the whole, I felt proud. I acted as an interpreter between the two races and became a great favorite with the first settlers. There was many of them that would have almost suffered, or at least went without meat for the first spring and summer, if they had not got their supply from me. Deer was plenty and it was no trouble for me to kill them. I had no use for the meat, only what was necessary for my own family. The balance I gave to my neighbors. As for work, I done but very little, for I did not know how to work. I pretty much hired all my work done and was forced to hire white men, for the Indians was like myself, they didn't know how and couldn't work. But even if they had known how, they wouldn't, for it is not natural for an Indian to work.

Right here, my first trouble came. My squaw didn't like to cook for white people. She was opposed to having them about. She became peevish and fretful and would often say to me that I had better get me a white woman if I wanted to live like white folks and have white men work for me. She finally got contrary and refused to cook for my hands. Finally, I came to the conclusion that I would rather live with the white people and own property the way that you could not do to any extent with the Indians. (*Being dissatisfied with his squaw—a cross, peevish woman—he wished to put her aside, get a wife from among the settlers, and live like them.* Howe)

In the meantime, she had two children, but they both died very young and I had got a notion that the Great Spirit was opposed to the two races mingling together. (*According to Mrs. Sarah Norton, an early settler yet living who is the daughter of Daniel Taylor, deceased, Barshaw had two children when Alder took her for his wife, viz. Sarah and John. Mrs. Norton says that she often played with them ere Alder and his wife parted. She also says that the squaw thought a great deal of Jonathan, and was afraid that he would leave her and marry a white woman, which fears were subsequently realized. During his stay with Barshaw, she bore him two children, both of whom died in infancy, and this, they believed, was a manifestation of displeasure by the Great Spirit at the intermarriage of the two races.* Beers) If we had been prosperous with children, we should have never parted, but that, with the other things, made us agree to separate. She saw that I had taken a great fancy to civil life, which was a thing that she would never reconcile to, and so we separated in perfect friendship. At the time, we had fourteen head of milk cows, nine head of horses, and a large stock of hogs. When we separated, I gave her all the cows and seven horses. I kept two of the best horses for my own use, as I had made up my mind to go back and see if I could find any of my people living.

When we had everything arranged, I took her, the horses, and the cattle to Upper Sandusky to her people.[126] After we got there, we spent the night. The next day when I was about to leave, I told her I wanted a little trunk of silver that she had owned when we went together, a little tin trunk about six inches long, and about four wide, and four deep. The trunk was as full of silver as it would hold, silver that we had saved from time to time, but she told me no, that the trunk was hers before we was married and she intended to keep it and all that was in it. I saw that I could not get it without a fuss (she was very determined) and I dared not get into trouble with her on account of her relations and the other Indians. They might have sided with me, but I did not know and wished to leave her in good friendship. I told her that if she would promise never to disturb me hereafter, she might keep the money, which with the horses and cows, would amount to over a thousand dollars. She promised me faithfully that she would not and so we parted in good friendship. But she didn't keep her promise altogether good, for she passed my house once afterwards on the way from the saltworks to Upper Sandusky. Finding no one at home, she stuck her butcher knife three times through the bottom of a tin cup and cut up a fine silver-mounted bridle that I had paid thirteen dollars for. (*At other visits, she destroyed whatever she could find in the cabin and Mrs. Norton says that she threatened to kill his white wife if she ever found her alone.* Beers) I made it a rule to visit my Indian friends once every two years at Lewis Town where my sisters lived. I would always hear from my wife at Upper Sandusky, but never visited her. She was living as late as 1830, but I have not heard of her since.

Usual Osborn and Benjamin Springer were among the first white settlers on Big Darby Creek, and Osborn took a great interest in learning me to talk and to farm. Osborn was a very kindhearted man

and would discommode himself to accommodate his neighbors. He was a regular old bruiser; if you crossed his path, he was ready for a fight. Fisticuffs amongst one class of the first settlers was a very common thing, especially among the class that used whiskey to excess. Osborn was a stout, muscular man and I never knew him to get whipped.

He was a hardworking man, but rather a poor planner and of all the families, white or Indian, that I knew, I thought that his lived the hardest. The first winter that came on, they hadn't a sign of a bed in the house. He had a large store box that was long enough for him to lie on and wide enough for him and his wife both to lie in. In the fall, they gathered dry leaves and filled the box. They had two blankets and would spread one on top of the leaves for a sheet and cover with the other. The two oldest of the boys would carry in a back-load of prairie hay in the evening and put it in one corner of the house, and the three little fellows would crawl in under the hay and sleep there. The next morning, they would gather it all up clean and give to their milk cows. The next night, the same thing, throughout the whole winter.

Osborn's wife was one of those "do-less" women. She was, for a large portion of her time, without soap to wash with, a thing there was no need of for the material to make soap them days was very plenty. I have frequently known her to take honey to wash her clothes with. Osborn was a great bee hunter and always had plenty of honey. Honey makes a good lather, but not equal to soap. In right cold weather, I have known that woman to drive her cow into the house to milk. They were always scant of clothes. Osborn himself was one of those hardy pioneer men; he would go all winter with nothing but a pair or two of linen overalls and a linen shirt, a pair of moccasins or shoes, and a wool hat or coonskin cap, and that was his dress for years until sheep got plenty. I never heard him complain of being cold or hungry.

I spoke of him being a hardworking man. I don't mean that he was a sturdy worker, for he was not. He could do as much work in one day as two common men, but instead turned a great deal of his

attention to trade and traffic in a small way. He was a stout, hard, robust pioneer, and if anyone was anxious for a fight, or to try his strength in any way, he was always ready, but not quarrelsome. But it was nothing strange to hear of Osborn having a fight.

Once there was a difficulty got up between him and one Chard. Chard came in on him one day in the winter. Osborn had on quite a large fire and had his shirt off mending it. As soon as Chard stepped in, he told Osborn there was a little difficulty betwixt them and he had come to settle it. "Very good," says Osborn. He threw his shirt down and sprang to his feet and they made a few passes at each other. Osborn clinched him and, being a powerful man, threw him onto the fire. There happened to be a neighbor man there and he sprang up and pulled Chard out of the fire before he was much burned. As soon as Chard got off the fire he run, so that ended the fight for that day.

Not many days after, Chard made it in his way to pass Osborn's house and met Osborn out on the road with a yoke of oxen going for a load of hay out on the prairie. Chard was on horseback and had a good, stout cudgel in his hand. He spoke to Osborn, but Osborn said, "Damn you, that is what you are." Chard got off his horse and while he was hitching it, Osborn stepped to one side and bent a bush down and drew his butcher knife from its scabbard, cutting off the bush. By this time, Chard had got his horse hitched, but when he turned toward Osborn and saw him trimming his bush for a cudgel, and seeing the butcher knife in his hand, he made for his horse, untied him, and mounted before Osborn got to him, and put spurs to the animal. Chard had to pass Osborn's house and so Osborn took after him as fast as he could run, and when he came to his house, he ran in and got his gun. Chard spurred his horse even more. Osborn followed him some distance and then fired off his gun up in the air; he said he did not want to hurt Chard, but to scare him. (*When Chard turned toward Osborn, he saw him trimming the bush with his butcher knife and, conscious of the power of the man, he trembled. The butcher knife and cudgel were, in Chard's eyes, as powerful as the fire, and having no desire, as he afterward expressed it, "to be butchered, roasted, and eaten," he sprang to his horse, mounted, and put spurs to him to make his escape before Osborn could catch him. However, Osborn pur-*

sued Chard as fast as he could, and as the latter had to pass Osborn's house, Osborn ran in and got his gun, and fired it off in the air. Osborn said he did not want to hurt the "varmint," but only scare him to death. Beers)

Chard made good his way out of sight and halted in the midst of one of the large prairies. He was there, sitting on his horse looking in every direction, when one of the neighbors went out hunting, saw him sitting there on this horse and went to him. Chard inquired of him if he had seen anything of Osborn. The neighbor said that he had not and asked him why. Chard went on to tell what had taken place and requested his neighbor to go with him until he was entirely out of danger, and so ended the fight between Osborn and Chard.

Osborn managed to buy a small farm on the spring fork and farmed and wagoned considerable. He used to supply the neighbors with salt. In the fall, he would take two or three yoke of oxen and would load up with cheese, butter, and honey, and go to Zanesville. There, he would sell his load and carry back salt and glassware. But the country got too thick settled for him and he sold out about the year 1835 and moved west.

(Osborn finally bought a small farm on the east bank of Little Darby, now in Monroe Township and the property of Jonah Wood. After his settlement in Monroe Township, his neighbors soon discovered that he was not a man to be trifled with. One winter, hay and feed for stock was very scarce, there having been a short crop the previous summer, and considerable stock was really in a suffering condition. George Fullington had a better supply than most of the neighbors, and sold to them till he could spare no more, when he gave out word throughout the neighborhood that no one could be supplied with hay from his stacks. Osborn owned a pair of old oxen and a cow at this time, using the former to haul loads and travel around with. His animals becoming very poor and in an almost starving condition, he saw he must have hay or they would die. Mr. Fullington would sell no more, so Osborn hitched his oxen to his sled, drove to Fullington's haystack, and, with the assistance of his son, loaded on all he thought his animals could haul, and ordered the boy to drive home. He immediately walked to Fullington's house, called him out, and directed his attention toward the stack, whence the owner saw Osborn's son driving with a load of hay. He told Fullington that he could not let his cattle starve while hay could be found. It is said that Osborn was not very particular, when out of meat, whose hog he shot, and was therefore mixed up in a great many lawsuits, out of which he usually came victorious. Beers)

Benjamin Springer, one of the first white settlers of Darby, and Usual Osborn, his son-in-law, settled on Darby about the year 1798. Springer's family consisted of himself and wife and three children. Osborn's wife and his two sons, Silas and Thomas, and Benjamin Springer built the first mill that was built on Darby Creek, about a mile below Pleasant Valley (now Plain City), but it was poorly constructed and only run about six months. The first high water that came swept his dam out and he never rebuilt it. He lived to be eighty-odd years old and died on Darby. The last time I saw him was about 1825. He came to my house and took dinner with me. After dinner, we walked out together and as we were parting, we shook hands. He said to me that this was probably the last time he should ever call and we would not see each other again. I made light of it, but he said he was not going to live but a short time. This was during warm weather. In the fall and before winter set in, he died. He wanted to convey the idea to me that he had some supernatural knowledge of his death, but I supposed it to be the weakness of his mind.

White people suffered a great many more privations in the first settlement of this country than did the Indians. I have saw them two boys, Silas and Tom Springer, go till December without shoes on their feet.

Tom had a great notion of hunting and would frequently go out with me. One morning we started out early and crossed over Little Darby and Spring Fork. Late in the evening, Tom killed a large buck and by the time we got it skinned and cut up, it was night. Tom wanted to know what we would do. I told him we would have to camp for the night and he seemed very well pleased. We struck and built us a large fire, for Tom was quite industrious and willing to do most of the drudgery. We sat by our fire and roasted the venison and ate to our fill. At a late hour in the night, we began to talk about sleeping and Tom said as he had no blanket, we would have to lie together. I told him no, that two grown Indians never slept together. In that they were like he-bears. Said I, "You will never find two grown he-bears in