

Our Foremothers

For over a hundred years, on this anniversary of our nation's birth, men have written and poets have sung of our forefathers. Today, for the first time in the history of - well! I will not say our nation, but will say of Yolo co. you are to hear not only of your forefathers, but your foremothers, and I wish I had the eloquent tongue to tell of them. No doubt many of you have vivid recollection of one of them in connection with a slipper. We give a great deal of credit to the immortal George.

for his truthfulness in regard to the cherry tree and the hatchet. ~~at~~ ^{today} ~~you will hear~~ but very likely he would not have been so truthful if there had not loomed up before his mental vision the picture of his mother's knee - himself & the slipper. ~~There~~ ~~there~~ ~~do~~ ~~I~~ today expect to give a small need of praise to these fine mothers of ours - but I would ^{try} ~~try~~ to win for them ^{some % of} ~~the~~ gratitude we give our forefathers. ~~Some~~ ^{of our} women are the leaders and originators of great enterprises - Our own country owes its discovery to the masterful mind of a woman. One of the

boldest campaigns of our civil war was planned by a woman. In the history of this beautiful State of Ohio when the pioneers of '49 were enduring their hardships - the women were by their side & endured with them the hardships & lessons of the plains. One of the grandest ages of English history was the long reign of Elizabeth -

Women have however been content with either no praise at all - or the praise such as the old pioneer settler once gave to his wife when an old quizzically bear came tottering into his cabin one day. Perhaps you recall the man's scream to his fan-

there's a bear in the kitchen as big as a cow - And how she advised him to murder him, then -

And how his reply was -

Yes! Betty, I will, if you'll first venture in -

So Betty hopped up, and a poker she seized -

While her man shined the door, and outside he squeezed.

And then you remember, she laid on the blows -

While her man, through the key hole kept shouting with din
I'll do - my brave Betty
now hit him again -

So ~~write~~ rapping & poking - poor

Betty alone

At last laid old Ben in as dead
as a stone

When the brave man

Soon the bass voices of the men mingle with the soprano of the women & the wails of the children in a hymn of praise to Him who has led them past the dangers of the deep the days of by - hunger & cold and no strangers to the band. Houses made of logs are their houses. Near the joint of houses stands a building hexagonal in shape, made of massive squared logs firmly united by an ingenious combination of their ends. On this elevated are two rows of long narrow loopholes. This is the black house of the people used in times of danger: from the Indians the privations & dangers

are shared alike by both the men and women, and the women stand by the men's sides in attacks from Indians ~~and~~ helping load the chimney muskets, and both are equally fearless. After the stillness of the night is broken by the war-whoops - After the settlers are besieged in their block houses - and the fire-brand or javine often pave the way for the lion-ahawk - One instance can be mentioned from many of women's heroism. The settlers are undergoing a siege in one of their block-houses - Starvation slaughters them in the face. or death from the Indians unless, help comes from a neighboring

¹⁶
~~join~~ settlement. The
men have talked over
the plans for getting help -
+ one by one they have
been advised - so they re-
solve to see their lives as
dearly as possible. Then
in among them slips gentle
Prudence Peregore. I will
go. she says. Quietly she
answers their objections -
As the darkness she leaves
the shelter of the block house
& through the bristle pile
carries the ~~strong~~ word of
her friends ~~danger~~ to the
neighbors & they are
saved. I could tell you
other instances of our
foremother's ~~bravery~~ courage
how in toil & hardship
and danger the foundation
of our nation is laid

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Years pass. the red men
have gone from the eastern
colonies. Cornfields & homes
are seen instead of the
log cabins - Villages and
towns and thrifty farms
have taken the place
of the wilderness. The
muttering of a discontent -
are beginning to be heard -
Soon the mutterings grow
louder. and the discontent
has spread over the colonies
and has grown into open
revolt.

From farm and store and
shop men gather into com-
panies - Women with hearts
too indignant for tears
buckle on the clumsy swords
keep clean the old muskets
and with cheering words

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bid the men good-bye -
Nearly years follow. All
who are able to shoulder
a musket have gone to
the war. The care of
the farms, besides the
weaving of the cloth &
the regular home work
devolves on our foremothers
The complainingly they do
double work, living on the
coarsest food, wearing the
plainest clothes. Even the
highest in the land are not
exempt from the privations
in 1775 when the first gun
of the revolution was fired.
John Adams wrote to his
wife - Fly to the woods
with the children. Beware
the heroism of her Puritan
ancestors kept her home

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and for 12 months she
lived with her little children
in daily and hourly danger
of being butchered, doing with
one every thing but the bare
necessaries, often without
them - once reduced to a
diet of whortleberries & milk.
Besides the dangers and privations - the women endured
with patience the great suspense during the long intervals
of hearing from their husbands and brothers. The
who live in these days of
railroads and telegraphs
and books cannot realize
the lonely days and nights
of these women - days and
nights not only full of
loneliness, but of danger
for those on the frontier

but never a word of con-
 plaine - or of fear comes
 from their lips -

Shining the stormy nights of
 winter and the equally
 dreaded nights of summer
 the house full of women
 and children gather round
 the table or fireside not knowing
 what harm may come to them
 in the darkness, and the expe-
 rience of one of our fire-mothers -
 Abigail Kemper was no doubt -
 the experience of others. Once
 with her brood of children
 around her, she kept a band
 of Indians + English as long
 for hours. With her own hands
 she loaded the guns: and
 with practiced eye + sure
 aim. The old flintlock
 poured death into the

enemy's ranks as surely as
 though it were in her
 husband's hands -

The years go ~~on~~ until finally
 the old liberty bell - with its
 prophetic inscription written
 years before. of "Proclaim
 Liberty throughout the land
 unto all the inhabitants thereof"
 rings over the same joyous news
 to all the people. We are
 free and a nation - With
 smiles and tears the women
 of '76 welcome the loved
 ones home and though
 the rough hands and care
 lined faces tell of hardship
 + sorrow, their lips utter
 no words but those of joy
 that once more the living
 of the household are together
 again -

Years roll on - Our fore
 mothers & our fore fathers
 sleep the dreamless sleep.
 Peace & plenty are in our
 land of liberty. but again
 the sound of war is heard
 Again the women of America
 our grand mothers & our
 mothers are called upon
 to make sacrifices - Some of
 you can yet feel your
 mother's tears on your
 cheeks as she bade you
~~not~~ go - The old Revolutionary
 spirit is not dead. The
 women of the north & their
 sisters of the south joyfully
 sacrifice their own comfort
 for their loved ones and
 whose they think the
 good of their country - Again
 the women tend the homes,

and the farms & the shops
 & see the men go one-
 to battle - Again many
 women wear the coarse clothes
 & do without luxuries that
 the money may go to the soldiers
 in the way of clothing &
 luxuries for them -
 With throbbing hearts our mothers
 read the war news, & the
 lists of killed wounded &
 missing make many a life
 sad forever -
 But the women are as heroic
 as the men & though they are
 not ^{all} on the battle field they
 are doing as brave work in
 their homes. Many indeed
 have left their homes. &
 have followed the soldiers
 to the field where their
 loving words & tender touch

soothe the last moments of many a poor fellow, who long for the touch of his own beloved. We can see such women as Clara Barton tending the fallen all day with her throal patches & face blackened by sulphurous smoke. We can see her heaving great fires built on the banks of the Rappahannock to warm the half starved and frozen soldiers, while she ~~has~~ had but the shelter of a canvas between herself & the piercing winds - We can see her & others like her on the field at the second Blue Run working among the fallen. when the shot & shell are falling like rain on the disordered ranks of the

Union soldiers - No doubt there are some in this room who have seen the heroic self sacrifice and courage of these women.

Those days are past.

¶ "The Blue ^{Step} Gray beside each other
No angry passions vex their dreamless rest
No battle echoes round their couches bear
And both alike are cradled on one breast

In all the beauty of Summers' pomp - with peace hovering over our nation's flag - with plenty in our land - with no dread disease in our midst - we are gathered to do homage today to the men & women of the past - and as you tell of the glories of our nation - as you tell of the brave deeds of our ancestors, and call to mind those dark hours

of our nation's history - and
 the bravery of the men - care
 to mind also the women of
~~bravery~~^{thru} and fifty and one
 hundred & two hundred years
 ago - Speak of their brave
 words - their true hearts -
 their noble deeds - tell of
 their purity - their faith, their
 heroism, and let this fourth
 of July celebrate their deeds,
 as well as the deeds of
 our fore fathers - and if
 between the living & the
 dead, is stretched, as some
 believe, a spirit wire, let
 it signal to them the words
 we speak today - and may
 their spirits - our guardian
 angels watch ^{over} our country
 and may the God of our
 fore fathers & mothers, who

though the gloom & night
 has guided our people -
 give to us their lofty course
 & lead our steps toward
 Justice Peace & Right -
 May our devotion to our
 flag be as unswerving as
 theirs, our heroism be as
 lofty, our faith as strong -
 our lives as pure -

Solved