South Charleston

Early History and Reminiscences by One Who Knows

A SOUVENIR

ALBERT REEDER

SKETCHES

OF

SOUTH CHARLESTON OHIO

Reminiscences of Early Scenes Anecdotes and Facts About Early Residents

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After being requested, by my many friends, to give them the early history of South Charleston, I have attempted to do so in this small volume. The paragraphs appear in the order in which they came to my mind, and are not in all instances in chronological order. I have written it as I remember it, together with such historic facts as I could gather about our Township and County, including our county seat of Springfield, Ohio.

I submit this to the public, and hope my feeble efforts will be appreciated.

Sincerely Yours,

ALBERT REEDER.

South Charleston, Ohio
December, 1910

INTRODUCTION

During the winter of 1813, my grandfather, Jacob Reeder, came from the East through the wilds of the then new State of Ohio, prospecting for a place to locate for a home for himself and family. In some way he struck a blazed road through the woods a few miles East of where our town of South Charleston now is. This road was just north of the creek in the North End of town and the only road of any kind in this part of the country. He followed it until he came to a large sulphur spring in the field now owned by Thomas Mattinson and only a few rods northeast of our present Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railroad bridge. There he found an abundance of pure water for his family and his livestock. He then came back on the south side of the creek where the ground was higher and built a log cabin, opposite the John M. Murray mound, just west of town where several of the old pioneers were buried in later years. He built the first log cabin in this part of the country and he was the first white man to settle here after the Indians left. He came back from the East over this blazed road very early in the spring of 1814 with his wife and four children in a wagon and when he got opposite his new log cabin he found he could not cross the creek, for it was frozen over and the ice not thick enough to bear his team of oxen or horses and the wagon. It was very cold for his family to stay in the wagon and he must get across. So he got there as an old pioneer always could. He got a pole and broke the ice in large blocks back of where he wanted to cross and shoved it under the solid ice in the driveway; the water not being very deep he forced the blocks of ice down on the gravel in the bottom of the creek and drove over to his cabin on a solid ice bridge. That is the way the first white man got to locate in South Charleston, Ohio.

At that time my father, John Reeder, was a boy nine years of age, who told me while they lived in this cabin he got four or five plants of peppermint and planted it there along the creek. That was nearly one hundred years ago, and there is now an abundance of that mint still growing near where the cabin used to stand. By that I could easily locate the site of the old home. My grandfather, several years later, bought a fine farm three miles east of town on the north and south side of what is now

the London Pike. He raised a large family and lived there until his death in 1848.

In looking up the history of our earliest settlers in Madison Township who settled here in the early days, I find that my grandfather when he settled in his cabin along the creek had only four neighboring families and they all lived from two to three miles distant from him.

I find in tracing back the early history of old Uncle George Baffenberger that he was the first white man to settle with his family in what is now Madison Township, Clark County, Ohio. He bought land warrants of the Revolutionary soldiers and settled on sixteen hundred acres of land about three and one-half miles down the creek west of South Charleston that cost him fifty cents per acre; that was about 1798 or 1799, while Ohio was still a Territory. Ohio was admitted as a State in 1802. There he settled among the Indians in a log cabin and later on built a large brick house which I shall mention later on in my story. He met Daniel Boone and his Indian fighters at one time near Urbana, Ohio. Joseph Briggs, father of Amos and Charles Briggs, settled on one thousand acres of land two and one-half miles south of our town. I will tell hereafter where he built his log cabin.

Old Father Morris was a grand old man. I well remember him. He was a Baptist preacher and grandfather of John M. and James C. Murray. He settled in 1812 on a farm near Lisbon. My grandfather's fourth neighbor was my grandfather on my mother's side, Daniel Jones. He came here in 1812 from Newark, State of Delaware, a slave State. He bought a section of land, six hundred and forty acres, about three miles northeast of town and raised a family of thirteen children. He lived there until his death. I will tell more about him later on.

My great-grandfather, James Jones, came to America from Wales in 1710, locating near Newark, State of Delaware.

Historical South Charleston

When Conrad Critz came here in 1815 he bought a tract of Government land including where South Charleston now is and the William Comrie homestead farm. He did not build his log cabin here in town but settled on the farm above named, about one mile north of town. There north of the present Comrie residence he built a cabin of round logs. Uncle James S. Harvey says he often has been in this old cabin. The only cabin built here up to that time was Grandfather Reeder's, near the creek.

I have seen almost the entire town built. The dates are taken from the county record.

I have a distinct recollection of climbing an old rail fence at what is now Barmann's corner, and going down through the woods to play. There were but two log houses down that way; one just east of where Charlie Nichelson now lives, and one where Charlie Smith's house now stands. Chillicothe street was opened up after the Pennsylvania Railroad was built in 1849 to 1851. About 300 yards west of where the town hall now stands was a large pond upon which we boys played "shinny," and where the older boys shot wild ducks.

I was born in the old Reeder home on North Chillicothe street. Of the entire village at that time only nine houses remain standing now, and only two people now living who were living here at that time.

I am the oldest continued resident of South Charleston, having lived here all my life; Mrs. A. F. Taft and Mrs. Abihu Raines having moved away for a time and then returned here.

South Charleston was originally located in Stokes Township, Madison County, but was afterward thrown into Clark County and the name changed from Charlestown to South Charleston. The change in name was due to there being other Charlestowns and mail was frequently missent.

The name Charlestown was given in honor of Charles Paist, one of the first merchants in the village, who ran a general store in a small frame building on the Paullin corner. The original

plat was laid out by Conrad Critz, November 1, 1815, but the plat was not recorded until February 5, 1816. The plat was acknowledged before John Kelso, a farmer Justice of the Peace, first one in Madison Township. The second addition was made to the town by a plat on the north of the Critz plat by Christopher Lightfoot, and was recorded January 10, 1823. The third addition was made by Edward Evans south and west of the Critz plat. The first survey was made by John T. Stewart, November 1, 1815. The second by John Woolman about 1823, and the third by John Miller in 1851.

John Reeder, my father, then a boy of ten years, carried the chain for Surveyor John T. Stewart, and also carried the chain when Lisbon was laid out. Springfield, Lisbon and Charlestown were laid out within a very short time of each other, and an amusing incident is related that a man told my father at one time that Springfield would probably be a large town if it wasn't so near Lisbon. But Lisbon failed to fulfill the expectations.

According to the dates upon which the first survey of South Charleston was made, the centennial anniversary will come on November 1, 1915.

The town at the time was made up of two streets, Columbus and Chillicothe streets, and Critz's plat consisted of 32 lots, all 5 x 10 rods. It was a station on the stage line from Columbus to Cincinnati, and had at that time two good taverns. They were the Dan Johnson Tavern, located at the corner where the school house now stands, and the old "Uncle Billy" Smith Tavern, which was later the Armstrong Tavern, now known as the Miami House. When "Uncle Billy" Smith first run the tavern it was in a log house, which later was torn down and the frame building now known as the Miami House was built. After the regime of "Uncle Billy" Smith, David Armstrong run the Armstrong Tavern for a great many years.

Prior to these two taverns, there was another one known as Shockley's Tavern, located on the lot now occupied by John S. Brown's residence. In front of it was a large sign on a high pole containing the information that it was the Shockley Tavern. Just east of this, on the same lot, was Shockley's tanyard. The tavern was a small one-story building, and I afterward went to school in one of the rooms. The owner of this tavern was the father of Clement Shockley, who lived near South Solon until his death, and was one of the wealthiest men in the country.

A man by the name of Surlot kept the first store here in a hewn log house. A man by the name of Best was the first tavern keeper here. Old Uncle Ephriam Vance was the second, Mr. Shockley, father of Clement, the third, Uncle Billy Smith

was the fourth and David Armstrong the fifth. These men were all in business here while the stage coaches were running.

Robert Houston was the first resident doctor. Eli Adams the first shoemaker.

In 1828 the first Methodist Church was built on the ground between our present Methodist Episcopal Church and the old graveyard. It was a frame one-story building; I remember it well.

Rhodes, Gatch and Williams were our early preachers. Isaac Davisson was the first class-leader. The first sermon was preached here by a circuit preacher named Trader in 1815 in the cabin of Jeremiah Sutton. The first regular religious services here were held in Isaac Davisson's cabin. James Woosley built the first two-story frame dwelling house and Philip Hedrick built the first brick dwelling house. I saw this brick house burn to the ground when I was a boy.

The first census was taken here in 1840, and I was included, being a very small boy. We had then, including South Charleston and vicinity, a population of just two hundred and forty people. I don't know how far out into the country they went to get this number.

Our first school house was one story built of logs with old-time stick chimney and had an immense fireplace. The wood was cut in long large logs and one end was put in to burn while the other end lay on the hearth, and the teacher would feed the fire as the fire end burned off by pushing up the logs into the fire. This house was built out in the woods near a log dwelling on the east side of Chillicothe street a little north of where our postoffice is now situated, on the lot where Charlie Smith now lives. I know two old persons who went to school in that log school house. Moses Pierce was the first teacher. I remember him well when he was an old man.

When I was a small boy all the places we had in town for entertainments, shows, etc., was the dining room of the old Dan Johnson Tavern, after the tables were all taken out. They also used John Pierce's upper room for a hall in his old carding machine and woolen mill. I have attended shows in both places. Then, later on, Isaac Paist built the Paullin corner building and we thought at that time we had a very large hall.

The Catholics used this hall for some time for their meetings. This reminds me of an incident, so I will give you my experience at that time. One Sunday I went to Paist's Hall to attend Catholic services. I went early and took a seat in the back of the hall. The services lasted for what I thought a long time. So I concluded I would go home. I started and before

I had gone very far towards the door one old Irish lady had her foot out in the passway. I did not see it and stepped on it; that made her mad and she struck me in the back with her fist, knocking me over into another old lady's lap. I got up again and hiked for the door, got out and stayed out.

Charles and Frank Warrington in the early days had a tinshop on the east side of Columbus street near the Holmes & Jones dry goods store. That is where the people got their tin lamps made to order to burn lard and grease with a rag wick. My father had two in use that were made at this shop. Charles Warrington later on was a Methodist preacher. He was the father of Judge John W. Warrington, William O., now Justice of the Peace, Attorney Charles B. and Mrs. Cyrus Griffith.

Charles T. Roe, Edward Highwood and Michael Way were among our early shoemakers.

G. F. Sweet and John Dale were our early tailors. They had a shop in an up-stairs room in a frame house on the north side of Columbus street.

In 1852 R. B. Reeder had a grocery in the last house on the west side of North Chillicothe street, just south of the creek, and opposite Mrs. Sullivan's residence.

Reeder & Harrington, R. B. Reeder and Henry Harrington, had a grocery in the early days in a two-story frame building on the south side of Columbus street, near where Mrs. Lambing now lives.

Charles Sprague had a blacksmith shop for many years where Harry Vince's shop now stands.

John Bolen had a horseshoeing shop here for many years.

Thomas R. Norton had a dry goods store in the Edwards corner for years. Later on he was Treasurer of Clark County.

Joe Couples had a bakery for several years in the building south of the Paullin corner on Chillicothe street.

Edward Merritt had a carriage shop in the building that Frank Warrington used for a tinshop, on the east side of Chillicothe street.

Edward Edwards was our old-time contractor and builder for more than fifty years. He built the most of our fine buildings, including the Cyrus Ball mansion; also built many fine houses in London, Springfield and some in Columbus.

Peter Smith was the first teacher in the little brick country school house on Williams street, and John Miller, teacher and surveyor, was the second teacher there. This house is still standing, and in use as a dwelling.

Directly opposite Carr's livery stable was the livery stable run by Pat Corrigan, and one of the local great men used to play cards in the haymow with the darkies—and skinned them, too. Near the site of Mrs. Laura Cheney's residence was a sawmill, and the lumber from which Mrs. Cheney's house was built was sawed by that mill.

Jim and Joe Sampson had a dry goods store in the old Rankin corner for many years. Later on Thurkield had a store in the same room where Frank R. Murray now has his grocery.

South Charleston was incorporated as a town about 1849. Joseph S. Peat, an Englishman, was our first Mayor and James Thacker was our first Marshal. I well remember when he would make our crowd of boys hike for home when we played fox on the streets after night and made too much noise. When he would start after us some boy would yell, "Jim Thacker will get you," but we were always too quick for him. Our other early Marshals were E. G. Coffin, Uncle Isaac Hedrick and Tom Vance. In later years we had for Mayor, Michael Way, Mr. Updegrove, W. J. Hudson and E. S. Steinman. Uncle Isaac Hedrick served as Constable here for more than forty years. The office at that time was no sinecure either, but he was fearless.

While the allusions made to the hostelries in existence in the early days speak of them as hotels, one of our oldest residents laughingly said that "there were no hotels, they were taverns." One of the historic taverns which had been in existence for a number of years before the Dan Johnson and "Uncle Billy" Smith Taverns was the old Willis Tavern. This old building of rough logs has often sheltered Tom Corwin and Henry Clay on their trips to Columbus to attend the sessions of the Legislature. It was situated on the south side of the old Xenia mud road, and had one feature which indelibly engraved it upon the memory. This was a room prepared for the lodging of federal prisoners on their way to the penitentiary at Columbus, and fitted up for a jail, with windows and doors barred and bolted.

In the possession of Mrs. Ed Gram there is today an old coffee pot and turkey dish which did service at the Willis Tavern in the days of Tom Corwin, Henry Clay and other celebrities of that period, whose presence on the table did much to add to the good cheer and fellowship prevailing at that time.

There was another tavern and stage station four miles east of South Charleston, owned and run for many years by Abraham Cramer. It may seem strange that there would be taverns so close to each other, but the conditions of the roads at that time often made a four mile journey a task of considerable magnitude.

The business interests of the village consisted of Shockley's tanyard, John Pierce's carding machine and a wool carding machine and grist mill combined owned by Edward Williams, a preacher who was not dependent upon free will offerings for his support, and who doubtless mixed industry with religion. This mill was situated on the lot where Jennie Sweet's residence now stands, and the millstones are now used by Miss Sweet as back steps. On this lot was also a brickyard, and over in the east end of town was the saw-mill spoken of before.

I have pleasant recollections of playing around the vats of the old tanyard, and of riding on tread wheels of both of the carding machines and mill. The power for all these infant industries was furnished by faithful horses on tread wheels.

Along about this time, when I was quite small, I got lost on Williams street, and, while I did not know it, was restored to my home by my future father-in-law, G. F. Sweet.

Other business interests were Rufus Rutnam's grocery, Charles Paist's general store, S. J. Peters' blacksmith shop, William Pringle's dry goods store, James Thacker's wagon shop, Joshua D. Truitt's carpenter shop and lumber yard, Edward Edward's carpenter shop, William L. Warner, cabinet maker and undertaker. In the Edwards corner was the dry goods store of John and Albert Rankin, and over the door was a big sign, "J. & A. Rankin, Dry Goods."

At the point between the Clifton road and Columbus street stood Ed. Garrett's blacksmith shop. Garrett made a specialty of shoeing mules and oxen. Mules were shod by hoisting them off the floor, and letting one foot loose at a time. I have seen Garrett shoe many a mule, the ox at that time being one of the most important domestic animals. Down the road on West Columbus street was the tanyard of Michael and Thomas Jones. David Morgan was justice of the peace, and Michael Way did the cobbling for the village. Just east of Chillicothe street was Holmes & Jones' dry goods store, John T. Jeffers' shoe shop, where E. G. Coffin learned his trade in 1848-9; a tailor shop and the postoffice run by John Bussard, James Bennett's blacksmith shop and Crispin Smith's dry goods store. There were two barber shops, at different periods, the first run by Clark Thomas, a mulatto barber, who left here in '49 during the California gold craze, was shipwrecked, but saved and went to Australia, where he died at an advanced age. The shop was located in the room now occupied by Dr. Collins as an office. Later on in the same room, Andy Manley, an Indian, ran a barber shop for many years.

At the time of the Presidential campaign in 1840, a pole was raised in South Charleston in the center of the square near

where the old tavern and Paullin's corner now stands. On the top of the pole was a keg or barrel on which was marked "Hard Cider". Below this barrel was a sign nailed to the pole and on which was a hand pointing east, and the words "To Kinderhook, 500 miles". Kinderhook was where Martin Van Buren lived.

An incident occurred in the store of Charles Paist which involved a negro, a plug hat, a roll of butter, a red hot stove and Mr. Paist. The negro went into the back room for some article, and while there stole the roll of butter. Having no place to conceal it he put the roll in his plug hat, and coming out into the front of the store sat down by the stove so as not to appear too hurried.

Mr. Paist discovered his loss, and also suspicioned its location, and detaining the negro upon various pretexts fired up the stove until it became so hot that the butter melted and ran down the negro's head and face in greasy streams. The negro finally made his escape in a well-greased condition.

Putnam's grocery was in an old log house on the corner opposite the Miami House. The business section of the village was located on Columbus street, between Church street and the Jamestown road. On the Edwards corner, in a little room on Chillicothe street, Asbury Houston ran the postoffice for a number of years.

At about this stage of the development of the village I had for a playfellow one summer Fred Stowe, son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who came here with his governess on a visit, and had a great time trying to catch turtles and snakes along the creek.

Near the old Willis Tavern was a corduroy road made of poles and logs which ran through a maple swamp for over a hundred yards which would have broken the heart of the modern auto tourist and would have eliminated the necessity for speed legislation.

On the north side of Columbus street was Greenfield Dooley's clothing store, the offices of Dr. Robert Houston and Dr. E. T. Collins, the harness shop of Thos. F. Houston, father of L. H., E. D. and Foster B. Houston. Asbury Houston was at one time Justice of the Peace, and had his office on Columbus street. John Heikell had a grocery on Main street, and Eber Cave had a grocery on Chillicothe street at the corner, near Luckey's store. I remember when Samuel Harvey, father of James S. Harvey, ran a grocery in Dr. Collins' office

Travel and traffic was by stage and wagon, and when the sound of the driver's horn was heard the daily excitement commenced. At this early date a trip of fifty miles was an undertaking, yet many of the Charleston merchants made annual

trips to Philadelphia by stage and on horseback to purchase goods. Later on, when civilization began to develop the traveling salesman, most of these salesmen made their trips carrying their samples on horseback.

I remember the first appearance of the midget, Tom Thumb, in this vicinity. He came in on a stage coach, and when the stage coach stopped the man with Tom Thumb picked him up on his hand, and with Tom Thumb grasping the collar of his coat, carried him into the tavern. Tom Thumb's right name was Charles Stratton, and he created quite an excitement in the village when he stopped at the tavern. What impressed me most about Tom Thumb was the size of his diminutive boots. They were polished to perfection.

At one time back in the 50's I clerked in a grocery at the corner by Luckey's store, and while talking with Dr. Wash Atkinson, Uncle Joe Winslow, father of Henry Winslow, came in. Dr. Atkinson said, "Uncle Joe, if you will suck three dozen eggs I will pay for the eggs and give you a quarter besides." Uncle Joe said to come on with them, and without moving from his seat delivered all the goods on the contract, and collected the money.

Where Harry Vince's blacksmith shop now stands Bill Ely had a blacksmith shop in a frame building in the early 40's. Adjoining this shop was another frame building used by Paist & Company for packing pork. Very few people know of the existence of such a business in Charleston, but Paist & Company ran their business up until 1850, when the last pork was packed.

During this early period merchants depended upon Nat Moss with his six-horse team and big wagon for the transportation of merchandise from Columbus and Cincinnati. Moss took great pride in his outfit and kept his team and wagon in the best condition. Each horse was equipped with bells over the hames, and upon his approach to town these bells gave cheerful warning, the boys flocking in droves to see the handsome team and great big wagon, the wheels of which had hubs nearly as large as a flour barrel. The principal items of merchandise transported were Orleans molasses, brown sugar, staple groceries and dry goods.

During this early period Samuel Harvey, father of James S. Harvey, was a surveyor and taught school in this neighborhood for over 40 years. He was one of the first persons to publish an arithmetic, and up until a few years ago his descendants had a copy of the first edition.

There were few buggies or carriages in Charleston at this time. Ownership of such vehicles denoted great wealth. I

remember three old-time carriages, heavy, cumbersome affairs, with leather springs, owned by Thomas Merrit, Isaiah Hunt and Dr. Robert Houston. The common mode of travel for both men and women was either by big two-horse wagon or on horseback. The main road was the Columbus and Xenia mud road, and was a little south of the present Xenia pike, passing the site of the old Willis Tavern, which was situated about two miles west of town on what is now the Joe Butcher farm.

It was not an unusual sight to see covered prairie schooners containing groups of families on their way to Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. This road also was used by drovers in driving fat cattle to Pennsylvania markets. I have seen thousands of cattle driven along this road, all going over the mountains into Pennsylvania.

The meat market of those days was on wheels, and Uncle Obie Davisson enjoyed a monopoly on this trade. He drove old Jack, a little brown, string halt horse, and many was the pound of meat that was delivered by these two. This was before the day of the meat trust and refrigerator car. As an instance of the impression little things make, I remember old Jack distinctly, his color and other peculiarities.

The Columbus and Xenia pike was surveyed in 1830 by Samuel Harvey, who was assisted by Dr. Robert Houston. The pike was finished about 1842. The completion of this pike made travel very much easier. This was followed about seven years later by the Little Miami Railroad. When the railroad was completed to Pugsley's crossing I and a dozen or more boys on one cold winter day in a very deep snow walked out to the crossing to see the "iron horse." To say that our eyes popped out is putting it mildly, and many persons at that time never dreamed of this stretch of track forming a link in the greatest transportation system the world has ever seen. Trains following each other ten minutes apart on double tracks at the rate of sixty miles an hour was beyond the wildest stretch of imagination. The name of this locomotive was the Brooks, and was an old-time wood burner. One of the wood yards for supplying the engine with fuel was located here, and hundreds of cords of wood were delivered here to carry on the railroad traffic. When the track was completed to Charlestown I accompanied a large party from here to Xenia in an open gravel car. It was the dead of winter, and most of the party nearly froze.

The first animal show was exhibited on my father's lot, just back of and adjoining S. H. Carr's home. It was the old Van Amberg show, and it drew a big crowd. While the people were looking at the animals, and giving the monkeys and elephants molasses, cakes and apples, old General Harrod, grandfather of Wm. Harrod, put some fine apples in his straw hat

and offered them to the elephant. The elephant wound his trunk around the hat and took in hat and apples all in one bite. Another source of entertainment was the camp meeting at Isaac Davisson's, a short distance west of where G. M. Chase now lives, on the south side of the Columbus pike. The people used to gather in great throngs to hear the preachers of those days deliver sermons of great orthodoxy, and many were the wonderful conversions witnessed.

Banking facilities were very scarce. Xenia had the only bank in this neighborhood, and if anyone had occasion to go to bank it meant a trip to Xenia. Springfield and London banks were established later, but that was of no greater benefit to our residents. The practice of hiding money in unsuspected places obtained to a great degree. My grandfather hid his in several places about the barn and house. After my grandfather's death, the family sold a hogshead of seed to a neighbor who when he came to take away the seed found over $200 in silver. No question of ownership arose, and the money was at once returned to the family. Many other unusual places for hiding money were discovered.

Things that are now considered as relics were of great utility at that time. Candle molds and spinning wheels each filled the most important wants in the household. Tallow candles were followed by tin lamps, in which lard, oil or grease were used. And these lamps were not made for the market. If a person wanted a tin lamp it had to be ordered from the tinner. Among the curios of that time was the old tin lantern punctured with holes to allow the feeble rays of a tallow candle to flicker through. But it afforded light according to the demands upon it.

Then followed the era of coal oil. But at such a price as to be prohibitive. I handled the first lot of coal oil that came to Charleston. It came in a wooden jacket 10-gallon tin can, had a yellow color, about the same odor as it has now, and sold for $1.40 a gallon. Coincident with the price of oil may be mentioned the price of other commodities. I have carried a pair of scissors in my vest pocket constantly for almost fifty years which has cut yards of calico at 50 cents, heavy unbleached muslin at 80 cents, and bed ticking at $1 a yard. Yellow molasses sugar sold at 30 cents a pound, green coffee at 60 cents, tea $2.40. But eggs sold as low as three dozen for a quarter, butter at 10 cents.

An anecdote current at that time was one on Uncle Hosea Harrison, whose libations often caused him to lay down most any place and sleep off the effects. On one trip to Springfield Uncle Hosea got tight and laid down on the sidewalk and went to sleep. Some of the boys found him and turned a store box over him, then laid around to watch developments.

The first indication of Uncle Hosea's return to life was a rap on the box. Then his voice could be heard, "Where am I?" Then another rap, and "I'm dead, and buried for sure, and just found it out."

Uncle Hosea afterward left the neighborhood, and I was informed that he reformed and went to preaching.

In 1853 Charlestown had an Indian show under canvas, on what was then called the commons. The commons was located where the town hall now stands, and the time was shortly after Chillicothe street had been opened up from Barmann's corner to the Houston store. One of the scenes enacted in the Indian show was where Pocohontas saved the life of Captain John Smith. The performance was very realistic, and made quite an impression on our residents.

Very few matches were used. The matches were made in square blocks, so one could pull one off the block and almost be suffocated by the strong smell of sulphur. The prevalent method of starting a fire was to borrow a shovel full of live coals from a neighbor, and then hustle home before they died out.

South Charleston was on the underground railroad during slavery days. One of the stations was located about two and one-half miles south of town, where escaping slaves were hidden until it was safe for them to proceed on their journey to freedom. This fact was responsible for an exciting riot in the village in the fifties, when a slave, who had made his escape was recaptured at about where Jas. Landaker lives. The Abolitionists of the community arose enmasse, and had quite a fight at that point, a number of shots being exchanged, but no one was killed, the casualties being limited to one man having been shot in the arm.

The trial was held in Justice Asbury Houston's court in a two-story building on Columbus street. The court room was packed by sympathizers of the anti-slavery cause, and the slave finally made his escape. I was an eye witness to the occurrences.

About this time, John Cooper, a runaway slave, who had married and settled here, had a dream in which it was revealed to him that slave hunters were on his track. This dream made such an impression that Cooper started for Canada as soon as he got up in the morning. That same day, at about noon, Cooper's old master and a posse of officers came here on a search for him. He escaped to Canada, and sent for his family, who joined him there. He stayed in Canada until after the war, and then returned here, taking up his abode in the same cabin he had left with such haste as a result of his dream.

I made several trips to Columbus in 1854 and saw the state

prisoners working on the foundation of the state house building. I saw the prisoners march to and from their work like flocks of sheep, in gangs of 50, each gang guarded by several heavily armed men.

Land values were an uncertain quantity. I was told by a man that the land where the Arcade building in Springfield now stands was offered him for a cow. Another man was offered the ground to cancel a small debt. Both offers were refused.

When the first sidewalks of gravel were laid, the villagers thought they were fine, but in the course of time, gravel was succeeded by boards, boards by brick, and brick by cement. I helped my father set out the first shade tree on the sidewalks in the town. This tree was set out in front of the old Reeder home. Later several shade trees were set out by us on the sidewalk in front of Isaac Paist's property. One of these shade trees is still standing, the large one between the present quarters of the Citizen's Bank and Frank McMahon's store.

The first experiment with packing ice in the village was regarded as the essence of foolishness. Everybody said that it was impossible to keep it through the summer. But the man who packed the ice was the only member of the Commercial Club at that time, and the results vindicated his judgment.

Wild turkeys were plentiful around here, and many a party with horses and dogs have I seen. They would start up a flock of turkeys, drive them to an open field, where the dogs were trained to stay under the turkeys when they flew until exhausted; and then when they dropped the dogs would get them.

Prior to 1847 the Methodists worshipped in a frame building just a little south of the present brick structure. Wood-burning stoves were used for heating, and light was furnished by tallow candles. Old Father Sweet, my father-in-law, served as janitor, and his duties included snuffing the candles. The candles were placed on little brackets all around the walls, and it kept Mr. Sweet pretty busy during the evening service. I have in my possession an old-fashioned foot stove, which was made by my father for the use of my mother in the old Methodist church. My father was a cabinet-maker, and he put forth excellent effort on the foot stove. It contained a compartment for a hot brick, which went a long way toward making winter church going a little comfortable. I have the same brick which contributed its share toward the furtherance of Christianity; it is still in the stove.

The old frame church was torn down and the brick church now standing was built in 1847 by Seth Harrison and Edward Edwards. Ashley Johnson did the brick work on this M. E. church the same year. During this year the large bell now

used in the belfry was unloaded from the Nat Moss' wagon, and put in place in the belfry. The bell was viewed by hundreds of people, and it was the first church bell installed in this neighborhood. For 63 years the old bell has been ringing forth its messages of joy and sorrow, and its tones have become closely associated with the lives of many of our citizens.

The program of the first fair, in 1850, included speaking by prominent men on a platform built for the occasion. One of the principal speakers was Judge Harrold, grandfather of Seymour Harrold, whose speech is remembered by Uncle Jim Harvey. Mr. Harvey says that Judge Harrold advocated the improvement of farms, raising more live stock and grain, and said that if this was followed up, Clark County would become one of the greatest counties in Ohio.

Many were the fights which occurred during the early history of the town. As a rule, however, when the battle was over, the participants again became friends. An amusing instance of this pugnacity was the battle which occurred between two colored men, Uncle Ben Smith and Old Bill Fowlis, the village shoemaker. Uncle Ben was badly crippled with "rheumatism," and carried a cane with a heavy knot at the handle end. In addition to this ailment Uncle Ben stuttered, and the conversation preceding the scrap was highly amusing. Fowlis had threatened to shoot Uncle Ben, and one day they met in front of where John Brown now lives. After some preliminaries Uncle Ben asked Fowlis, "Ha-ha-has yu-yu d-d-done g-g-got yu-yu d-ds-disolver wi-wi-wid yu-yu? in the meantime shifting his cane warily so that the heavy knot could be used as a club.

Fowlis, mad as a wet hen, shouted, "No!"

"Th-then I-I-I'll g-g-jest t-t-take yu-yu zip," and suiting his action to the word, struck Fowls with the knotty end of the cane, felling him like a beef. It took several people some time to bring Fowlis around, but he finally recovered, and was no worse for his little experience with rheumatic Uncle Ben.

I cast my first vote for president in Dr. Collins' office in 1860 for Abraham Lincoln. My ballot was handed to N. T. Paullin, who acted as one of the judges. Prior to that time the same room had been used as a school room during one winter term because of lack of room in the regular building which I attended. The location of the school was rather an uncertain quantity, and before permanent quarters had been secured was held at different places.

I remember of seven different places where I attended school. One of my teachers was the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, whose first effort in pedagogy began here. Mr. Reid was about nineteen years old, and wore his hair long. About the same time Artemus Ward was working on the local paper for a man named

Wharton. Ward, whose real name was Charles F. Brown, boarded at the hotel on the corner of Woodward avenue and Chillicothe street, which was one of the first buildings erected after the opening of Chillicothe street to the railroad. Gilbert Pierce was the first proprietor of the hotel, and continued to run the tavern until his death.

Owing to the inability or failure of the ghost to walk, Ward's board bill became so high that he had to get out from under it. After achieving fame and wealth from his literary productions, Mr. Ward came back to Charlestown, and learning the whereabouts of Mrs. Pierce, went to her and paid the bill with a good rate of interest included.

I remember Ward very well, as while clerking in a store I sold Ward nearly all of his tobacco and other articles needed.

In my possession are quite a number of valuable relics, one of which is a shoe hammer which was carried by my great-grandfather, Jacob Reeder, through the Revolutionary war, and did its humble duty at Valley Forge mending the shoes of the soldiers. This hammer came down in direct descent to me from its original owner; and aside from its value as an historic relic has the added value of association. Jacob Reeder fought through the entire Revolutionary war as a soldier, and when in camp used his idle time mending the other soldiers' shoes.

Another relic which is highly prized by me is a fan and case which was sent to my grandmother by her father, Joseph Alston, from St. Pierre, Martinique, in 1770. The fan is covered with solid gold spangles, and is over 130 years old. The fan has been in the continuous possession of the family ever since its arrival in this country in care of Captain Bush, who was in command of the vessel upon which it arrived.

Another relic of historic value is a peace pipe which was found on a battlefield of the Black Hawk Indian war in Illinois by a cousin of mine, who ploughed it up on his farm. This was the war in which Abraham Lincoln had command of a company of soldiers. The peace pipe has its war-like feature in a tomahawk which forms a part of it. The pipe part is still in good working order, as can be attested by several men who have tested its merits.

Among the early pioneers well known to me, and many of whom have been dead for fifty years are, Jesse Griffith, John Miskey Charles Smith, Father Morris, Richard Cramer, Thomas Mattinson, Thomas Merritt, Joseph Houston, grandfather of L. H., E. D. and F. B. Houston; James Murray, George Murray, Dr. Laybourne and Dr. Gillette, two of the pioneer physicians in Clark County; Peter Buffenbarger, George Buffenbarger, Isaiah Holloway, Joseph Butcher, Isaac Newcom, Jonathan Smith, Erasmus Jones, Jesse Wise, Joshua Hayward,

Samuel Arthur, Isaac Warner, Edward Wildman, Dr. Cook, of Selma; Elijah Anderson, Joshua, Pherlin, Caleb and Seth Harrison, Isaac, Lewis and John Hedrick, Joseph and Thomas Whitridge; Moses Pierce, Gilbert Pierce, John Heiskell, John Pierce, John Nolan, Hugh Orr, William Cooper, Peter Slaughter, David Selsor, Jonathan Cheney, Benjamin and William Rowand; Judge Harrold, General Harrod, the Harper brothers, the Brock brothers, Lanson brothers, and Gordin brothers, Stephen Maxey, who was Justice of the Peace; Jeremiah Botkin, Edmund Hill, Inis Ellsworth, John Heaton, Isaiah Hunt, Robinson Florence, Tine Stites, Robert Chenoweth, Henry Chenoweth, Jonathan Pierce, James Pringle, James Rankin, James White, James Woosley, Ephraim Vance, Mother McCollum, Grandmother Murray, Granny Warner, with her good ginger cakes; Isaac Davisson, David Larkin, Phineas Stratton, Dr. Robert Houston, Abel Walker, John Packer, Samuel Ramsey, Jesse Pancake, William L. Warner, Aunt Lizzie Warner, William Harpole, John Correll, Charlotte Pratt, Samuel Thomas, Thomas Lott, John Laybourne, Isaac Paist, Jacob Critz, son of Conrad Critz, who laid out the original plat of Charlestown (not Charleston), now South Charleston.

A partial list of people who have lived in or near South Charleston, Ohio, within the last sixty or seventy years, all deceased. I well remember them all.

Edward Edwards, James P. Edwards, Hill Edwards, Wm. Edwards, Frank Hill, Elwell Pratt, David Pratt, John Dobson, John Hopkins, Lanson Hale, Walter Hopkins, Dick Haslem, Barney Baker, Elam Johnson, Thos. Hemphill, Calderwood Hill, Wm. Hill, Jas. Bailey, liverman; Geo. Botkin, Robt. Clark David M. Clark, Owen Riley, John Kinsella, Peter McQuade, Wm. Athey, George Bennett, Geo. Weymouth, Wm. Weymouth, Robt. Thorp, Darius Sprague, Leonard B. Sprague, Cephas Pancake, John Pancake, John McCollum, Sr., Alex Rowand, Amos Briggs, George Smith, Daniel O. Heiskell, Noah Brewington, Alex Laythem, John Peck, William Comrie, Putman Gaffield, Geo. Watson, Wm. Watson, N. T. Paullin, David Vance, John McKinney, Jos. Fisher, Thos. F. Houston, Wm. D. Pierce, Edward Pierce, Jacob Pierce, Simeon Warner, Cureney Arthur, James Hawkins, John T. Maxey, John W. Thomas, James Thomas, Isaac Thomas, Jos. Thomas, Kendall P. Truitt, Dr. Bailey, Wm. Cheney, Thomas Thorp, Thos. Cummings, David Pringle, James C. Pringle, James Pringle, Abner Heaton, Abraham Heaton, George Gilroy, Jacob Kizer, Wm. Steward, Samuel Canady, Wm. Copeland, Perry Larkin, Levi Atkinson, Isaac Atkinson, John Butcher, Edward Merritt, Geo. W. Buffenbarger, Paulser Nagley, Chris Truitt, John O'Brian, Patrick Donaho, Iptha Harrod, Matthew Mattinson, Thomas Mattinson, Jack Mattinson,

Wm. Mattinson, Elijah Woosley, Thomas Woosley, Joshua Woosley, David Woosley, Benj. Woosley, Thomas Bown, Absalom Griffith, Allen Critz, Wm. Clemmans, Michael Sullivan, Gates Tibbles, Cyrus Griffith, Mathias Smith, Farmer John Smith, John Chenoweth, Wm. H. Brown, Wm. Dingess, Harmon Anderson, Jesse Stroupe, David Stroupe, Wm. Stroupe, Alex. Waddle, Samuel Waddle, Alex. Waddle, Jr., John Waddle, Wm. Carey, Daniel Bateman, Wm. Atkinson, Oliver Atkinson, Dr. Wash. Atkinson, Dr. J. M. Immel, G. W. Jones, J. M. Jones, Dr. Solon Curtice, Dr. Steele, Dr. Haight, Dr. M. L. Houston, Dr. E. T. Collins, Dr. A. K. Wilson, John Rankin, Wm. Wilhide, Sanford Drake, Wm. Holmes, John Holmes, John Holmes, Jr., Griffith F. Sweet, Milton Clark, W. F. Herbert, Geo. Herbert, Wm. E. Ackley, John Dale, Jacob Dale, John Coss, Samuel Coss, David Coss, Henry Chenoweth, Geo. Bricker, John Wentz, Len Snively, Gideon Landaker, Daniel Landaker, Isaac Landaker, Jacob Morningstar, Geo. F. Hempleman, Levi Jones, Sr., Tod Buffenbarger, Wm. Davisson, John Hathaway, John Williams, John McCollum, Jr., Russell B. McCollum, Seth McCollum, Wm. J. Hudson, John D. Reeder, Dr. A. D. Pancake, John Reeder, Enos Reeder, James Reeder, Truesdale Reeder, R. B. Reeder, Lewis Stratton, E. G. Coffin, John Stratton, Ed. Highwood, Jason Loper, Abraham Cramer, James Cramer, Cyrus Hunt, Akin Kelso, Marion Slaughter, John Slaughter, James Sweeney, Frank Hornick, Samuel Lookabaugh, George Peefer, Wm. W. Pringle, Lawrence Heiskell, Robert Collins, Geo. Oswell Warrington, John Steinman, Kennett Landaker, Gideon Landaker, Jr., Martin Jones, Milton Jones, Edward Jones, Marcus Jones, John Flannigan, Michael Scott, Joseph Scott, Isaac Edwards, Ed. Woosley, Charlie Hedrick, Adam Hedrick, William Hedrick, Joshua Hedrick, Charles Hicks, Darley Pierce, Charles Pierce, Chandler Pierce, Erdy Wentz, Lewellyn McCollum, Wm. McCollum, Pres. Houston, George Shinn, J. Warner Harvey, Seth Atkinson, Ownie McMahon, William Truesdale, Sr., William Truesdale, Jr., Jerry Yeazell, Michael Sheiry, John Mostgrove, Albert McIntire, John Heiskell, Jr., Patrick Conway, Michael Conway, Edward Corrigan, John Cramer, Wm. Botkin, Jos. Vanhorn, Isaac Crispin, John Kelso, J. P.; James Gallagher, Tim Murphy, Barney Crackey McMahon, Enoch Jones, Presley Jones, Morgan Jones, Wm. Harrold, Wm. Harpole, Peter Harpole, Thos. Murphy, James Hall, Horace Whitridge, A. G. Pratt, Tom Hines, Michael Liedigh, undertaker; E. S. Steinman, ex-Mayor; Frank Harvey, Sr., Alex. Hemphill, James Doster, Chas. Briggs, Leon H. Houston, Edwin D. Houston, Mungo Cumrie, Philip Hedrick, Curly Gillett, Henry Bennett, Joe Bennett, James W. Griffith, John Griffith, Lewis J. Reeder, Mode Pierce, John Pierce, Geo. McMillen, Rev. Capt. N. S. Smith, Mungo Murray, Robt. Chenoweth, Jr., John Price, Sr., Robt. Tindall, Chas. Landaker, John H. Way, Michael Way, Jonathan Cheney, Joshua

Littler, Wm. Baldwin, Stanley Baldwin, Newton Baldwin, John Baldwin, John Atkinson, A. P. Gatch, Geo. Truitt, T. James Hicks, Milt Young, Bur Hedrick, Wes Hathaway.

It does not seem to me very long ago since the first person Mr. William Mattinson, was buried in our Greenlawn Cemetery, north of town. Now there are many hundreds buried there. It shows how fast our people are passing to the Great Beyond.

Boys who went with me to see the first train at Pugley's crossing, in 1840:

Haun Williams, Lew Hedrick, Jim Griffith, John Stratton, Mark Houston, Alex. Snedaker, Henry Hedrick, Ben Sweet, Samuel Carey.

Old time Colored Citizens:

Uncle George and Aunt Nellie Johnson, Henry Bray, Tapley Bray, Tom Bray, Bill Bray, Bill Fowlis, Ben Smith, Miles White, Jim Crow, John White, Aunt Lucy Bell, Aus Francis, barber; Garrett Morgan, blacksmith; Hartford Mitchell, barber; Wm. Mitchell, Al. Blair, Geo. Fields, James Walker, Spencer Coleman, Nelson Hines, Joe Winslow, Alex. Harris, John Jennings, William Colwell, Billy Austin, Earl Colwell.

Old Uncle George Johnson and wife were among the first colored people to settle here in the early days. They lived a few miles east of town and George had a rough experience. One night a man on horseback stopped at their cabin and asked George to keep himself and horse over night. George agreed to care for the stranger and his horse. Before morning some officers found the man and horse at Johnsons. They took the horse and arrested the horse thief, and Uncle George also for harboring a horse thief and sent them both to the penitentiary. Uncle George was innocent of any wrong in the case, but had to serve his time in the penitentiary. He then, with his wife, Aunt Nellie, moved to town and lived there for many years after.

My acquaintance with Charlestown families often covers the fifth and sixth generations.

Not many people now living have any recollection of one of the government regulations requiring all ablebodied men over 18 and under 45 years of age to gather at a common rendezvous one day each year for the purpose of military training.

Uncle James Harvey is probably the only living resident here who attended these muster-day meetings, which were inaugurated about 1812 and continued until the early 40's. The purpose of the meetings were to familiarize the men with the manual of arms, and to enable them to execute foot movements, so that upon a hasty call for volunteers, there would be at least

some semblance of discipline. Mr. Harvey went with his father to the last meeting he attended. The elder Harvey, upon being called from the roll, told the commander that he was just over the age limit. Upon this fact being established the elder Harvey was excused, and James Harvey was called. But he escaped the irksome duty by being two or three years under the limit.

Nearly all of the men had uniforms, but very few had guns, poles and long clubs doing service for the guns on the drill grounds. Clark County's mustering ground was in a large field, containing a fine grove, about one mile southeast of Harmony.

I have a distinct recollection of seeing my father return from the muster grounds, with his soldier clothes on, and many were the entertaining stories told the Reeder children about the doings there. Col. Rufus Putnam, our old-time grocer, was captain of our company here that went once a year to the muster grounds to drill.

The sparsely settled condition of the country still left much territory for wild animals, some of which were captured alive and made pets. One of these was a big black bear, which was kept by Dan Johnson near his tavern on what is now the school house grounds. The bear was a great pet, and was kept by Mr. Johnson for many years. It was killed and made a village feast. Coons and foxes were common pets in many families, but no one had the hardihood to harbor a skunk.

I did some clerical work in the early days, among my recollections being that of making an inventory of a stock of goods which E. G. Coffin, as constable, had levied on, it being the first official duty performed by Mr. Coffin.

I was a small boy when I witnessed my first fire. The fire was in Joseph Houston's dwelling, and the local fire department was so slow getting there that the house burned down. The house was situated near where G. W. Luckey's drug store is now located.

Savory recollections of the products of the old Dutch ovens arise now and then, and the best bread was from my grandmother's fire place, where the bread was placed in a tin reflector which was set back on the hearth from the fire four or five feet. The bread was baked to perfection.

Uncle Jesse Griffith was a pioneer brick manufacturer. He owned brick yards near where Coleman Wilhide now lives, one where Mrs. Laura Cheney lives, and one where Charles Diffendal lives. There also lived here two Quaker women, bachelor maids, who owned the land back of where the town hall stands. One of the sisters finally went crazy, her hallucination being that she was a poet. Being in feeble health she was confined to her bed,

and one evening when Uncle Jesse Griffith called to inquire as to her health greeted him with the following poetic effusion:

"Here I lay all free from sin;
Jesse come in, come in, come in."

Old Uncle John Heiskell used to employ me for a few cents a day to watch a gap in the fence near Pratt's gravel pit, to keep the hogs from getting out on the road, while hauling gravel for the Columbus and Xenia pike. Uncle Jesse Griffith was postmaster for many years, and part of the time employed John R. Houston to carry the mail. One day when bringing the mail into the office, Houston was accosted by one of the men waiting in the lobby with, "John, are you our mail boy now?" John promptly answered, "Yes, sir. Did you think I was a female boy?"

The first vehicle for road use ever used here was a spring wagon with a paneled bed, owned by Elwell Pratt, who lived just north of town. My father used to hire the "dandy" wagon, as it was called, frequently, and, of course, it was an estimable privilege to ride in it. But I rode in it many times. The vehicle was in great demand, many of the neighbors hiring it to make trips. Dr. Robert Houston had a leather spring carriage which he used when the roads were good, but he generally went on horseback. One of his fine saddle horses and probably the pride of his stable, which was located on the site where Mother Drake now lives, was a magnificent animal, which he called "Wildfire." Unfortunately Dr. Houston incurred some hoodlum's displeasure, and in an effort to get even with the Doctor, hamstrung "Wildfire." The horse was in such condition it had to be killed. No one ever found out who the bastard was that did the work.

The old Quaker lady was not the only poet in the village. Another character with poetical aspirations was David Burley. Burley was weak minded, and was possessed with an ardent ambition to get married. Fortunately his advances were repulsed, but David poured out his soul in verse, and in the most unique places. In the absence of human auditors he would address inanimate objects, and to make his poetry more impressive, would scratch it on stones and pieces of wood. Probably the most curious place for poetic depository was on an old bone, which I found in the backyard of my father's lot; it contained the following inscription:

"David Burley is my name,
And single is my life;
But happy is the girl
That is to be my wife.

"Signed, David Burley."

Another character whose talents and appearance made him a man of note in the community was a red whiskered, red haired individual who taught school, and answered to the name of Francis Flood. Flood's talent with a pen was phenominal, one of the finest specimens of his work being a family record which he engraved for the Reeder family in 1843. But his gravest fault was his propensity for drink. He used to get loaded to the guards, and then go away some place and sleep it off.

It must not be lost sight of that the boys of the village ever stopped thinking of Flood's long, red hair, and it was only lack of opportunity which prevented him from filling the role of shorn lamb. But at last the time came, and the professor, having gone the limit on rum, laid down in the old Methodist cemetery to sleep off his jag. There he was found by a number of the young scamps, one of whom at once secured a pair of scissors and went to work on the flowing red locks.

"Snip-snip," went the scissors, and the professor drowsily remarked, "Boys, I hear shissors." Being reassured he again lapsed into slumber, but was again aroused by the "snip- snip-snip" of the scissors. "D—n it, boys, I tell you, I do hear scissors." He was again reassured, but by the third awakening he was well sheared.

PRIZE FIGHT

Pulled off in South Charleston Without Any Undue Excitement, and Few of Our Citizens Knew of It.

While not generally known, a prize fight was pulled off in South Charleston. No protest of any kind was heard, the event was not even noised about in sporting circles, many of whom would have given a goodly price for a seat at the ringside.

The principals were John McKinney and Big Bill Fryer. The only one of our citizens who witnessed the battle, which was a "go with the raw ums," under London prize ring rules, was myself, and the fight occurred sixty-five years ago, on the present site of Greenlawn cemetery.

Unfortunately I do not remember who the victor was, but as they were both Charlestown men, the championship remained here. At that time I was a small boy, and with all of a boy's curiosity made my way to the ringside, where the men stripped to the waist pummeled each other for fair. There was no purse to the winner, nor did any motion picture men offer fabulous sums for pictures of the fight. But it was fought in the open, and the best man won without six month's training and without the help of the sporting editor.

In the early days when I was a boy there were lots of woods near town not fenced, and the town cows, hogs and geese all ran at large. I have made many a walk in the evening out to

what is or was called the Hempleman Creek and to the Lisbon Creek for my father's cows. In the fall of the year the men in town would get all their hogs and pigs in a pen and mark them on one or both ears. The men would meet and agree to use a certain ear mark on their hogs. My father's mark was to cut a "V" in the right ear of all his hogs and pigs. Then they would turn them all out on the road and very late in the fall would go over the country in the woods and hunt up their hogs and claim all big or little that had their mark on the ear and get them without a word. They would find them fat and fine after eating acorns and hickory nuts. Then they would pen them up, feed corn for a while to harden the fat for lard when they were in fine condition for butchering.

Old Uncle George Buffenbarger was one of our early settlers. He owned sixteen hundred acres of fine land along the Little Miami River, about four miles west of South Charleston, and near the old historic Morgan Pond. He built a brick house on his farm and had port holes built in the gables, east and west, to watch for Indians up and down the creek. I have often been in this old house; there was a very fine spring of good water in the cellar.

The old Morgan Pond was a great place for the older boys to fish and many are the big fish stories we heard from the boys who fished there. The Pond was later drained and that spoiled the fishing for the younger set of boys. The older boys who used to fish there in the long ago were, Frank Armstrong, Albert Dooley, Ed. Dooley, Theo. Houston, Lew Stratton, Lewis Reeder, Antone Miskey George McCorkle, Oliver Atkinson, Bob Sweet, Ben Sweet, Henry Bennett, Bob Caddy, Jim Cox, Nat. Morgan, Alex. Snedaker, Henry Johnson, Elam Johnson, John Houston Ben Morgan, Jake Morgan, Rodney Morgan, Marion Pierce, Mad Pierce, Ab Griffith, Ben Bates, Tom Smith, Bill Hedrick, Joe Hedrick, Low Warner, Cy Griffith, Phil. Warner, and many others who have been forgotten. Antone Miskey always took the cake for catching the largest and most fish.

I have often, when a boy, seen Uncle George Buffenbarger and wife coming to town to do their trading, pass our home in a big two horse wagon, driving a pair of large, fine horses with their manes and tails shaved like mules. He sat in front on a chair and always drove with rope lines. His wife sat on a chair behind him and wore a man's silk plug hat. They raised a large and respectable family.

My first school teacher was Alfred Jones, who studied medicine later on and practiced here for sometime. He lived with his mother, Mrs. Kinney, in a log house, where Mrs. McDorman's new home now stands. When any person would

call for the doctor after night Mother Kinney would raise the window up stairs and say "Who's sick, who's dead, who wants Alfred."

My father-in-law, Griffith F. Sweet, came here in 1831, was married in Urbana, Ohio, in 1832, and he and his bride came here over the mud roads on their wedding trip on horse back, settled here the same year and lived here the rest of their lives. My father, John Reeler, also married in 1832, settled here in a log cabin which I well remember, and with his family lived here until his death in 1869. William Davidson was married the same year and settled about one mile east of town on the farm of his father, Isaac Davidson. The said Isaac Davidson was married in Virginia and a few days later put their bed and a few other things on two horses and came to their new home. I well remember them.

Jonathan Pierce, grandfather of Darwin Pierce, settled here in 1826, on the Jonathan Cheney farm, now owned by Henry E. Bateman, about three miles south of South Charleston, and one-half mile west of the Darwin Pierce farm. Jonathan Pierce made a specialty of raising mules and short horn cattle. He and his son, Jacob, showed all of the thoroughbred cattle exhibited at the first Clark County fairs held here on the east end of our present school house grounds in 1850 and 1851. This was before we had a county fair in Springfield. They exhibited also at these fairs a lot of fine mules taking several first and second premiums on cattle and mules. Darwin Pierce, then a small boy, took first premium of $1.00 on a pair of red calves about six months old, well trained to the yoke and shown as oxen. To say that Darwin was proud don't tell it. He showed them at our fair here in 1851. The stalls used at our fairs for the fine live stock were the fence corners. Uncle Jess Wise showed his fine chestnut sorrel Morgan stallions at our fairs. In 1840 the Pierce herd of fine short horn cattle was taken to the first State fair at Cleveland, Ohio, taking many premiums there. Darwin Pierce has the cup which was awarded the Pierce herd at that fair.

Jonathan Pierce, before the war, ran an underground railroad where he lived, just south of town, and has helped many slaves to freedom. He was egged here in town on account of his being an abolitionist.

Hogs were very low in price in the early days. They were only worth from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents per hundred when fat. While Paist & Co. were packing pork here in the forties, they only paid the above prices. Uncle John Hedrick, at one time, heard that pork was a good price in Virginia. He bought a wagon load of cured pork of Paist & Co.,

and hired a team to haul it to the Virginia market. We had no railroads in those days, and Uncle John said he did not make enough profit on that wagon load of cured pork to pay for the use of the team.

In the early days we could not drive or ride out of town without paying toll for as many miles as we went on the pike in any direction. The tollgate on the London pike east was situated on the north side of the pike nearly opposite the east end of our present school house grounds, and just west of the tollgate, a little northeast, we left the pike and took the old dirt road to London. Before the pike was made it went up the hill where Mrs. Jesse Stroup, Sr., now lives. Our tollgate west on the London and Xenia pike was near Mr. D. A. Sprague's Maple-leaf Farm, on north side of pike. On the South Solon pike it was on the east side of the pike just north of the Kendall P. Truitt and Lewis Hedrick farms, and north on the Springfield pike the tollgate was at Lisbon.

Old Uncle Ephriam Vance kept the tollgate on the London pike just east of town for many years. He was a remarkable old man. After he had passed his ninetieth year my father met him at the Paullin corner. He told father he had been taking a walk. Father asked him where he had been, and he replied he had "Just walked to Springfield and back and was then on his way home." Father said, "Uncle Ephriam, I don't see how a man of your age can make that walk of twenty-five miles," to which he replied, "Why, John, that was not much of a walk for me," and then he jumped straight up and knocked his feet together three times before he struck the ground. In the early days he was a great hunter. I will here give you some of his experiences almost in the corporate limits of South Charleston, Ohio.

At one time he killed a wild cat in what was always after that called the "Old Cat Tail Pond," near where Mrs. Jesse Stroup, Sr., now lives. We boys many years ago had it for our skating pond. It was then a wild looking place; we would skate there in day time and at night when it was moonlight. I shall never forget a fall I got there on skates one night, when my head struck the ice and I saw stars, and lots of them. He also killed a big black bear in the same swamp, which was the last wild bear killed in this neighborhood. He lived at one time on or near the David Pringle farm, about one and one-half miles south of town. He started to walk to town one night and when he got nearly to the William Watson place, where George Slaughter now lives, he heard a big pack of wolves howling on his trail. He knew what that meant for him, that he would be torn to pieces as soon as they got to him. He started to run for a tree, but he was in a big open field with no trees. He saw a haystack and ran to it, and in some way got to the top

of the stack just in time. Then the wolves came after him, jumped on the stack and fell off. They kept that up all night, howling, growling and fighting over him until daylight, when they sneaked away to their dens. It was a very cold night and Uncle Ephriam by morning was nearly frozen when he slid off that haystack and went home. He had no trouble to keep awake that night. At another time he was deer hunting out on old Uncle James Pringle's farm, now owned by Isaac D. Pringle, about one and one-half miles south of town. He shot a large buck deer with big horns; he fell, and Uncle Ephriam supposed he had killed him and ran to him to cut his throat. When he got to him the buck jumped up and fought him with his horns and front feet. In less time than it takes to tell it he had nearly all his clothes torn off, and would have soon been killed, but Uncle James Pringle happened to be near him and ran to his help, and the two together killed the deer. R. B. Reeder shot and killed the last wild deer killed near here.

Old Uncle George Bennett, grandfather of Enoch M. Bennett, was one of our early settlers here. He settled about one and one-half miles west of town, on the south side of the old Clifton road, just west of the Mattinson bridge. There is still standing in the road in front of where his house used to stand a large tree; right by that tree he built his blacksmith shop. He killed many deer along the creek in the early days. He kept two very large, fine dogs that he called his deer dogs. So well trained were they that when he would shoot a deer and wound it the dogs would catch and hold it until he would knife it. I have forgotten the dogs' names. I remember him well and nearly all the old early settlers and their families.

My father told me rabbits and squirrels were very plentiful here in the early days. He said at one time he saw the grey squirrels emigrating from the woods on the north side of the Lisbon creek to the woods on the south side near where the Hempleman bridge now is, in what is now T. E. Mattinson's big pasture. They came over on a rail fence by the hundreds and when they came to the water gap, crossed over on it. Father stood there with a club and killed more than he could carry home. He also told me that in that same neighborhood rabbits were so plentiful one winter that old Uncle Richard Cramer and his boys killed so many of them they salted the hams down in barrels and sent them by Nat Moss's big six-horse wagon to the Cincinnati market. Nat Moss, the man that ran this wagon, was a mulatto. He lost his life in a house in Columbus, O., when the house was burned in the night.

When my grandfather, Daniel Jones, mentioned before, left the State of Delaware in 1812 and settled about three miles northeast of where our town now is, he freed two of his slaves, a young man and woman whom he brought here with him.

leaving all the rest at his old home near Newark, Delaware. He did not think it was right to own slaves. He had an old friend in Springfield, O., a merchant who had a store there in the early days. He went to see him one day and told him he would give him power of attorney, and the next time he went to Philadelphia to buy goods, to free all of his slaves, with the understanding that he would do as requested, which the merchant agreed to do. Grandfather said it would save him a long trip East and back on horseback or in stage coaches. The merchant took the power of attorney, changed the wording or had it changed, went East, stopped in Delaware and sold all the slaves, old and young, for cash, went to Philadelphia, bought and sent back to Springfield, O., the largest stock of goods ever in that town up to that time. This shows that a man would do almost anything then as now for the almighty dollar.

We have near our town three creeks. These streams feed the Little Miami River. They are known as the Lisbon Creek, the Pringle Creek and the one in the north end of town on Chillicothe street. These three streams all come together about two miles west of South Charleston. This forms the head of the Little Miami River and about one mile farther west at the Buff bridge it makes quite a large creek. Still father west at Loveland, O., it is used for boating. The Lisbon Creek heads on the Bonner Farm. Our creek heads still farther northeast on the Dunn farm. The Pringle Creek heads on the Alfred Stromp farm, formerly the Presley Jones farm.

Many years ago Uncle Jonathan Cheney had an old Irishman working for him named Tim Murphy. I well remember him. He told Tim that he must not smoke his pipe while hauling feed to the livestock, but Tim would smoke just the same. One day he had a big load of fodder on his sled and Uncle Jonathan got behind it, struck a match and fired the load of fodder. The oxen ran off, Tim fell off and was nearly frightened to death: thought he had set it afire with his pipe. Uncle Jonathan had a big laugh over the fun.

At one time Uncle David Selsor came to Town with enough salt in a grain sack to salt a lot of cattle he had north of town in what is now the Cyrus Murray pasture. He stopped on his way at the Holmes & Jones dry goods store. Isaac Paist took his sack of salt off his saddle, emptied the salt in a large stone jar in the back part of the store, put in about the same amount of sand and put it on the horse. Uncle David went to his cattle, called them all up and commenced throwing out the sand to them. He soon saw the joke, came back to town for salt, saw Isaac Paist and said, "Ike, you did that."

In the early days there was a tribe of Indians (they were not hostile) who had a trail up and down Massies Creek which

they often traveled over. This creek heads about two and one-half miles southeast of South Charleston on the Stacy B. Rankin farm, formerly the Jacob Peirce farm. It runs through Mrs. Laura Larkins' farm, formerly the Amos Briggs farm, crosses the Columbus and Xenia pike about one-half mile west of Selma, gets larger as it flows west and passes through Cedarville, O. The Indians had a regular camping ground on the high ground where Mrs. Laura Larkins' house now stands, and also under a large oak tree, which is still standing only a few rods south of her house, and a few feet east of the bridge. At that time Joseph Briggs, father of Amos and Charles Briggs, lived in a log cabin where Mrs. Larkins' home now stands.

Ben Morgan, son of Esquire David Morgan, clerked for Paist & Son in the little frame building on the Paullin corner. They had a large hand-bill tacked up in their store which read this way:

Clear, the track, still they come;
More new goods for Paist & Son.

Jake Morgan fell out of that big oak tree that still stands near Luther Bussard's dwelling and broke his leg. That is also where the old one-story brick, and later the two-story brick school houses used to stand, directly opposite the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the east side of Church street. The old school house pond was just a short distance, probably fifty yards, south of the school house on the same side of the street, where the boys and girls used to slide and skate, the boys playing shinney. The Honorable Whitelaw Reid taught in the two-story brick house, and one winter Maley Thompson, the old London, O., detective, was his assistant teacher in one of the rooms.

After Dan Johnson left the old tavern, on the present school house grounds, and moved to Illinois, Tom Hines then ran the old tavern until the death of Gilbert Pierce at the Gallagher corner on Woodward avenue and Chillicothe street, near the Miami Railroad. Then Hines moved to the Gilbert Pierce Tavern above located. Then Philip Smith and family moved into the Dan Johnson Tavern and ran it for years. He built the pike from here to Jeffersonville, and nearly all the pike from here to Springfield.

Many years ago Daniel Seiberts had a flouring mill about where the Houston Company now have their grain elevator. Jacob Lambing was engineer. This mill and Houston's store, owned by Henry and John Houston, were destroyed by fire in the winter of 1861-1862. Later on Houston & Murray had a flouring mill just east of our passenger station, at the railroad crossing, on the South Solon pike. Leon H. Houston and Peter Murray, owners; Daniel Seiberts and Wm. McMillen, millers,

and Oliver Peters, engineer. This mill was destroyed by fire in March, 1877.

It seems but a short time since the field across the Miami Railroad opposite our passenger station was covered with heavy timber and hazel brush, and the men and boys in town used to hunt and kill quail, squirrels and coon there, and then we had the old Truitt pond there, where the boys and girls used to skate.

Ephriam Nye, grandson of Uncle Ephriam Vance, lived here when a boy. He left here many years ago, and I am told he now lives in Montana, and is a millionaire. I used to go wild pigeon hunting with him when we were boys. What has become of the millions of wild pigeons? Sixty years ago they could be seen here by the thousands, flying until they would darken the sky. I have seen them in flocks from one-half to one mile wide, flying to their roost. I have shot and killed lots of them; they roosted in the Merritt woods, on the south side of the old Springfield road, just east of the Hempleman bridge. The men and boys surely did enjoy shooting wild pigeons. I think old Tom Hines got his share, for he took his old shotgun and looked after them often.

In 1823, Philip Hedrick petitioned for a road from South Charleston to Jamestown, and was successful. Jamestown street is a continuation of this road. The road at the west end of Jamestown street, north to Columbus street, was not established until last year, 1960.

When Isaac Paist built the Paullin corner building, and the corner stone was laid, he put in a box, with about twenty sheets of foolscap paper, of well written history of this town and surrounding country, so I am told.

One day Mr. Michael Jones, tanner, was at the Dan Johnson Tavern, and some men were trying to drive a mad wild cow past the tavern, to the scale pen, situated on the old fair ground, at the east end of our present school house grounds. At that time that was the only scale in town to weigh live stock, hay, grain, etc. The cow got after Mr. Jones and gored him very badly, then turned and ran towards the Methodist Episcopal Church, turned west on Jamestown street and near the Rankin corner, there was a young colored man walking in the road. The cow started for him, he ran to what is now Dr. Moore's corner, where there was a high rail fence, cleared it at one jump, and ran through the hazel brush, and scrub trees, but the cow did not get him; she kept up Jamestown street on a run and Isaac Landaker got a rifle and shot and killed her on the street.

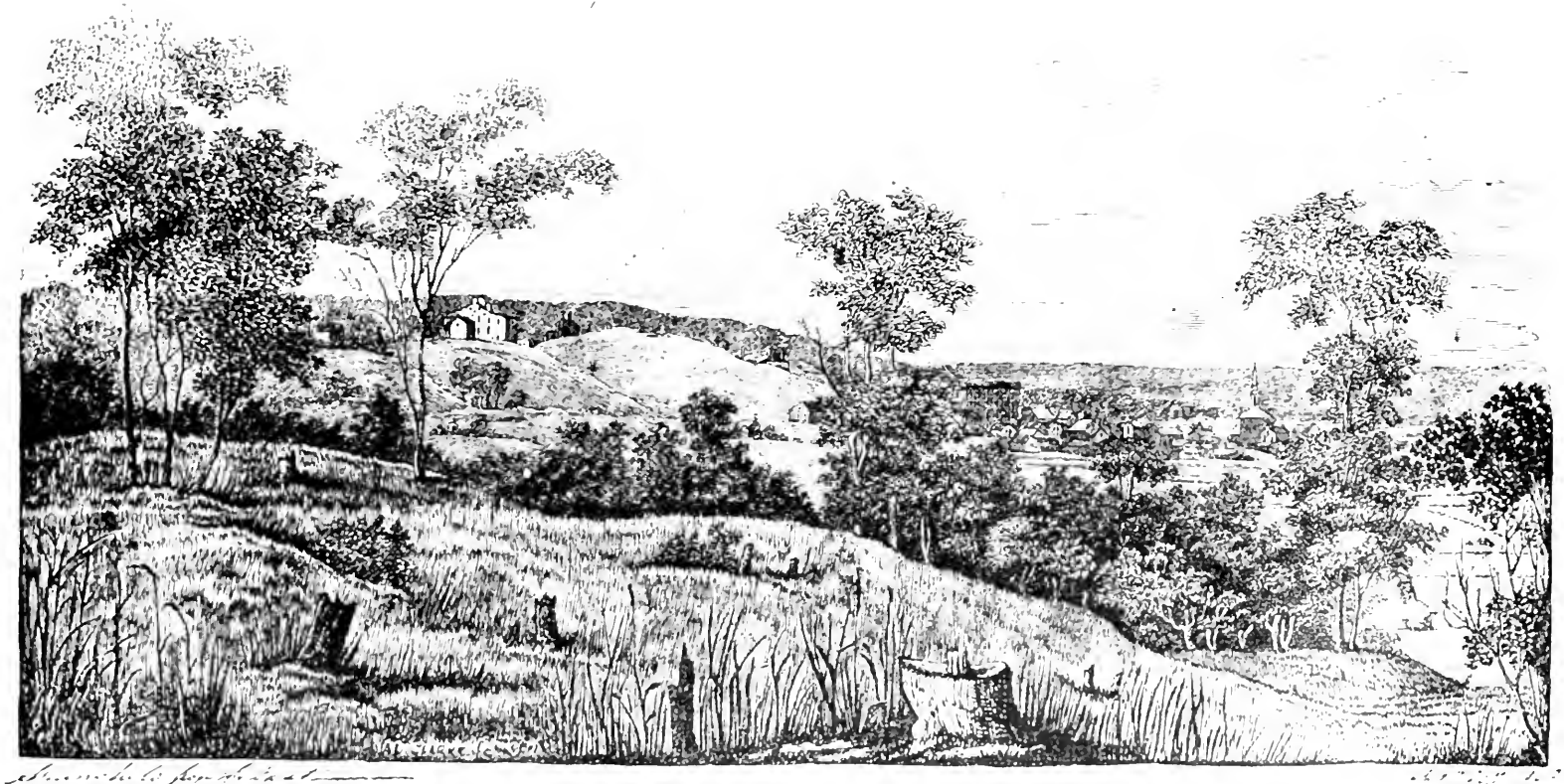
In the early fifties after the L. M. Railroad was completed from Xenia to Columbus, the first firm to open a store on the site where The Houston Company store now stands, was Larkin

& Haughey; David Larkin and Laban W. Haughey. Then it was N. B. Moore & Company, then A. G. Diehl & Bro., Guy and Bert Diehl; then Houston Brothers, Henry C. and John R. Houston; then Houston & Murray, Leon H. Houston and Peter Murray; then Houston & Bro., Leon H. and Edwin D. Houston; then Houston Bros., Leon H., Edwin D. and Foster B. Houston, and now, in 1910, The Houston Company.

There are three things that I am a little proud of. When a boy, I rode often in the first road vehicle with springs ever owned by anyone in or near South Charleston, up to that time. It was an open, paneled bed one horse spring wagon, owned by Mr. Elwell Pratt, who lived just north of town. He hired this wagon out and it was in use nearly every day. I also rode to Xenia and back in a gravel car with a crowd of men and boys, one cold day in the winter of 1849, and we nearly froze. This was the first train of cars that ever run into South Charleston. The L. M. Railroad was at that time only built as far east as where the Houston Company store now stands.

I helped my father set out, on his sidewalk, in front of the old Reeder homestead, the first shade tree ever set out in South Charleston, Ohio. At the same time we set out shade trees for ten rods on our sidewalk.

We started with a small one story log school house. Now, in 1910, we have a fine $35,000 brick, tile roof, school building and the best kept and prettiest town of its size in the State of Ohio, and it is still booming, every year. Don't forget Our Centennial and Great Home Coming, November 1st, 1915.



Springfield, Ohio, in 1832.

Historical Clark County and Springfield

Clark County was founded March 1st, 1817, from Champaign, Madison and Green Counties, and was named in honor of General George Rodgers Clark. The first settlement in the county was at Cribbs Station in the forks of Mad River in the Spring of 1796. The first white men known to have settled in the present limits of Clark County were David Lowry and Jonathan Donnells. During the same year two men named Kreb and Brown came into the neighborhood. Their camp was beyond the deep cut now near the second crossing of the Dayton Railroad. With them Lowry exchanged work, that is, he hunted and fished to secure food for them while they built their log cabins and cultivated and raised the first crop of corn grown in Clark County, Ohio, by white men. The new settlers found the woods filled with bears, deer, turkeys and other game and began the work of providing meat for winter use. Habitations were erected with the sole aid of ax and auger and here in log cabins with stick chimneys built in a few days, these pioneers began their forest life.

John Humphreys and Simon Kenton, together with six other families, came to this settlement from Kentucky. In 1799, in the summer, a Fort was built by them near the present Mad River bridge on the National Pike, west of Springfield. Fourteen log cabins were built and a block house retreat thus made in case of Indian hostility. Simon Kenton, well known in the annals of border warfare with the Indians, lived for a time near the site of Lagonda, but as the settlers gathered around, he in common with the spirits of his class, moved onward deep into the wilderness and passed his notable life in what is now Logan County, Ohio. His death occurred at the age of eighty-one. John Humphreys died at the advanced age of ninety-four years.

With the Kentucky colony came James Demint, who built himself a log cabin a little east of where the present Springfield Seminary now stands, and he shortly after built the first still-house in Clark County, a small one near the spring in front of the Seminary building. Like many others he drank as well as sold, and was not a temperate drinker.

Griffith Foos, with several others came from Kentucky up the Scioto Valley to Franklinton, across the river from Columbus. (That was before Columbus was laid out as a town or

city). They left their families there and started west to explore the country for a place to locate. They discovered Demint's cabin, where they made a stay of several days. Demint told them that he was going to lay out a town there and offered them land there at very low prices. John Daugherty, of Kentucky, was engaged and the work of survey for a town was commenced March 17th, 1801. Mrs. James Demint sugested that the town be named Springfield, on account of the numerous adjacent springs, and the name was adopted. The survey was completed, making eighty-two lots in the original plat. Foos and his party returned to Franklinton for their families. In their removal with their wagons they made the first wagon tracks in that direction into Springfield, Ohio. The journey occupied four and one-half days, one day being given to cross the Big Darby Creek. First they packed their goods across upon horses and then drew their wagons over with ropes. Their route through the woods had to be cleared with axes in many places. After Griffith Foos arrived he made preparations to build a house. This house was the first one built in the town of Springfield. It was a double log cabin, situated on the south side of Main street, a little east of the late residence of John Bacon, and was opened as a Tavern in June, 1801.

In 1804, Springfield contained eleven houses all built of logs. Prior to that time the inhabitants of the town and neighborhood carried grain on horse-back to a mill near Lebanon, Ohio, for grinding. James Demint erected a grist-mill at the mouth of Mill Run, which was thought to be of fair capacity since it could grind five bushels of grain during twenty-four hours.

The postoffice was established in 1804. John Dougherty, postmaster. The mails were delivered to the postoffice in fine, four-horse stage coaches. In 1850 Springfield was made a city, with Judge James M. Hunt, mayor. Population 5,100. The old court house was built in 1821 for the sum of thirty-nine hundred and seventy-two dollars. My father-in-law, G. F. Sweet, at that time was a boy about fifteen years old. His parents being dead, he made his home with Griffith Foos, and hauled the sand to build the court house. In July, 1810, the County Commissioners ordered a jail built for Clark County, Ohio. It was to be built of logs sixteen feet square and one story high, and it cost Clark County just eighty dollars when completed. They arrested a colored man by the name of Johnson for some crime and locked him up in jail. He pried off the jail door, threw it in the Mill Run and walked away. Abram D. Mercuess was the first jailor, and kept a big black bear chained to a stake near the jail door.

BACK IN OLD OHIO

(Fom Denver News.)

Pardon, stranger; did you say you're from Ohio? Shake!
Born there was you? Well, I guess we're about of the same make.
And I'm mighty glad to see you stranger, for the sake
Of the love I bear to Old Ohio.

What is that? You're from the hills? Well, shake again, by Jo,
From the hills along the river, where the buckeyes grow.
I hain't been back there I guess, since twenty years ago:
But my heart is full of Old Ohio.

Twenty years a schemin' in among the crowds of men,
Twenty years—I've seen a heap of this world since then.
But tonight I'd kind-of-like to wander back again,
Back among the hills of Old Ohio.

Down the river! Fished there many a summer afternoon,
Sat and dreamed there too, on many a ba'my night in June,
Lookin' o'er the water where I see the risin' moon,
Smilin' white across the Old Ohio.

Sweetest times are the old times, like them we used to know,
Sweetest scenes and sweetest dreams are them of long ago:
When we sat upon the banks and listened to the flow
Of the waves along the Old Ohio.

Still her spell is on me and her music's in my ears,
Still her beauty shines to me, although it be thro' tears.
Still my heart goes back to her across the gap of years,
Back into the scenes of OLI Ohio.

Ain't no better state than that upon God's rollin' earth;
Ain't no better people got this side of birth,
Of more real bottom, an' more energy an' worth,
Than the folks that's raised in Old Ohio.

Boastin', am I? Well, that's a buckeye failin'; but—
State of Garfield, Grant an' Sherman's got a right to strut;
Read the names of soldiers an' of statesmen that were cut
On the shaft of Fame by Old Ohio.

Mighty glad to see you, stranger! Does a feller good;
Fills him with a sentiment of kin and brotherhood;
Makes him feel as if he'd met a feller of the blood,
When he strikes a man from Old Ohio.

Sweetest times are the old times, the days of long ago;
Sweetest scenes and sweetest dreams are them we used to know
On the hills along the river where the buckeye grows
In the royal state of Old Ohio.