of her courage as well as her loyalty, for it was prepared while she was suffering from an incurable disease which she realized must soon terminate fatally."

Ellen Hayes died on October 27, 1930. Following cremation, a burial was in Maple Grove Cemetery, where a tombstone can be located today. White wrote a touching note about what he considered the final resting-place of Ellen Hayes's mortal remains:

> Her ashes now lie beneath the very sod over which she and her little flock roamed in search of wild flowers, and within sight of the house in which she was born. [76]

Anthony' Lisska
Denison University

A NOTE ON SOURCES

Probably the best overall account of the academic and scholarly life of Ellen Hayes is found in *In Adamless Eden: The Community ofWomen Faculty at Wellesley,* written by Patricia Ann Palmieri (Yale University Press, 1995). While Hayes's life is not central to this narrative, nonetheless dispersed throughout the pages of Professor Palmieri's book are many references to Hayes's contributions to the commonweal of Wellesley College. Professor Palmieri was the holder of the Laura Harris Chair in Women's Studies at Denison University. Charles Brown White's *The Philosopher ofMount Parnassus* contains several references to the life and work of Ellen Hayes, with his "Famous Men and Women of Licking County, Ohio" providing a brief but thoughtful biography of Hayes. The Archives of the Granville Historical Society contains a modest collection of materials on Ellen Hayes. There is a cache of letters to Charles Brown White from Ellen's brother, Stanley W. Hayes. The Archives also possesses a substantive run of issues of the periodical Ellen published in the 1920's, *Relay.* Theresa Overholser once again has been generous with her time in assisting the author unearth important items from the files in the Archives; Theresa also kindly read an earlier draft of this biographical essay. Several web pages are useful for biographical information but are rather repetitive regarding sources. As always, Marianne Lisska's eagle eye rendered the text stylistic correct and reader friendly.

'Charles Brown White, "Letter to Stanley W. Hayes," *The Philosopher ofMount Parnassus* (Granville, Ohio: The Denison University Press, 1948), p. 59.

[1] White, "Famous Men and Women of Licking County, Ohio," *op. cit.,* p. 133. In this delightful account of Granville miscellany, *The Philosopher of Mount Parnassus,* Charles Browne White in writing about Ellen Hayes and her family, especially the Wolcotts, notes in particular that the Minnie Rite Moody house was the Hayes house in the middle of the nineteenth century. The Wolcott home was across the road.

' White, *op. cit.,* p. 69. White notes that many allusions to Clear Run are also

found in the writings of another Granville native whose literary skills and scholarly interests attained national recognition, Hubert Howe Bancroft. Bancroft, who later resided in San Francisco and is often referred to as "The Historian of California," grew up on his father's farm near Clear Run.

'There is some evidence that intense bickering in the mathematics department between Hayes and her colleague, Ellen Burrell, brought about this division of the mathematics department. The Wellesley president at the time, Julia Irving, created the new department in order to separate the feuding instructors. Burrell became head of the pure mathematics department. An instructor in mathematics at this time, Helen Merrill, once noted that the "relations between the heads of the two departments were not cordial." In fact, Merrill judged that an apt description of their collective interactions was more like an "armed truce."

[6] A copy of Ms. Brown's tribute to Ellen Hayes is in the Archives of the Granville Historical Society.

' Florence Converse, *Wellesley College: A Chronicle of the years 1875-1938* (Wellesley, MA: Hathaway House Bookshop, 1939), p. 98.

[8] White, "Famous Men and Women of Licking County, Ohio," *op. cit.,* p. 133

'Relay, Vol. I, # 1; a copy of this issue, along with many issues of *Relay, is* found in the archives of the Granville Historical Society.

[70] *Letters to a College Girl* (Boston: Ellis, 1909).

"Ibid., p. *7.*

[72] White, "Famous Men and Women of Licking County, Ohio," *op. cit.,* p. 133.

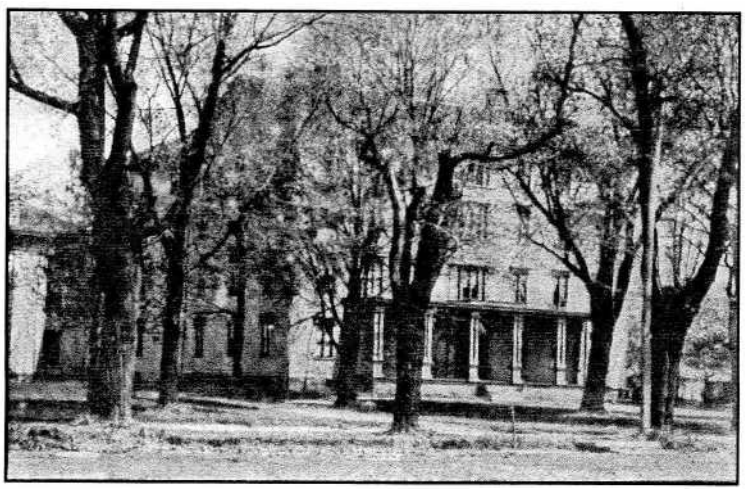
[73] *Ibid.*

"White, "Letter to Mr. Stanley W. Hayes," *op. cit.,* pp. 192-193.

"White, "Famous Men and Women of Licking County, Ohio," *op. cit., p.* 133. A copy of these remarks is located in the Archives of the Granville Historical Society.

Reflections on Teaching and Learning at the Granville Female College

AN ADDRESS BY ELLEN HAYES



[Ellen Hayes wrote this address two months before she died. The occasion for this set *of recollections in* ***1930*** *was the* ***one hundredth and*** *twenty-fifth anniversary of the* ***founding*** *of* ***Granville.*** **Ms.** ***Hayes reflected on her education received through the heroic efforts of the valiant instructors at the Granville Female College in the latter part of the nineteenth*** *century. This address was* ***given*** *in* ***Granville*** *by her* ***nephew*** *because of Ms.* ***Hayes's infirmities near the end*** *of her life.]*

Mr. Chairman; Friends of Granville Female College:

While I deeply regret that I am not able to be with you in person today, I am, on the other hand, grateful for this opportunity to affirm my loyalty to the Institution whose life we are celebrating and to that one of her principals whom it was my good fortune to know.

I congratulate your organizing committee on the wise choice of a memorial alcove in the new public library, an alcove designed to shelter choice books - a perpetual reminder of a school that put emphasis on the worthily recorded word out of every age. Plato and Euripides and Marcus Aurelius shall speak to us from this alcove; Homer and Virgil and Shakespeare shall accompany them with undying song. The Memorial Tablet fittingly completes an equipment that is to remind all comers of our Granville Female College.

Memory furnishes many pictures of those days some sixty-five years ago when I was a day pupil in the school. One or two of these scenes out of the past may serve as representative of others.

It is the hour for morning exercises. The day pupils have come and are gathered with the boarding pupils in the assembly hall of the brick building. A door at the rear of the large platform is opened; Mr. Kerr enters and holds the door wide ajar while his teachers file in to their appointed places on the platform. A hymn is announced and Miss Rosa Kerr plays the piano accompaniment; Mr. Kerr reads a short Scripture lesson and follows with a brief simple prayer. Announcements for the day are made and the students rise and go to their various class-rooms. This chapel service, utterly free from perfunctory formalism, was quite in keeping with Mr. Kerr's sincere piety; his religion was suited alike to the realm of faith and to the concrete fields of good citizenship and brotherly kindness.

Another picture of this school principal comes to the front, vivid and insistent. One year three pupils of unusual daring had elected and begun geometry. For some reason it seemed necessary before long to change the teacher. Who would now be our teacher? It was presently disclosed that Mr. Kerr himself had undertaken the job. Then rumor ran up and down the street that a light could regularly be seen in Mr. Kerr's study in the pre-daylight hours; it was believed that the geometry teacher was doing "originals" in preparation for his class. He did indeed teach us; and then came one or two rare mornings when he led us beyond the text and the "original" problem. I see him now in his rough grey business suit seated in a plain chair in our little class-room without a desk or table, his knees well apart to make room between his feet for the half-opened geometry textbook which stood on its head on the floor; with one hand on each knee he talked to us. Not especially about that august mass of related knowledge called geometry; certainly not about its applications and uses in science. He spoke of the joy of acquiring knowledge, the possible riches in the life of the mind, the high superiority of these unseen treasures over material goods that men strive for. His words were utterly free from cant or platitude; we felt their genuine quality their forthright sincerity. I was much the youngest student of the three; this geometry experience was probably in the year 1865 when I was barely fourteen. I never knew how my classmates were affected by these talks; but Mr. Kerr's words sank deep into my mind and the determination found root there that if what this teacher said was true I would keep on, I would learn more of geometry and kindred subjects. If during a long life I have had the happiness and privilege of leading gallant companies of students along the not wholly easy mathematical trail in the study of the stars I trace the beginning of that work back to a little class-room in Granville Female College where a teacher of no ordinary power set my feet in the path which they were to follow. My acknowledgment of this debt becomes an affirmation of lifelong loyalty to the school and the teacher.

Mr. Kerr was known in the community as a good business man; he could get students and find teachers. He made the school so thoroughly a success that it went on without friction or dissentious. To see him going about the school premises or starting off up street one might have said that his large frame and peculiar swinging gait seemed to require most of the sidewalk; yet he was the humblest of men, never overbearing, never aggressive. If anybody ever criticized, such criticism was probably due to unconscious envy of his wise business management which underlay his prosperity.

I am confident now that few of Mr. Kerr's associates, whether in the town at large, or the church, or even in his school, ever knew that other side of his character - that hunger for knowledge, that struggle first to win his own education and then to bring to his pupils the joys of the life of the mind. I believe that a certain shyness made him loath to say much regarding that unseen life which must always hold itself austerely above the things of mere physical needs and pleasures.

Consideration of Mr. Kerr's work as a principal and a teacher almost compels one to speak of his predecessor, William D. Moore. Coming to his Ohio work some time before 1848, Mr. Moore must have brought the finest traditions and training from the small New England college which had - and has - the honor of being his *alma mater.* Probably very unlike Mr. Kerr in manner and appearance, Mr. Moore and Mr. Kerr were yet brothers in zeal for learning and in their purpose to do their utmost for the young women in their charge. I get my impressions of the former principal from my mother, Ruth Wolcott, a member of the class of '48. I was but a child when she began to tell me about her school life, her classmates, and the teacher to whom they were devoted. No discounting of any other class is intended in saying that the class of '48 was probably a picked lot of young women. They made good in the years following graduation, those far ahead years when the real test comes. And made good also as undergraduates. Living in an unsophisticated academic day they knew nothing of detouring in any subject to avoid bad roads and unlighted stretches. Mr. Moore would see them through. Looking back now I am inclined to think that my mother's outstanding gain in Mr. Moore's classroom was a working command of choice flexible English. And to the end of her life it never failed her. This acquirement, belonging, in like measure, no doubt, to her fellow students, was in a day long prior to the excessive development of English in our schools of every grade. One wonders what Mr. Moore's methods were - and could they be restored today. In my mother's name and on behalf of the class of 1848 I here express gratitude for the worthy life of William D. Moore and pay honor to his memory. When modern teachers grow discouraged, feeling that there will be little or nothing to reap where they are sowing, let them take heart from the examples of Mr. Moore and Mr. Kerr, who gladly taught the pupils given to them without anxiety regarding any far-reaching effects destined to live through uncounted decades.

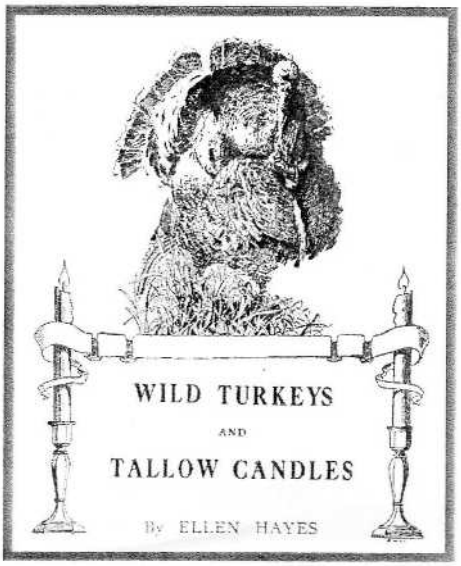
From the very first, devoted friends must have rallied around this school for young women, the Granville Female Academy. I may perhaps properly relate one humble item in illustration of that devotion; one too humble ever to have been told before.

When a little girl I used to see on a high shelf in Grandfather Wolcott's springhouse an ingeniously caved neckyoke made to fit a man's shoulders, its horizontal arms extending perhaps a foot beyond each shoulder so that pails or other loads could be carried pendant from them, leaving the two hands free to carry more loads. Mother explained to me that in earlier years grandfather had been determined that those academy girls should have plenty of sweet fresh milk to drink: so he went personally each day, rigged out in the neckyoke, carrying four pails of milk up to the school building. This practice probably began in the time when Nancy Bridges was principal of the school. In passing it is to be said that Horace Wolcott and Rebecca Winchell, his wife, held this devoted and gifted principal in high and affectionate esteem. Witness: one of their little girls was named Nancy Bridges.

Hail to these three, Nancy Bridges, William D. Moore, and William P. Kerr, and to all others who labored with them so effectively that the Granville Female College held an honorable place among Ohio schools. Hail but not farewell! They are our inspiring comrades *in perpetuum*.

Ellen Hayes
August 30, *1930*

[The editors of *The Historical Times* are pleased to present here two chapters from the narrative history of Granville, *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles,* published by Ellen Hayes in 1920. This book has been long out of print. Plans for reissuing this wonderful narrative are part of the Granville 2005 celebrations. Following is a chapter from this book focusing on the early days of the Granville settlement when the pioneers first arrived from Granville Massachusetts and Granby Connecticut.]



CHAPTER III

THE PIONEER JOURNEY

Adieu, my friends! Come on, my dears,
This journey we'll forgo,
And settle Licking Creek,
In yonder Ohio.

-Timothy Spelman

This was the pioneer situation in the upper Racoon Valley in 1805 when the colonists representing the Licking Land Company were ready to start from Granville, Massachusetts. The historian of that period commenting on the personnel of the emigrant party was moved to remark

> We could spare our young ministers and young physicians and even our deacons, *[sic]* but when the strength and beauty of the church and parish were demanded the loss was irreparable.

And James Cooley, in a Jubilee address at Granville, Massachusetts, in 1845, says of those who went west forty years before:

> A long journey of seven hundred miles was before them. No railroads, no canals or steamboats. A mere overland journey through swamps and untrodden deserts; a constant toil by day and by night for more than forty days. But they were the chosen spirits of New England, legitimate sons of old Granville who shrunk at no hardship and feared no peril.

"Swamps and untrodden deserts." One must regret that as late as 1845 any person could so describe the land through which the colonists were to journey. There were no deserts and the wilderness was such as to promise the blossoming rose. Cooley does not overstate, however, the pluck and hardihood of those Berkshire Hills pilgrims. They were of the same blood and spirit as the New Englanders who, more than a hundred and sixty years before (1643), had broken the "Old Connecticut Path" through the eastern wilderness from Boston to the lower valley of the Connecticut River.

How did they outfit for the journey and for the home in that western country? These men were all of them well to do for their day, quite able to pay for their individual lots of land when the time came; but whatever their wealth in home-gear the capacity of their ox-drawn wagons must have been quickly reached, considering the nature of the roads they were to travel. Treasured pieces of furniture, prized books, unnecessary clothes and bedding, extra farm implements-all had to be left behind. There must be room for such tools and bedding as were indispensable, room for the Dutch oven, the iron kettle and the bags of flour and corn meal. Spinning wheels no less than axes and flint-lock muskets were on the list to go; knitting-needles and garden-seeds had to be thought of, as well as the bible and hymn-book. And when everything else was in, there must still be space for the little children and others who could not walk all day. One, gallant young mother, Ruth (Rose) Winchell, made the entire journey on horseback carrying in her arms her baby, Rebecca,' then less than a year old. Probably other mothers traveled in the same way. All things considered, it is hardly surprising that "the oldest among them were serious and provident and the youngest were moved to song by the romance of the situation." Timothy Spelman seems to have been their song writer and some of his verses-not wholly complimentary to the Berkshire country-were sung at their gatherings through the summer as preparations for departure were made.

Instead of moving as one united company, they divided into parties with short intervals of time separating the dates of going. In the month of September, families began to leave in small companies for their six-weeks' journey. Their route from Granville, Massachusetts, lay southwestward, crossing the Hudson River at Fishkill Landing or Fort Edward, thence over a point of New Jersey, across the Delaware at Easton, the Schuylkill at Reading, the Susquehanna at Harrisburg, by Carlisle and over the Alleghanies, through Washington, Pennsylvania, across the Ohio at Wheeling, and on to Zanesville. From that settlement on up the valley of the Licking River there could have been hardly more than a trail, indicated by blazes on the trees, which had been made by the few wayfarers who had gone before them. Assuming that their trail was blazed by way of Bowling Green, they undoubtedly passed through the small settlement of Newark located in 1802 where two creeks, the North Fork and South Fork, unite to form the Licking River. It seems probable that they forded the Raccoon Creek near its junction with the South Fork, went through Cherry Valley and crossed the Raccoon again some two miles from the first ford, that is, somewhere west of the point where the creek swung sharply against the hill in the base of which the "Dugway" was later made; and thus they entered the little plain east of the place already selected for the location of their village-practically at their journey's end. By such a route as this they would avoid all the hills on the right, westward from Newark, and a creek to be forded must have been much less of an obstacle than a hill to be climbed.

The first company to arrive consisted of William Gavit, Elias Gilman, Levi Rose, James Thrall, Samuel Thrall, Silas Winchell, and their families. With them was Thomas Sill, a man without his family if he had any. They had been forty-four days on the road; it was Saturday, November 2, when they reached the Jones cabin. Saturday evening? One is led to ask. If so this

would explain their stopping; for this premier group "kept the Sabbath throughout the journey stopping early Saturday evening so as to have all the preparations made and begin holy time at sundown according to their custom." At any rate, they evidently halted at the hospitable and elastic Jones cabin and not only spent Sunday there-within two miles of their actual destination-but waited until November 12 when a second and larger party overtook them. The important event of this day, November 12, seems to have been a religious service, a Presbyterian minister from Pennsylvania happening to be on hand to conduct it. "Scarcely waiting to loosen the oxen from their yokes, or to eat, one hundred assembled for public worship."

The next day, November 13, 1805, they all "hitched up" and drove on, not by a straight trail as Centerville Street runs today; the ox-teams of 1805 were not laying out a street, for they must have wound slowly and uncertainly among the great trees and made many detours to get past fallen ones. They forded Clear Run, probably at some point near the reserved mill-seat where the Winchell flouring-mill was later built, and keeping a last noble hill on their left, they entered the public square-to-be and made their final camp.

What were Ruth Rose's thoughts as she handed down the baby and slid from her horse for the last time? Was the exhilarating sense of rare adventure subdued by the certainty of toil and hardship in the life which she faced? It was mid-November and rain threatened. The next meal would have to be prepared as on so many days before, campers' fashion; then she with other mothers must plan to keep the children snug and thy. Did the wild beauty of her surroundings win its way through her senses to a responding heart? The darting fish in the pools, the scolding squirrels, the asters and goldenrods massed in untended glades and defiant of frost, the plump chestnuts and hazel nuts well out of their burs and strewn among the leaves, the friendly stars revealed after nightfall through breaks in the clouds that matched breaks in the forest roof-were all these able to spell their welcome to the tired home-seeker? We shall never know, for she left no common record. It may well be that, whether among the Berkshire Hills or those of central Ohio, Ruth Rose saw more than she mentioned and felt more than she told. There is a chance, more than an eighth of a chance, that traits of hers, passed down, account in a large part for certain traits in one of her descendants: Charles Willard Hayes, (1858-1916), leader of men, lover of nature, geologist.

Editorial Note

Theresa Overholser kindly found this copy of *Wild Turkeys and Tallow Candles* for the use of the Editors in putting together this issue of *The Historical Times.* Other than a slight number of grammatical changes rendered in order to make the text a bit more readable, this text is as it originally appeared in Ms. Hayes 1920 edition of the book. Bill Holloway scanned the original text.

Endnote

' Editor's Note: Young Rebecca was Ellen Hayes's maternal grandmother.

The Historical Times

is proud to be in its 18th year of publication.

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Publication Assistance provided by

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The Historical Times
is published quarterly by
The Granville Historical Society.