

THE HISTORICAL TIMES

NEWSLETTER OF THE GRANVILLE, OHIO, HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume XII Number 3

Summer: 1998

THE GRANVILLE RIOT

Granville's Reaction to the 1836 Abolitionist Convention Held at the Bancroft Barn on North Street.

Earlier this summer, President Clinton enacted legislation enabling the stages of the underground railroad to become national historic sites. Granville was part of what was called "The Great Northwestern Underground Railroad." Last autumn's issue of *The Historical Times* contained Hubert Howe Bancroft's fascinating account of his trip as a young man driving the haywagon north of Granville as part of the underground railroad.

Yet it was the reaction in 1836 of many Granville citizens to an Abolitionist Convention held at the Bancroft Barn--named "The Hall of Freedom"--which brought about Granville's status as a well known stop on the underground railroad. In the 1830's, Granville was not an abolitionist village; in fact, if anything, its leading citizens were strong supporters of the Colonization Society, that group which wanted to relocate to Liberia in western Africa the descendants of the original Africans brought to this country in chains. The 1836 abolitionist convention on the outskirts of our village triggered what has become known as "The Granville Riot." Feelings of shame in many Granville citizens following this escapade produced strong commitments to assist assiduously the escaped slaves traveling to Canada.

Henry Howe, in his monumental *Historical Collections of Ohio*, wrote movingly about the Granville Riot. Howe first published his narrative of Ohio in 1846, which was the result of his wandering throughout the state and keeping track of his observations. Forty years later, he published a second volume comparing the Ohio of 1886 with what he had written in 1846. We are pleased to re-print here Howe's 1846 account of the Granville riot together with his line drawings of early education buildings in Granville.

We are also pleased to print for the first time two chapters of a historical novella incorporating aspects of the mid-nineteenth century Granville Riot in a fictionalized literary form. Megan Lisska wrote this narrative several years ago as an academic research project. We present this novella in *The Historical Times* for your late summer reading pleasure. The Autumn issue will contain the conclusion of this literary narrative.

THE GRANVILLE RIOT

[The following account first appeared in Henry Howe's 1846 edition of *Historical Collections of Ohio*. It is reprinted here with only minor editorial modifications.]

In 1834, the *anti-slavery* movement was first agitated in Granville township. Theodore D. Weld, after a narrow escape from death by drowning, arrived in Granville, Friday, April 3, 1835. He had been an agent of the American Colonization Society in Alabama, an inmate of Judge Birney's family, and was one of forty-two young men, who, influenced by the reputation of Dr. Beecher, had gathered at Lane Seminary to study for the ministry. Not satisfied with the position taken by that institution on the anti-slavery question, they had left in a body.

Theodore Weld lectured at the conference-room of the Congregational Society, and the mob pelted him and his audience with eggs, not sparing the ladies. On another occasion, he was addressing an audience from a window of a private dwelling-house--every public building in the village being closed against him--the male portion of his hearers were in the enclosed yard about the house, when a man in the crowd was heard muttering threats against the speaker. One of the Whiteheads, of Jersey, a man of great strength, stepped quietly up to the disturber, and grasping him under one arm, lifted him over the picket-fence and set him down in the street, saying, "There, my little man, keep quiet! We do not allow such language in the yard. Do not make any noise." The meeting proceeded without further disturbance.

Thursday, April 27, 1836, the Ohio State Anti-Slavery Convention held its anniversary in Granville. No room could be obtained for it in the village. A remonstrance was signed by seventy-five men--including the mayor, recorder, and members of the council--many of them prominent citizens and of two classes: those who abominated abolition and those whose motive was to avoid a disturbance of the peace.

The anti-slavery party yielded so far as not to meet in the village, and gathered in a large barn owned by Mr. A. A. Bancroft. This they named "The Hall of Freedom."

The day of the Convention, the village was crowded with men of opposing factions. The anti-slavery faction was headed by such men as President Mahan and Professor Cowles of Oberlin College; Hon. J. G. Birney, of Cincinnati, and kindred spirits. The other, numbering about 200 men, was a miscellaneous mob gathered from all parts of the county and without definite plan or leaders. They tried to get a militia captain to organize and lead them, but failed.; they spent the day in harangues, in *bobbing* abolitionists' horses, and in drilling by squads.

The mayor purposely absented himself that day, and the constable declined to act until the afternoon brought violence.

The abolitionists quietly assembled and proceeded with their business. Word was sent to them that if they did not adjourn by a given time, they would be assailed. They determined on self-defense, if attacked, and Mr. Bancroft, with a log-chain, secured the gate leading to the barn, thus making it necessary for assailants to scale the fence. A load of hoop-poles was brought from James Langdon's cooper-shop; each one was cut in two, affording an abundant supply of shillalabs in case of necessity.

At 2 p.m., the Convention had finished its business and adjourned *sine die*. In the meanwhile, the mob had gathered in the village, at the corner of Prospect and Broad streets, and were prepared to meet the members of the Convention as they came up the street in procession, with the ladies' school of Misses Grant and Bridges (which had suspended for the day to attend the Convention) in the centre.

The two crowds came in collision. A part of the mob gave way and allowed the procession to move partially through its outskirts; but the mass of them resisted, and the procession was crowded into the middle of the street. As the excitement increased, the

mob began to hoot and cry for Samuel White and William Whitney--abolition lecturers conspicuous among the escort.

The procession closed in together and quickened their pace as the mob pressed upon them. One prominent citizen was heard to shout: "Egg the squaws!" Eggs and other missiles began to fly. Efforts were made to trip the ladies in the procession.

Near the centre of the town a student of the college and a lady he was escorting were pushed into a ditch. Hastening to place the lady among friends, the student returned, found his assailant, and knocked him down. This incident precipitated a general free fight. The student made a gallant fight, laying several of the mob in the dust before he was overpowered by numbers. At the rear of the procession a furnace man got an abolitionist down and was pounding him unmercifully, when a citizen interfered, crying, "Get off; you're killing him!" "Why," said the man, "I s'posed I'd got to kill him, and he `aint dead yet!" and he gave him another blow. A little farther on, several of the mob had laid hands on two of the young ladies. Citizens endeavored to hold back the mob and protect them until they could reach places of safety, when one of them sank to the ground from fright, but soon gained courage enough to flee to a place of refuge.

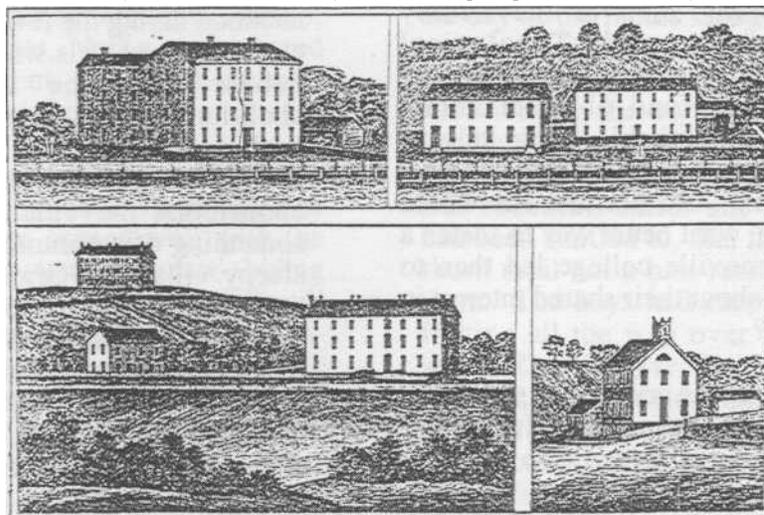
The march had changed to the double-quick and almost a rout. But the ladies all reached places of safety, as did most of the men.

Individual abolitionists were caught and assaulted. Eggs were thrown and there was more or less personal injury. Mr. Anderson, the constable, came upon the scene of action on horseback, and sought to use his authority. He was very unceremoniously dragged from his horse and treated with indignity. The closing scene was the ride of Judge Birney past the mob, now re-assembling at the hotel. He started from Dr. Bancroft's, on his awfully *bobbed* horse, rode slowly by the mob, while they pelted him on every side with eggs; and when past the reach of their missiles, he put spurs to his horse, and in that plight rode out of town. An immediate reaction followed this outbreak, and the citizens were filled with shame that such violence should be done in their midst.

The same evening an abolition meeting was held in the stone school-house on the Welsh Hills, without molestation. The abolition party received great accessions as a result of the day's work, and soon Granville became a well-known station on the Great Northwestern Underground Railroad.

Presbyterian Female Seminary.

Episcopal Female Seminary.



Granville (Baptist) College.

Bale Academy.

Literary Institutions at Granville.

THE COMING OF AGE OF NELLIE OAKES

MEGAN CATHERINE LISSKA

[Editor's Note. We are pleased to print this exciting narrative of early Nineteenth Century history as seen through the eyes of a novella writer. This project began as a senior study while the author was finishing her secondary education at The Columbus School for Girls. Many of the historical situations included in this novella are indeed part of the chronicle of Granville history.]

Chapter One

Miss Bridges had fire in her eyes again. The air outside the classroom was balmy and serene, as Nellie Oakes contemplated it from her desk. Truly, though removed only by a few panes of glass and some wooden beams, the atmosphere inside the small room was incomparably intense as her young, pretty teacher lectured on the atrocities of southern slavery.

Nellie had never been a great follower of current events. She and her schoolmates at the Granville Female Academy generally were quite content to fix their hair, steal furtive glances at the elegant plates in a forbidden ladies' magazine, and chatter about the eligible young men at the nearby Granville Literary and Theological Institution. She was only attending the Academy, she was fond of proclaiming, because it was unthinkable for a lady of breeding and class not to be finished at a proper institution. And besides, she would add with a giggle, what better way to snatch a bright young Granville college lad than to converse wittily about their shared interest in higher education?

So, on this quiet mid-April morning in 1836, Nellie's thoughts wandered from her upcoming eighteenth birthday, to the new summer hat she was likely to receive, to the lucky boy, whoever he was, to whom she would slyly drop her handkerchief when the girls took their afternoon walk...

"Nellie!" Miss Bridges voice shattered her reverie. "Nellie! Pardon me for interrupting your personal thoughts, but might I be so bold as to request your presence in my class today?" Amid the tittering of her classmates, Nellie noticed that, though she had been the recipient of many similar chastisings from the gentle lips of Miss Nancy Bridges, today the teacher's voice was a degree harsher than usual, and her hazel eyes did not sport their accustomed twinkle. This was obviously a topic of no little importance to Miss Bridges, who, though she treasured the pearls of learning she had gained through her eastern education and strove to impart them to her adolescent charges, was wont to tolerate the occasional girlish daydream.

"Nellie, please see me after class!"

Oh dear, thought Nellie, this is serious. It was practically unheard of for Miss Bridges, the most beloved instructor in the small academy, to keep a girl after class for inattention. Usually, when wielded by the stricter disciplinarians, this punishment entailed remaining indoors to copy lessons or appropriate Scripture verses while the more well behaved young ladies enjoyed a "healthful, yet properly sedate" afternoon promenade.

Perhaps trying to lessen the forthcoming toils, Nellie forced herself to pay special attention during the few remaining minutes of class. Several girls were engaged in a lively debate over the relative merits of abolitionism, colonizationism, and slavery itself, for the most part mimicking the widely known views of their prominent fathers. The abolitionist movement had been causing something of a commotion in the otherwise sleepy village of Granville during the past two years, Nellie reflected. Even the most vapid of the townfolk had taken notice when, in 1835, the charismatic Theodore S. Weld had come to town. Reputed to be "one of the best platform speakers in the United States," -- presenting logical arguments as well as having mastered the skills of oratory -- the town had braced itself for his much ballyhooed arrival. Perhaps Mr. Weld should have realized that the events of his

stagecoach journey into Granville were ill precursors of his stay there, and therefore hurried right on back to Columbus after his coach overturned while fording a swollen stream. Swept downstream by the raging current, along with his fellow passengers, their luggage, and a horse or two, Weld had received a nasty bump on the back of his head, and had to be carried into town unconscious rather than arriving in the expected burst of glory.

But Theodore Weld was not a man to be set back by such trifles. He was duly resuscitated, and that evening had taken his reserved place at the podium in the basement Conference Room of the Congregational Church. None of his accustomed fire had been extinguished in his drenching, and he had managed to convert a few listeners on the spot to the cause of abolitionism. For each faithful follower he had gained that evening, however, he had garnered two enemies -- enemies who during his speech were gathering outside the church's open windows. Weld, his back to the outside wall, was unaware of the impending disturbance, but caught on to the trouble when the ladies in his audience gasped just as an ovular white missile hit its target. Weld turned, and was greeted with a hail of similarly rotten eggs. He had preserved his dignity, however, by wiping the mess from his face and calmly proceeding with his talk -- even as the unruly mob outside pelted his audience with the same ammunition. Most of that night's attendants, Nellie remembered with some amusement, had spent the next day cleaning their soiled clothes.

The number of people entranced by Weld's antics was relatively small, as the ideology of abolitionism had not settled well with the generally anti-slavery yet firmly law-abiding citizens of Granville. Weld, undaunted, still had decided that the village, being a well-known center of education and religion while remaining small enough to control, was the perfect model town for his work. After the Congregational Church debacle, however, his reputation had spread to the point that no speaking-house owner dared to lease him suitable space in which to swell his ranks. Finally, he had persuaded the affable Deacon

Leonard Bushnell -- a hardy homeowner whose still unfinished dwelling on Main Street would not sustain too much damage from eggs -- to lend his house to the cause. Standing at an upper window, Weld could be heard by listeners both inside and outside the building.

Nellie herself had attended this meeting -- girls from both the seminaries in town had been allowed to skip their normal afternoon study hour to be present at the event. Unfortunately, as she now racked her brain to come up with some tidbit of information to add to the discussion (and favorably impress Miss Bridges) Nellie had not gleaned too much insight from the experience. She only vaguely recalled being seated on a plank inside the house, excitedly whispering eclectic bits of gossip to a seldom seen chum from the rival girls' school. Whatever Weld had said, it was lost to Nellie Oakes, who now grimly remained silent as the class continued.

"Why, don't you remember how Deacon Rose's mare, Old Doll, had her poor tail bobbed clean as a broomstick?" Louisa Weston was contributing. Nellie did remember. In fact, the new trick of "horse-bobbing" had hit close to home for her, as it had helped her gain the acquaintance of Henry J. Little, the tall and ruggedly good looking farmer's son from down her road. Nellie had been visiting her aunt in town on the day of the fabled Congregational Church meeting, and had met Henry on her way home. Henry and his younger brother had been turning the corner of Granger Street, heading home after the meeting leading a matched pair of chestnut horses. The pair was beautiful, unless one noticed, as Nellie had been startled to, that their tails had been shorn until not a hair remained on either of them. The boys had escorted Nellie home, fretting all the way over what excuse they would find to give their father a suitable explanation of this mishap. Such sport had become the favorite plot of the militant colonizationists in town, who would prey upon the innocent equines tied outside abolitionism meetings, while the unsuspecting owner was raising some hairs of his own inside. These owners would

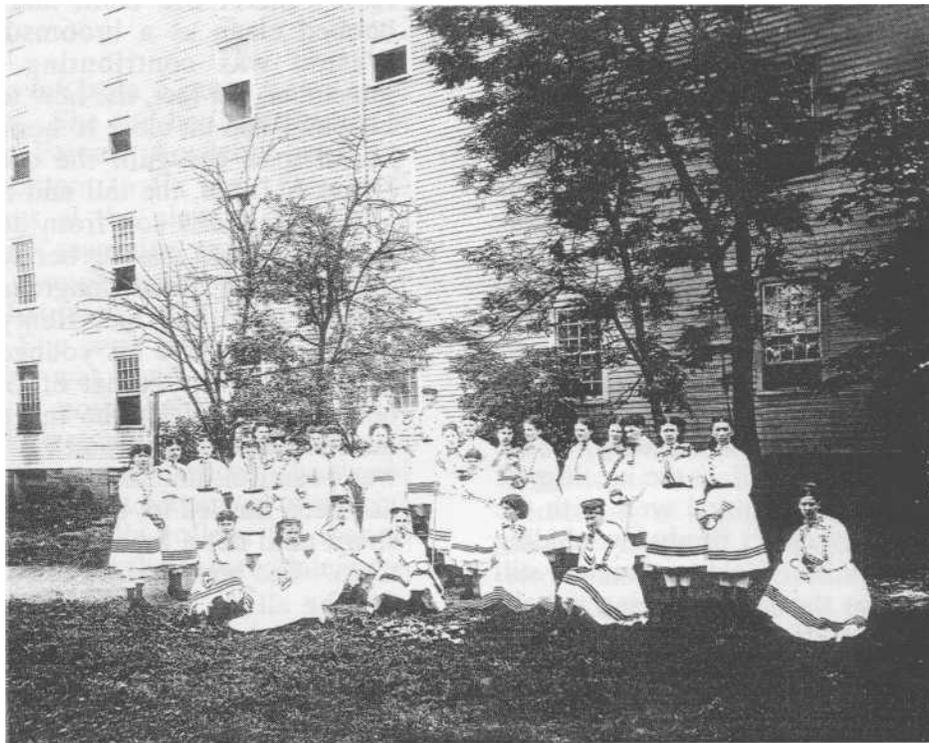
return to find the bare bones remaining on their horses' tails, and would have to endure for months afterward, whenever they went riding, the jeers of the village boys. The little lads, then, were justifiably concerned about their father's reaction, not knowing his stance, if indeed he had one, on the issue. It was Nellie who had come up with the idea of turning the horses loose with the calves for the night, rather than securing them in the stable. Then, when dawn came, they could offer the excuse that the calves had chewed all the hair off the horses' tails. The boys would be scolded for their carelessness, but, as Henry himself put it, it was infinitely preferable to "gettin' skinned for bein' at that meetin'."

"Gosh, Nell," he had said with an admiring glance, "you sure got some head on them shoulders." Nellie had basked in the glow of praise from the Adonis of Centerville Street, and the event had been the start of many a conversation thereafter. Yes, Nellie had some fond knowledge of horse-bobbing...

The school bell rang. It was time to break for dinner. The boarding girls went to their house across the street at noon each day for their meal, while the town girls, Nellie among them, either brought a dinner pail or went to their own homes to eat. Nellie had brought her dinner today, a lucky thing, she thought, as the upcoming lecture from Miss Bridges was likely to preclude any time she would have had to make the lengthy walk home.

As the girls filed out, Nellie slowly walked up to the teacher's desk. Nancy Bridges sighed. She just did not know what to do with this young girl, whose writing showed so much talent and originality, but who would not stop giggling even for a moment to let a serious thought enter her head.

Nellie," she began, a disappointed look in her hazel eyes, "what do you plan to do once you graduate from the academy?"



Physical Education Class, Granville Female College, June 12, 1869.

"Oh," Nellie giggled, "I suppose I'll marry some boy and settle down. What else would I do? I'm certainly not going to be a lonely old maid!"

She stopped, suddenly, her hand over her mouth. "Oh Miss Bridges! I'm sorry! I didn't mean..."

"It's quite all right, Nellie," her teacher interrupted, the twinkle mysteriously returning to her eyes. "Don't apologize. So you're saying that you have no intention of teaching, or using your literary talents in some fashion other than telling bedtime stories to your children?"

Nellie answered slowly, a puzzled look on her face. "Why, no." Then, wonderingly, "Do you really think I have talent?"

"Nellie, the papers you've written for various classes are some of the best I have ever seen. Furthermore, your oratory skills in Miss Grant's rhetoric class are quite impressive. Not only do you have a gift for placing words together vibrantly on paper, your work also shows some unusually original thoughts for a girl your age. If only you would put in some extra effort, you could produce something really wonderful. Tell me, do you read a lot?"

Nellie's bewildered thoughts went back to the days when, in the absence of an interest in the opposite sex, she had eagerly devoured any bit of reading material she could get her hands upon. Sadly, though, her reading of late had been limited to whatever beauty and fashion articles lay between the brightly colored pages of magazines the girls had managed to sneak into their dormitories. Now Nellie was confused. This was clearly **not the path she had expected the conversation to take.** What exactly was Miss Bridges getting at? Rhetoric was the one class that she really did enjoy for its own sake, but even then she had not been accustomed to doing more than a perfunctory amount of work on the assignments.

Miss Bridges was continuing.

"Do you really want to just marry one of those boys you drop your handkerchief to on our walks?" Nellie gasped. "Oh yes, I've noticed," the teacher calmly continued. "I was your age once too, you know. Listen Nellie, what I'm saying is this. There's a very large and exciting world that exists outside of Granville, Ohio. It's full of good and pure things, but also some terrible injustices. I believe that you have the type of mind that can appreciate such things, be cultivated by experience, decide what is just and unjust, and fight what you term to be the latter. Louisa, Mary, Lizzie, and the rest are bright girls. They will marry and settle down just as you think you will. But you have a spark of originality that they don't, and that is why I'm telling you all this. Though you laugh and gossip like the rest, there's something inside you with a little more substance. If only you'll take the trouble to look, you will see it too."

Nellie was silent.

"Now then, I've taken up enough of your dinner hour. The headmaster has been called out of town for the week, and left me in charge of the school. I have decided, in his absence, to take all of you girls to the Ohio Anti-Slavery Meeting that is to be held right here in Granville next week. And, Nellie, I'm asking you, when we go to that meeting, to listen carefully to what is said for once. You might be surprised at what you learn, and about your reaction to it." Smiling, Miss Bridges got up and strode toward the door. Before she passed through it, she turned. With a mischievous grin, she added, "Don't feel badly about that 'old maid' slip-up. I'll let you in on my little secret." And with an exaggerated wave of her left hand, she left the room.

Nellie was left standing before the large desk, with a host of new ideas to contemplate, not the least of which was the significant ring she had glimpsed sparkling on the third finger of Miss Bridges' left hand.

Chapter Two

Nellie Oakes, Granville's newest abolitionist, sat upon a bale of hay and eyed the scene around her. The girls from the Granville Female Academy had the most comfortable seats in Ashley Bancroft's crowded barn, if not those with the best view of the proceedings. It was Thursday, April 28, 1836, and the second and final day of the Second Annual Ohio Anti-Slavery Convention was in full swing.

What an unusual site for a meeting, Nellie was thinking to herself with amusement. When she had begun her quest for higher education four years before, she had never for a moment imagined that it would bring her here, to be one of almost three hundred delegates and spectators of a meeting advocating illegal actions, in a barn intended for not more than a few horses and cows. The convention's organizers had not originally planned for such an unlikely location, but a public remonstrance signed by seventy-five prominent members of the Granville community, including no less of a dignitary than the mayor himself, had banned them from the village. Ashley Bancroft had come to the rescue by offering the use of his nearly empty barn just outside of the municipal limits, and the conventioners eagerly set to work styling it as an appropriate meeting house. Bancroft, who nicknamed it the "Hall of Freedom," was heard to remark later that he had never seen his barn so full. Truly, most of those present had never seen any barn so full, nor were likely to again.

True to her word, Miss Bridges had led her charges to witness the speakers of the day before. After hearing of the despicable treatment of slaves in the south, Nellie, as her teacher had foreseen, had discovered her blood boiling at the thought of these crimes against humanity. Appropriately enough, the most notable speaker of the day was James A. Thorne of Oberlin College, whose speech was entitled "Appeal to the Females of Ohio". Nellie, half expecting to be bored despite Miss Bridges' enthusiastic promises, had found herself listening with bated breath and

straining to see this man who dared suggest that she and her generation should join the fight against slavery right at the sides of their menfolk.

"Why, Mr. Thorne said exactly the same thing that you were trying to tell me last week when you kept me after class, didn't he?" she had raved excitedly to Miss Bridges during the walk back into town. Upon returning to the classroom, she had grabbed a notebook and inscribed upon its pages the words and phrases from his talk that she knew had already influenced her thoughts.

"A painted puppet or a gilded butterfly' she had muttered under her breath, "that's exactly what I had been planning to be. Imagine!" Nellie's mind had broadened by miles since that very morning, and already she had denounced any plans she might have had to be part of such, as Mr. Thorne had termed it, "an odious convention."

And so this morning, as she sat upon the hay, it was a changed Nellie Oakes who viewed her surroundings. When a handsome Granville Institution student took the seat beside her, her excited reaction was not to concentrate on exuding charm and wit, as it had always been before, but rather to question him tirelessly about the goings-on, as he seemed quite knowledgeable.

The young man, William Whitney by name, was all too happy to ply this eager young woman with abolitionist propaganda. He named for her the various dignitaries in the room, and filled her in on the history of the movement.

"See that tall gentleman over in the corner?" he pointed, "That's James Birney, come all the way from Cincinnati. We've been trying to raise some money to help him with his publishing campaign."

"Publishing?" Nellie broke in.

"Why, yes. These meetings are the best way to attract the notice of people who otherwise wouldn't care, but they can arouse a lot of negative attention. Writing pamphlets and posters is a subtler way of getting the true

information to those who are interested in our cause."

"Are there many people who write these pamphlets?" Nellie asked, an idea suddenly striking her.

"Well, there are quite a few, but sometimes it's difficult to tell, since the operation must be kept secret. Birney is always searching for more good writers, though. I plan to go down to Cincinnati myself to help him next year." These last two sentences were added almost as an afterthought, as Whitney scanned the crowd for more notables. It was also the one that Nellie was to remember for quite some time.

"There's John Rankin," the young man said suddenly. "He's one of our most energetic leaders, though you wouldn't guess it from the way he looks right now." Rankin was, in fact, closing his eyes from sheer fatigue after giving a lengthy speech on methods of helping slaves to freedom. After further questioning from Nellie, who had entered the barn only during the final words of this talk, Whitney expounded in a hushed voice upon a clandestine system of abolitionist dwellings whose inhabitants were willing to take in fugitive slaves, sometimes for nights at a time, and provide them with food and shelter while southern agents searched for them outside. When the area was safe, they would be sent on a northward path to another friendly house, where the cycle was repeated until, after many nights of travel and days of seclusion, they reached Canada and freedom.

"Rankin is the most devoted conductor." Whitney concluded. "His home is right on the Ohio river, and almost every runaway slave who passes through gets some type of help from him."

"Conductor? Is that what you call him?" Nellie asked, fascinated by this tale that seemed better fit for a serial story in a ladies' magazine than her own neighborhood.

"Absolutely. I wouldn't be telling you all this, as it could get me into a lot of trouble, except that I overheard you talking to your

teacher the other day. You seemed genuinely interested in the cause."

"Oh, I am!" Nellie hastened to say. "It's funny, though. I never would have thought even a week ago that there was such injustice in the world, especially any worth fighting against. I'm so glad that Miss Bridges showed me the light."

"She's wonderful, isn't she?" William responded.

"You know her?" asked Nellie in surprise.

"Of course. She's engaged to an old friend of mine. Gilmore's his name. He's a conductor as well -- there he is, in fact."

Nellie's eyes followed William's finger until she spied a medium sized, very plain looking man in animated conversation with Miss Bridges. Funny, she had seen him around the school many times, and had never given him so much as a second glance. This was the man who had stolen away the heart of her teacher?

There was no time to ponder the question, however, as the tension in the room suddenly mounted. Nellie could hear angry voices from the front of the room, where the makeshift podium stood. William left her, hastening to the site of the conflict to find out its cause for himself. From snatches of worried conversation around her, Nellie gathered that the factor which had these men so concerned for their safety lay not within the barn's wooden walls, but outside, a few blocks down Pearl Street in downtown Granville.

Indeed, the scene there would have been a comical one had not its participants had on their faces such a grave look of purpose. They were burly farmers, numbering almost one hundred, who had been called from the surrounding areas the night before to muster against the abolitionists. They had assembled along the main street of Granville that morning, a crowd of stocky men with a cause to champion but no leader to command them. After consuming some local whiskey, always plentiful within their ranks, they had

happened upon the bright idea of marching along Broadway to the music of a fiddle, it being the most likely and available substitute for a drum. At first confined to the region of the public house, they had extended their drilling field to include the entire length of Granville's main street, and here they marched, back and forth, in a ramshackle farce of a military drill. Not one of them was quite sure how they would accomplish their goal of disturbance, but they contented themselves with the thought that, eventually, a fight would break out.

And so it did.

"We thank Ashley Bancroft for the use of his barn, and we heartily forgive the unkindness of that portion of our fellow citizens which rendered it necessary to hold our meeting in so unusual a place." With those words, the Convention adjourned.

The chaos which followed was fraught with tension. It had been well known from the opening the day before that there was local opposition to the delegates at the meeting, and word had been sent by a friendly neighbor that a mob had assembled in town.

William Whitney took his place at the podium, struggling to attract the crowd's attention.

"Mob or no mob," he shouted, "these young ladies and their enlightened teachers were kind enough to join us this morning, and it is our duty as gentlemen to see that they reach their quarters in safety."

There ensued only a few moans from men who deemed it more prudent to split up and find safety on their own, rather than facing the mob as a unit. The majority of the conventioners, however, were excited by the prospect of shielding these damsels in distress, and eagerly prepared to battle the dragon. Samuel Langdon, the neighborhood cooper, had been thoughtful enough to provide leftover hoop poles for the entire group, and the men vigorously cut these in half. Brandishing the makeshift clubs, they formed a human barrier around the girls, who

had already assembled in their accustomed double line.

The strongest of the men formed the vanguard. Nellie, from her position beside Louisa in the rear of the Academy contingent, could make out William Whitney and Henry Little leading the group. Some college students and brawny farm lads from the outskirts of town accompanied them, as did her chum Lizzie Edwards, who ill-advisedly was grabbing the opportunity to walk next to a handsome Granville College man. The "older men of muscle" brought up the rear, as Whitney had directed.

Slowly, the odd procession left the Hall of Freedom behind them and began the winding journey up Pearl Street, growing ever closer to the clangor of shouting men and one badly played fiddle. Nellie looked behind her to see the aforementioned older men, who showed more age than muscle, and an assortment of carts and wagons.

"I feel like a soldier in the fight for freedom!" she said with a nervous laugh. Her attempt at light-heartedness did not amuse Louisa, who looked positively ashen.

"Well girls, in a sense we really are soldiers fighting for a different type of freedom, but freedom no less," said the small man behind them.

"I think I'd prefer captivity right now." moaned Louisa.

After what seemed to be an eternity to the tense group, they reached the dusty town square. To the west, the inebriated mob was congregated, as warned, and unfortunately stood directly between the convention crowd and the Academy's boarding-house.

Both groups were silent for a split second, the soldiers for freedom in indecision as to the best strategy, and their opposition no doubt in surprise that there were ladies present. William Whitney's voice broke the impasse.

"Onward!" he shouted, and the procession slowly continued. As the abolitionists neared

their antagonists, it became apparent that the mob consisted not only of ruddy farmers, but had been joined by several well-dressed and upstanding men of the town. It was one of these who sparked the fray.

"Let's egg the squaws!" he yelled, and once again, Granville abolitionist sympathizers found themselves dodging the colonizationists' missile of choice. Abuses, curses, and veiled threats were traded by both sides, their members apparently deciding that the ladies did not merit discretion.

Nellie, who up to this point had been lucky enough to escape the foul smelling bullets, realized that the mob was never going to let her classmates through. Drunken as they were, she knew better than to try to wheedle them into pity for defenseless girls.

"Louisa!" she whispered, though she hardly needed to lower her voice, the ruckus around them was so loud. "Louisa! We've got to get away, before we're trampled to death!" But Louisa was in no state to be convinced. Tears streaming down her face, the poor girl was so frightened that, try as she might, she could barely move. It was up to Nellie to take charge of the situation.

Pulling her petrified friend by the hand, she dashed across the street, hoping to gain the shelter of a store. But the entire crowd had spread, as individual dogfights took the place of the en masse confrontation. Out of the corner of her eye, she caught sight of Lizzie and her escort being shoved into the drainage ditch, which at this time of year was overflowing with thick and viscous mud. Nellie had no time to worry about Lizzie, however, because at that moment she found herself and Louisa face to face with two very large, slobbering farmers.

One of them caught her roughly by the hand.

"Hey, you're mighty pretty for a slave lover," he slurred, as Nellie struggled to no avail. "How'd you like to come along with me?"

Two more burly men had come up behind them, and Nellie realized in terror that they

were surrounded as Louisa slumped to the ground. Her screams were muffled by the commotion of similar battles, and there was little hope of escape as she was tightly held by the largest man.

Suddenly, all three were blinded by simultaneous splashes of malodorous egg yolk. Nellie, intent on wiping the slush from her eyes, was startled when a firm hand caught hers and led her away. She gazed up into the determined face of Henry Little. Leading her to a grassy lot where a bedraggled group of girls was assembled, he took her shoulders.

"Stay here!" he barked. "Don't you dare go back into the street."

Nellie had no intention of returning.

"But, Louisa -- " she gasped.

Henry turned to go back for her, but there was no need. Mr. Gilmore, small in stature as he was, had rushed into the knot of burly men, and, barely breaking stride to neatly place a few blows, had thrown the unconscious girl over his shoulder and just as quickly departed, leaving four astonished and very disappointed men. He brought her to the grassy area where Miss Bridges was wiping the mud off of Lizzie's face, her gentleman friend having disappeared into the fray. Though Nellie still saw various men being beaten, many with clubs and rocks, the entire riot had dwindled, as the majority of its participants had taken refuge in the various homes and businesses on Broadway.

Gilmore and Henry, no longer needed on the street, returned to see the women to safety. Louisa had awakened, and was groggily being assisted by Miss Bridges and her fiancée. Nellie was beginning to see the warm heart and strength of character which had attracted her teacher to Gilmore, and had ceased to question the validity of the match. The rest of the girls, though badly shaken, had escaped serious injury. Henry placed himself in sole care of Nellie, and gently held her arm as they crossed the street. He left her at the door of the boarding-house, with a warm look that melted her insides and a plea

to not leave the building that afternoon. Nellie reluctantly released her hold on his hand, and entered the building, closing the door securely behind her.

No sooner were the girls safely indoors, however, than there came a fierce banging at the back door. Gilmore went to answer it after warning the girls to keep their distance.

"Who is there?" he inquired in a strong voice.

"Please let me in!" came the impassioned answer. "It's William Whitney, and they're after me! Please hurry! I think they're going to kill me!"

Gilmore swiftly unbolted the door, and let in the breathless young man. No sooner had he bolted again than Nellie, listening from the far corner where the girls were huddled, heard the stomping of many boots outside. Angry shouts of men and a sharp pounding came through the oak panels.

"Open this door, before we break it down!" a harsh voice called. "We know you got that boy in there."

Nellie, knowing that they could stall the angry crowd for only a few seconds, acted quickly. She grabbed William by the hand, as Gilmore argued at the door, and motioning to the still sopping Lizzie to follow her, led him upstairs to the living quarters. She knew that Lizzie's bed sported a voluminous afghan that had been a gift from her grandmother. Entering the room, William needed no cue. He leapt into the bed, and the girls hurriedly covered him with the blanket. They were not a moment too soon, for even as they added extra pillows to cover the shaking Whitney's head, they could hear the gang of men entering the house and heading for the stairs. Lizzie slammed the door shut, and Nellie took her post by the bed, wringing a cloth as if to apply it to a feverish forehead. The banging came once again, this time at the chamber door.

"Open up!" repeated the spokesman of the riotous group.

Lizzie calmly opened the door a crack.

"Shhhh!" she glared, a finger to her lips. "One of us is very ill. Go away."

The leader of the pack, a large man with dark hair and a very red nose, gave her a disbelieving look. He shoved the girl from the doorway and entered with a heavy stride. Nellie straightened, and put a look of indignation on her face despite the fearful quivering in her stomach.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded. "This girl needs quiet, and I'd suggest that you leave before you catch what she has."

"And what would that be?" scoffed the man.

"Cholera," answered Nellie simply and gravely.

The man stopped in his tracks at the name of the dread disease which had ravaged the town just two years before. Without uttering another sound, he dashed out the door. Nellie and Lizzie felt the building shake as five or six men sprinted down the steps in their haste to rid themselves of any contact with the illness.

When the house had been still for a few minutes, William Whitney cautiously raised his head.

"They're gone," Nellie said in answer to his unspoken question.

He got out of the bed.

"You've saved my life. How can I ever thank you enough?"

Nellie knew that this was hardly the time to bring up the plan that had been brewing in her mind since the morning. She simply answered instead.

"I'm sure I'll think of a way."

[To be Concluded]

2005 COMMITTEE MEETS IN AUGUST

The Granville Historical Society's 2005 Committee met in August in order to bring each writer up to date with the status of this writing project. The writers for this new history of Granville are Brad Lepper [Pre-History and the Native Americans], Richard Schiels [Religious History and Early 19th Century], Kevin Bennett [Abolition and the Civil War], Wally Chessman [Post Civil War until WWI], Don Schilling [The Time Between the Wars and WWII] and Jack Kirby [From WWII to the Present].

Members of the Society with documents, letters, photographs, drawings, and so forth which pertain to the history of our village could provide invaluable assistance to our authors by sharing these items of historical import. Please call the Granville Historical Society at 587-3951.

THE HISTORICAL TIMES

is a quarterly publication included with membership in the Granville Historical Society and is sent to all members.

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News Horsie

FALL PROGRAMS

Dick Shiels announces the following schedule of historical programs sponsored by the Society:

**Tuesday, September 29, 1998:
Old Academy Building, 7:30 p.m.**

"Adena: Building and Restoring an Ohio Landmark."

Dr. Stuart Hobbs, an historian with the Ohio Historical Society, is the coordinator of the restoration of Adena, the Thomas Worthington estate near Chillicothe.

**Tuesday, October 27, 1998:
Annual Fall Banquet
First Presbyterian Church, 6:30 p.m.**

"The Granville Female College," a presentation coordinated by long time Historical Society members Pat and Tony Stoneburner with Professors Karen Graves and Lyn Robertson..

**Monday, November 23, 1998:
Old Academy Building, 7:30 p.m.**

"From Pontiac to Tecumseh: Indian Resistance to White Expansion in the Old Northwest Territory."

Clarke Wilhelm, Professor Emeritus of History at Denison University and the proprietor of "A Place in History," one of Granville's downtown bookstores.

CIVIL WAR ROUNDTABLE

Clarke Wilhelm announces the Fall Schedule for the Society's Civil War Roundtable. Meetings take place in the Old Academy Building on the third Tuesday of the month at 7:30 p.m. All members and guests are welcome to participate in these discussions.

Tuesday, September 15, 1998:

"Medical Advances of the Civil War"

Peter D'Onofrio, President, Society of Civil War Surgeons

Tuesday, October 20, 1998:

"Music of the War: From Slave Quarters to the Home Front."

Professor Richard Hood, Denison University

Tuesday, November 17, 1998:

"The Mythical Duel Between Grant and Lee"

Professor Mark Grimsley, The Ohio State University

Tuesday, December 15, 1998:

"Civil War Jeopardy"

Ed McCaul, Granville Historical Society

OLD COLONY BURYING GROUND

If you have not visited the cemetery recently, you will be surprised and pleased by its appearance and by the progress made in restoring it. During the Fannin's August visit, twenty-seven gravestones were restored. If you come quickly, you can identify them by their blue ribbons. The Fannins were assisted greatly by two high school students who helped with preparatory

work. If you see Chance Forman or Alex Fant, congratulate them on their contribution to this important historic effort.

Many citizens and visitors to Granville have taken one or both of our self-guided walking tours. Brochures which include a map for each are available in holders inside the small gate as well as in the public library and the Society Museum. The new seating area near the flag pole is a popular place to rest. Daffodils will grace it next spring.

We are pleased by the progress and impatient to continue this rewarding work. Come join us! There are jobs for all which range from digging to research as we transform the Old Colony Burying Ground into a beautiful historic park.

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