

Democratic Northwest. BOOKWALTER AS A GENIUS

His Youthful Efforts to Discover Perpetual Motion.

How He Became Disgusted With Electricity—His Study of Flying Machines—The Droll Schemes of an Eccentric Pennsylvania Dutchman.

[Special Correspondence to the Clin. Gazette.]

ROB ROY, FOUNTAIN CO., IND., July 27.—When the slow moving weekly papers first brought to this remote rural region the news that "one of our boys,"

JOHN WESLEY BOOKWALTER,

had been nominated for Governor of O., there was first a pause of astonishment, then a laugh, and finally an expression of pride and satisfaction. It is worth nothing that the pride and satisfaction came last and are most permanent, for, despite many criticisms, John was well liked by his early associates—as well, indeed, as a rather odd genius could be in a remote, rather slow, and decidedly backward neighborhood. It is a wonder to me, after an acquaintance of a quarter of a century, how he could be popular as he was, or even tolerated; for he was about as unlike the average boy among the "Dutch Hoosiers" as a young Hindoo would be. His relatives about here are all Republicans, and generally Methodists; yet strange to say, this very neighborhood has been prolific of Democratic greatness. Besides Bookwalter, and a dozen men only locally eminent, Daniel W. Voorhees was born and reared but five miles from here. It would only be the proper thing for the Senator to go over to Ohio and help his fellow "Shawnee" through the campaign.

"Twig the egotism," and I will add that my own, my native township was half a day's drive south of this; and among my earliest recollections is the hearing of ridiculous stories, not often refined, about the "Pennsylvania Dutch" and other queer residents on the Shawnee and the Wea Plains. Our people were nearly all from the South, and through this county ran that mysterious line of division which can even now be traced across the State of Indiana, south of which are Southern ideas, and north of it Yankee ideas. It was not till 1857 that I was personally acquainted with the "BOOKWALTER BOYS."

Between our section and theirs at that time was a strip of very unpromising country, familiarly known as "Hell's Half Acre," into which the militia made an occasional march during the war. North of it was the Yankee and Pennsylvanian country, in which the Bookwalters lived.

It is foreign to the subject, but I can not forbear a few paragraphs about our predecessors here—the Shawnees (Chaouanons), whose history is as fascinating as any romance in border fiction. This tribe originated in Western New York by a secession and expulsion from an older tribe. Thence they fought their way westward and down the Wabash, from which they were driven by the conquering Miami. Determined to find a permanent home they went to the Tennessee valley, from which they were again driven, this time by the Cherokees, and settled in Florida, where they gave name to the Suwanee River. After forty years in Florida they were again driven, and started north in three bands; two of these were scattered, but the third reached this neighborhood and were given a resting place by the other Indians. Shawnee Creek and Prairie were their southern boundaries, and from here to Tippecanoe was the original range of their noted chief Tecumtha (commonly called Tecumseh.) When he went to his final reward this region was open to settlement, and soon received a heavy immigration from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, among whom were the Van Gundy and Bookwalters. Big and Little Shawnee, near the Wabash, a mile apart, and on the high level between the two, in the dense primeval woods,

DAVID BOOKWALTER

made his location about fifty years ago. He was a Pennsylvanian by birth, but lived sometime in Ross County, O., where he married Miss Van Gundy, just before coming here. They had five children, all of whom are living, John being the second. Here the father erected a large stone house, which was long a curiosity to travelers; also an oil mill, sawmill, and other buildings. The white "Shawnees" must have had a rather tough time of it, by all accounts, as they had to wrestle with ague four months in the year, and with stubborn nature all the time. The old Bookwalter was a rather severe father, too, and of a decidedly Puritanical cast of mind. He was so scrupulously honest that like the negro's popular "he leaned over the other way"—entirely too perpendicular. He had the idea, unfortunately too common among farmers, that a boy can never do too much, and that all you can get out of one is clear gain. He was a frightfully conscientious Methodist, set his face against all worldly amusements, disapproved of music, and in his own words, "despised tinkering." And as John loved music, loved "tinkering" with machinery, was anything else by nature but a Methodist, and

never had time to tell whether he liked hard work or not, but probably did not, you may judge what sort of a time he had.

The three boys, Francis, John, and William, obtained only the common education in the very common schools of that day, but John and Frank very early manifested a remarkable love for mathematics and machinery. They had to work in fair weather on the farm, and run the sawmill when it rained, so their spare hours must have been few indeed. Nevertheless they contrived to set in operation more curious machines than I can describe, of which a thousand funny stories are still told in the vicinity. It is a singular fact that

SELF-MADE MEN,

so called, repeat the same errors from generation to generation; so it will excite no surprise to learn that John very early conceived the idea of a perpetual motion, and spent many weary hours trying to make it go, and it is needless to add that it proved a dismal failure. His next attempt was at what the neighbors call a "musical wheel," though I can not determine what it was from their description. The motive power was the current of Shawnee Creek, and when it was set going the wheel, they say, "made a racket you could hear a mile." Several travelers by night were terribly frightened by this contrivance. But it proved a very indifferent sort of music. Speaking of music, I well remember my first visit to the big stone house, as the Bookwalter residence was called. It was a sultry Sunday evening; when I was retiring there was a rise in the wind and the queer old house was suddenly filled with strange unearthly music, sweet enough, but strangely monotonous and mournful. My nerves were calmed when I found that John had been experimenting on the Aeolian harp, and had all the windows of our room set with wires and with horse hair.

Finally, when Frank and John were respectively twenty and eighteen years of age, the father concluded it was idle to contend against fate, and offered them a year's education in science. They chose their scientific department at Ann Arbor, Mich., and there were roomed in the same house and were intimate companions for a college year. John's great hobby then was electricity, and it would occupy me for days to describe the curious machines he manufactured and set up about our rooms. One, however, was so simple and effective that it deserves special mention. A disk about eighteen inches wide was set in frame with pinions and crank so it could be revolved rapidly; on each side pieces of cat skin about four inches square were fastened so as to press with some force on the revolving disk, and by this friction the electricity was generated. To collect it he had two mental points on a wire, which was inserted in a bottle through a non-conducting stopper, the bottle coated with tinfoil, or something of the sort. It was the standing joke to charge the bottle thoroughly and apply it to the unsuspecting visitor, and many a 'freshman' of that year has been raised of his chair with disgusting suddenness, giving utterance to a bawl which startled the neighborhood. Finally he brought his electrical machines to such perfection that it was dangerous to be safe anywhere about the house. If a careless student threw himself on the lounge and fell into a nap, somebody was sure to turn on the catskin. The bottle would be highly charged and applied to his heels, and from a heavenly dream the victim would spring up with an unearthly yell. It is not surprising that loungers soon became wary, and the room of the Bookwalter boys was considered a good place to stay away from. But like most enthusiasts, John finally overdid the thing. Having completed an electric machine of great power, in attempting to discharge the bottle he accidentally received the whole 'load' in his own system. It

KNOCKED HIM SPEECHLESS

for a minute or so, and on recovering he concluded that nothing new was to be discovered in electricity and turned his attention to telescopes.

It seems incredible now, but with no tools but a brace, and auger, and a pocket knife, no materials but emery, a piece of seasoned wood, and such bits of glass as he could pick up, he manufactured a pocket telescope of considerable power. He ground out the glasses himself, with emery and wax, by the use of his brace; and with his usual enthusiasm was proceeding to demonstrate that everybody was mistaken on the subject of optics, when the year ended and he had to go home. His father died soon after. John and Frank took charge of the mill, and this gave them an achievement in this section. This was the celebrated telescope.

I can not describe in detail this really remarkable work. The tube was fourteen feet long, and this they bored out at their own mill, from seasoned lumber. The smaller glasses they ground out, and bought the large ones by order from Philadelphia. They mounted this telescope in the front yard, and it is easy to understand that such a performance greatly excited the simple residents of our valley. Many a time in my journeys along the Wabash; fifty miles from here, I have heard people speak with curiosity and pride of their 'two County boys up in Fountain Co., who set up a real telescope.' But the lacked various mechanical and scientific devices to make their telescope useful, so it was dismantled, and to day the old tube, or 'shell,' as the people called it, lies

by the garden fence. But it was a curious and suggestive fact that two country boys should develop such an idea, and still more that they should carry it out.

About this time John became intensely interested in

FLYING MACHINES,

and when we met he put in many hours demonstrating that such a machine was practicable, but he might as well have talked Hebrew as far as my understanding was concerned. I only remember one point he made, viz.: that the larger the bird the less sweep of wing it has in proportion. Thus the humming bird has ten times as much wing surface in proportion to its weight as the buzzard. Hence, said John, it is conclusive that the great need of the bird is not power to rise from the ground but power to contend with air currents. So the lighter the bird the more sweep of wing it needs. It would give the 100,000 readers of the Gazette the headache to copy the diagrams and calculations he had made on this subject, and I don't know as it has anything to do with the Governorship of Ohio. Suffice it to say that he proved, to his own satisfaction, that it would be very easy for a man to rise into the air and sustain himself there, but when it came to contending with the air currents he could see no way to make it. He still occupies an occasional leisure hour with this subject, and who knows?—perhaps he will yet make it a success. Perhaps Ohio will enjoy the proud distinction of having an inventor Governor, who will solve the vexed problem of human levitation. It would be rich and unique to see the Governor's office full of mechanical geniuses, and the odd corners filled with mechanical models. It might even come to pass that 'Gov. Bookwalter's' inauguration would be rendered illustrious by flight from the dome of the capitol to the Union Depot.

Politics is all very well in its place, but you must pardon us if Western Indiana admits that she would take a pride in his success. As Republicans we want you to know him under; as Hoosiers, we could stand it if he won.

BOOKWALTER'S POLITICS

are worthy of scientific study. Herbert Spencer, in his 'Study of Sociology,' has set forth, with curious detail, the force of various biases: The 'Religious Bias,' 'Bias of Patriotism,' 'Emotional Bias,' etc. He also shows how reaction from either of these makes another bias. Now, I refer the reader to that essay for an explanation of John W. Bookwalter's politics. His present views are simply the result of an intense reaction from the puritanical Methodism of David Bookwalter, the anti-slavery, anti-Southern furor of 1854-68, and the intense and unreasonable dread of the South, which prevailed from 1865 to 1872. And to understand this a man must have gone through it. Of this, and other local detail, more anon.

HANSOON.

Selecting Seed Corn.

Our great national crop is Indian corn, and anything that will improve that crop is of vast importance. Much may be done to improve the quality and increase the yield by the thorough and systematic selection of the seed to be planted. It is not enough to plant plump grains, separated from the smaller ones by means of a sieve. The work of selection should begin while the plants are yet growing, and choosing those stalks that are of vigorous growth and the size and shape to furnish the best quality of fodder. They should be well cared—by this is not understood that the larger the number of ears found the better it is; also early enough to complete growth before frosts come, etc. The ears should be well formed, small at the butt that they may be broken off with ease in husking; the husks should be soft and loose when ripe, and the cob covered with grain to the very tip, or, as it termed, "well filled out." The stalks that are to furnish the seed for next year's planting should have abundant space and the best chance for the perfect growth. Anything that will increase the vitality, that is the life of the grain, will be felt in the coming crop.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Trochases have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere. oct 7-1yr

JOHN KUNZ, Blacksmith & Horse Shoer, Front Street, Napoleon, Ohio. Horse shoeing and general repairing of machinery a specialty. All work done in a workmanlike manner, charges reasonable, and the satisfaction of the public solicited. All orders for boiler-repairing left at his shop will be promptly attended to. JOHN KUNZ, [Jan 17-17] The reliable Blacksmith.

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GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. TRADE MARK. The Great Em-TraDE MARK. Gray's Specific Medicine. An infallible cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a consequence of Self-Abuse; as Loss of Memory, Unsteadiness, Nervousness, Headache, and all other ailments. BEFORE TAKING, read the full directions. AFTER TAKING, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money, by addressing THE GRAY MEDICINE CO., Sold in Napoleon by D. J. Humphrey and all druggists everywhere. [Jan 18-41]

Experientia Docet. We must tell some men a great deal to teach them a little, but the knowledge of the curative properties of SPRING BLOSSOM in cases of sick headache, indigestion, and biliousness is bought by experience. Price 50 cents, trial bottles ten cents. 'I shan't be gone long,' said Fogg, as he started out the other evening to go to the 'lodge'; 'I'll be right back.' 'See that you come back right, also,' remarked Mrs F., significantly.

Short Cuts. Model wives formerly took a stitch in time, now, with the aid of a sewing machine, the take one in no time. We know a cat that was drowned in the creek. Next day the cat appeared at the back window with the creek in its back. "An' that's the Pillar of Hercules!" she said, adjusting her spectacles. "The land sakes! What's the rest of his bedclothes like, I wonder?" Alderman O'Flannelmouth—"Be keerful, Mrs. O'Tool, an' don't lit any won see me, far it's all the prominent people what's getting shot at."

"Don't show my letters," wrote a young man to a young lady whom he adored. "Don't be afraid," was the reply, "I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

"To well to quote the census number. To show the greatness of a nation, But better yet's the green cucumber: To double up the population."

"My mother is going to get a new piano," said one little girl to another, the other day. "Oh, that's nothing," replied the other. "My mother's going to get a divorce."

"Your meal is ready, sir" said the waiter to Hayseed, just from the rural districts. "Meal!" exclaimed Hayseed, contemptuously, "do you think I'm a horse? Get me some corned beef and cabbage, young man."

A prudent girl. "Mary is a very good, prudent girl. She says to me one day as she was breaking the curd: 'Mother! I'll never let loose my affections on no man until I have proved him to be pious and in good circumstances.'"

"Hello! Uncle Mose, hello!" cried Jim Webster as he hurried down Austin-avenue, trying to overtake the old man. "Be keerful, James, be keerful how you undress yo'self to me; I ain't no telephone," replied the indignant deacon.

Table with columns: NAMES OF STATIONS, MAIL, EXPRESS, DAY, LOCAL. Lists stations from Chicago to New York.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM. Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains. Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC RY. PASSENGER LINE OF AMERICA. WILL DISCOVER Why it is termed the Popular PASSENGER LINE OF AMERICA.

LEONHART & SHAFF, Napoleon, Ohio. MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages, Buggies, and Wagons of every description. Special attention paid to light work, which is guaranteed to be first-class in every particular.

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