

**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**CLERMONT AND BROWN**  
**COUNTIES, OHIO**

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**From the Earliest Historical Times Down  
to the Present**

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**IN TWO VOLUMES**

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**BY**  
**BYRON WILLIAMS**

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BYRON WILLIAMS

## PREFACE.

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Few localities with distinct organizations have been as closely identified in origin, growth and purpose as the counties of the older Clermont and the younger Brown. The geologic structure, the archaic interest and the primeval incident are scarcely more the same than their rise to civilization, progress through civic plans and common pride in a worthy fame. The region was chosen, mapped, and designed for civil control, and fostered through the era of settlement largely by the same excellent judgment of a famous founder.

When mutual prosperity required a division for more convenient administration of justice, the boundary between became the longest common line of county division in the State. Because of the leading highways, the railroads and the traction lines, the social and commercial relations are more intimate east and west across the boundary than to the north and south within the counties. With rare exception the congressional, judicial and senatorial interests have been identical. The trans-county thoroughfares have been a mutual desire and satisfaction. Therefore, it is well that the common history should be collected and preserved.

This sincere attempt has been made by one native and constant to the region to present a view of what within reasonable limits should be known of the land by the people who should treasure the memories. The information has come from many sources. Rockey and Bancroft's History of Clermont County, published in 1880, is cheerfully mentioned as one of the best works of its kind, and with regret that the amiable Bancroft is beyond the reach of the praise that would gladly be given. The History of Brown County by Josiah Morrow and others, published in 1883, is an excellent compilation of much that would otherwise be lost and impossible to restore. Thirey and Mitchell's Encyclopedic Directory and History of Clermont County, published in 1902, is a graphic view of Clermont that possesses fine value for those who would know a dozen classified particulars about several thousand people

## PREFACE

then in the county and largely so at this date. The publication is unique among all that has been done to give the future an account of that time. Grateful acknowledgment is made to those gentlemen for what has been gleaned there for this work. Many days were once spent in searching the files of the local papers for which thanks are due to editors who have left their tables to others. No just regard should or can forget the confidence for this and other similar work gained through the help of the courteous people of the Cincinnati Public Library, and the unlimited use of the vast collections of that institution. Out of the fleeting, fading impressions of hours thus spent the historian must sort the somber tints for a lively story, or else the reader tires and love's labor for the past is lost.

The Biographical Department of this publication has been the care of special collectors and a staff of writers over whose work the historian has had no charge.

BYRON WILLIAMS.

Williamsburg, Ohio, June 17, 1913.



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# HISTORY

## CLERMONT AND BROWN COUNTIES

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### CHAPTER I.

#### GEOLOGIC.

The Purpose of this Work—The Teaching of the Rocks—A Local Application of the Nebular Hypothesis—Chaotic Confusion—The Laurentian Land—World Making—The First Oceanic Floor—The Silurian Sea—The First Promenade of Life and March of Death—Geologic Upheavals—Heat, the Compelling Agent of Change—The Silurian Island—The Kingdom of Siluria—The Devonian System—The Creation a Process of Purification—When Coal was Made—The Age of Monsters—The Glacial Age in Old Clermont—The Land Finished for Man—The Destruction of a Hundred Years.

The purpose of this work is to trace the events, note the incidents and remember the people combined in the change of a long deserted wilderness into a region notable for lofty example.

No one out of love for the curious should explore the past or try to interpret the oracles of experience without faith in man and hope for his improvement. For, without glorious glimpses through the gloom, it is better to seek no message of despair. But the tale of "Old Clermont" is full with an inspiration that pervades the fairest lands and obtains the choicest sympathy of the earth. Even the rocks rolling from ledgy hills or strown by fretting brooks have a magical charm for such as heed their wonderful teaching.

The lessons learned are not reams of idle lore, but something more stupendous far than all the sounding tales by teeming fancy wrought. For, in the structure of those rocks, star-eyed Science has found not the lot of empires, nor the fate of races,

but some of the most convincing pages in the record of a ceaseless purpose through a relentless sweep of eternal change. To read that record aright is the consummation of human effort to comprehend the Infinite. That effort including the classified observation and comparison of every truth discovered by the discerning, from the first star gazer to the latest biologist, has resulted in a conclusive theory of the mechanism of the creation.

Of that creation, religion and learning agree in declaring that the beginning was without form and void. All that preceded the appearance of organic life is neither more nor less baffling than what has followed, only, that the record must be sought along the flaming walls of the universe. There, guided by the unerring mathematical discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton and aided by the profound speculation of many sages, La Place perceived the suggestions from which he proposed the Nebular Hypothesis that with every added fact has become the accepted theory of the formation and growth of worlds.

While our feeble sense shrinks from imagining that the rock-ribbed earth and the stable stars were once vapors voluminous and vast throughout the extent of space, our time fettered spirits are conscious that the god-like mind has reasoned well. The shape, proportions and motions of the earth have been brought to a school boy's perception. The achievements and predictions of astronomy command intelligent admiration. With spectroscopic analysis, the glasses of the observatory have declared that the elements revealed by the alembics of the laboratory are the familiar constituents alike of the twinkling planet and the wondering child. Through this revelation, knowledge certainly includes the fact that the elements of our world are as omnipresent as the universe, and that the laws of their combinations are equally omnipotent.

The most beautiful and the most beneficent of these laws is the ordered love whereby every molecule shuns a foe and seeks an affinity. Yet, the most terrific scene of human experience has but lambent likeness to the chaotic contention for the elemental harmony that began with what may fittingly be called the peace of the rocks. For, the chemists and the geologists agree that the granitic or lowest of all foundations passed through a prodigious fusion. With decreasing heat

and under the same impulsions that shapes a drop of rain or hail, the shrinking gases grew into a globular mass. With a faint perception of the commotion when that cosmic chaos was utterly compressed by an ever accelerating gravitation, and repeatedly rent by the explosive hate of hostile elements, we can open the records of the creation, here at home, with much geologic satisfaction.

When the liquids condensing from the darkness of the thick clouds lingered on a cooling crust and helped to dissipate the melting heat, then the waters were divided from the waters and a dry land appeared. The most ancient appearance of land that has been traced marks the courses of the Mackenzie and St. Lawrence rivers. Because of a greater extent in that direction, this earliest shore has been called the Laurentian Land. Some island peaks of the same formation show the primal trend of the Cordillera and Appalachian ranges. Upon these smoldering slopes of granite and upon other forms of the blending fusion that may have worn away or sunk beyond recall, the furious rain from an incessant steaming fell with a shattering violence that "overturned mountains by the roots" and made a mortar for the foundations of a different world to come.

How long the deep was wrapped in the gloom of the congealing of the nebula into a whirling but coherent globe, or how long since that gloom yielded to a life sustaining degree of light and coolness is a question more mooted than settled. Except that we would "give understanding to the heart" and learn "the ordinances of heaven" and "set their dominion in the earth," a few or many million years more or less matters neither much nor little in the eternal plan, where there has been neither haste nor rest amid all the fiery changes of world making. And, except for learned proof that other stellar orbs here and there within and beyond the circuits of our sun are showing, not in one but among many, the various phenomena of hazy, gleaming, blazing, glowing, dimming, dying and frozen worlds, the conclusions of scientific inquiry might be scoffed as the brilliant dreams of an aspiration that spurns a mortal state and claims a kindred with the stars.

For a trained observer, the drift along a bank sweet with violets or eglantine is a more recent but not a more certain



token of watery action than the deposits, when the heat destructive to all organic structures was passing in storms away and was permitting calmer currents to flow where the sediments fell upon the first oceanic floor. Although many thousand thousands of the largest spaces of time as comprehended by humanity have spent their forces since that floor was begun or broken, infrequent sections can still be traced from the upper Mississippi to the Hudson and across Northern Europe; and wherever found, even fragmentary ledges are so strewn with peculiar proofs of their origin that whoever has learned never doubts their significance. Yet, art was slow, but very cunning at last, in finding the key to the wonderful cipher of the hand that therein first wrought the miracle of life and left the record of its beautiful forms in a perfection of preservation never excelled. For, only some eighty years ago, Sir Roderick Murchison made his name famous by publishing his conclusions on *Early Life*, wherein he set forth that the new ocean was peopled with tiny creatures that through a special property of those lime laden waters passed from a pulpy life to a petrified perpetuity beyond all that man may dare to promise. In Murchison's magical contemplations, such fossil forms in Wales, where the Romans called a tribe the Silures, and where he studied most, are the products of once whelming waters that he therefore named the Silurian Sea. The name has been made to include the same formations wherever found, and we now know that the Silurian Sea, the first and widest of oceans, laved the Laurentian Land.

During countless aeons of which naught remains of aught that breathed or grew on land, the beds of this vaster but shallower ocean were filling at first with rudimentary forms and then with more and more complicate structures that tell a glowing tale of enlarging purpose. Much of that life is scarcely perceptible until magnified, and even the largest of the largest species do not exceed the clutch of a child. Yet, under the microscope, the petrification of every detail is so complete and the ornamentation of the various species so elaborately distinct, that the classification of Murchison supplemented by others is perhaps more satisfactory than could have been accomplished when the clouded billows surged over all but the sterility of the first eruptive rocks. Though

the variety of that life was only a hint of the bewildering diversity of the subsequent world, when we consider either the magnitude or the semi-eternal continuance and after preservation of the Silurian formation, the abundance of its organic remains is amazing. An average of about three and one-half miles is given as the approximate thickness of the usually closely fitting Silurian ledges, in which the characteristic fossils of each period of progression hold true, wherever found. And wherever found, the vast incumbent mass declares a grand promenade of life and records a solemn march of death. The magnitude of that record is not manifest in anyone locality, but from many, and can only be dimly inferred after much observation, where the dead are so densely packed throughout those mighty ledges that earth seems too small a tomb.

Science is the harmonized facts of observation. Whether from nebular, chemical or solar sources, separate or combined, heat is a change compelling agent. When a little more intense, no life could be; and, after another cooling cycle, all life must cease. Within well known degrees, the expansive nature of heat and the converse is a simple and luminous fact. An accepted estimate for the shrinkage in the earth's diameter while changing from a liquid to the present condition is about one hundred and ninety miles. While the cooling crust was sinking and crumpling because of that shrinking of which there is abundant proof, the heat imprisoned within, raging against restraint, broke forth through displacements which belittle the ruin of the earthquakes and volcanoes of this day to a comparison with molehills. Oftener, perhaps, enormous displacements were accomplished through vast but slower upheavals of the congealing crust, for which, as the expanding heat wasted, there was, under the influence of whirling gravitation, a corresponding subsidence of the firmer floor elsewhere, whither the shifting waters flooded away from desolated rocks to nourish other system of progress.

Considering the tremendous wear of countless time since the sands of yore were drifted by hundreds of shifting oceans, or how the dust of millions of years has been blown about our windy world, wonder exceeds belief that such upheavals still decide the characteristics of recent regions. Yet nothing with-

in the ken of physical science is more certain than the all engulfing cyclic ebbs and flows of the seas, from and about the Laurentian Land, over the stratified relics peculiar to each submergence. The student of geological eras generally finds the record so covered with the sediments of other floods that the plot of the story of the rocks is found on their edges rather than their surface. Such study has revealed the existence of the upheaval that occurred while the world was so young that the greatest of its tiny creatures were not more than a few ounces or inches. While the development of those creatures was stopped and petrified in delicate beauty, the same species not far away but long afterward grew many times larger and gained disagreeable features. While all the regions far around are the result of many submergings, that upheaval has ever since been superior to the sea. Because of this changeless isolation amid the many subsequent geological oceans that strangely failed to overwhelm this little that is lovely with so much that was awful, this ancient vestige of a buried world has been called the Silurian Island. Because they are found in a wide profusion of matchless preservation in the exact relation of their formation, instead of the general disarrangement of tilted or contorted rocks in other countries, the ledges there have had much attention from the sages of the enlightened Nations. But there is a special reason to claim a much greater local attention, for the Silurian Island includes the hills and plains of Old Clermont.

As known by present names, the Silurian Island stretched rather narrowly from near Nashville, through Lexington and Cincinnati toward Lake Erie. After many inspections, the apparently level ledges are found to slope gently to the east and to the west from an eroded ridge that in technical phrase is called the anticlinal. That anticlinal passed from the north through the eastern side of Clermont county and thence southward somewhat parallel to the Alleghenies, giving a suggestion of what with greater uplifting might have been a mountain range. That island was a part of a submarine plain, extending, when the earth was more plastic, so that the limits now can only be defined where boiling mountains of igneous rocks have left a jaggy crust aslope. By that plain, no plant-age had bloomed nor wing been glad; for in all the petrification

there, hardly a trace of doubtful moss can be found among the multitudinous remains of nothing more than the mollusk race.

Notwithstanding the millions of cubic leagues of sculpturesque death embalmed before that plain was abandoned by the fruitful sea, a collection limited to a single specimen of each general type of life in that far off Silurian Age scarcely exceeds the load a man may carry. Tiny gastropoda crawled about on a stomach-foot, as do the snails and periwinkles of today. The brachiopoda stretched their arms for microscopic food, some from one shell but more from double shells, with either straight or wrinkled flutings in various ways that give puzzling names to scores of pretty forms. The crinoidea built themselves into exquisite lily groups. A complete form of the rarely delicate star fish is seldom found, but the moss like bryozoa grew into coral groves where myriads of trilobites lurked or raced and mingled with each and many, while the orthosceras or straight-horn, the tiger of them all, poised a jointed shape above the shrinking prey. As the curious gather them from the slimy blue mud, that was a layer of shale, or pick them from the freshly broken blue limestone that grows gray with exposure, fancy will often marvel at the strangely preserved expressions of pain or weakness or even wonder in those that died so long ago.

Of such little ones was the kingdom of Siluria, when life was in its beginning, and before the dividing waters left the plain of the island a dry land forever after. That plain, geologically, is the upper deposits of the Lower Silurian Period. The waters around that island and elsewhere prospered the life of another period, called the Upper Silurian, in which the snails grew a thousand fold and the fierce straight-horns reached a length of thirty feet and developed spiral forms. Then, the earth reeled again beneath the settling crust, and the ocean swaying out and back left the old to die, and returned with new creatures belonging to what is called the Devonian System. In that system, the Mollusca tribes all grew still greater, a few more beautiful, but generally less pleasing, while the utmost progress of the time was measured by immense numbers of terrible fishes. As that age closes, the fossils include the weed and fern of a verdure yet to come.

The obscure dogma of antiquity that the world forthwith

bloomed as a finished flower from the Creator's hand, no longer finds an easy credence. Without the crucibles of chemistry, the iconoclastic hammer of geology would have broken the wings of faith. But with the analysis of the elements and a partial discovery of their power to bless or harm, we learn that the Creation has been an almost eternal process of purification so constant in action and so beneficent in results for human need that the devout may happily hope that such divine harmony also requires the progressive process to attain an etherealized perfection superior to the doom of matter and fit to share a heavenly plan.

Until some purification was accomplished, the bitter waters could not support a sweeter life; the dust of the fire born rocks would require millions of leaching storms to cleanse their caustic nature; and, until freed from the noisome fumes of the abating elements, the air could not fulfill the functions of respiration. The Creation, a miracle for enthusiastic inspiration, a proposition for astronomical calculation, and a revelation through geological studies, will be seen more clearly when the hypothetic speculations of chemistry are better understood. Till then, it may be safely assumed that geology is mainly a history of immense chemical changes. But, as yet, only a few pages of the Chemical History of the Creation are easy reading. A special lesson is learned from each, and the truth learned from all is that nothing was vain or useless. From the largest shell shapers to the tiny chalk makers, each was absorbing and changing an excess of something that hindered or would be harmful or should be useful in later times.

When the Devonian Sea retired to deeper deeps, the wider land was sown for a prodigious vegetation that grew rankly in the warm, damp, mephitic air, deadly for breathing things, but rich for plants that filled with carbon and sank heavily into layers over which the waters returned and spread a sediment with properties and a weight that changed and pressed the woody mass into the black diamonds of carbon we call coal.

That the extraction of coal and its kindred oil and gas begun through the absorption of an airy poison by a swampy vegetation beneath a vivid sun, and then completed beneath a dark and restless ocean, may well be regarded as one of the most

mysterious of chemical problems. For, the change wrought with the infinitesimal minuteness of a cellular growth extends throughout the masses revealed, wherever a bed of coal records the absence and the coming, the presence and the going, of more than a hundred nameless oceans.

After the long making of coal for an age that was longer yet to come had brought a purer atmosphere, huge amphibians ventured from the narrowing seas to the enlarging lands. After a great while more, fearful monsters made ways through the jungle and wandered over the upper plains where river beds were being worn. As the wrinkling earth drew closer together, the vaster mountains were piled higher and higher above the swelling plateaus, while the deepening waters withdrew before the continents that were shaping for their master man, and for the fish and fowl and cattle of his dominion. But before that dominion was declared, a portion of the earth worn and chasmed by the storms of uncounted time was to have a smoothing touch from a mighty force. Through all these marvels elsewhere, except for the rasp of time, the Silurian Island, by much the largest and almost the sole survivor of its class floated dry and changeless amid the successive seas and through a never ceasing variety of change. Other lands may boast grander views or a longer continuity of mortal scenes, but no other habitable plain can tell of more ancient days.

A mind won weakly to conclude that coal is the woody product of tropic suns over beds where it is now mined from beneath a constant arctic ice is slow to believe that our once fiery and still feverish earth was ever chilled to a degree that built the ice of many, many centuries above the plains of Old Clermont. Yet, no part of the story of wonders is more certain than the events of the Glacial Age, when the weary world wavered from its guiding star, until the freezing north sent the gathering cold southward in a glacier with a thickness of thousands of feet and a front of thousands of miles. The deeds of that glacier were the scooping of lakes, the filling of chasms, the plowing of rivers, the smoothing of craggy steeps, and the grading of terraced valleys for graceful streams by waving slopes that make Ohio pleasing to a beauty loving God.

Whether in one place or many, the glacier, the most majestic mechanical power ever shown to be possible, filling every

nook and searching every crevice, crushed and ground its mingled and scattered drift from the Arctic Highlands to and beyond the Ohio. The special proof of this throughout Old Clermont is an almost level plain of stone in the natural bed marked, wherever exposed, by the scratching or grooving of a southward moving cause. This marking is covered by a few and sometimes many feet of blue clay and broken stone of both native and foreign growth, all packed in a solidity that soon wearies the digger's strength. Above is a smoothing cover of boulder clay ground to creamy fineness by the march of the glacier, that also left an unfinished grist of boulders wrenched by an icy grasp from the rocks of the far and old Laurentian Land. The plain thus smoothed is drained by much tinier brooks and creeks and waterways than were needed for the mighty torrents, when the frozen storms of the ages were melted. Such reasoning explains why the waters of the brooks both small and large from the O'Bannon to Eagle creek flow on bedded rocks and between hills more widely sundered than could be wrought by present agencies.

As these swiftly flowing streams reach the Ohio or the Miami, their banks are found on drifted beds. The levelling purpose of the glacier included not only the scraping of crags from the upland, but also the filling of the more ancient courses of the Miami and the Ohio, which had been the outlet excavated by the once vaster floods from the north. The material haply provided for this regrading of the rivers and known as glacial gravel was made in the tumbling floods from fragments of the Laurentian boulders and distributed between and along the hills in terraced shapes that, so long as they last, will confirm and perpetuate the title of the Beautiful River.

Over all, lavish benevolence spread a soil composed from the slow decay of the limestone and the vegetation of all the ten or tens of thousands of years that have followed the retreat of the Ice Reign. How much of the surface of the Silurian Island may have been worn away by parching heat or gnawing frost, under whirling winds and washing floods, or how much was plowed and scraped away by the glacier, can never be known. A hundred feet lower or many more matters not in this inquiry, since the long succession of well attested marvels has brought us to what specially belongs to the Human Period.

But this is certain: the tendency of every grain of sand, of every drop of water is downward. Each particle is seeking the sea from which it came. "Dust to dust" is only a sigh repeated through every cycle of change. For, every such change has signified and portends the destruction of a system of living. Some think of this destruction as the terrific result of sudden convulsions; but cautious reflection contends that decreasing fitness has been gradually replaced with better functions for the enjoyment of cleaner waters, purer airs, clearer skies, finer fruits, and a sweeter life. If this be so, probably no other century has witnessed more destruction of the best of nature's work than the last hundred years. The fires of the altars of civilization have withered the grandeur of the forest, as never before, and have given the ashes of its magnificence to mingle with the ashes of other aeons. In the struggle for place, the ill-guided plow is loosening the genial soil, the golden gift of the ages, and hurrying its no longer grass impeded flow, from denuded hills and shadeless plains, to the all devouring sea, because of which the human race and its cattle shall sometime somewhat sooner starve.

Wisdom warms the heedless foe of nature to cease from wasting and let the verdant hills be glad. Unless this be quickly done—if the vicious methods that boast of "clearing off and paying for the land with three crops" are long continued, and if the precious loam be sold for but a mess of pottage or less, then the wrathful days are soon to come. For, though the clouds may return with the welcome waters, the fertility so slowly made and so recklessly wasted can only be restored from oceanic depths, which may yet again be lifted for wiser beings.

Such, in part, is a specially local application of the science of geology. In finding how our land came to be, no pedantic pretense has been made. The thought submitted is intended to encourage larger attention to an exceedingly interesting part of the creative path; for a study of that path exalts the mind to the sublimest emotions of wonder.



## CHAPTER II.

### ARCHAIC.

The Land of the Blue Limestone and the Home of the Blue Grass—The Antiquity of Man in America—The Mound Builders in the Ohio Valley—Recently Gained Knowledge of Their Habits—Their Stupendous Sacrifice of Human Energy—The Motives—Post Holes—The Palisade—The Tepees—Grain Pits—The Rubbish in the Pits—The Home of the Mound Builder. Tokens that Make all Time Akin—The Philosophy of Their Works—The Toltecan and Appalachian Indians—The Corn Plant—War between the Flesh Eaters and Grain Raisers—The Ancient Passes of Niagara and Detroit—The Prevalence of the Mounds—The Lowland Enclosures—The Hilltop Forts—The Masterpieces Arching Northward Around Old Clermont—Fort Ancient, the Key of the Cordon—The Mound Builders' Main Line of Defense—The Strife between Roving Hunters and Plodding Grainmen Centered in Southwestern Ohio—The Northern War for Southern Plunder—The Trails Through the Straits from the Fur Lands to the Corn Lands—The Ceremonial Works—The Milford Works—The Stonelick Works—Ancient Works Surveyed by General William Lytle—Indian Graves—Marathon Mounds—The Perry Township Mound—The Ripley Mounds—The Regrettable Effacement of Mounds in Brown and Clermont—"The Valley Which Was Full of Bones"—The Grave Does Not Cover All—The Author's Conclusion about the Mound Builders' Mission—The Sad Fated Planters and Fort Makers Served a Fine Purpose—The Kingly Corn, their Noble Gift to Humanity—The Grave Pleasure in a Study of a Perished Race of People.

Perceiving how the land subject to so many mutations and yet suffering so little change came to be as it was given to man, its people should question how the glorious gift has been used and study how it may longest be enjoyed.

The Silurian Island, only discovered as such within a gener-

ation, has been known some three times as long as the region of the Blue Limestone and the home of the Blue Grass. Beyond that the early writers knew or cared to tell little more of its past than was found in the scanty legends of the Red Men whose learning comprehended no explanation of what has since allured and baffled the acutest research of scholars trained to ponder the puzzling facts. While the results are not satisfactory, something has been gained worthy of meditation and remembrance.

The antiquity of man is still mysterious. When and where he appeared may never be known; but recent explorations of monumental heaps in the milder climes of the American continents have revealed ruins that rival the oldest of the old world and indicate a higher constructive ability than was found among the Indians hunting by the Chesapeake or fighting across the St. Lawrence. The obvious inference is a decided decadence of one or a double possession by much differing tribes. Either assumption has both supporting and conflicting argument. The question is widened by a contention that man must have lived and struggled before the Glacial Age. This contention is based upon the finding of some rudely fashioned stone implements or weapons so deeply bedded in glacial drift as to preclude the supposition of a less recent origin. Some cave preserved remains are also claimed to indicate a prodigious antiquity. A few of these strange examples implying human art have been found in Europe, a few in America, and one at Loveland. The last gives a local interest to the wavering discussion. For, these rare and very accidental finds are considered wonderful, but not conclusive proof that man may have shivered before and fled from the cruel glacier which blent his abandoned designs with that tremendous burial.

Upon the new earth succeeding the devastation of that long "Geologic Winter," there is, or was within memory, frequent evidence of a race whose achievement is comprehended by the graphic name of Mound Builders. While what is left of them is widely found wherever extreme cold could be avoided, no other region had more of their favor than the Ohio Valley, in which the parts most populated were toward or by the Mississippi, where the Cahokia Mound is the largest of its kind, and

in Ohio, where over twelve thousand archaic earthworks have been noted. The immense literature about these works and their makers, ranging from material description, through imagined relations, and beyond the verge of Utopian fancy, leaves one confused with the futility of the discussion. While living in and advancing along the middle portions of the temperate zone almost from ocean to ocean, the Mound Builders either came in greatest number or made their longest stay in Ohio, where comparison asserts that more than half of all their works have been found. That pre-historic fondness for the plenty and salubrity of this still choicest section should be a delightful reflection for its present people. Ohio was great among the regions ages before the Anglo Saxon made her greater.

Until recently, the Mound Builder's shelter was uncertain, but now some part of their habits can be stated. They had the secret of getting fire from the friction of dry wood, a problem that few of our time with unaided hands have been able to master. With fire piled around trunks deadened by the bruising of hammering stones, trees were felled and burnt up until spaces were made in the deep shade for light to reach the fertile loam and nourish the martial corn, the twining bean, and the lulling tobacco, planted and tilled with hoes made from larger mussel shells drilled through the strongest places for handles fastened with strips of tough bark or tougher hides. As the tillable spaces were widened for larger crops, they knew where well drained pits could be dug in the terraced gravel for the safer keeping of the surplus corn and beans and the dried fruits and berries of the forest, together with the richly flavored walnut, the oily butternut, and the spicy spoils of the shrubby hazel and the lofty hickory. The forceful fight for life utilized much that is disdained by their button wearing successors in the strife. Little, indeed nothing, except by inference, can be told of the herbs that formed their pottage. But we surely know that the fibrous seeds of the plentiful pawpaw were saved from the feasts on their luscious pulp to make the winter days less lean. The mollusk breeding beds of streams were searched for the dumb victims both large and small for great mussel bakes, where the steaming delicacy was lifted from the shells to cool on tines of polished bone. Such and other

apparently fantastic speculations have become real since the antiquarian spades have dug deep into a hidden record over which our race has stalked, elate with school taught pride in its destiny, and unheeding the awful obliterations buried beneath.

The more obvious realities of the Mound Builders had the earliest attention, but a sympathetic view of their homely joys and toils obscure was more slowly gained. Thousands of scattered facts consistently arranged by practical skill combine to prove a few conclusions and refute a lot of once popular fancies. From these conclusions, a few characteristics are safely to be accepted. Gathered into villages and living in families, the Mound Builders were sociable, domestic, industrious, obedient, filial and devout. The rude methods by which they gained and saved their harvest required the patient toil that makes a people tame and governable. Notwithstanding the weariness that must have attended their stern, crude struggle largely to live by grain, they found strength to undertake and had the fortitude to finish the strangest and most enduring structures ever accomplished with such deficient means. A conservative estimate claims that their structures in Ohio alone, if joined, would form a continuous line of over three hundred miles.

This line almost entirely gathered from Southern Ohio, when composed for panoramic effect, would challenge the ruins of any race for weird comparison. Curiosity could idly wander from end to end by symmetrical mounds crowding the size of a room or covering the space of a city block and reaching from the stature of a man to steeple heights. Zeal reverently inclined should longer pause by frequent temple sites within enclosures wrought in geometric forms and set with altars to forgotten gods. And while piously musing on the decline and fall of superstitions, dim-eyed pity should follow staring surprise, where monstrous effigies heave the turf and prove their faith reached the folly of serpent worship. But most impressive of all to patriotic aspiration should be the long lines of the once lofty walls of their fortifications that have crumbled and tumbled to receive a slowly thickening soil through which mighty trees have sent the roots of hundreds of annual growths to pierce the mysterious mold of the vanquished builders:—for,

The secret of their fall has not been won,  
Unless the best and most in all the past,  
That time has done, has been in turn undone  
By time, because it was not fit to last.

Writers have much disputed the motives impelling their stupendous and, with our lights, futile sacrifice of human energy. Some have supposed the loftier mounds and those on natural heights were for signal stations by day and beacon lights by night, so that warnings of war could have been flashed from the Muskingum to the Miamis. Out of abundant suggestion, imagination has supplied the machinery of an empire ordered by priestly potentates with shrines to appease wrathful deities, and forts for refuge from invasions. Such notions have been counterbalanced by incredulous disbelief which cares for none of this and asserts that all Indians have a common knowledge of stone implements. A larger conservative opinion, halting between these extremes and encouraged by the exploration of the antiquities of the old world, resolved to undertake a series of thoroughly scientific excavations. In some places the results were disappointing, in others the rewards were beyond expectation.

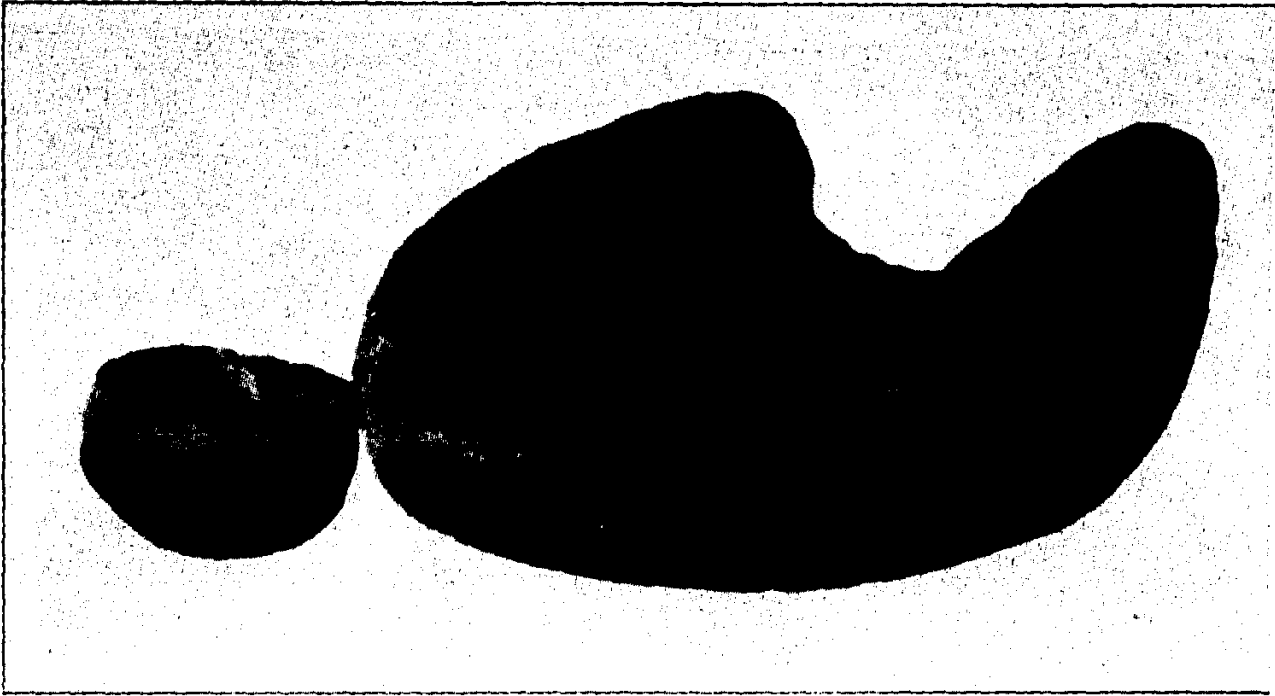
As trench after trench was advanced through the mounds and across the village sites, much of the people of old was exposed as it was near the time of their death. Then some of the once mysterious mounds were found to be simple memorial heaps piled with infinite love and labor above the funeral houses or pens, where the dead and what they prized most when living had been stored and lightly covered with ashes and clay—not beneath but above ground—until a grassy dome could be made over the one or many below. The trenches cut smoothly down through the mounds showed the manner of the making by the little piles of differing clays or soils still keeping the shapes taken as they fell from aprons or sacks or baskets, in which the dirt had been carried from where it had been dug with scooping shells whose broken bits were part of the proof. The lines of excavation through the quondam villages uncovered places in a firmer ground surrounding a looser mold. On carefully removing this mold, found to be of vegetable origin, and on filling the so renewed “post holes” with plaster,

the casts obtained frequently show the bark on the posts or pickets cut to a length by fires that charred the ends still found as they were when set and tamped, maybe twenty centuries ago. With wider excavations, these casts made in the trenches of the decayed palisade have strangely restored the outlines of their tepees, whereby the kind of homes and the manner of their people may be determined.

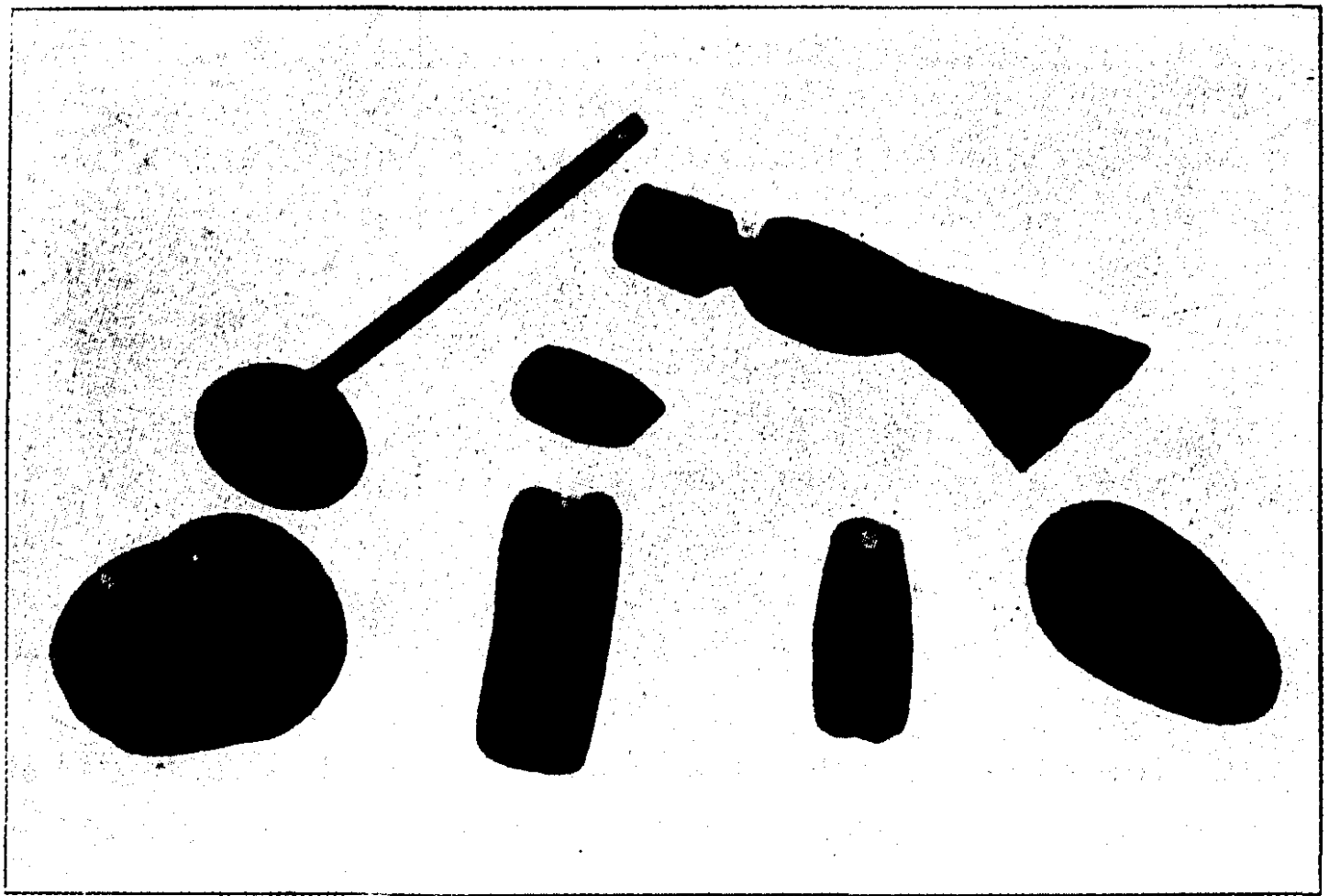
For people inclined to quit nomadic ways and to make permanent abodes in a timbered region, the palisade has afforded the readiest protection from both the pinch of frost and the spite of either man or beast. The enclosures walled with logs fastened in the ground and reaching opposing heights to serve as a refuge for those who fought the battles of the American Wilderness were models of the Mound Builder's tepees, enlarged and improved by axes of steel. Without iron tools, the tepees were roofed with bark or the skins of deer stretched over poles with a funnel like escape from fires that baked the floors beneath. For, they had not learned to make chimneys and their hearth was for a fire, when the chill was worse than the stifling warmth. Such floors were found with broken pottery and pipes, with worn or wasted pieces of all they made from flaky flint, from shell or horn, from bone or stone, scattered in and about the ashes left undisturbed, since the last occupant fled or was taken to the charnel; except that the blinding dust of time drifting from the hills and mingling with the melancholy mold of the forest had covered all but the mounds beyond the plowman's eager share.

The tepees generally had a few nearby and sometimes many surrounding grain pits. Apparently, if one was deemed unfit, another was dug and the old was filled with the refuse of the house. From this refuse—this that was waste—we learn what they had. In some pits lined with woven mats eight and ten rowed ears of corn were neatly stowed. Other pits still held shelled corn with hulled nuts and beans closely massed as if to save space. Such stores grown musty or forgotten or through accident were covered with ashes, where wind strown sparks may have started fires, that charred the perfect forms into lasting coal with sad loss to the owners and much gain to antiquarians.

Whatever little possession they had, and nothing was large,



HOLLOWED STONE FOR GRINDING GRAIN AND CLAY CUP  
FOUND IN A MOUND.



STONE PIPES AND A MODERN TOMAHAWK PIPE.



was likely to go into the open, catch-all use of the abandoned pits. Awls, drills, knives, balanced arrow points, beautiful spear heads and the blocks of flint from which they were flaked by pieces of elk horn under hammers of stone, all, in every stage, from rejected chips to perfect completion, just as they were left by vanished hands, were found in the rubbish thus assorted by chance. Imperfect specimens broken or unfinished, when blemished, show the progressive chipping from a suitable boulder or splinter of granite to a perfect pestle for pulverizing grain or shredding dried meat. Others prove the process of making a single or double grooved ax equally excellent for braining a foe or for cracking and splitting bones for the marrow thereof. Other heaps disclose the development of the finely proportioned and elegantly polished celts or chisel like implements both useful in tanning and handy as tomahawks. Anything dropped among the refuse in a careless moment or thrown by a heedless child, once within the pits among the bones and littered with ashes, was likely lost until discovered by our curio seeking age.

The bones thus found testify that they ate much of what we call Virginia deer, black bear, elk, squirrel, beaver, otter, fox, wolf, wildcat, panther, mink, muskrat, ground hog and the faithful dog that bore them company. They were familiar with the flavors of the wild turkey, the wild goose and the trumpeter swan, and they did not waste eagles, owls or hawks. They also liked the turtle tribe and made cups and spoons from the pretty boxes of the painted kind. Scrapers, single and double pointed pins, awls, some slender and sharp for piercing leather, and some stouter and blunter as if for handling hot meat, and tips for darts or arrows were all made from chosen bones. The toughest bones of birds were used in making fish hooks and needles shaped and polished with flints and sand stone. The skeletons of all, from beak to talon, from tooth to claw, from horn to hoof, were searched for a fancied charm or a grotesque ornament. All this is proved by the refuse rescued from pits and by the relics plundered from tombs where the untutored mind of filial love or paternal grief placed the favorite tools and trinkets of the dead, with precious pottery filled with relished food ready for instant need on the gloomy trail to the spirit land. In thinking of the dan-

gers that prompted their defensive works it is easy to believe that zeal to learn their mystery has chanced upon much of their little, where the apprehensive, even in the waste pits, may have heaped and hidden their treasure, with never a thought of those who should find and gather them into crystal cases in marble halls.

Such was the home of the Mound Builders. If there had been no more—if they had lived longer or come later, so that history could have noted the simple life made noble by their singular devotion of incredible exertion to commemorate their mutual dependence, fair science would have frowned less severely on their oblivion, and few or none would have cared to vex their deep repose. But, by a strange perversion of fate, the care to keep their ashes always has caused their remains to be sought with an unrelenting purpose to scatter. Yet the most ardent antiquary quick to read the meaning of every detail is prone to pity, when his spade uncovers a token that makes all time akin. Recently, an exploring trench came upon two skeletons where a carefully opened grave showed that an aged couple had been decently buried side by side, along with several finely polished implements that were the work of years to make, and may have been their proudest possessions or a rich tribute of respect. And the right arm of the man was under the woman's neck and close by her right shoulder. Thus the semblance of a long life of affection composed by those who knew them well and adored them much had lasted and come through many centuries to prove that love goes on the same, yesterday and forever. If any in the world today and his wife were thus placed with many tears to dream the ages by, the least of realizing thought could have no better wish for their dust than such unbroken rest. Even when gained through breaking precepts that should be kept holy, worthy emotion delights to find charming sentiment in unexpected forms and places. But gray clad meditation, knowing the tireless haste of time to make the ceaseless waste of change where everything abideth not, will still decry the ruthless havoc of such a tomb to please a learned holiday, as never worth the violence done the voiceless dead.

The explorations most helpful in bringing this lost life to light have been chiefly made in the Scioto and Miami valleys,

where they left the larger part of their greatest works in the form of either hilltop fortifications, lowland enclosures or effigies. These masterpieces arch to the east, north and west about Old Clermont. As yet, this condition has not been explained by the non-resident writers. A theory based on the known migrations of other animal life presents a philosophy easily understood if not admitted. The dispersion of man is a question that deepens as the search broadens. No odds whence they came, no considerable body of people has long enjoyed a peaceable possession of any desirable land. Notwithstanding the width and fatness of the continents, the vagrant ways of some and the busy schemes of others have wonderfully accomplished the passage of the seas and brought the most distant races into collision.

As fact follows fact into view, doubts cease and better informed judgment admits that migrations by Behring Strait or by the Kurile and Aleutian Islands, even as now seen, were more possible and probable than the well recorded voyages from Norway by Iceland and Greenland to Newfoundland. But much geologic evidence is claimed in proof of a wide and comparatively recent sinking of land in the northern Pacific, which would have made the passage from Asia still less difficult. In this light and among those growing familiar with other incidents in the relation, the wonder is not at the Discovery by Columbus in 1492, but that the event so brilliant was so long delayed. Although doubtless occurring at the top moment of Europe's supremest need of a miracle wrought for despairing liberty, there is no adequate reason but mental inertia why the veritable voyaging of the Norsemen to America should have been ignored. When the Europeans came in earnest, their El Dorado was found pre-empted by a people moving from instead of to the west. For, the most proof points to Alaska as the port of some, perhaps, many missing bands who fled by sea rather than face the ills they left on Asian plains. Whatever may be supposed about an extremely antique race on a submerged portion in the Pacific is a prettily ingenious hypothesis that involves a difficult explanation. It seems enough to believe, with sufficient ethnological reasons, that in man's present epoch, there were migrations from Asia compelled, most likely, by accident rather than design.

It may be assumed that such migrations were far apart and with little or no connecting experience; because America then was a bourne from which no traveler could or would return. Through these castaways the new world was possessed by a people whose common origin was modified into at least two general divisions. Those having what was the ancient extent of Mexico have been called the Toltecan division. The other division is the Appalachian or American, including the eastern Canadian and western tribes. A naming less exact is more easily attained by calling them Northern and Southern Indians.

They are collectively styled the Red Race, but the real color is brown with coarse, straight, black hair and dark brown eyes. The Appalachians have a large aquiline nose and a spare, straight, muscular form. They are warlike, cruel, revengeful, and averse to civilized restraint. The Toltecs were lower and heavier, with thicker lips, flatter faces, oblique eyes and a gloomy expression. They inclined to agriculture rather than war, and, at the Discovery, had made much the most progress toward a fixed mode of living. Otherwise it is easier to trace a likeness than to define the difference, except that the man with a home was envied and plundered by the less provident and more aggressive. Both were masters of the same weapons, and both were restricted to the art of the Stone Age. But the Toltecs excelled in the constructive designs which can only flourish where labor has a more regular supply of food than can be furnished by the most dextrous flint tipped arrow or spear. That regular food for the artisans who constructed the halls that dazzled the mail clad robbers with Cortes and Pizarro was obtained by the tropical Indians through their discovery and cultivation of maize or the corn plant, which has been so long and so thoroughly domesticated that botanists are unable to find or identify its wild growth. With this glorious conquest from nature unmarred by wrong, the Southern Indians advanced their gentle sway northward into what is the modern "Corn Belt," where their princely grain found its most prolific home. Then the fierce flesh eaters from beyond the Lakes, having tasted Ohio corn and finding that it was good, came to devour the tender green or to ravage the russet harvest. Thenceforth in-

cessant war was waged until the Greek should cease or Troy fall.

As the birds flew or the herds roamed between the cool of northern summers and the warmth of southern winters, so the lines of attack and retreat must have been as they were in an age long to come, when our own fathers sought to build happy homes in the pleasant land. In crossing the otherwise forbidding barrier of the Great Lakes, the chasm or the narrows we call Niagara or Detroit were the passes for the bands to destroy all who dared to hinder the trails of the savage hunters from the north. Of these or any other trail, the quickest approach and the surest retreat was by Detroit. Through this natural gate from the north, everything within reach to the east, west or south was liable to invasion. Even with slight perception of the continuous danger sufficient reason is found for the, to them, prodigious defense made by those who wished to plant for plenty and live in peace.

Twenty-four towns in nearly as many states from Texas to Maine and Oregon have the significant word "Mound" as a whole or part of their names. Beside these, many others have a similar allusion, like Circleville or Grave Creek and more of Indian form and equivalent meaning. Wherever the artificial hillocks cluster, some trace of a defensive work is not far away. A proof that the danger prompting a defense came from the north is the increasing percentage of ceremonial works and the lighter fortifications or none southward in Kentucky and Tennessee. All that was different on the north side of the Ohio, where safety was sought through a series of forts made more obvious by longer study. A reader delighting in the repetitions of history, while regretting the consequent effacement, is pleased to learn that civilization in placing our principal towns has largely approved the judgment which located the busiest scenes of primeval life. St. Louis was once called the Mound City. Cincinnati from Third street to the hills and from Deer creek to Mill creek was a maze of earth-works rather centrally topped by a signal height that gave name to Mound street. The extent and elegance of the designs at Marietta indicate that it was a concourse or parade ground for that region. The much wasted ruins by Newark were not exceeded by anything of their kind. The Scioto from

mouth to sources was a succession of settlements rivaling the numbers of today, whose odd glory made perfect and then destroyed at Circleville is still the regret of archaeologists, however much the worth of the modern town, that might and should have been elsewhere, far enough at least for a public park in which the preserved square, circle and mounds restored to pristine symmetry would attract visitors from all the world.

But as there is one glory of the sun and another glory of the moon, so did the majesty of their plans along the Miami exceed them all. For there, "in the imminent deadly breach" of their dominion, Fort Ancient still stands preserved and restored for all the ages to come to prove that its contrivers were worthy heroes of the mythic time, and to refute the declaration that would class them with the wandering wild men of the northern wilderness of four hundred years ago. Whether or not the lowland enclosures included a military purpose is still mooted. As first found or restored, they seem as surely planned for scenic effect as that their ornaments were polished for artistic satisfaction. The necessity greater than all law may have been the prevailing motive, and the piling of dirt against both sides of an upright row of logs to hold them firm makes a quick but not lasting defense. Yet a conflict in the larger settlements narrowed to the extremity of fighting in their sanctuaries would soon be decisive. A row or streak of black dirt found along the ridges of a large enclosure near Oxford, in Butler county, and in some other places has been deemed the result of a burnt palisade, but such a condition generally passes before the experts have a chance for inspection. Only very few have any candid doubt about the purpose of the hilltop works of which the largest and in fact the pivot of the line was Fort Ancient.

There is no need to gild the gold of the many descriptions of this and the associated masterpieces of the people who built with no help from metal tools. But there is need to mention them as the environment that once and long ago controlled the land of Clermont. Fort Ancient with walls angling through a length of five miles to enclose a hundred and twenty-six acres of lofty hill land on the eastern side of the Little Miami, and, by its stream, about forty miles from the Ohio, was built

according to their ideas of greatest strength not only for the protection of the immediate vicinity, but also for greater service on the line of constant annoyance to all whose game was choicely fed on the blue grass of the Silurian Island. This massive fortress was supported twenty-five miles to the west by the shorter but very strong walls around seventeen acres on the Great Miami about three miles below Hamilton. Some call this the Butler County Fort, and others name it the Fortified Hill. Thirty-five miles farther southwestward, Miami Fort covered twelve acres commanding the junction of the Great Miami and the Ohio. Between Miami Fort and Fortified Hill, ninety-five acres were included in what is considered a fortified camp known as the Colerain Works. The plan also included defenses at Dayton and Piqua.

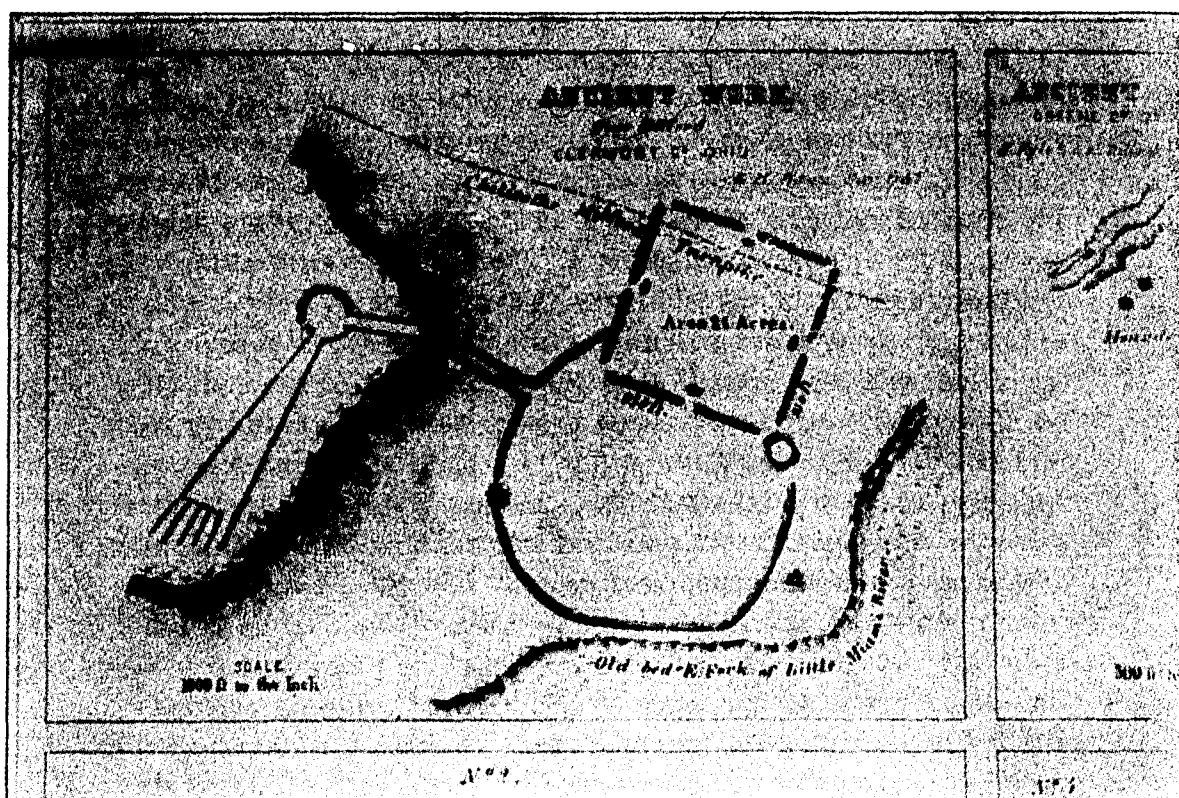
As attack from the north was not favored by the crooked course of the East Fork of the Miami, the eastern support of Fort Ancient was fixed in Highland county, where a huge wall around thirty-five isolated acres some five hundred feet above the adjacent lowlands by Brush creek is called Fort Hill. Of all, this fort is most remote from former extensive population. Still, whoever visits these strictly military sites must be prepared generally for the most inaccessible headlands in the vicinity. Ten miles down Brush creek reaches the famous Serpent Mound in Adams county, which the critical claim was located there, because the effigy of the Serpent was begun by nature. Thus, through reverential awe, it may have been that Fort Hill was fitly located to prevent insult to the sacred ground. A trail of about twenty miles would have brought help to or from Spruce Hill Fort enclosing a hundred and forty forbidding acres on Paint creek. This was the largest and strongest stone structure short of Mexico.

Thus, roughly stated, on or near an arc with a cord of less than one hundred miles, from Miami Fort to Spruce Hill Fort—from the mouth of the Great Miami to near Bainbridge in Ross county, the most famous effigy in the world, one of their largest camp sites, and five out of six of their strongest fortifications were located. Another great camping ground at Newark, and the sixth great fortress, Glenwood Fort, in Perry county, protected the Hocking and Muskingum valleys from invasion, and so completed the Mound Builder's main line of defense.

With all that can be gleaned from comparative investigation, and for those accustomed to notice the ways of war worn deep by the march and countermarch of many armies contending through long divisions of time for the possession of earth's fairest plains, there is much need for patience with those who flout the suggestion of a strife centered in Southwestern Ohio, between the roving hunters and the plodding grainmen. The supposition of such strife is consistent with the experience of other times and places. To the objection that the Northern Indians were too few to occasion such extreme defense, it may be answered that from Braddock's Defeat or before, to Wayne's Victory or since, it is not probable that two thousand warriors were ever in one battle against our forefathers. The raids were generally made by scores rather than hundreds. Yet there was no lack in the dramatic interest inspired. Others profess a doubt of the value of the forts. The same remark was made at Bunker Hill. It is true: their castle's strength might not long laugh a modern siege to scorn. But arm to arm, whether with arrow or thrusting spear or with repeating rifles, their restored parapets would be no easy thing to storm. It is idle to deny the logic that requires belief. There was strife elsewhere, but none like what is manifest between the Scioto and Miamis, and none that happened with such cogent reason as that which forced the Toltecan farther southward than the Appalachian cared to follow.

With a comprehensive view of their ruins, fancy may conjure up many a stirring day, when pitiless raids wasted the growing corn, desolated the villages, and frightened the planters into ever narrowing limits; when the swift runners with evil tidings ceased to dare the perilous race with stealthy foes; when the signal fires failed to burn because the watchers were few and fearful; when the dreamers of strange designs were driven from the matchless charm of the Muskingum; when the broken bands came westward and brought a double confusion along the once bountiful Scioto; when the northern war for southern plunder backed westward on Fort Ancient and made the Valley of the Miamis the final battle ground between an unrelenting savagery and a humble barbarism too peaceful to live; when hungry guards weakly manned the walls against





the ever coming attacks along the trails from the Straits between the frigid fur country and the pleasant corn lands; when despairing defenders driven from the farther forts at last huddled at Miami Fort; and, when, boating down the Ohio forever away, the mourning exiles found consolation in believing their dead beneath the beautiful mounds too deeply buried to ever feel a touch of cruel change.

Under the nearby protection of the great forts to the north the marks of the Mound Builders southward to the Ohio, from the Miami to the Serpent Mound belong mainly, perhaps entirely, to the ceremonial type. In this region about four hundred earthworks have been noted; and of these over two hundred are or were within the present limits of Clermont county. Among these several enclosures could once but not now be clearly traced. Much the greater extent of those enclosures was in Miami and Union townships about what was once called the Forks of the Miami. The largest was a square and circle on the north side terrace of the East Fork with and near Greenlawn cemetery. Sixty years ago the ground was shaded by ancient sugar trees and kept smoothly open by herds that grazed along the firm ridges then some eight feet in height and half as much in level width across the top. Each of the gateways was fronted some twenty feet away by a small mound that may have been palisaded at a deadly distance for lancers and bowmen. The four walls with inside ditches and the four mounds were then kept as a part of the fine estate taken from the original owner and transmitted by Philip Gatch of heroic pioneer fame, except that the eastern and western walls were graded through for the Milford and Chillicothe Turnpike. And so this noble and beautiful pre-historic scene might have remained and should have become a proud part of the most beautiful burial place within the eastern reach of Cincinnati. But a furious storm wrecked the sacred grove, and, like the forest of Salmygondin, the trees were burnt for the sale of the ashes. Since then, the plow has left scarcely a trace for the observation of travelers flitting by on the Cincinnati & Columbus Traction cars through the once guarded space, without a suggestion of the strangely busy throngs sometime gathered there for patriotic exhortation and priestly benediction before going to unavailing battle for the lovely land.

A somewhat smaller square and circle stood a scant mile southward across the river on a farm long owned by the Edwards family. Some two miles up the south terrace on the lands of the pioneers, Ira Perin and William Malott, were two small squares each with no circle. About five miles up the river on the east side of Stonelick on the Patchell lands a fine circle of about eight acres with no square was crossed by the Milford and Chillicothe Pike, which also passes by a group of mounds near Marathon, and also near more about Fayetteville. The far past is made to seem less remote by noting that this great highway of Brown and Clermont counties goes west by the noted pre-historic sites of Red Bank and Madisonville near which the Colerain Works interlock with the western forts and with what was great in front of the mouth of the Licking. Going east through Highland county, that pike is good for much of the way to Fort Hill and the Serpent Mound, while Spruce Hill Fort and the Paint Creek tepees are directly on the road to the remarkable antiquities of the Scioto Valley only some eighty miles from Milford. By the mouth of the East Fork in Anderson township, in Hamilton county, and about two miles from the Gatch enclosure is the noted Turner group of works that connect with the Newtown mounds and the Red Bank chain of villages.

The places chosen for habitation prove that rich land was appreciated. From the big circle near the mouth of Stone Lick, the scattering traces up that rapid stream and through Stone Lick township thicken toward its northeastern line, where the diminished heights encircle a lonely but pretty valley of some forty acres made very fertile by the elements washed from the weathered hills. Several mounds once adorned summits not far from this sequestered vale, at first the home of the pioneer, John Metcalf, and then of Ira Williams. No enclosure enhanced the scene which must have been a place of much resort and probably the site of one or several tepees, whence the people hastened away, perchance, when the forts failed and left the women and children without help to carry their wealth of implements along to the safety sought but never found. For, in few places or none in Old Clermont has the plow lifted to modern gaze such a profusion

of flint and granite tools as has therein been found, and thence, like Wycliff's ashes, been "scattered wide as the waters be." So long as the odd stones were held to be the abandoned and altogether useless trumpery of the recent Indians, the shapely granites and flints made with the utmost patience of many lives were carefully gathered and carelessly heaped where plows and hoes would not again be dulled. When more discerning culture asserted them to be wonderful survivals with a marvelous story from a voiceless past, and when bartering agents for far away collectors went seeking them along country lanes, the lightly valued and never-to-be recovered tokens of a vastly ancient possession were sold for a petty price and with wonder at the buyer's folly. Still, some of the best were kept, from which several of the most excellent came to the writer. One much admired is a curved flint knife ingeniously flaked to fit four different ways of grasping and present four different angles for cutting.

The general effacement of mound work elsewhere has had much regrettable repetition in Brown and Clermont. While living in Williamsburg, in the midst of his overwork between 1800 and 1810, while the lines were still plain, General Lytle made careful surveys of the earthworks east of Milford. The square was 950 feet on each side with a gate at each corner and in the middle of the sides. The circle was irregular to fit a very ancient course of the river. The large circle was connected by parallel walls with a small circle of 300 feet in diameter on top of the island like hill now marked by the water tower. Fan-like walks also extended down the river. This and the plan of the Edwards' works across the river, were published in the classic work of "Squier and Davis on the Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley." Besides these, General Lytle surveyed "a position of about 100 acres, about 20 miles up the East Fork." The plan of that position was so singular that it has been reprinted in the most elaborate foreign works, among others, in the very expensive Du Paix Collection. What obtained fame among the learned has been ignored and forgotten at home. Inquiry about that position has not been satisfied. If "about 20 miles up" is taken along the banks of the very winding stream, nothing has been located. But if taken as the roads cross the country, the cir-

cuitous course of the East Fork presents quite as many miles of equally distant slopes for consideration.

In the absence of other claim, the most probable scene of much lost and otherwise forgotten toil is the once pretty woodland just above the mouth of Crane Run, locally known as Indian Graves. Up to the enactment of the stock laws after the Civil War, the neighboring herds kept the fenceless grove like a swarded park, which was a trysting place for the fishers and hunters in that direction, and a wooing ground where picnic parties warbled life away or gentle footsteps lightly tripped a dance with pleasant hope. But that may not be again until another aeon of change shall have massed the chemical elements to refit the earth for another race, perhaps no more thoughtful of our sort than we have been of others. Ax and fire have overcome the great poplars, beeches and sugars that stood in long lines both curved and straight with a regularity seemingly too cunning for chance.

The plowman has also levelled numerous heaps from which many a load of stone has been wagoned off to make walls and roads for the wanton wasters. Any trace of an enclosure surveyed by General Lytle, if this be the place, has been lost in the transformation wrought by the early clearings, but cairns in the more recent hilly grove are a fixed memory with many still living. Whatever was left undone in plundering the graves by the first generation of the irreverent whites was completed by the next, and soon there will be nothing but this mention to memorate the scene. This place has had some local celebrity as the graves of those killed in a battle of or with Indians. The tradition is lacking in fact. The battlefield of Grassy Run is four miles or more farther up the river. Although that Indian band was successful in their favorite, patriotic and exhilarating pursuit of horse stealing, it is impossible they returned so far on a dangerous trail loaded with so many dead for such an elaborate burial. The largest number said to be slain in that battle would not account for the burials at Indian Graves, and the mode of burying was not the Shawnee fashion.

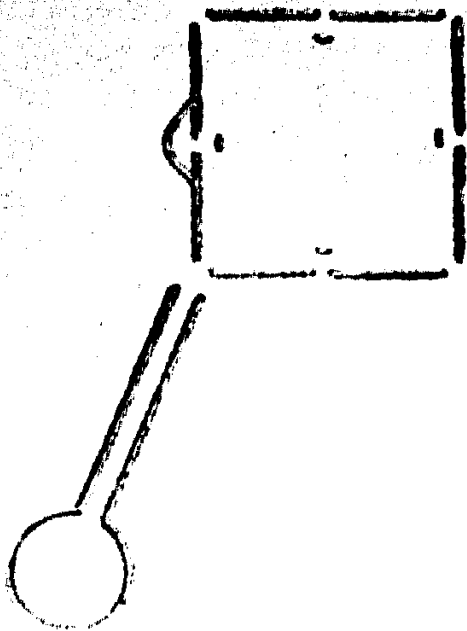
Such durable sepulture indicates a more settled mode of life than was found by the earliest explorers along the Ohio. Topped by the most aged trees, such graves mark an ancient

SCALE  
100 ft. to 1 in.

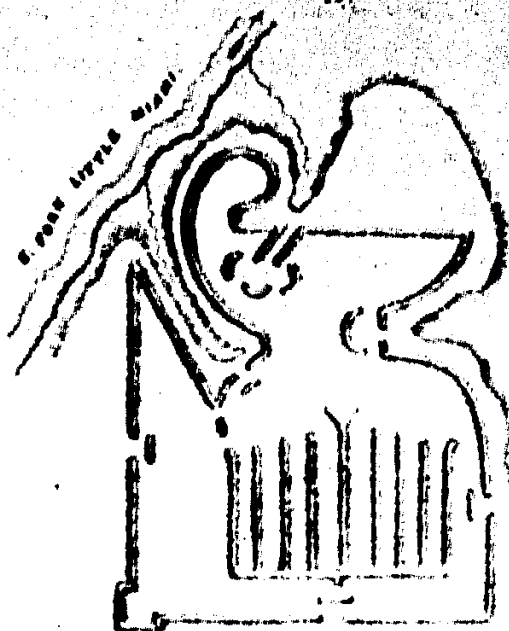
Old Aid-F. Park of Little Missouri River.

No. 1.

A



B



No. 2.

occupation down the Miami, along the East Fork and up the Ohio where the valleys of Nine Mile, Twelve Mile, Indian Creek, Bull Skin, White Oak, Straight Creek, Red Oak, Eagle Creek and beyond were the abode of people who covered cribs of wood with mounds or made stone graves if possible, and sometimes both. These graves usually by the brow of far looking hills or sightly knolls were made by setting suitable stone on edge around a space for one or several bodies with bottoms of flagging stone and a stronger covering of wider and longer stone, all sunk more or less and heaped with earth. The heaps sometimes had the appearance of having had a secondary curbing and even a coping. In noting whence the larger stones had been carried by hand, for other way was none, the performance seems incredible to those who can remember seventy years ago.

Eastward from the East Fork, enclosures are few and small or blotted out. One near New Richmond is a ditched and walled triangle of about an acre. Perhaps those works were less needful, or maybe the people were not sufficient for such tasks, or they may have been required for duty farther north, where the great forts must have had help from far. Some properly conducted explorations have proved uniquely interesting. On July 12-15, 1888, in Jackson township, by the county line near Marathon, under the personally skillful direction of the noted archaeologist, Prof. Warren K. Moorehead, a trench twenty-five feet wide, and much larger at the center, was cut through a mound seventy-five feet wide, ninety-five feet long, and known at first to be quite twenty feet high, but reduced to eight feet by many plowings. Within ten feet from the center and within seven feet from the surface, large quantities of burnt clay mingled with charcoal were found, and then a skull with teeth burnt black. At the center and four feet from the bottom, a well preserved skeleton was found covered with what was thought to have been elm and hickory bark. Beneath this skeleton were three layers of earth, each six inches thick. The upper layer was white, the next sand, and the lower layer was red burnt clay. Below this was another skeleton badly charred at the extremities, and surrounded with black and yellow earth slightly burnt. On the level, seven feet below the surface, a large slab of limestone with

the imprint of seven ribs had been subjected to intense heat. Snail and mussel shells, deer horns and pottery occurred in fragments.

After a fruitless exploration of two mounds more in that vicinity, Prof. Moorehead's party excavated a circular mound in Perry township, near Fayetteville, about one hundred feet in diameter and five feet high, undisturbed in a woods and surrounded with a circle two hundred feet in diameter, with a base of seven feet and about three feet high. Nothing was found except forty-two mica sheets laid in neatly overlapping layers covering about three square feet some ten feet east of center. The use seems to have been purely ceremonial. The party then undertook a mound seventy feet long and sixty-five feet wide that once stood nearly twenty-five feet high, with a corresponding circle, near St. Martins in the same township. Two skeletons were found whose skulls indicated death in battle. One skull was faced with a sheet or plate of copper five by seven inches stone, hammered cold from the ore, with two perforations to fit the eyes. Close by on a three-inch layer of earth burned hard as brick was another skeleton with a battle broken skull. The same party then dug through a group of seven mounds about thirty feet in diameter and having an average distance apart of one hundred feet along the front of the hills facing the East Fork, nearly two miles below Marathon. These mounds were each composed of both earth and stone and all belonged to the burial class.

Such are the memorials of the people that once hunted and fished and made merry along, but knew nothing of, the line common to the counties of Brown and Clermont. While what was so frequent on the west side has been so ruthlessly wasted the less common remains on the east side have been better preserved. If Brown county has few enclosures to remember, several mounds remain to be cherished. This is notably so of the Ripley mounds which, and all that are anywhere, will be kept for centuries—if the owners stay wise. For, until man ceases to ask his origin or to question his destiny, the mystery of the Mound Builders will have peculiar fascination, and refinement will regret that so much of their strangely beautiful work has been destroyed. Yet, with what might have been learned from careful study of the scattered



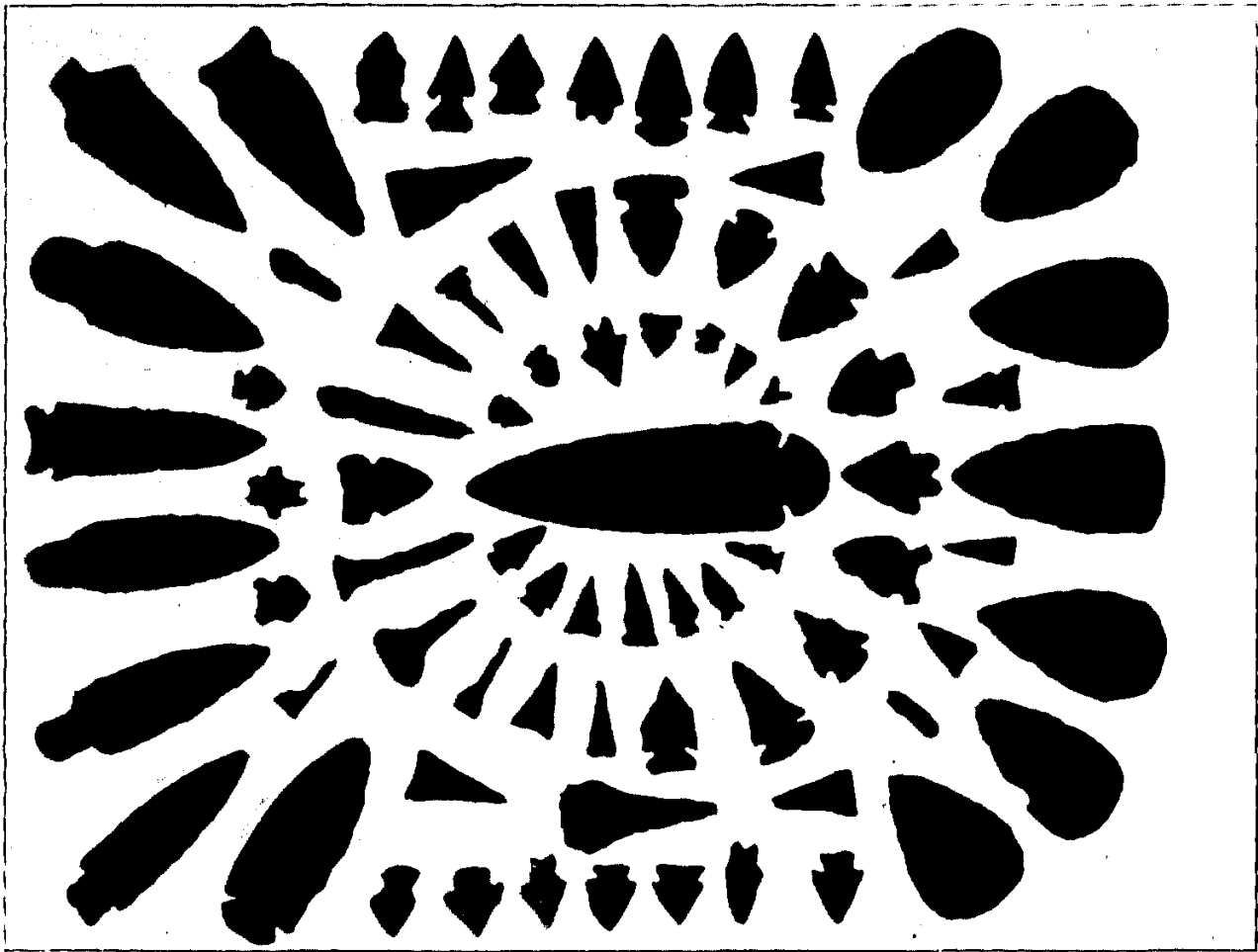
or demolished and forever lost relics of Old Clermont, we could have only slight assurance about the social scheme resulting in such productions. For larger opinion holds the enclosures to be probable sanctuaries and possible retreats, and the mounds to be voluntary or prescribed tributes to petty greatness; and no view includes the mothers and children, or the pain and sorrow of the common lot. Who so would know something of this must revisit the tepee villages "down in the valley which was full of bones," and there give heed, while conquering Science armed with charted scrolls and magic glasses bids the "very dry" bones to declare a tale that makes the antique world seem never before so dark.

In reviewing the hope or failure, the pride or shame, the ecstasy or weariness, of an ended life, we are apt to think the grave covers all. And so it was with the earth protected spaces between the moldered logs or crumbling stone through the four hundred certain years since Columbus, and, through how much longer before, any can guess but none can tell. A comparison of many investigations shows that the custom, purpose, progress—in a word—the culture—of a people throughout Southern Ohio, West Virginia, Central Kentucky, and on into Tennessee was contemporaneous in respects too frequent to be accidental. This people seems to have been numerous enough for self-protecting against a probable foe. But when the sheetless dead are called from the midst of valleys full of bones, it is found that three-fifths of the born died under the age of sixteen and three-fourths of these children did not live to be six years old. More than half of those surviving childhood did not reach thirty years, and hardly one in a hundred passed the age of fifty. To make the tabulation still more terrible, one-sixth of the skeletons, on various diseased bones, have brought, through all the hundreds of burying years, the ineffaceable lesions of a horrible infection which, in the innocence of their ignorance must have seemed the scourge of all their gods. With constructive imagination for linking historic suggestion between an imperative cause and an inevitable result, this shocking revelation supplies enough reason for the utter displacement of the ruined and ruining race. Burdened with unutterable weakness, for which they could neither plant nor hunt because of incessant raids, the

strong men worn few ceased from the staggering strife. Thus, they fell at last, not for a fault done by them, but because of a far away ancestral share in harm that set the children's teeth on edge.

Compared with other events in the drama of man, the scene most replete with interest for a benevolent mind is the conflict for freedom in America. As in the progress of the fossil world so in man's culminating struggle, there has been a place for all, and nothing useless. The mythic Mound Builders played an early and a leading part on the ever tragic stage, where the fittest is to survive. After more pondering than may seem profitable, and though many may deride an opinion more easily doubted than refuted, as an inference both reasonable and sufficient, I venture this conclusion.

The Southern or Toltecan or Mexican Indians of Asiatic origin coming early and ever seeking an easier life in more fruitful climes, found and with long cultivation domesticated the tropical corn plant upon which they grew numerous and ceased to be nomads. But, then as now, when people came to be many and game scarce, band after band impelled by need or lured by traveler's tales, turned back to northern plains teeming with game, nowhere, by all after accounts, so fine and so plentiful as that which grazed the blue grass of the Silurian Island. The bands trailing back to the north only took the skill of their day, and, hidden in the lodges of the wilderness, never learned the larger art of their race in Mexico, that afterward caused the conquering Spaniard to become a fiend of avarice. With the humble skill of the Stone Age and a strange taste in heaping curious forms of earth, they also brought their tropic corn and made it to be all but native along the Ohio. Waxing rich in what was taken with toil they became the envied prey of the tribes gathering in and bursting from the north. Then the mighty forts were arched about the northern part of the Blue Limestone, in front of their choicest and most endangered land, both to guard their homes and save their templed groves and mounded graves. In spite of all that, the fierce northman from beyond the Lakes enacted the Fall of Rome along the Ohio and wrested its rule from care encumbered men who trusted in vows and walls instead of shorter spears.



STONE ARROW POINTS, SPEAR HEADS, KNIVES, AWLS AND DRILLS.

If this be true, and nothing proposed seems more likely, then the memory of the much suffering and sad fated planters and fort makers is redeemed from the reproach of wasted effort. For their golden gift, their brave bequest, the proudest plant, the goodliest grain of the New World, the kingly corn, easy and quick to raise, and also easy and long to keep, has done more than its kings to prosper the world.

Having accomplished their sublimely simple destiny of planting corn on the Ohio, and having no nobler part to play, the Mound Builders vanished amid the deep dismay of dire defeat. While reflecting on their awful extirpation, gratitude should be mingled with the sympathy due to the little offending and much enduring race. As charity covers a multitude of sins, so their great respect for the dead who must have been loved exceedingly, palliates whatever else was wrong. In holding the country long with no harmful effect and in leaving it with a lasting blessing, they only met the frequent fate of suffering most for doing best. To him seeking oracles and hoping answers to make us less forlorn, History answers: The thorns are many but the flower is fair. The evolution of perfection is painful. Every change to larger plans—from moss to blue grass—from trilobites to Indians—from Indians to railroads—has involved the forced supplanting of something weak by something stronger. Measured by the standards of some unhappy because their greed is greater than their mead, the want or plenty of a tribal feast equally shared by all should be the ideal of impartial fortune. But those harping about the happy long ago or those mooning about a reign of earthly fraternity will learn nothing from those oldest memorials to prove that mankind is lapsing from innocence or approaching a promise of safety from human passions.

The race with time no longer beckoning with a blunted scythe but armed with urgent lightnings gives scant chance to saunter by the ancient mounds and linger for harmless tales of when the world was very young. All such curious lore, however entertaining, can be, at best, but speculative and inconclusive. Still, there is a grave pleasure in the study of the rare and broken proofs of a perished people. As we climb the mounds or walk over the lines of earthy walls that cost them utmost toil we can but wonder whether they were

prompted by war or worship. As we look upon the rude memorials of their plundered graves we gather new lessons on the transient nature of all our schemes. As we chance upon the shapely flints that tipped their darts, we can but guess whether their last swift flight was forced by hunger or vengeance. We poise their axes with a subtle thought that they were far fitter to destroy than to prolong life. We stand by cabinets containing more of their weapons and utensils than a tribe possessed, and we muse with compassion for the pitiful beings that depended upon such meager mechanism in the cruel strife with their relentless fate. But thus musing we kindle with admiration for their brave defiance of the doom that made them die fighting for the beautiful land they could not hold. From such somber reflection we gladly turn for the far more pleasant purpose of telling the story of the courageous people of our own blood who deserve to be remembered for the good they did.

## CHAPTER III.

### DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATION.

A Tale of Trial and Triumph—The Wrongs of the Indians—They Did Not Inhabit Ohio—The Right of Discovery—Our Right to the Land Founded on War—The Missionaries—English Enterprise—Algonquin and Iroquois Rivalry—The Sparse Indian Population—The Ohio Valley the Most Vacant of All—The French Incur Iroquois Hatred—The Strategic Importance of the Iroquois—The Shawnees—Virginians Find Waters Flowing to the South Sea—La-Salle Claims the Mississippi Valley for the French—The Shawnees Migrate to Ohio—The Peaceful Delawares Grow Brave in Eastern Ohio—The Miamis and Wyandots Enter Northwestern Ohio—The French Build Forts Along the Lakes and down the Mississippi—The Fur Trade—The French and English prepare to Fight for No Man's Land Along the Ohio—The First Ohio Land Company—Enter, George Washington—Celoron's Expedition Passes Old Clermont, August 29, 1749—Pickawillany—Christopher Gist Searches for Good Land—Nothing Finer Found than the Miami Region—The French Destroy Pickawillany and War Begins—The End of Peaceful Exploration.

After the admiration inspired by a study of the geological preparation of an exquisitely balanced home for man, and after the wonder at the troubled possession and woeful failure of an insufficient people, the Story of the White Race in the Land of the Blue Lime Stone is a noble tale of trial and triumph.

But the outset of the story in many, perhaps most, minds confronts an error that must be refuted, because no explanation including a mistake can be satisfactory. In school days which can never be ours again and yet are claimed forever, because "time their impression deeper makes," the "Wrongs of the Indians" was an ever popular subject for essay, declamation or debate. Whether deplored as inevitable or de-

fended as necessary, the wrongs were a condition conceded for argument and impressed by many iterations until civilization was defamed by the decision that the Red Men had been cruelly driven from their heritage. However well this opinion fitted in Mexico or Peru, it does not apply in the Ohio Valley. For, after the Mound Builders were driven thence or perished there, only few came to see the desolation and none to stay. Not many intrusive graves or burials later than the first construction have been found in the mounds which would be well chosen for the casualties of transient bands. No extensive traces of a subsequent occupation have been noted; and the explorers found no tribes whose coming is unknown. While certain that man ceased to inhabit the once populous valley, the questions why and how long have no sufficient answer. The fewness and the smallness of the northern tribes may have hindered a wider scattering, but that does not explain why any, however few, after the way was open, should prefer the harshness of the Laurentian Basin to the genial Valley called Beautiful. Or, perhaps, their superstition may have taken the plagues of the southern people as a warning to stay from the land accursed. There is reason to assume that all this had happened much before the Columbian era. Thus the Ohio flowed the centuries by through a land lulled with its murmur in a slumbering rest, at last to be broken amid the din of the world's utmost need.

The much bruited phrase, "Spheres of influence," under which the Great Powers are masking their commercial plans, alias schemes of conquest, is only a smoother wording for the frank but brutal "Right of Discovery" which was brought into use when the partition of America began to multiply the strife of the world. With the hazards of navigation at that time scarcely more certain than the throwing of dice, it was the luck of the French to seize the St. Lawrence, and the fortune of the English to get the Chesapeake and a lonely landing on a rock-bound coast between. Then, the natural but much disturbed rights of the Indians, including a tribal life, the liberty of the wilderness, and the pursuit of game, was rudely superseded by the Right of Discovery invented to justify the cupidity of the artful. While a lofty purpose to spread

the Gospel to the uttermost isles of the sea was proclaimed with much pious promise, the kings meditated that each should govern all that their subjects might have the fortune to find and the strength to hold. As those subjects had no choice but abject submission to the royal will, no better terms could be expected for the heathen, except that, instead of consenting to severe laws and conforming to a strange religion, they could and did go farther back into the hilly lands and study strategy. With such a convenient and self-satisfying pretense as the frequently self-asserted act of discovery, the claims were always vast and vague enough for any change or chance. In fact, the chance for contention was ready at the start.

A messenger posting warily over long deserted paths with budgets of warning for those in a difficult region, however conscious of scenes glowing with pleasing hues or charming with waving lines or thrilled with tuneful birds or rippling waters, has no leisure for plucking bloom, no time for admiring the shadow flecked plain or the forest plumed hills, or the cloud tumbled sky, and no quiet for heeding the harmony wooing him from haste. Instead he must search the festooning vine and the adorning moss for the scar toward the cliff where the way bends by a lightning blasted oak near the thicket hidden pass to the famous victory. And so one fain to tell a pretty tale of happy people must go by battlefields or miss the way while hunting facts to gloss the truth. In more than half the years since the war for Ohio began our countrymen have stood in blazing lines of battle for what is now the enjoyment of all. The statement will have doubt and wonder from some and regret from all. A few pale blooded people with no practical remedy will assume philanthropy by execrating the awful atrocity of war. If peace is light then strife is the shadow of life, and, until noon which is not yet, the shadow will go before. Because the omission would be more shameful to the living than harmful to the dead, the heroic struggles of the forefathers in battle with barbarism should be studied by all who delight to ponder the paths of progress.

Whatever may have been learned or guessed about the prehistoric population, the people found by the earliest explorers were subject to violent change and lived in a state but little short of constant war which involved tribes in confederacies



and fostered hereditary feuds. For a large authentic information about this we are indebted more than to all others, to the missionaries, who in devotion to their faith were the bravest of the brave. And none had more need for great hearts, for they went forth as sheep among wolves. If they were not always wise, being human, they were not always harmless. None, as their Master had warned, ever more surely brought not peace but a sword. With the zeal of martyrs, they had the tact of diplomacy, the skill of command, the polish of schools, the gift of tongues and all the arts of persuasion. All this availed not when they and their converts became the wretched captives of hostile tribes to whom conversion seemed a racial treason, and the best qualities of the missionaries a sorcery to be punished with added hate to the utmost vindictive torture. Despite the danger of the errand, those bearing the Gospel gained and with practiced pens preserved a clearer knowledge of the tribes than could have been obtained by the sword alone.

While the grandeur of the Discovery lifts the name of Columbus above the waves of oblivion until man shall cease to think, the glory of first beholding the American Continent with scientific eyes belongs to the English sailors captained by John Cabot. Quick to see the dawn of a mighty change, and feeling that the noblest prize within grasp had been lost by accident, the English determined to challenge the fortune which seemed never to tire in favoring Spain. After four centuries, that determination has made their language the chief speech of the world. But for a hundred years, the demons of disaster thwarted every scheme to get a standing in the New World; except that the brilliant but sad fated Sir Walter Raleigh added Virginia to the maps, whence, a long heroic struggle and the Norman name of Clermont. The French were earlier to win, and for a while more successful in extending their claims, and might have been entirely so, but for what seemed a tribal brawl. On that wild and seemingly aimless strife along the middle and upper St. Lawrence, not only the fate of the English in America was hinged, but also there, as well as on the battlefields of Europe, the destiny of the Anglo Saxon. Experience gradually revealed that tribal affairs of the Appalachian and the St. Lawrence regions in-

cluding the Great Lakes were dominated by two powerful confederacies. Of these the larger and more indefinite northward and westward was the Algonquin.

The other confederacy was the Iroquois, who once held the region north of Lake Erie and between Lakes Huron and Ontario, whence they concentrated their power about the Lake Region of New York, and kept their Canadian lands for a game park. Their canoes with equal ease for the equal delight of hunting or warring could descend the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna or the Aleghenny, as they often called the Ohio, from Chautauqua to Cairo. The coast was theirs from the Chesapeake to the bays of Maine, whenever they chose to taste its luxuries. Unmolested by any but haughtily spurning all, their warrior-hunters, probably never exceeding twenty-five hundred, roamed to pass a winter in Tennessee or a summer on Hudson's Bay. With imperial strength from the union of five tribes as one, their dictate to neighboring bands was obedience or extirpation. The metaphors of their eloquence show that few have loved the pleasure of pathless woods, the rapture of lonely shores, and the silence of solitudes as did the Iroquois. Out of this passion for seclusion they prohibited encroachment on the vacant wilderness to which they had no more right than their spears could enforce. The fear of those spears reached far. On the east none ventured without permission into the forbidden lands once populous with the Mound Builders. On the south the Cherokees came down the Tennessee to the Muscle Shoals with some hunting but no staying farther north. From there the country was claimed to the mouth of the Ohio by the Chickasaws who lived along the Yazoo. The Illinois only weakly held four or five towns northward from the Kaskaskia. On the north, the Miamis, in front of the Chippewas who were at war with the Sioux, were forbidden to come nearer than the Maumee, the Miami of the North. Evidently, the time was not far off when much war would have been waged for the Beautiful Valley by the eager bands of the Northwest, already powerful in numbers and distant security. The not to be imagined fury that might have been was supplanted by the White Peril. In all of the country east of the Mississippi, the total Indian population at that time is fairly estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand souls.

Of these less than one-tenth were west of the Appalachian ranges and north of the Tennessee. The most vacant space of all, much within which no tribe fixed a wigwam, is now generally outlined by Pittsburgh, Nashville, Peoria and Toledo.

Unconscious of the wrath to be, perhaps unable to choose otherwise, Samuel Champlain, the French Governor, with several muskets and a retinue of Canadian Indians, passing southward for farther conquest, in the summer of 1609, by the lovely lake that perpetuates his name, encountered, ambushed and defeated a band of Iroquois. Among the slain were some killed by bullets, about whose death there was awful wonder. The combined consternation for the prodigy, grief for the victims and rage at the defeat inspired a never forgotten hatred. Thenceforth the French and their friends were enemies; and when the English came fighting their foe, the Iroquois called them brothers. For two hundred years with scanty peaceful moons they were the constant and efficient allies of the British. Their strategic position between Canada and the coveted coast made them decisive in the Franco-English conflict for America. Until the French were vanquished, the never lacking lines of the Five Nations stopped marches that would have forced the English into the sea. As it was, many a sudden and horrible visitation was suffered by the Puritan settlements from elusive Canadian bands; but it is significant that none reached the coast or tarried long. While less exploited, the strategic influence of the Iroquois on the west was scarcely less effectual. Unable to capture an ice-free port on the east side, the French eventually decided upon a chain of forts from Canada, through the Mississippi Valley to Louisiana and the ever open Gulf. Since none but a water way could be then, instead of the natural and shortest plan with the least possible portage from the St. Lawrence to the nearby sources of the Ohio, and thence with its flow, they were compelled by Iroquois violence to accept the labor at Niagara and the risk of the Lakes and to go by the Wabash or more safely by the Illinois. Thus but for those puffs of smoke that transformed the schemes of fate, in those woods so long ago, where is now the summer garden of the leisure class, the names from Florida to Plymouth Rock might have had Parisian phrase. And thus

because of Iroquois wrath two hundred leagues afar, the flowers of Old Clermont blushed unseen, while the centuries of less fortunate climes drifted in blood away.

The idea intended is not the utter absence of human life from the country, but this: the occupation was so nomadic that such trace does not exist as fixes the position of other tribes with the certainty which obtains attention. The little that was learned was soon displaced or rearranged. In 1656, while the European world was wondering that Cromwell's mighty power as Lord Protector had averted the Massacre of the Waldenses, the almost equally proud and valiant tribe of Eries occupying the southern watershed of the Lake named from them was literally extirpated by the Iroquois. Some early, indefinite notice was taken of a wandering tribe thought to be the Shawnees, who in 1660 were living on the Cumberland in middle Tennessee, whence they went to the highlands of South Carolina and then northward until permitted in 1698 to live on the Susquehanna. Then they came to Ohio and made an all eclipsing Indian record.

The tantalizing dream of the early explorers was gold and jewels through a short passage to the great South Sea and the fabled wealth of India and far Cathay. In "A Perfect Description of Virginia," published in London in 1649, much confidence is placed in the statement of the Indians, that rivers beyond the mountains were flowing to a great sea beneath the setting sun: and the chief question was the width of the land to be crossed. On September 17, 1671, a party duly authorized by Governor Berkeley of Virginia, after wandering by a very high and steep mountain came to a Fall that made a great noise in the course of a river, that seemed to run westward about certain pleasant mountains. They fired guns, made marks and proclaimed the authority of King Charles II over all the lands thereby watered. This may well be regarded as one of the most important acts within the reign of that merry profligate; for the spot was the Great Falls of the Kanawha; and the event is remarkable as the earliest exploration by the English of the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi, where the race is now seemingly supreme.

In about the same days, La Salle, famous among French

explorers, was drawn to Canada by the fur trade and then lured by the fascinating fables into a search for a way to the South Sea. From a Shawnee prisoner among the Iroquois he heard the story of a great river flowing through an Indian paradise during a journey of two moons to a salty sea. With legal authority for the quest, he boated down an ever widening river with an ever expanding hope, until the Falls of the Ohio were reached, where in 1671 he was deserted by his faithless companions and forced to retreat through the unknown forest to Canada. But undismayed through other perilous voyages in canoes, he perceived something of the vast future, so that on April 9, 1682, he raised a cross and set the arms of France at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he claimed for Louis XIV unto the remotest sources of all its tributaries. In passing the mouth of the Ohio, La Salle noted that the river (including the Allegheny) was fifteen hundred miles in length, and that it was used by the Iroquois in warring excursions against the southern Indians. This is most ancient proof of a still more ancient strife. Such excursions also warned the French from the Ohio and kept them westward from the Wabash.

The many long past years since then call me to take notice of a few of the bolder scenes along the path, whereby progress reached our land. The retreating Red Men came first and, to some extent but not much, re-peopled the valleys full of bones. Notwithstanding the cruel strife in every direction, there is reason to believe that the Indian population has, not largely, but surely, increased during historic observation. The tribes displaced by the coast-dotted colonies were not exterminated: When farther resistance became in vain, they simply went back into the wilderness with added facilities for an easier life. For they were quick to gain guns and use iron tools instead of stone. The earliest accounts mention their pathetic eagerness to possess a scrap of metal or a bit of glass, while a knife or hatchet was an envied fortune. Least disturbed of all, because of their political position, and supplied with more than others, the Iroquois stoutly asserted their old claims and firmly held their conquest on Lake Erie. When the retiring movement began to crowd the Shawnees on the Susquehanna, that much molested tribe was permitted

to migrate in 1728 to the mid Muskingum and thence spread across the Scioto to the lands about Xenia on the Little Miami. In this region, they were joined by scattered bands of their dialect from as far as Florida, where some are fain to hear a charming tone of their sweeter words in the name of Suwanee River made tender for ages to come by the melody of "The Old Folks At Home." If this be doubted, we are certain that early maps showed the course of the "Shawnee" River until the name was changed to honor the Duke of "Cumberland," "The Martial Boy" of twenty-five years, who disgraced his victory at Culloden by an infamous massacre made more atrocious by pretended refinement. The instance stands as one of many American misnomers. The Shawnees thus located formed the front edge of the long Conflict for the Ohio. The gathering of the families of that tribe for the bold defiance of their fate may somewhere and sometime have equal but surely no superior comparison in dramatic quality.

Eighty to fifty years ago, a much quoted lesson in school books was Penn's vaunted Treaty with the Peaceful Delawares, whereby much cheap land was easily got. The equations of history not stated in that lesson teach a sadder conclusion for friend and foe alike, not to be reached without a study of the Massacre at Gnadenhutten and some attention to Crawford's Defeat. A full account also must be taken of the awful payment of blood exacted at the Massacre of Wyoming by the Iroquois whose grandfathers Penn had neglected to conciliate. Dejected by the arrogance of the masterful Iroquois, parted from their hunting lands by a siren song that no longer thrilled, and unwilling to take a pitiful wage from English scorn by tilling the fields or clearing the groves through which they had strolled at will, the sorrowful Delawares soon followed the Shawnees to the Muskingum. In that region of beauty exceeding even an Indian's dream of his Happy Land, they and their brothers, the Monsis, began to remember the former glory of their common race, and determined that none should again be braver. Many years ago, so many that there can be no more, so their legends ran, the Len-ni-Len-a-pe came from the west beyond the mountains, across the land of big rivers and more mountains,

finding much game and growing stronger than anyone is now. They came by people living in places with great walls, who gave them food and helped them over deep waters. But when some not across were slain, they turned back and left none alive. Then they came on to the sea, where none can go farther. This by some is thought to be a tradition about the Mound Builders. While the Delawares were gaining, a few smaller tribes came to Eastern Ohio, like the Tuscarora to the Tuscarawas and those who gave their name to the Mingo Plains.

As some were forced from the east by white colonization, so others were crowded in from the northwest by the migrations of their own race. The Miamis came to the upper branches of the Great Miami and left their place on the Maumee to the Wyandots with the Ottawas farther east. With transient exception, Southern Ohio and Kentucky were unoccupied. In 1729 the French surveyed the Ohio River down to the mouth of the Great Miami. The two score years before and nearly as many after were busily used in building forts to connect and protect the provinces on the Lakes and by the Gulf. Nor was this done without reason and profit. Candid reflection must admit that the English were more offensive to the Indians than the French, who gleefully shared their sports and dangers, asked but simple deference to the showy ceremonials of the Church, and sought hardly more than the mutual advantage of trading posts. The colder policy of the English destroyed the forests, drove the game away, and threatened all with the withering witchery of the surveyor's compass and chain.

Compensation for the bitter disappointment of the searchers for fine metals and precious stones was found in the fashion that demanded the pretty coats of the furry denizens of the wilderness, which the Indians were soon taught to gather and barter for beads and baubles, for firearms and firewater, with a profit to the French so far beyond the dreams of avarice that they cared for no other forms of wealth in America. To aid the fur traffic, trading stations were fixed along the trails extending to and from the main forts. These stations or guarded block houses constituted as many small forts. The white traders in charge, amounting to many hundreds of men,

were among the most alert, daring or reckless, who made light where the cowardly would have quailed. As yet, few or none went by the Ohio.

For this no man's land, two of the most civilized nations stumbled on into a conflict shocking even to remember, yet replete with noble results. In geographic ignorance the royal charters of the English were made to extend from sea to sea. Finding no better pretext, the English sought to strengthen their claims to the unknown land beyond by pretending to believe the arrogant claims of the Iroquois to a mythical conquest. Upon those claims, treaties flattering to savage pride were easily made; and each treaty became the base of another more special, which are all, in length and breadth, an excuse for force. When the French and English kings wanted a rest in the long war, their gorgeous ceremonials included no attention to American questions that could be postponed. By the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Louis XIV conceded to the English his claims to the country of the Iroquois, the south side of the upper St. Lawrence, but how far west was not stated. Yet, he maintained authority over the St. Lawrence and Mississippi. After another generation of furious strife, the Treaty of Aix La Chapelle in 1748, still strongly reasserted these indefinite claims. Knowing that one must yield, both nations began preparations for a struggle to a finish.

We are prone to say that we are making history faster than happened to the forefathers. However, elated with present scenes, one must often stand abashed as he explores the majestic ruins of bygone ambitions. Providence, not satisfied with casting the Indian aside, also decreed that the awful strife girdling the globe with havoc should force France from the leading part on the theatre of human action. But the grand old monarchy blindly staggering from the stage pushed down the main props of England's swelling glory, tore away the ragged robes of Spanish pride, gave impetus to the rights of man, and, falling crushed the rule of the Latin, for two thousand years the alternate guardian and spoiler of mankind. While England gained the sea and thereby ruled the shores from Labrador to India's Coral Strand, her exiled, ignored and estranged sons were founding a firmer and grander continental empire for her speech and liberties. As the grandeur



of their achievement becomes more imposing, the character of their individual efforts becomes more heroic. The heroism of the Ohio Border is more conspicuous because it was maintained in spite of many humiliations stretching from Braddock's fearful defeat to Hull's shameful surrender. Those who began and continued and won the great fight for Ohio, from Lieutenant Colonel Washington's first battle in the Alleghenies to the men from Old Clermont who shared in the victories about Lake Erie were a part of one of the most prodigious and impetuous scenes in the drama of man, which thwarted the schemes of the old world and created a new world of opportunity in America—so great a task it was to plant civilization on the Ohio.

As the world smiles on him who finds sermons in stones and good in everything, so evil chances to him who evil thinks. While the optimist rejoices to believe that the peopling of the wilderness had the approval of Providence, the pessimist scoffs at a generous motive and contends that the origin was greed with a mania for grabbing land. Alarmed by the rumors and then tidings that the French forts were coming nearer and growing stronger, the English began to ask what they should do to be safe. Having prospered exceedingly, the planters in Virginia began to cast longing looks over the western mountains beyond which were plains fabled to be more fertile than their own teeming valleys. Their charter from the crown promised protection over the land across the continent until the sun should sink from sight into the ocean that was far beyond the knowledge of man. They knew little and cared less for the overlapping or underlying claims of Louis the Grand for the trade in furs. The Americans, as they were beginning to call themselves, were not unmindful of such profits, but they chiefly purposed farms and flocks and homes for a countless posterity. In 1748 this longing for larger estates found expression in an enterprise that was named the Ohio Company. The plan was endorsed by the Duke of Bedford, backed by wealthy merchants in London, overseen by Governor Dinwiddie, and farther composed of prominent Virginians among whom were three of the Lee family, George Mason, with Lawrence and Augustine Washington, older brothers of George Washington, a large sedate boy of sixteen who was studying

surveying as the most suitable accomplishment for one who was to inherit much land. Few have noted and none sufficiently how the growth of George Washington was promoted by the Ohio idea. By the death of Lawrence Washington, in 1752, the youthful George became his executor in the Ohio Company and the possessor of the estate forever famous as Mount Vernon.

The undertaking was the talk of the time and the cause of a great stir in the courts at London and Paris. George II gladly granted five hundred thousand acres on the south side of the Ohio between the Monongahela and the Kanawha, or such part thereof as might be chosen anywhere on the farther shore, conditioned upon a settlement and a fort for its defense. Apparently, no king ever asserted so great a claim at so slight a cost, but his satisfaction did not equal the resentment of the Court of France, which forthwith gave orders that sent Celoron de Bienville with two hundred officers, soldiers and boatmen, in twenty-three canoes from Lake Erie by portage to Lake Chautauqua and thence into the Ohio, reading royal proclamation with blare of trumpet, display of banners and parade of arms, to witness the carving of inscriptions and the burial of leaden tablets, declaring the royal power of France over the Ohio, "alias the Beautiful River," and all the branches thereof and the adjacent lands, to their sources. On August 22 Celoron found a Shawnee village, at the mouth of the Scioto, and with them a party of English traders who were warned to leave the country. Four days later the French, without using force against the traders, went down the river and, passing by the hills of Old Clermont probably on August 29, 1749, arrived at the mouth of the Great Miami, where, on August 31, the elaborate ceremonies of proclaiming possession were performed for the sixth time. Three of the six buried tablets have been found, but that by the eastern bank of the Miami remains a hidden mark of a long past dominion. Having declared their claims down to the Wabash, and after boating thirteen weary days up the Great Miami, the French reached the mouth of Loramie's creek where four hundred Miami Indians, under Chief "Old Britain," had lately come from the north and started the town of Pickawillany. While bartering for ponies for an overland trip to Canada and while transferring from his

battered canoes, Celoron vainly sought to regain the favor of the Miamis and "Old Britain," so called because he sided with the English traders who gave a quart of powder where the French gave a pint. From that picturesque expedition, Celoron returned to Montreal, November 10, and reported in effect that the Ohio trade was lost unless the Ohio river was opened for freight. And so the defense of the Ohio was included in a scheme that comprised sixty forts between Quebec and New Orleans.

While the French acted by and with the authority of their king, the English proceeded with less pomp but equal determination. Daring and fortitude were absolute requisites; yet much, perhaps all, was to depend upon the ability and integrity of their agent. After careful forethought, Christopher Gist, a surveyor and a son of a surveyor, a careful, capable, judicious and notable man, was chosen to go westward of the Great Mountains with a company suitably supplied, and there search for a large quantity of good level land. The Ohio Company made no pretense of pleasing the Indians or anybody who chose to be vagrants. The land when found was to be used for planting. On October 31, 1750, Gist and his party plunged into the wilderness from a spot on the Potomac river now marked by the city of Cumberland. He kept a journal, of which the queer phrasing and quaint spelling have been faithfully printed. Out of the semi-official account many strange scenes can be reviewed. He found Indians nearby, of whom, some asked that the bringing of liquor should cease. He soon found it dangerous to let a compass be seen. There was a village, Logstown, some fourteen miles below the Forks of the Ohio. On December 14, he came to the mouth of Sandy creek on the Tuscarawas river, where the English colors were flying over Muskingum, a town of several hundred Indians and many white traders, whom their superintendent, George Croghan, had warned there for refuge from the French. January 14, 1751, was spent at Goshocking, now called Coshocton. Six days later he came to Maguck, a town in Pickaway county. One week later he was at the house of the great chief of the Delawares, Windaughalah, who ordered his negro man to feed the horses well. This is the earliest mention of black slavery north of the Ohio. Later on the negro people were much

sought, and such captives were safer than the pale faced among the Indians. On January 29, Gist reached Shanoah Town, so named by him, at the mouth of the Scioto, where Celoron had been fifteen months before. Large rewards had been offered there by French traders for the scalps of English traders, but the Shawnees remained well disposed.

As yet no choice had been noted. The land on the Muskingum was fine, but not broad enough. From Shanoah, Gist rode about one hundred and seventy-five miles through the present counties of Scioto, Adams, Highland, Fayette, Madison, Clarke, Champaign and Logan, noting, "except the first 20 M," a fine, rich, level land, well watered and timbered, full of beautiful natural meadows covered with wild rye, blue grass and clover, abounding with turkeys, deer, elks and most sorts of game, particularly buffaloes. "In short," to quote exactly, "it wants nothing but cultivation to make it a most delightful country." On February 17, he rode into Pickawillany, "with English colors before us." The town consisted of about four hundred families protected by a palisade, within which fifty to sixty white traders had built cabins and gained mutual protection. On March 3, he went southeastward down the Little Miami, of which he wrote: "I had fine traveling through rich land and beautiful meadows in which I could sometimes see forty or fifty buffaloes feeding at once. The river continued to run through the middle of a fine meadow, about a mile wide, very clear like an old field, and not a bush in it; I could see the buffaloes above two miles off." But fearing to meet French Indians, he rode away through a land still rich, level and well timbered with oak, walnut, ash, locust and sugar trees, passing through Greene, Warren, and Clinton counties in a circuitous course to Shanoah Town, whence he returned through Kentucky and West Virginia on May 17, 1751, to his home. From six and a half months' exploration he reported that nothing could be more desirable to the company than the Miami country. But for the shadow of coming events, this concise report of primeval promise and beauty might have been followed by a quick settlement. Instead the great longing created by this first, and for many years only description, had to wait the turn of many battles, before Virginia was finally permitted to give the land chosen from all by

Gist to her valiant sons as a reward for matchless service in Freedom's cause.

The French plan for holding trade included a stockade at the Forks of the Maumee, where now is the city of Fort Wayne, which they called Fort Miami. This fort was plundered late in 1547 by some of the Miami Indians. If the traders did not provoke the affray, they were soon involved in the angry consequence. The Miamis about Pickawillany grew so prosperous through English favor, that they were chosen to illustrate French vengeance. Accordingly, Charles Langdale, a resident of Michilimackinac, gathered two hundred and fifty Chipewas and Ottawas for the purpose, and conducted them in canoes to Detroit. Thence they paddled to and up the Maumee, and, made the portage, down the Miami to Pickawillany, where they came so suddenly and unexpectedly, early on June 21, 1752, that little resistance could be made. For the warriors were absent on their summer hunt and only the chief and twenty men and boys with eight white traders could be counted for the defense. Of these, three traders were caught outside. When one white and fourteen Indians had been killed, the rest, including many women and children, surrendered with a promise of life or a threat of death. Fifteen thousand dollars worth of goods were captured and the fort and every cabin were burnt. To make their gloating complete the heart of the trader was broiled and eaten, and the body of the chief, "Old Britain," was boiled and eaten—not because of hunger, but to make them more courageous. Not to be outdone, the Miami braves recalled from their hunt retaliated by eating ten Frenchmen and two of their negroes. Such were some who hindered Ohio. Their peculiar pursuit of happiness has been magnified by theoretical peace people into a perpetual right to stop progress. Our forefathers thought and fought otherwise. The results of the expedition were highly approved by Duquesne, the French Governor General, who named Langdale for a pension of \$50 a year, a fortune then. That the expedition covering more than a thousand miles was made in canoes through two lakes and three rivers seems fabulous. Yet, the proof is official, and the incident shows what was possible against the Mound Builders, and what was often done against the pioneers. While those canoes were

paddled south, Captain William Trent was even more painfully trailing west from Virginia with a pack train bringing presents to the Indians, as promised by Gist, to confirm the peace desired by all. Instead he found Pickawillany in ashes, and the warriors mourning for their captured women and children. That ended all peaceful exploration, for, in the words of Bancroft: "Thus in Western Ohio began the contest that was to scatter death broadcast through the world."

## CHAPTER IV.

### UNDER TWO FLAGS.

The Destruction of Pickawillany an Example of Extensive Indian Strategy—The Strategy of the Indian Defense of Ohio—The Loneliness of the Land—A Blundering War with Dazzling Results—The Showy French—The Miserly King George II—The Iroquois Consent to a Fort at the Fork of the Ohio—The French Begin to Fortify the Ohio—Major George Washington Sent to Protest—Jumonville's Party Killed or Captured—The Seven Years' War Begun—The French Seize the Ohio—The Big Trail—Braddock's Defeat—Washington Commander-in-Chief for Virginia—New England Resolves to Capture Canada—Virginia Resolves to Hold All to the Lakes and Mississippi—Forbes' Expedition—Major Grant's Defeat—The Fork of the Ohio Retaken—The French Flag Goes West, by and Beyond Old Clermont—The Naming of Pittsburgh—Rogers' Mounted Rangers—A Continental Empire Changes Masters—The Indian Is Promised Protection Against Greed for Game Land—Washington's Leadership in Gaining Ohio.

The French had surveyed the Ohio, located the tributary waters and declared the magnificent extent of their flow. The English were about to publish the surpassing excellence and glorious promise of the land. Because of the fur market made by more than fifty white traders resorting there with alluring art, Pickawillany had quickly grown to be the largest Indian town in the Ohio Valley. As the first and most prominent object of French hatred, the destruction of the town was a most significant and dramatic start for the war that more than any other changed the maps of the world. But the campaign against Pickawillany has a special interest as the first example—often repeated in Ohio—of an extensive Indian strategy. In a probable explanation of the cordon of prehistoric forts across the lower Miami and Scioto section, I have mentioned that the lines of attack from the

north beyond the Lakes were centered by the chasm and at the strait we call Niagara and Detroit. These points are now to be considered with more particular attention to their relation with modern affairs.

No writer as yet has ventured a treatise on the strategy of the Indian Defense of Ohio, probably because it has not been the fashion to admit that there was any method in that long chase of death and fierce struggle for life between the aggressive settlers and the defensive tribes. But there was a persistence of action and a recurrence of incident that reveals a continuity of cause and purpose, just as certain and controlling as the necessities of the generalship that swayed the eastern armies of the Civil War back and forth between Washington and Richmond, until the flanking force of the Northwest could be marched to the sea. To enhance the contrast between present felicity and former destitution, essayists and orators of all degrees have combined to teach that the ancient wilderness was trackless and planless: and so it was to those who were unmindful of its mysteries. But for those who knew the secret lore of the wild there were paths that joined into trails for hunting and trading that became ways of war as surely as the railroad systems of our day control the movement of armies; or, as surely as sea-power decides the fate of nations. The movements from the northeast either followed the Ohio or went by the Muskingum toward Chattanooga, or Crow's Nest, the council place of the south, to which the way was called the Southern Trail. The bands from the northwest came by Detroit over the Miami Trail through the portage from the Maumee, or from the Sandusky to the Scioto Trail. Those going southwest went by the Wabash Trail, and those going directly south extended the Miami Trail up and beyond the Licking toward the Gap of the Cumberland or to Chattanooga. All of these met or intersected the Big Trail which gathered from the paths along the Chesapeake Basin and went with the Potomac and Monongahela by the Fork of the Ohio, across the Tuscarawas and the Sanduscan Plains to Detroit, where the fierce and unknown forces of the Northwest held council that the White Man should never plant corn in Ohio.

The reader who has not considered these trails will soon



perceive their woeful consequence to those who rocked the cradles of our civilization. From the unbroken security of Detroit, the ferocious fury could be equally hurled over the familiar yet obscure trails, with secrecy and safety, into a blazing line of wrath from the Blue Grass of Kentucky to the Yadkin and the Shenandoah and on to the Catskills near the Hudson. Through this seven hundred miles of border curving about Detroit, the Indians were screened by a constant dread of their untimely coming. Yet, while replete with thrilling action, no feature of their story is more surprising to most readers than the loneliness of the land before the adventuring vanguards of progress a hundred and fifty years ago. From Logstown to Shanoah Town or, as now known, from Pittsburgh to Portsmouth, and as far beyond, no wigwams stood within many miles on the Ohio side. Between middle Ohio and middle Tennessee as now known, probably not a thousand people stopped long enough to raise corn. And even these few were soon to leave a vaster vacancy; for, because a flood in 1765 overswept the bark and skin covered log huts they had learned to build, the Shawnee and Delaware families about the mouth of the Scioto withdrew to the then far seclusion of the plains above Chillicothe, and left the Ohio to rage with none to hear.

For the lonely land both were to lose, the corrupt courts of the uncomprehending Georges and the voluptuous Louis stumbled into a blundering war with dazzling results. After the destruction of Pickawillany, the stronger French traders ventured more and the English less. Fearing from eastern experience that the English still purposed farms and towns, the Indians were won by the French promise of camps and hunting; and all argument was clinched by a liberal distribution of gifts, which, as has happened since and before, fixed their vote. Looking from the south, the front and flanks of the disputed land were being arranged for special local advantages that the contrivers were not to enjoy. Troops were brought from the forts on the Mississippi to strengthen the garrisons on the Wabash. The defenses of the St. Lawrence Basin received battalions from France to seize and hold the Ohio. The nations over the lakes were incited by the prospect of booty and scalps easy to take, when the White

Father—the paltry Louis—should give the token for them to join their Ohio brothers in a war that should sweep the English planters into the sea. The miserly, narrow-minded and mean spirited German prince, who poorly played the part of British king and cared more for an acre of Hanover than for all America, reluctantly permitted his ministry to retaliate by sending thirty small cannon and eighty barrels of powder for two forts in the Ohio country. Upon the advice and with the consent of his allies, the Iroquois, one of these forts was to be at the Forks to resist French aggression upon their claims to the West. In stern protest against more than a century of awful incursions from beyond the St. Lawrence, New England designed nothing short of the capture of Canada. The Virginians resolved to maintain their claim westward to the Mississippi and northward to Lake Erie.

In this wise, the stage was set for the Seven Years War and for its inevitable sequel, the American Revolution, and all its consequence, which could not have been, if the Ohio Valley had been mastered by another tongue. In comparison with all other eras, this something more than a century and a half must long hold the place of highest historical interest. Whatever else may be wanting, it is good to live where was once the verge of the heroic action, and there behold the distant lines, struggling for the rights of man, come near and press around and on, while they call our own and of our own growth to step from our midst to point the way and order the march to a matchless union of national strength and personal liberty. The expected disappoints and the unexpected happens. Not a tyrant of them all would have believed that Washington's fame would dim their own. None who measure Grant by the fullness of his glory can guess the gentle grace of his life in the land of Old Clermont. As from peak to peak so must our story reach to one, stretch to the other and then incline to pleasant vales. Already, the unexpected by all and yet the greater than all was beginning to happen and mingle with the calculated course of events. In 1752 Celoron became commandant at Detroit with orders to drive the English from the Ohio Valley. In 1753 Duquesne came out from Montreal with some fifteen hun-

dred Canadians and Indians and built forts at Presque Isle, La Bouef creek and Venango.

In the meantime and more important, George Washington had grown quite tall and more composed, so much so, that he had been appointed Adjutant on the Governor's staff, where he learned all the ins and outs of the imperilled Ohio Company of which his chief was the largest shareholder. Impelled by deepest concern both public and private, Governor Dinwiddie secretly purchased powder and gathered stores for war. But he openly beguiled the time with negotiations, in which his athletic young Adjutant, Major Washington, with seven others and the veteran Christopher Gist as guide, was started, October 31, 1753, through the winter wilderness to warn the intruding French from the chartered bounds of Virginia, and incidentally for the far more important service of spying the location and strength of their forts and forces. After this delicate and dangerous duty had passed with mutual punctilio and no satisfaction for either side, the return was made through the rigors of the Allegheny January of 1754, in which Gist saved the life of the young leader and all but lost his own. Major Washington's Journal and Report of imminent war, because of which the Fork of the Ohio should be fortified, was published by the Lords of Trade, who echoed British sentiment, thus aroused, by order to the Royal Governors of the Colonies to meet at Albany in conference for their general safety. This conference was the first hint or suggestion of the American Union, which thus had its origin in the necessities for the Ohio campaign.

Made decisive by the report of his Adjutant, on January 16, that the Ohio grant would soon be forever lost, Governor Dinwiddie hurried two hundred men through the mountain snow. Of these Virginia Volunteers, a party of forty under Captain Trent reached the Forks of the Ohio, and, on February 17, 1754, planted the first post in a stockade on the site of Pittsburgh. Before the fort was done, the French came in strength, forced its surrender on April 17, and gave it the name of Fort Duquesne. All the travel between Wills Creek or Cumberland on the Potomac and the Forks of the Ohio, a distance of one hundred and thirty miles, whether by Indians or with Gist as guide was over the Big Trail which had be-

come a trace for pack trains. Over this trace, Washington, now Lieutenant Colonel, hastened west with the first seventy volunteers to aid Trent's men, but met them retreating to Cumberland. With no orders for such a contingency, the boy Colonel, for he was barely twenty-two, marched on to defend the Company's store house at the mouth of Red Stone on the Monongahela.

Hearing of the French advance through friendly Indians, Washington halted short to the east to construct a breast work. While his men were so engaged, he went forward with a small force that encountered Jumonville's party of whom all were killed or captured but one. Washington's command, "Fire," on May 28, 1754, kindled the anger of nations into open war, for which his name was heard in France with utmost abhorrence. It was different twenty-five years later; but then, he so skillfully opposed a much larger force, that after a severe battle on July 3, he was granted the honor of retiring from Fort Necessity with all his arms and stores. On the fourth of July, 1754, the Bourbon banner waved alone in the Ohio Valley, but not long.

On February 20, 1755, Major General Edward Braddock arrived in Virginia from England with the pick of the English army. During the spring and early summer, he chopped and widened and smoothed the Big Trail into a way for artillery and wagon trains, that was known as Braddock's Road for fifty years to come. Lest the reader may think the story is long to hear or going far from the purpose, if he can trace a lineage to the early people of Old Clermont, I can but ask for a glance ahead along the way worn by our fathers toward the setting sun over their land of hope. For the chances are many to few that those who wagoned from the east came over the Big Trail. By 1802 the travel was so great that the necessity of improvement during the next twenty years involved an outlay of nearly \$7,000,000 on what was henceforth to be called The National Road. Though obsoleted by railroads, this, the greatest of our historic highways, is returning to vogue as the pleasure path of the automobile, from the charms of the Chesapeake, by the beauty of Ohio, to the western wonderland. That "Touring Europe" will yield to such alluring travel at home is less than prophecy, and the meanest of

the trip will not be the part from "Chillycothia on Sciota" over John Donnel's Trace through Brown and Clermont counties, to "Cincinnati." Therefore, we may continue the way, assured that our steps are on classic ground that should be made more familiar.

The ninth of July, 1755, made "Braddock's Defeat" at the end of his marching one of the woeful landmarks of English and American history. Seven hundred and seventy-seven out of eighteen hundred men engaged fell before the hidden fire of a foe mostly gathered from Ohio. Compensation for the humiliation can be found in the education of Colonel George Washington, who there learned the discipline and tactics of larger forces, and also noted that the British army was not invincible. In vexation over the retreat it was his lot to conduct, he wrote his mother that, if in his power to avoid, he would not again go to the Ohio; but on the same day, August 14, 1755, he was chosen Commander in Chief of the Defense of Virginia. The duty could not be declined until Ohio was rescued. On September 8, 1756, John Armstrong with three hundred Pennsylvanians destroyed Kittaning, the Delaware town forty-five miles up the Allegheny. Except this, the years 1756 and 1757 passed in a constant defense against incessant raids from the West. In 1758 Washington in command of "a really fine corps of nineteen hundred Virginians" was combined with Armstrong's corps of twenty-seven hundred Pennsylvanians, and fourteen hundred regulars, all under the British veteran, General Forbes. Notwithstanding the great force and preparation intended to conquer, and the extreme caution of Forbes, who advanced an average of a mile a day, the all important strategic point on the Ohio was not to be won without another costly sacrifice of life. On September 14 Major Grant with eight hundred Highlanders and Virginians in attempting to deceive the enemy was caught in an ambushade, with the loss of himself and two hundred and ninety-five men. The command of the advance was given to Washington, without whose daring energy and the confidence of his men, the campaign must have failed. Finding no chance to waylay his vigilant approach, the Indians about Fort Duquesne disappeared in the silent forest, and the garrison of five hundred French in the night of November 24

destroyed all that fire would burn and boated down the Ohio, bearing the lily flags of France forever away for a short stay in the forts far beyond the banks of Old Clermont where there was none to note that the death march of a long line of kings was going by. For the next generation was to see the royal blood of France flow from the guillotine, because of misfortunes that lost America.

On the following day, November 25, 1758, when the banners of England floated over the Ohio, the name of the spot was changed to Pittsburgh, in honor of him who had quickly changed defeat into victory and given England a new era of glory. The repossession of Fort Pitt gave much but not complete relief to the Ohio frontier of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The flag of France that waved them on drooped lower at Quebec, September 13, 1759, and finally fell at Montreal, September 8, 1760. On September 13, just four days after, Major Robert Rogers was detached from the besiegers of Montreal, with two hundred picked rangers equipped for distant forest service, to seize the French trading stations and to proclaim that a continental empire had changed masters. On December 23 he left the British flag over Detroit which was for many years to be the base of supplies for a savage war against the pioneers of the Ohio Valley. From there he went by the Big Trail to the village on the "Maskongam" where Gist found Croghan ten years before, and there, as elsewhere, British protection was promised against the settlers' greed for game land. Then the party, of which a moving picture would be worth a fortune, passed on a week later to Fort Pitt. The proffered friendship of Rogers and his romantic rangers did not inspire general confidence in the untutored mind, and chief among the skeptic statesmen of the woods was Pontiac, whose story forms two of Parkman's most fascinating volumes.

In popular estimation in the middle, if not in all the colonies, Washington was the American hero of the French and Indian War. As the consummation of his military ambition, the recapture of Fort Pitt permitted him to resign his commission, and, just one week later, on January 6, 1759, to marry the lady of his choice, and retire to the ideal country life at Mount Vernon. The event had been waiting for the

expiration of his military duties. Those duties covered a continuous service of a little more than five years of most exacting attention and of the most exciting danger, all of utmost importance to the future of Ohio—a name in his thoughts only second to Virginia. This service was also the school that made him easily first in training for the Revolution. Yet, this just cause for local pride in a large share of his glory has received such scant notice that the present mention is apt to cause more surprise than appreciation. With neither tint nor glow from the after splendor of his achievement, his leadership in gaining Ohio for Anglo Saxon culture, measured by results, only lacks the mystery making haze of time for a comparison with the epic tasks of classic heroes. Because of knightly poise with youthful grace, he was the herald to challenge the French foray upon his people's promised land. And, because of intrepid caution, tranquil courage, surpassing discernment, inflexible purpose and resolute decision, he was the leader in forcing France from the Ohio Valley. For this he deserves to be kept in special memory by all who inherit the good thereof. All this was accomplished before he was twenty-eight years old. After the repulsion at the slaughter of Braddock's army, when the world seemed too little for the cost, his love for Ohio wavered no more. Fortune in heaping his reward permitted him in the sunset of life to commit the defense of the Beautiful Land to one who had marched with him, nearly forty years before, to the ruins of Fort Duquesne, as a boy only thirteen years old, with the soon to be brilliant name of Anthony Wayne.

## CHAPTER V.

### UNDER BRITISH COLORS.

Political Results of the French and Indian War—The Spectre of Independence Haunts the British Mind—Repressive Policy—The English Crown Takes the Place of the French—Settlers Forbidden to Go West of the Mountain Crest—Pontiac's Conspiracy—The Battle of Bushy Run—Bouquet's Expedition—The Treaty of Fort Stanwix Made the Ohio a Boundary Between the Races—The Odious Act of Quebec—The Ohio Valley a Hunting Ground for Savage Pleasure—Rebellion Rampant along the Mountains before it was Whispered on the Coast—Washington again Goes West on the Big Trail—Dunmore's War—The Battle of Point Pleasant, the First Battle of the Revolution—The Shawnees—Cornstalk—Daniel Boone—First Surveying on the Ohio—Colonel Bowman's Expedition—George Rogers Clark—Clark's Conquest—The American Revolution as Told Is Mainly an Eastern Tale—The Western Side of the Revolution—Clark's Expedition in 1780—The Strife Along the Eastern Ohio—Fort Laurens—Official Report of British Governor De Peyster—The Avowed British Policy Was War on the Inhabitants of the West and South—The Massacre of Wyoming—The Massacre of Colonel Lochry's Command—The Massacre of Gnadenhutten—Crawford's Defeat—The Siege of Bryant's Station and the Battle of Blue Licks—The Last British Battle Flag Seen from Clermont—The Last Siege of Fort Henry, the Last Battle of the American Revolution—General Clark's Retaliating Expedition in 1782—What Might Have Been With Modern Inventions—The Motives of France and Spain in Making Peace—Franklin's Success in Treaty Making—Thirty-two Years Between Gist's Exploration and Independence.

Although the fury of the war in America ceased with the French surrender in 1760, peace was not declared in Europe



till February 10, 1763. This, instead of bringing satisfaction, produced a sudden and violent revulsion of feeling among the Indians, in Great Britain, and in the colonies. The Indians long accustomed to the fraternal companionship of the French were enraged at the aggressive arrogance of the victors who claimed their hunting lands and fishing waters. They knew no distinction and understood no difference between the Great English Father beyond the sea and his greedy children near at hand. This Indian patriotism found quick and terrible and all but successful expression in the famous Conspiracy of Pontiac.

The spirit and aptitude for war displayed by the Americans alarmed the thoughtful among the British with visions of rebellion, whenever the growth of the Colonies should prompt them to defy the distant crown. To lay the specter of independence that was haunting the stage of English politics was now a chief concern with those who managed the conscience of the King, in his great love for his American subjects. In the wisdom of their council a plan was devised that bade the colonies to stop growing and be clamped in their present too sufficient limits. A military government was assumed and imposed over the conquest from France, and the agents of that government were ordered to take the place of French rule with the least possible friction, so that the new Dominion should be a restraint, and not a succor for the English speaking turbulents to the south. The Indians were to be changed into allies of the crown by a practical concession of all they asked. That alliance was consummated and controlled the Indian vote for a hundred years—always favorable to the English government—always hostile to the settlers. Trading posts were to be maintained at points convenient for the various tribes. The fur trade was to be conducted on a scale to reach the remotest wilds, just as before except the profits were to be collected in London instead of Paris. Above and beyond all, no settlements were to be made on any streams flowing west or north beyond the Alleghanies. The boundless realms of the Ohio and the Lakes were to be a hunting ground for savage pleasure. Proclamation to this effect was made on October 31, 1761, by Colonel Henry Bouquet of the Royal army, who was Commander and virtual Mili-

tary Governor at Fort Pitt. Such was the contumelious reward of the Motherland for the loyal service of the Colonies in humbling her enemies as never before or since.

It was the most arrogant among the many proud periods of England's conquering chase for power. What Europe calls the Seven Years War added Great to the name of Frederic and founded the German Empire. It placed Plassey on the roll of decisive battles, gained India from the East, and half of North America from the West. It planted the earth with English garrisons and posts of trade, circled the seas with English homes and spotted their waves with English sails. But it brought dismay to the people in the Colonies, for, in the blood purchased conquest, not a soldier of them all could lawfully hunt a deer or make a home.

The subsequent resistance to British tyranny by the patriots of the seaboard is common fame. The spirit of the Boston Tea Party and the protests against the Stamp Act were trifles light as air in comparison with the scornful wrath of the Virginians who were hindered thus from their hard won rights beyond the Alleghanies or across the Ohio. The lowlanders opposed taxation without representation from principle with no large sense of great personal loss. But those who gazed westward from the hills were looking for a stolen treasure that was to be recovered upon the first occasion. The crown had ordered Bouquet to proclaim more than man could enforce. His warning was scorned. Rebellion was rampant in the mountains, and Revolution began on the streams of the Ohio before it was whispered on the Concord. The westward course of the settlers was forced back upon the mountains by Pontiac's War which overwhelmed all but those in Detroit and Fort Pitt. Colonel Bouquet hastened westward in the summer of 1763 with five hundred men to the rescue of Fort Pitt. On August 5, he won the Battle of Bushy Run only twenty-five miles away, but the victory cost the loss of nearly every third man. In 1764 General Bradstreet reached Detroit by sail with three thousand men. In October of the same year, Colonel Bouquet came out from Fort Pitt with fifteen hundred men over the Big Trail to the Muskingum Trail and thence down to Coshocton, where the over awed Indians promised peace which was probably

kept by the great chiefs. Pontiac's confederacy of nine thousand warriors dissolved before such arrays, and he, the most notable Indian of that day, ceased to prophesy that their French brothers were waiting on ships for the Great Father—the gaudy and detestable Louis—to bring them again to their own. The less responsible warriors remembered the profitable pilferings and did not forget and could not forego the fell fury of the fierce foray. Therefore the trails from the east were the woeful ways for captive trains from plundered homes. But still, the advance guards of the white race came fighting down the westward flowing streams; for neither the King's command nor the whoops of war could hold them from answering the call of the wild that lured them into the forest, some to wealth and station, and some to hapless grief or fiery death.

Some betterment was expected for the western settlers in 1768 by the Treaty of Fort Stanwix now known as Rome, New York. For six thousand dollars, the Iroquois relinquished their claim between the crest of the Alleghany Mountains and the Ohio river in width, and between the Allegheny and Tennessee rivers in length. The difference between the scope of country and the amount paid reveals not the ignorance of the Iroquois but the vanity of the claim. The Treaty stipulated that the Ohio should be the boundary between the races, and left other tribal claims unsettled. Every public effort toward an occupation of the region was thwarted. The King would not abate his repressive policy. Petition and remonstrance availed nothing. The King had proclaimed that westward settlement was pernicious. The land between the mountains and the rivers was to be a neutral zone that neither of the hostile races should pass. Therefore, Long live the King!

With little boding of the tempest and no conception of its fury, the issue raised by a stupid tyrant was referred by a cringing ministry to the servile parliament of 1774, which presumed a final and triumphant settlement on June 22, by passing the Act of Quebec. Of all the hateful legislation of that venal Parliament noted beyond all others for insolent disregard of colonial rights, none was more odious than the Act of Quebec, which robbed the Conquest from France of

every semblance of liberty, and instituted every form of royal prerogative and imperial absolutism. Then, to cut under and forever end the charter claims of several colonies and of Virginia in particular, the Province of Quebec was enlarged and defined to include all that the French had claimed and fought for north and west of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers. Every vote for the Act, and that was nearly all, ignored or scorned every westward claim of the English colonists. This, with the neutral zone extending to the mountain crest, was to be ruled by a military force responsible only to the King. The Indians in possession, for the good of the fur trade, by implication, became a forest ranging police with full power to easily, speedily, secretly and legally deal with every unlicensed intruder. The game laws protecting the royal parks of Great Britain were to be enforced against the Virginia poachers on the lands promised them for the service that won it all. The peril of the border was not greater when the French were victorious. The nefarious iniquity of the cunning scheme that was to gather and smother the aspiring Colonies between shores controlled by invincible fleets and the mountains held by scalping cannibals armed with British steel and powder is beyond present belief. The upshot of the attempted coercion is found in the Declaration of Independence wherein the King is charged with this as chief among his many tyrannies. The question was not so vital in New England, but where water flowed to the Ohio, a wrath grew that three generations did not efface. The descendants of some such Virginians within memory amid the intelligence of even Brown and Clermont counties, protested that their children should not study English grammar because of the hated name.

Before the machinery for enforcing the Act of Quebec could be set in action, the long American conflict for human rights that began at the landing of the Pilgrims was again wrapped in smoking battle. Undaunted settlers had appeared on the western slopes as far as the banks of the Ohio in spite of Bouquet's proclamation. The three Zane brothers came to the site of Wheeling with others and built stockaded cabins. The name of Zane has had much fine mention in Ohio. March 5, 1770, was made memorable by the Boston Massacre by which Americans on the coast learned the personal peril of their

liberties. On October 21, 1770, Colonel George Washington, Colonel George Croghan, Colonel William Crawford, Dr. Craik, Joseph Nicholson, Robert Bell, William Harrison and Charles Morgan reached Logstown on a visit to Ohio. A good deal of United States History can be learned by a thorough investigation of these names. Aside from the social satisfaction in the little noted fact, the incident is valuable in proof that after eleven years, Washington rode again through the scenes of his western campaign, with leisure to study the experience, shortly before assuming the great responsibilities of guiding the Revolution. We may be sure that he noted and remembered the fatal facility for attack from the northwest through the Big Trail by which the havoc of thousands of warriors from Detroit and beyond could be made decisive. The war party in Great Britain relied on this savage alliance for the suppression of rebellion as only second to their naval advantage on the coast side.

In anticipating the rebellion meditated by the boldest, and in recounting the anxieties endured, the thoughtful student, while shuddering at the loss, will thrill with suspense at the question, why the British with such ample chance did not inflict still greater harm. A fatalist may say the end was the result of infinite balancings. The explanation is found in a maze of incidents that astonished and perplexed contemporary opinion, and still puzzle and baffle inquiry. Out of the confusion that involved Lord Dunmore, the royal Governor of Virginia, in a suspicion of avaricious duplicity to both King and people; that cursed the name of John Conolly, the commander at Fort Pitt, with malicious treachery; that soiled the memory of Michael Cressap with an indefinite agency in a fiendish massacre; that gave Logan, the Mingo, first reputation among Indian orators; that brought Simon Girty into the pale of humanity; that charged Colonel John Gibson with literary imposture; that introduced the names of Daniel Morgan, George Rogers Clark and Andrew Lewis to American admiration—out of all this and out of the strange negotiations at Camp Charlotte near Chillicothe, Ohio, where three thousand conquering Virginians grew suspicious of Dunmore; and from a cloud of other obscuring details, these facts remain clear: the Battle of Point Pleasant, on October 10, 1774, began

the American Revolution, nullified the Act of Quebec, and broke the power of the Indians to the northwest at the outset of the war in which they were to have played so great a part.

Whatever Dunmore's purpose might have been, he could hardly have done more for America and yet keep his breath in England. The Virginians clamored for pledges against raids to come. The exaction of hostages would have been annulled by the King. As it was, the crafty and rapacious Scotchman kept his immense grants in the neutral zone and made the promise of peace depend upon Shawnee pride. That personal promise was so kept that none could win them to war in the east until the crisis was past. In those days their towns were Wakatomika on the Muskingum, the Pickaway Plains by the Scioto, and near Xenia, Piqua and Bellefontaine on the Miamis. In August, 1774, Colonel Angus McDonald with four hundred men from West Virginia destroyed Wakatomika. Dunmore with the central division marched for the Scioto. The left or southern division under General Andrew Lewis to the number of eleven hundred canoed down the Kanawha and camped at its mouth on the northern bank. The men were the bravest of Virginia. Against them came an equal number of Indians equally armed to fight for their homes. Each army was worthy of their foe's best steel. Of all men, the stock of Virginia is proud of a reputation for courage under fire. Of all Indians, the battle record of the Shawnees is the most conspicuous for fierce action, stubborn resistance and a long roll of victory. Out of much wandering they held together and disdained other Indians. From position and hatred, they were long the first in opposition against the whites, of whom they killed, so they boasted, ten times more than any other tribe. Although seldom exceeding five hundred warriors, they showed "the mettle of their pasture," and were the "Ohio Men" of their date. The Shawnees were the backbone of the forces that defeated Braddock in 1775, that overwhelmed Major Grant's Highlanders in 1758, that plucked every fourth man from Colonel Bouquet in 1763, that made Kentucky "The Dark and Bloody Ground," that annihilated Major David Roger's command by the mouth of the Licking in 1779, that destroyed Colonel Lochry's force nearby in 1781, and thwarted General Clark's campaign against Detroit, that

disastrously defeated the chivalry of Kentucky in the Battle of Blue Licks in 1782, that defeated General Harmar in two battles in 1790, that destroyed General St. Clair in 1791, that yielded for a time after General Wayne's terrific victory in 1794, that rose again under Tecumseh against General Harrison at Tippecanoe, and again to their final overthrow by the same General at the Battle of the Thames. Notwithstanding all their heroic defense, who is there to mourn for the Shawnees? Not one. To dispute the courage of their dauntless resistance, is to lessen the name of their conquerors.

These, the Spartans of Ohio, mostly recruited from the Xenia and Chillicothe towns now or formerly in the congressional or judicial districts embracing Brown and Clermont counties were led to the mouth of the Kanawha and formed in the main division by their chief, Cornstalk, one of the greatest of Indian Generals. He commanded the most invincible and devoted Indian army that had ever gathered in America. Two young white hunters looking for deer came upon the Indians, at day break, moving into line for attack from where they had crossed the Ohio during the night. One was killed, but the other fled with the alarm. Three hundred men rushed to a skirmish line while the main line made ready. At sun rise the Indians opened fire for one of the most picturesque of battles, on a perfect day, and over a field of noble grandeur. Both lines of battle stretched from the Kanawha across to the Ohio, not more than twenty yards apart, and often nearer, "in an equal weight of action from wing to wing," from morning till near the close of day. Through all, Cornstalk's mighty voice was heard shouting, "Be strong! Be strong!" When the battle could not be won, his line withdrew their dead which were sunk in the rivers before they retreated to the Ohio forest, while the night covered the first battle and one of the three great victories of the Revolution. For, without Point Pleasant, Saratoga and Yorktown would have little fame or none. When Cornstalk vainly tried to rally the warriors for an attack on Dunmore's still larger division, from which their large loss at Point Pleasant may be inferred, he turned, struck his tomahawk with all his strength into the war post, and said: "I will go and make peace," to which the chiefs said: "Yes, yes." And they kept their word to Dunmore well into

the third year, in spite of all blandishment. It is a pleasant record that the Shawnees, during that peace in 1775 and 1776, traded with other tribes for prisoners that were thereby restored to their friends.

In 1777 the British agents found much trouble in forming a confederation of the tribes for invasion, because of the peaceful or rather neutral policy of the Shawnees and Delawares who still remembered Point Pleasant. Their occupation of Central Ohio gave them much strategic importance. Peace was strongly advised by the older men and most of all by their Sachem, Moluntha, who will have other mention in these pages in a most dramatic scene with General William Lytle. In that summer, Cornstalk, finding the younger faction becoming more popular than the peaceful or conservative, went to Point Pleasant, now a settlement, to warn the Americans of the gathering storm. Instead of a grateful reception, he was made a prisoner and held as a hostage. A few days later he and his son, Elenipsico, and Red Hawk, a Delaware chief; on the same mission, were basely assassinated. Then, "Revenge," for that awful crime became the Shawnee watchword and reply.

The liberal patriotism of the vicinity has perpetuated the memory of Cornstalk by a splendid monument on the scene of his great battle and near the place of his murder. It also marks a turning point in American history. The battle brought much benefit to the Sons of Liberty but the murders were a great victory for the British. The Shawnees took Cornstalk's tomahawk from the peace post and rushed to a war that would have been ruinous to the Americans three years sooner. It came too late to thwart their liberty. Before the banded tribes could take the trail Saratoga was won and France came back to take a sweet revenge upon the British King. The brutally senseless murder of Cornstalk and the two young chiefs left the conservatives with neither argument nor disposition to hinder the schemes that hurried all factions into a war in which they could gain nothing and must lose all. It must not be understood that there was a semblance of modern security in the about to be broken peace that had been rife with the constant collision of the innate strife of races. But there was much difference between the occasional incursions of gangs



that stole and killed and ran away, and the overwhelming hordes that filled the whole region with days of lurking fear and the nights with boding vigils. A most pitiful result was a fiercer opposition in a new direction not guilty of Cornstalk's tragic death.

On May 1, 1769, Daniel Boone and five others started from the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina "in quest of Kentucky" where they were to find a tract of the richest land and finest game in the world—so they had heard. They hunted and wandered "with great success for a year," except that John Stewart was killed by Indians strolling like themselves. Boone returned to the Yadkin with stories of a marvelous land. Won by his descriptions, about eighty men, women and children started with him in September, 1773, for the newly discovered paradise, but they were forced back by a larger party of Indians with the loss of four killed and five wounded. In spite of the King's order forbidding settlements west of the mountain crest, Lord Dunmore permitted bounty lands to be located during 1772 along the Kanawha and the Ohio. In 1773, Thomas Bullitt, the three McAfee brothers, James Douglass and others went down the Ohio, the first English, not traders, to make the trip. In August Bullitt laid off a town site by the Falls of the Ohio, and also marked off several fine tracts for Dunmore whose craving for choice lands exceeded his fear of the King so far away. In June, 1774, James Harrod built the first cabin in Kentucky, but he and Boone were drawn away to the Battle of Point Pleasant.

After Dunmore's peace, Boone returned with others and by June 14, 1775, the palisade at Boonesborough was occupied as the first white man's fort in Kentucky. Either because of Dunmore's peace or the inattention of the Indians, the building of these forts was not greatly hindered till 1776, and then by scattered bands rather than by a combined attack. But in 1777 the severity of the raids became very oppressive. Boonesborough alone was besieged twice in April and once in July, each time by a large force. In February, 1778, Boone and twenty-six men were captured at one time. This calamity had compensation, for during his captivity, a grand council of the confederated tribes was held at "Old Chillicothe," near Xenia. This council determined on an immense invasion,

which, after much discussion, was directed against Kentucky. Boone moved from place to place by his captors heard the plans, and saw the hundreds of war decked braves in their gathering at the Old Town, as the place by Xenia is yet called. Impelled by personal hope and fear for his people, Boone made a marvelous escape by the most direct course, which could not have differed much from the old Xenia Road through Clermont county by Williamsburg, almost due south about one hundred and fifty miles to Boonesborough. Stopping only to give warning, and planning to delay and divide the attention of the invaders, Boone and nineteen companions hasted away and made a most daring raid on the Indians living along Paint creek and towards the Scioto. This expedition judged by the direct course and by subsequent movements must have trailed to and fro by or near Ripley. From this service, rash, dangerous, never repeated and yet curiously significant of the men, Boone's party returned to share the greatest of all the many perils of their settlement.

On August 8, 1778, the awful horde of four hundred warriors, with the Shawnees in front seeking vengeance for the pacific Cornstalk, under a British flag that had been carried down the Little Miami along the western edge of Clermont, began the memorable but comparatively fruitless nine days' siege of Boonesborough. Yet, eighty-one scalps and thirty-four prisoners were reported at Detroit for bloody booty. In July, 1779, the Kentuckians retaliated for the first time in full force with a march, under Colonel John Bowman, up and down the trail along the Little Miami, against the Xenia towns, with results that were disappointing if not humiliating. The meager success was probably due to the caution against ambuscades. For Bowman and several subordinates had been selected for the duty because of recent conspicuous service in another enterprise, that for risk, courage, skill and results has no superior in authentic romance.

History tells of few men who have seen and served their country's need more completely than the First Great General of the Northwest. George Rogers Clark, a native of Albemarle, Virginia, with a slight acquaintance with books, became a surveyor. In his twenty-second year he was with a company on the Kanawha who were fired upon before the

Battle of Point Pleasant. Six months later he was a fellow scout with Michael Cressap, Simon Kenton and Simon Girty for Dunmore's army. In 1775 he appeared among the Virginians in Kentucky, and earnestly advised an effort for civil recognition. He was chosen a delegate for that purpose in 1777, and as such he insisted on the institution of the county of Kentucky, and urged supplies for its defense. He further urged that the surest defense of their settlements would be found in attack, of which, the proper object was the French-English forts in Illinois. The plan of the young hunter, big as a giant and quick as a panther, with a mind to match, captured the imagination of Governor Patrick Henry and Congressman Thomas Jefferson. Through their influence a force of three hundred and fifty men with five hundred pounds of powder was allotted for the purpose. After long and vexatious delay, during which Clark mortgaged his property beyond its value, two hundred men were recruited, whom he led on foot to Pittsburgh in January, 1778, and then by boats to the Falls of the Ohio. Some weeks were spent in drilling and in building a fort for a base at Louisville, manned by those unwilling to go farther. In the midst of the total eclipse of June 24, 1778, his boats started down the Ohio to Fort Massac by the mouth of the Cumberland. Then they began the marvelous marching to and fro across Southern Illinois, amid which Fort Kaskaskia was captured and the Stars and Stripes planted on the Mississippi on July 4, 1778. That is one of the most significant of many notable events coincident with Independence Day. In the remote distance from other thrilling action and with little more than rumors with tardy confirmation no large notice was gained at that time.

Now, a writer thoughtful of the philosophy of events will place that achievement in comparison with the restoration of the Flag of the Union over Vicksburg by Grant on July 4, 1863, by which the Father of Waters was again permitted to flow unvexed to the sea. For, without the Conquest made by Clark, the Americans had no title that would have gained the least attention from the aroused jealousies of France and Spain who were our allies in the war that promised to lessen the importance of England, but our steady opponents

in the Treaty for anything that would strengthen the Americans against the remaining Spanish and recent French possessions beyond the Mississippi or along the Gulf. Without the title of conquest and the occupation of the forts, the same powerful doctrine of "in statu quo" that prevailed over the manifest reluctance of our own allies would have been invincible for the crown of England and would have made the current of the Ohio as firmly British as the tides of the St. Lawrence. Even at that day of reckoning for the past and in forecasting things to be, France deprecated the continental energy that attained her Louisiana Territory twenty years later; and Spain contemned the aggressive nationality that has eventually driven her flag from America.

Other forts were surprised and captured in quick succession, and on August 1 the American flag was raised at Old Vincennes. When the news came to Detroit, Governor Hamilton was planning a vast expedition to capture Fort Pitt. Instead, he hastened to retrieve the losses in the Southwest, and on December 16, easily regained Vincennes, where, because of floods and the trouble of wintering such a host, he went into fort and dismissed the Indians to their homes. In reporting this situation, Clark now in his twenty-sixth year wrote: "I must take Hamilton or he will take me." On February 24, 1779, Clark and his one hundred and thirty ragged heroes, after an attack for which history has no parallel, took Hamilton and seventy-nine British soldiers from the fort and sent them prisoners to Virginia, while the American flag was raised to fall no more, to this day, at Old Vincennes. In these days, February 6, 1778, when Clark's star was dawning, France acknowledged our independence and started her fleets and armies to make it good. Thereupon, Clinton, the British commander in chief, collected and concentrated for the defense of New York Bay. Washington then gathered the continentals in the Highlands nearby, while the brunt of the war shattered the South and shocked the West.

The American Revolution, the dawn of a regenerated race, and the natal date of an era that gladdens earth with brighter hopes than bards had sung or prophets dared to dream, has alike become the sage's boldest theme and the school boy's

choicest tale. But it is mainly a tale of Lexington and Boston Harbor, of Valley Forge and Jersey raids, of Independence Hall and West Point's gloomy fame, of Palmetto Pine and Cowpen's mountain strife, of Saratoga Plain and Yorktown Heights, of Andre's doom and the glory gained by the Youth from France, of the gallant Wayne and the graver Greene, and of the deeds of Washington, the matchless hero of the world. It is a story told by those who grew in the living presence of their past, and who had not seen or learned and did not apprehend the greatness elsewhere wrought—by those who had the leisure of art denied to men of restless action—by those whose rhetoric had small room and scanty grace for what unto them seemed an endless slaughter without plan or philosophy—by those so absorbed in the contemplation of the grandeur of the eastern battle that there was no comprehension of the wrath on the western frontier that gathered in a raging line of fire from the Allegheny to the Tennessee, that all but drove the patriot pioneers from fair Kentucky and Old Vincennes and beautiful Ohio and all the boundless plains to the west, without which the Atlantic side would have been a "Pent up Utica." With leisure to perceive and wealth to encourage, the time has passed for such incompleteness of the story of our freedom, and the day has come to form a better perspective of our historic relations. When that is rightly done, the student shall learn without doubt and the people will know without question, that saving the East and keeping the West were equally important, and that neither may rejoice without the other.

The campaign that extended the control of Virginia and the Republic to the Mississippi justly ranks with any American achievement. The reality of the heroic incidents so far transcends the fancies of fiction that the reader ceases to wonder more. But Clark purposed more. "With three hundred good men I should have attempted it," were the words in his report to Governor Patrick Henry concerning the capture of Detroit, after taking Vincennes. The bold project was postponed until a promised battalion should come. Louisville under his command became to the western part of the border what Fort Pitt was on the eastern end. But his care did not hinder the destruction of Major Rogers and his

command of nearly a hundred men in the thickets above Newport across from Eastern Avenue in Cincinnati, in a single hour of an October afternoon of 1779. In 1780 De Peyster, the successor of Hamilton as Governor at Detroit, fitted out two thousand warriors to raid the American settlements. Of these some six hundred under the British Captain Byrd came down the Miami Trail in May with six small pieces of cannon with which they forced the surrender of Ruddle's and then of Martin's Stations, in Kentucky which was utterly defenseless against artillery, and doomed if the foe had kept on; but after capturing or killing over three hundred and forty people, they stopped, and, glutted with gore, hurried back to the pleasures of the torture scenes. Clark, now a full commissioned general at the age of twenty-eight, returned a counter blow with nine hundred and ninety-eight men who marched in four parallel and equal columns with the pack train in the center and all at such distance apart that, at command, the inner lines could wheel to front and rear and quickly form a hollow square fully protected against surprise by scouts on every side. With such precaution Clark's men feared no ambush. The march was timed to be in August in order to completely ruin the growing crop of corn and vegetables. The fields and towns wherever found were laid waste, so that hunting for food instead of war for pastime occupied the Shawnee mind for many moons to come.

The strife along the eastern Ohio was equally horrifying. The first blow of the savage alliance following the ever to be regretted murder of Cornstalk was felt in the siege of Fort Henry or Wheeling under Colonel Ebenezer Zane, on August 31, 1777, by a force of three hundred Indians and a company of white rangers with fife and drum under a British flag from Detroit, over the Big Trail. The restraining influence of the Shawnee failure at Point Pleasant can be measured by the long delay of this attack. In the light of a history that now includes the final conquest of the American Indians after four hundred years of strife, the Battle of Point Pleasant stands forth as the largest, the most decisive, and the most nearly approaching the conditions of scientific war of all in the long list of Indian strife. The outcome of that British attack on Wheeling was the action

of Congress for protection by a force under General McIntosh on the Ohio and by Fort Laurens on the Tuscarawas, to guard the Big Trail and to be a base for a movement on Detroit. Such opposition made the enemy wary in that direction, while elsewhere meditating upon Burgoyne's Surrender and French intervention. After that, however great the discouragements of the patriots, the modern mind gives little speculation to the possibilities of defeat. As the clouds of war went by and the eastern prospect grew brighter, the west darkened; and the story of Fort Laurens is a record of disappointment for those who hoped much from the project. General McIntosh accomplished the structure with much difficulty because of insufficient strength and deficient supplies. The garrison left under Colonel Gibson—the same who had served with Dunmore—was harassed with constant attack or lurking danger for every one that left the gates or sought their protection. The scanty stores spoiled and failed when most needed. The distance beyond the weak line of settlements was too great. It appears, at least, that the post was abandoned without orders. The walls left by the builders were not disturbed because the British hoped to use them in their own plans. The power of the Continentals was not equal to an expedition against Detroit, where the trouble was to vex another generation. But the boldness that planted Fort Laurens as the northwestern corner of the Revolution proves the overwhelming peril from the dreaded Northwest.

After Fort Laurens was deserted, the capture of Fort Pitt was still more greatly desired at Detroit; yet no great force was soon sent that way. But the sum of the pillage and butchering by small bands was prodigious. The condition may be better presented by quoting British authority. Before, during, and after the Revolution, the British thoroughly understood their strategic advantage at Detroit. In his Report of the Campaign for 1780, Governor and Colonel De Peyster wrote: "It would be endless and difficult to enumerate the parties continually employed on the back settlements"—of the rebels. "From the Illinois Country to the frontier of New York there has been a continual succession of attack. The perpetual terror and losses of the inhabitants will, I hope, operate powerfully in our favor."

No American writer, and many have tried, has as yet portrayed the atrocity of the savage side of the British war on the American "Inhabitants" with such convincing accuracy as has been frankly avowed in these fifty, terse, official words, evidently intended to fix the attention of his superiors upon the faithful diligence of the writer, who is said to have been an accomplished gentleman—after the style of King George's American service. This report and the debates in Parliament furnish clinching British proof that the ministry purposed to execute the King's order even to the utter extermination of all the American settlements west of the Alleghany crest. Their entire action proves that this was the intended course of their expected victory. That throttling purpose long pursued made the magical natural beauty of the Miamis a frightful battle ground. The heroism of the first settlers cannot be appreciated by a reader at any time failing to remember or comprehend that the Indian atrocities were not hindered but approved, frequently ordered, rewarded, and always supported by the agents of the crown. The pleasure would be great if only good could be told of all who opposed the tryant King. But, alas for human weakness, we must note brands of shame on pages that should have been pictured with honest pride.

Memory shrinks from recalling the barbarities following if not consequent upon the cruel assassination of Cornstalk. The consummation of the British-Indian League aided by that foul murder included the six nations about the lakes in New York. On the night of July 3, 1778, only a few hours before Clark captured Kaskaskia without blood, five hundred or more Iroquois commanded by a British Colonel and under a British flag, burned a thousand homes and made the Massacre of Wyoming. From that on, the British policy in America was a punitive war of marauding expeditions against the most defenseless of the West and South. The western campaigns of 1781 were equally offensive and indecisive. Encouraged by the results of the expedition against the Shawnee towns, and hoping to accomplish his chief ambition, General Clark hurried to urge the Virginians and Pennsylvanians to undertake the capture of Detroit and so stop the dreaded incursions upon their western border. His plans were again



accepted by Governor Jefferson and approved by General Washington. He was commissioned, on January 22, 1781, to command an "Expedition westward from the Ohio." But all his genius to persuade and to command could not obtain an adequate force. While waiting for more men, some already enlisted began to doubt their dangerous service and to desert. His boats were therefore started down the Ohio, and orders were sent to Colonel Archibald Lochry to hurry after with one hundred and twenty-five full equipped Pennsylvanians who, on July 25, had started from Westmoreland county. Events proved that their voyage was closely watched by a large force of Indians on both sides of the Ohio from above and through the Miami region. Having safely passed the mouth of the Great Miami and thinking the danger escaped, vigilance was relaxed in an evil hour on August 24; and, a few miles above what is Aurora, Ind., by a creek with the misspelled name of Laughry, they were trapped in an ambushade from which only eight returned to claim pay for their peril. The slaughter of Lochry's command defeated Clark's plans, and Detroit unharmed continued to be the market for scalps regardless of age or sex. On October 18, 1781, Lord Cornwallis surrendered the army that had devastated the South. That event at Yorktown made Washington first in America. The Revolutionary War was over in the East, but not in the West. There, the merciless, pitiless, continuous, hideous barbarity went on to the blind, outrageous wickedness that shrouds the name of Gnadenhutten with the most revolting crime that blackens the pages of American History.

In a study of that theme for another work, it was my special duty to consider every obtainable page from both public and private collections concerning that darkest blot on Beautiful Ohio. The inevitable conclusion exhausts the available language of denunciation. From all the many incidents in the going of the Indian, the peaceful Delawares are still occasionally mentioned as a fine example of benevolent land grabbing. In one sense the plan of vaunting fine motives while driving good bargains was better, because it was safer. The Delawares were thereby as certainly dispossessed as ever happened to the most vengeful scalp hunters. After the tribe had

ceased to be attractive to those who bought, or sold, them out, they became the special object of conversion by the Moravian people who had become sympathetic with the unfortunate, through much persecution of their own. After the wilder people of the tribe had gone to the secure solitudes of the Muskingum Valley, they were visited in 1761 by Reverend Frederick Post, whom they permitted to build a small house on the east bank of the Tuscarawas River, just within the southern limit of Stark county. Post then went east for a helper, and returned with John Heckewelder, then nineteen years old. On April 11, 1762, arm in arm and singing a hymn, they entered that house which was the first Christian home in Ohio. That effort was swept away by Pontiac's War. Nine years later Heckewelder returned as the assistant of David Zeisberger in locating two hundred and four migrating converted Delawares and Mohicans, of whom some were the survivors of the Massacre of Gnadenhutten, in Pennsylvania.

On May 3, 1772, by consent of the wild Indians, they began to clear the land about Schoenbrunn, the "Beautiful Spring," and to build sixty houses after the Moravian pattern, of timbers hewed on four sides to a square to fit closely together, with shingle roofs, with glass windows, with cupboards, with doors and floors, and with stone chimneys. Without saw mills, the boards were laboriously made from straight rifted logs with wedges, frows and drawing knives. The two streets were laid broad in the form of a T. Facing the stem and built in the same style stood the chapel, over which, on August 26, the first church bell used in Ohio was raised. On September 19, that first church house in Ohio was dedicated; and in that room during the winter of 1772 and 1773 the essentials of education were taught to Indians both young and old by John Heckewelder, the first of all the noble hosts of Ohio school teachers. The present and future sequence of that auspicious event staggers the imagination; but out of all wondering one fact stands clear. There should be small toleration for the Ohio teacher whose lessons on patriotism begin and remain so far from home that he or she can not perceive the worth of such historic association and make it a part of our State pride. On September 18, 1772, another band led

by a converted Mohican Chief, Joshua the Elder, founded Gnadenhutten, or the "Tents of Grace," where his grave stone dated, "1st Aug. 1775," is still to be seen, the most ancient mark of Christian sepulture in Ohio. On May 22, 1780, as a better arrangement for increasing numbers, Heckewelder founded the Mission of Salem six miles down the river, where, in the chapel, on July 4, 1780, he was married to Miss Sarah Ohneberg, who had come as a teacher from the churches in Pennsylvania. This was the first white wedding in Ohio. An excellent and perfectly preserved oil painting from her younger days presents her for admiration as one of the loveliest of all brides as well as the first of all in Ohio. At Salem Mission, on April 6, 1781, was born their daughter, Maria, the first white baby girl in Ohio.

These three mission towns, the earliest by years of all attempts for civilization in Ohio, prospered hopefully; but it was their misfortune to be half way on the Big Trail between the Whites about Fort Pitt and the hostile Wyandots about Sandusky. The British Indians scorned the non-resisting converts who would not join the war bands, and they freely exacted food or anything needed in their raids. They were also prone to charge any lack of success to the missionaries, whom they accused of giving information of impending danger to the settlers. The British authorities decided to destroy the towns and yet cast the odium of the affair upon the Colonies. The border men maddened by awful atrocities to doubt all good and to believe all evil, regarded the "Halfway Indians" as spies who harbored and guided their foe. Suspicion and slander never lessen. All Indians looked alike to the harassed people who vindictively resolved to "wipe out the Halfway towns." But no official sanction for such action could be obtained. Some events of the time are better understood now than then. General Daniel Broadhead, marched against the Delawares about Goshocking, now Coshocton, as the worst and nearest to the eastern settlements. The attack was stopped by a flood and only some forty prisoners were taken, of whom sixteen were officially tomahawked. The rest met the same fate from their guards. The unruly militia were, with much difficulty, restrained from breaking away from the command in order to destroy the Mission Towns.

The General could not tell the full reason for his earnest protection of the missionaries; for every friendly act was carefully guarded from the public, as is proved by the recent publication of official papers. British distrust increased by Broadhead's protection of the Moravians was manifested by a force that, on September 11, 1781, cruelly drove the converts from the plenty of their pleasant homes to the famine of Captive's Town and the roofless desolation of a bleak Sandusky plain. Their pious teachers were charged with treason and tried at Detroit, where the secrets at Fort Pitt would have cost their lives. While remembering that Broadhead's firmness postponed the evil day for some, the horrors of his expedition can not be denied and must not be excused. Yet, the ghastly facts may be partially explained, if not palliated, by the rage aroused by the infamous example of Lord Cornwallis in the South, who, in accordance with the orders of the Royal Ministry, executed those who refused to bear arms for the King. No trial was given. The fact that a patriot was found with his family was a warrant for hanging him in their presence. In September, 1780, thirty men were thus hanged by the commander at Augusta, all for the glory of the King.

Made desperate by the hunger at Captive's Town, more than a hundred of the converts escaped and returned to get some food for their starving ones from their unharvested corn by the Beautiful Spring, the Tents of Grace and the Vale of Peace. Their coming and resting in their homes, while getting and taking their food to the helpless, was reported to the avengers. About three hundred, some say less, mostly nameless, under David Williamson, came with canting hypocrisy to round up the herd of victims. Then, Friday, March 8, 1782, was spent "deliberately" in killing brown, unresisting Christian men, women and children, largely with a cooper's mallet, until ninety-six scalps were counted. All the plunder that could be loaded on a hundred captured horses was taken to the settlements about Cross Creek, Pa., which are clouded with the memory of the foulest massacre that stains the authentic annals of the Anglo Saxon race.

The effect of that deed was beyond all immediate expectation and beyond all modern appreciation. Instead of being intimidated, the savage spirit was roused to a fury never felt

before. Revenge, heretofore deemed a duty and practiced for pleasure, became a solemn function not to be omitted without incurring the wrath of the spirit world, where those slain in their innocence were waiting for the price of their peace. The red race saw its doom could not be averted by submission. Those who might have turned Christian or might have lived craven resolved to abide in superstition and die according to their ideals of heroism, fighting always and yielding never. A mutual pledge was given and taken from East to West that no white man should settle north of the Ohio. The place of the crime was set aside for death and abhorred for life. No warrior would ever revel in its gloom and no paleface should make it glad. With such foes roused to the highest pitch of vindictive passion, the campaigns of 1782, the last year of the Revolution, were fought in the West and mainly in Ohio, with a grim purpose on both sides that exceeded all of the kind before. For, after that awful crime on the Tuscarawas, both sides felt it was to be a fight to the finish.

Just twelve weeks from their gathering for the massacre, Williamson and many of his fellow murderers came again to Mingo Plain. They were now mustered in a legal force four hundred and eighty strong with Colonel William Crawford for commander. Their avowed purpose was against the Indians about Sandusky, but many boasted that they would finish wiping out the Moravians. They went by the Big Trail and camped at Schoenbrunn where tradition states that Crawford was much disturbed by a panic among his men caused by some firing on the guard line. It is easy to believe that he must have felt some misgivings about the men who had such ample reason for fearing supernatural displeasure. In the defeat that came June 8, the men that stood by Williamson were the first to break and leave the wounded. It is told that he directed the retreat with skill; but the reflection comes unbidden that those who murdered the meekest and best of the Indians were the first to fly from the bravest and fiercest. The victors ran here and there among the captives asking for the "Butcher Chief," Williamson, or any of his men, and when none were found, they put Crawford in his place to pay the fearful penalty of being slowly burnt to death. For the loftiest ideal of pagan superstition, more potent than

all that the Delawares knew of wealth, demanded Crawford for a burnt offering. The hearts of all Christendom were chilled with awe, when it was known that the gallant Crawford, the personal friend of Washington, had thus been slowly tortured to death. Yet the Indians were yielding to a gaining change. Thirty years of war had made them the finest body of light infantry in the King's service, and there is no record that they tasted the flesh of the victim that their fathers would have eaten with horrible pleasure thirty years before.

Crawford's defeat was closely followed by an expedition of five hundred Indians under McKee and Girty, who with a part of the warriors had shared in the recent triumph. They went down the Miami Trail under British colors, and on August 14 besieged Bryant's Station at the crossing of the Elkhorn by the road from Maysville to Lexington, scarcely over a day's trail south of New Richmond. After losing about thirty in bold but fruitless attempts they artfully retreated on the fourth day. On August 19 the choicest chivalry of Kentucky, the rough riders of many romantic rescues in an impetuous pursuit galloped rashly into the Battle of Blue Licks with one hundred and eighty rifles and one sword. From that disastrous field, the sword and eighty-nine rifles never returned. That was the last battle in Kentucky under a British flag. It was also the last hostile British banner to go by the western slopes of Clermont along the winding way of the Miami.

Glutted with gore and waving the scalps of the best in Kentucky, many of the warriors joined a band of forty white rangers with two hundred and sixty Indians who went by the Big Trail to scatter the settlers on the western rim of Pennsylvania and Virginia. On the evening of September 11, the assembled band formed in lines, paraded the British flag, and again, in the name of King George III, demanded the surrender of Fort Henry. Colonel Zane with twelve men and the women defended the place through two nights and the intervening day in which the incident occurred that added the name of Elizabeth Zane to the list of famous women.

“Talk not to me of Paul Revere,  
A man on horseback with nothing to fear;  
Nor of old John Burns with his bell crowned hat—

He'd an army back of him, so what of that?  
Here's to the heroine plump and brown  
Who ran the gauntlet in Wheeling town;  
Here's a record without a stain,—  
Beautiful, buxom Elizabeth Zane."

This siege has been called the Last Battle of the Revolution, which thus began at Point Pleasant and ended at Wheeling, both on the Ohio, on which a display of British power has not since been seen. That retreat passed westward over the Big Trail about the first week in October. For another clash of arms was near. Aroused by the defeat at Blue Licks, the brawn of Kentucky volunteered, a thousand and fifty mounted rifles, under Colonels Floyd and Logan commanded by General Clark. During October that invincible army, gathered in September, went up the Miami Trail with such skill that the warriors, who had conquered Crawford, won Blue Licks, and ravaged the region of Fort Pitt, could not be rallied against the great chief of the Long Knives. Everywhere they fell away while Clark destroyed their towns and stores throughout the Miamis. The blow brought dismay to Detroit. But that success was deemed best for another campaign. Meanwhile the rumored peace of which the preliminary treaty was signed November 30, 1882, was presumed to stop the war. It did suppress the open operations, but it did not remove the hostile influence that was to plague another generation of which many were to be untimely slain before Ohio was fully won.

If all the killings and barbarities during that dreadful season of the tyrannical repression of a foolish King were gathered into one point of view, it may be said with truth that the war whoop was never still, the scalping knife was never dry, and the torture fires were never quenched. In the same view the humble homes of hope never ceased to blaze, and the captive throng ever went through gloomy ways to join the prisoners of sorrow in the satanic lot of those who formed the first unhappy and unavailing white population of fair Ohio. If this sanguinary strife that surged from Detroit in a long succession of movements and countermovements—if all this conflict for an empire richer than Rome had hap-

pened within the sphere of Boston influence, there would have been no shelf strong enough to hold the volumes in record. Instead, the details of the heroic achievement have been dismissed by the supersensitive as too rude for artistic treatment, all unmindful—

That nothing yet has 'scaped oblivion's wrong  
Except some dauntless deeds and scraps of song.

One of the saddest conditions of that and all such periods was the loneliness of the grief for those who had paid the price of their victory. During that last woeful year of the western Revolution, of which many refuse to learn, while parental, filial and social love mourned in seclusion, the eastern people thrilled with the hope of peace. But time lagged. Thirty-eight days passed before the surrender of Cornwallis was known in London. In deepest agitation, Lord North, the amiable minister of tyranny, exclaimed again and again: "It is all over." Two days later, November 27, Parliament convened and soon manifested a desire to quit the "unnatural and unfortunate war." The large majority for the subjugation of America dwindled by degrees, until on March 4, 1782, the House of Commons without a division adopted an address in effect: that those advising a continuation of the war against the American Colonies would be regarded as enemies to the King. If this could have been cabled and wired as such things happen now, the wasted energies of 1782 might have made a fruitful growth along the Ohio. The agony of Crawfords' awful execution might have been spared and the blood of his men saved for peaceful labor. The invasion of Kentucky might not have occurred and the costly sacrifice of Blue Licks might have been averted. The raid on West Virginia would not have been ordered and the captives would not have entered the valley and shadow of living death beyond the river about the Indian Country. The dire distress inflicted upon the Shawnees by Clark's stern retribution might have been stayed. For the cruel Clinton as commander in chief was followed by the humane Sir Guy Carlton, whose policy was a virtual truce till the conditions of peace could be determined. With modern facilities for exchanging opinions, all



this and more would have been possible during that last year of the Revolution. But there was one exception that would have still marred all. No persuasion of human origin would have stopped the fiendish purpose of the swaggering mob that wrought the woe of Gnadenhutzen; for they had gathered at and were on the way from Mingo Plain on the same day that Parliament took the action that turned England toward the future paths of justice. There is melancholy satisfaction in the reflection that the rude travel of those days hindered a knowledge of the deed that would have changed the sympathy for America into horror for its miscreants.

America had many friends in England from the beginning, and gained many more as her cause came to be better understood. When no more armies could be had for oppression and the stubborn King was forced to quit, still more were brought to favor the colonies by a belief that the separation would not last long. A new adjustment was certain, but the extent of the independence was to be as little as possible. The King's friends proposed from the Penobscot to Spanish Florida and back to the Ohio. Among things most abhorred by the King of Spain was the independence of the Thirteen English Colonies because of the effect upon his own possessions in America. Among things most desired by the King of Spain, the first was Gibraltar. Every art of his court was used to hinder one and gain the other, and both in vain. The motive of France had a double trend. The popular mind was turning to greater liberty and saw an example to be aided. The court party were waiting for a chance to humiliate English pride. Urged by both, the not willing young King took the course beneficial to mankind but fatal to himself. Before undertaking their cause, the Americans were reminded of their old claims as far as to the South Sea, and were sounded as to their intentions. The agents for the United Colonies answered that the claims made in geographic ignorance would not be used against their friend and that they would accept the Mississippi as a mutual boundary and convenience for Spain and for themselves.

The treaty was begun and practically finished by the Earl of Shelburne and Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Shelburne was represented in Paris by Richard Oswald, a Scotchman, who

had lived much in America and knew the people. Franklin acted alone until he and Shelburne had reached a fine understanding. Then an intrigue of Spanish origin and French culture was sprung upon Jay, by which England was to hold the Mississippi Valley eastward to the mountain crest and the Colonies to lose their highly prized part in the eastern fisheries. In return Spain was to have Gibraltar, and France would be at peace with all, as was greatly desired by all. Shelburne answered that no Englishman could face Parliament with the proposal. Jay was angry that his mission had such an impotent conclusion. Adams imprudently admitted that he would rather pay the "Merchant claims," and the words could not be recalled. Franklin wisely kept the secrets of all, of which he had the key.

And so a treaty was signed that the Colonies as United States should have their Independence; that the salt sea fisheries should be free to their sailors; that refugees should have amnesty; and that British merchants might collect their ancient claims. The maps filed therewith showed the boundaries in a dark line wandering from the St. Croix westward up the midwater line of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes to the Lake of the Woods and thence down the Mississippi to a point crossed by the thirty-first parallel and thence east with the southern line of Georgia.

Thus, almost to a day, thirty-two years after Christopher Gist and his company of explorers crossed into Ohio "with English Colors before Us," the British flag, that had been carried up and down the river sides, and around and by and probably through the Land of Old Clermont, gave place to the Stars and Stripes.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

British Hope for the Failure of Independence—Indians Not Consulted in the Treaty for Peace—The Malign Influence of the British Fur Traders—Old Clermont a Midway Hiding Place for Plundering Bands—War Debts and Public Lands—State Claims—Indian Titles—Treaty Councils at Fort Stanwix, Fort McIntosh and Fort Finney—Brant and Red Jacket Form an Indian Confederacy at Detroit—Moluntha Pleads for Peace—Congress Forbids Invasion of Indian Border—Clark's Expedition in 1786—Logan's Expedition against Mac-o-chee—The Murder of Moluntha—Civil Government Instituted—The Fertility—Spanish Hostility—Squatter Claims Rejected—The First Government Survey in Ohio, August, 1786—Surveying in the Virginia Military District begun in 1787—The Ordinance of 1787—The Second Ohio Land Company—Marietta—John Cleves Symmes—The Danger in 1787—Enter Arthur St. Clair, President of Congress—The Territory Northwest—Columbia—Losantiville—North Bend—Colonel Robert Todd's Expedition Against Paint Creek—Grant's Defeat near Vevay—"The Banditti Must be Intercepted"—Spanish Intrigue to Dissolve the Union—Cincinnati—Governor St. Clair Reports a Series of Disasters—Colonel Charles Scott's Expedition—War Resumed—Harmar's Expedition Against Omee—The Massacre at Big Bottom—Scott and Wilkinson's Expedition—Wilkinson's Second Expedition—St. Clair Planned a Chain of Forts—St. Clair's Defeat—Anthony Wayne—Two Years of Preparation and Two Hours of Victory—The Indian Country Passed into History After Forty Years of Conflict for the Ohio—Gallipolis, Massie's Station, or Manchester.

Many Englishmen honestly believed that the federation of States would not endure; and, upon occasion, they hoped to regain the land that was only held by a rope of sand. Some of the less resolute in America feared what such English-

men hoped. The Congress with neither power nor chance to levy a revenue was not able to pay the just claims of needy friends and still less able to meet the admitted claims of the British, who determined to hold certain forts as a pledge for the payment of certain debts. Among those thus retained was Detroit, the key to the Northwest, of hateful memory to the western settlers, and destined quickly to be still more odious. With candid dealing, this need not have been; but, with the bitter past and a cruel chance, the way was short to malicious actions.

As in the French surrender of Canada twenty years before, peace was concluded without the least consultation with the savage allies. Next to a war dance the ceremony of making peace is dear to Indian pride. Notwithstanding all their bravery in the war, they had not been consulted about the results more than their dogs; and, in the end, they had been left to the decision of their enemies. Their trade, however, was valuable to the British, whose traders with no morals and every vice, became the teachers from whom the Indians learned, if possible, to think still greater evil of the approaching settlers. With such advisers to justify every outrage, the depredations continued to be a peril scarcely less than in the open war. The great besieging expeditions under British commanders ceased to come and parade around the stations, but no isolated house, no lonely traveler, no drifting boat, was free from the suddenly deadly attack of a foe that haunted the forest or lurked by the river to kill and plunder, and then rush away with the captives or booty to Detroit, where there was ready market, and ransom agents. Such raids all along the border were made by bands that scattered or gathered, as if by magic, while they combined the pleasure of hunting with the zest of war, for Indians the most fascinating of all modes of life. From such conditions that most largely prevailed between the Scioto and the Miami unto the refinement of today affords a theme with material to illustrate every phase of civilization. The land of Clermont was between the larger settlements about Lexington in Kentucky and the Indian Chillicothes on the Miami and the Scioto. Or, to be more definite, Chilo was half way on a direct line from Boonesborough to the Old Town by Xenia. In the

headlong flight for safety from pursuit beyond the Ohio, many a captive, like Boone, must have been hurried to the shore of Clermont and through its ancient wilderness. When some escaped or were ransomed they told an ever recurring story of such flights. When the weak, the tender or the despairing stumbled beneath more than they could bear, as happened to Him who went to Calvary, a tomahawk bruised their brains, and their burdens were tied on the backs of stronger friends who went bitterly on to swell the sport of the gauntlet lines or to act the central part in the revels round the fire encircled torture stake. While some may curiously ask if the scenes of such misfortunes are known, we should be grateful that a merciful oblivion has covered such tragedies beyond a search that could never faintly guess the anguish of the blood besprinkled border land, only a little more than a hundred years ago.

But there is much circumstantial proof that such tragedies were a probable and even frequent occurrence in the then nameless midway region of Old Clermont—nameless, except that it was the bourne of the dreaded “Indian Country.” On July 7, 1790, United States Judge Innes, for Kentucky, reported to General Knox, Secretary of War, that from November, 1783, to the time of writing, fifteen hundred people had been killed or captured in Kentucky by the Indians, who had also stolen twenty thousand horses, and destroyed an immense amount of other property. This was but the covert continuance of the long war about to rage again, of which the pages to come will localize such parts as in special degree tested the fiber of the founders of Old Clermont, both before and after their occupation of the land.

Incensed beyond measure by the dire molestation reported by Judge Innes, the Kentuckians imputed the ceaseless and implacable ferocity of the tribes to the machinations of the traders and officials still occupying the forts that should have been vacated when the British ~~army~~ sailed away from the eastern coast. The proclamation made April 19, 1783, just eight years from the Battle of Lexington and Concord, brought peace and rest to England, but it did not stop the Conflict for Ohio, which, thereafter, was mainly made in and from Kentucky, and soon became involved with other questions.

The American Revolution had succeeded beyond the hope of despairing humanity, and beyond the expectation of dreading tyranny. While consenting to the Independence of the States as the price of peace, George III made Louis XVI of France and Charles III of Spain feel that their colonies might soon be a field for the ambitious schemes of equally successful rebels. Then, the three monarchs agreed more readily, than upon any other question, that the young States should not grow so fast as to become an enticing example to the discontented. France approved, while Spain barred the ways to the South and imposed excluding penalties upon the boats that floated toward the Gulf. Both saw no guile in a British plan to repossess the Ohio and spurn American ships from the ocean. The provocation thus begun led with increasing purpose to the Second War for Independence. The chief causes assigned for that war were the wrongs at sea and the instigation of Indian outbreaks.

Before these questions could be approached, the problems of a general government had to be solved. All progress was hindered by the war debts of the Revolution. These debts were heavy in all the States, amounting in some to nearly two hundred dollars to each person of all ages. To meet this debt the readiest and almost the only resource was the sale of the public lands. Those lands were the territory north and west of the Ohio, which the British hoped to regain through Indian complicity. In addition, all those living on westward flowing waters were profoundly agitated about the Spanish restrictions upon the navigation of the Mississippi. A more involved and perplexing condition has rarely disturbed the meditations of statesmen. The perplexity was increased by the conflicting claims of the States. Because of her charter priority and because of Clark's conquest of the Northwest in her name, much the largest of those claims was that of Virginia. Her proposal in 1781 for a settlement of those claims was made a conclusive example for other States by the eventual cession on March 1, 1784, of all her rights in the wide domain for the general good, except so much as should be needed to redeem her promises of an ample bounty of land to each of her sons who had borne arms in Freedom's cause. This example becoming the rule, effort was

begun for a clearer definition of the Indian title, in order that the lands could be surveyed and charted for distribution among the patriot soldiers, and for sale.

To this end, perhaps, because there was no other way, and because they could be more easily managed so, it was planned to deal with the tribes separately. This method gave bitter offense to what may be called the National party among the Indians, who insisted that such questions must be considered by a confederation of all the tribes. In this policy they were aided and comforted by the Spanish on the South and West and by the British on the North. No figures are at hand to show the relative percentage of death and misery that was fairly due to the Indiana alliance with the British during and after the Revolution. But enough is evident in the history of that period to justify a belief that the red skinned savages dealt more fatal blows than the red coated soldiers. The result of that vain ferocity was a prevalent conclusion that the Indian, by constantly and cruelly fighting for the King, had forfeited any and all rights that the Americans were bound to respect. To sit in council with those unclean killers was as disgusting then, as it would be made ridiculous now by the liveliest cartoonist, yet might had given them such right, that Congress was fain to plead for peace.

The tribes were approached consecutively, the nearest coming first. The Iroquois who in 1768 had quit their claims to much of Pennsylvania, Virginia and all of Kentucky, as heretofore stated, for an absurdly paltry six thousand dollars, were again called to a council at Fort Stanwix. Angered because not consulted in making peace with Great Britain, forever sullied with the memory of Wyoming, and at last overawed by the near strength of the "Thirteen Fires," the larger part of the Iroquois in October, 1784, wisely concurred in ceding all their vast western pretensions north of the Ohio unto the Wabash in return for the safety of their villages in New York. The Commissioners for the United States who thus did much to limit a long contention were Oliver Wolcott, Richard Butler and Arthur Lee. General George Rogers Clark took Wolcott's place, as the Commission went quickly on to Fort McIntosh at the mouth of Beaver on the Ohio, where on January 21, 1785, a treaty was made by which the

Wyandot, Delaware, Chippewa and Ottawa Nations relinquished all of their claims eastward from the Cuyahoga River and southward from the sources of the Tuscarawas, Scioto and Miami Rivers. The absence of the sullen Shawnees, though invited and the most vitally concerned of all, was reported to Congress, which on June 29, 1785, directed that they and other tribes farther west should be called to another council.

Meanwhile, the noted Iroquois chiefs, Sagoyewatha or Red Jacket, of the Seneca tribe, and Brant, the Mohawk, Thayandanea, who had moved to Canada after the Revolution, formed a confederacy of the Indians in the Northwest who met in December, 1786, near Detroit, for a grand council. Without dissent, that council formally declared to the American Congress that no white man should plant corn north of the Ohio River. A discreet diplomacy avoided any recognition of that confederation of British Indians. Instead of a fruitless discussion of such foreign control, peace was steadily offered to the tribes directly interested in the disputed region. But those who were to suffer most girded themselves for the steadily increasing struggle.

Much rhetoric has been used in exploiting the superiority of those who were the first in settling Ohio. A few dates and several facts grouped for one view will do much to prove that the claims for such superiority depend more upon accident than merit. In a report to the Secretary of War, made in Philadelphia, on October 22, 1785, Colonel Josiah Harmar of the First American Regiment, when there was but one regiment, stated: "A full company of infantry raised with much difficulty embarked at Fort McIntosh, on September 29, under Captain Finney, with General Butler of the Peace Commission aboard, to attend the council to be held at the mouth of the Great Miami. Colonel Harmar farther stated: "I have given Captain Finney written orders to secure himself from insult by fortifying his winter quarters." Farther down in the same report, Harmar stated: "I have given Captain Doughty with his company of artillery written orders to take post at or near the mouth of the Muskingum, and to stockade or palisade himself for his own security as he should judge most proper." Then, while proceeding to Philadelphia,



and having met Captain Hart with his company of infantry on Laurel Hill, four days' march east of Pittsburgh, on October 7, Colonel Harmar added: "I gave Captain Hart orders to expedite his march, as he would be on time to go down the river with Captain Doughty and be under his command." If these official dates rendered by the commander of both show anything, they prove that Captain Finney charged with the personal protection of the distinguished Peace Commissioners started to possess and fortify the mouth of the Great Miami at least thirteen days earlier than Captain Doughty's expedition "to take post at or near the mouth of the Muskingum."

General Butler's Journal shows that he inspected the positions proposed at or near the Muskingum and Scioto, and then going warily by the hostile shore reached the mouth of the Great Miami, where by his direction, Captain Finney, on October 25, began a strong stockade for protection and for holding the treaty, which, in honor of the Captain's soldierly promptness, was named Fort Finney. Since Captain Doughty's expedition left Pittsburgh only twelve days before Finney's arrival at the Miami, it is difficult to find reasons for the vaunted priority of his fortification which was named Fort Harmar; except that the New Englanders came to its protection and gratefully proclaimed it as the First Federal Fort in Ohio—that they had seen—and thus left nothing to chance that could be decided by the pen. Their histories, as far as seen, vaguely say that Fort Harmar was built in that autumn and offer no dates for comparison. Neither Finney nor Doughty probably had a thought of antiquarian rivalry between their respective spheres. The beginnings of the civilization that was to stay were made in the east and west of Ohio in a movement that for strategic purposes was intended to be simultaneous at widely separated points. The expedition to the Miamis having farther to go started first to a destination that became an American shrine of patriotism as the home of two presidents. There was duty enough for both captains and all with them. Of the two, Finney's was the more difficult. For when the fort was ready, Generals Clark and Butler were joined by General Samuel H. Parsons in a Commission that met four hundred and forty-

eight Indians of whom three hundred and eighteen were ill boding Shawnees. It was Finney's irksome duty to control and supply that contentious host that clamored for pork as the greatest of delicacies, and guzzled great gulps of whiskey without which no treaty could be made.

The Shawnees were ill humored and defiant. At a critical moment a leading chief put a war belt on the table, which, in their custom was a challenge to war. General Butler, after a few stern words, brushed the defying wumpum aside, whereupon the council broke in great commotion. The scene has been made the subject of much fanciful description, of which General Clark fills the leading part. General Butler's account in his Journal, which is sufficiently tragic, must have the preference. In the afternoon when the tumult was less, Moluntha, the chief Sachem or King of the Shawnees, asked to be heard. He was the same Moluntha whose wife was the sister of the famous Cornstalk and who because of her great height and stately carriage, was known as the "Grenadier Squaw." As the Sachem of the tribe and assisted by Cornstalk he had made peace with Dunmore, which he steadily urged till swept away by the assassination of his greatest war chief, and relative, the pacific Cornstalk. He deplored the war that was wasting his tribe. While trying to quiet his warriors at Fort Finney, he lifted up a peace belt and asked pity for his women and children. There is much in his story as picked in fragments from those who hated him that makes us regret his fate, for the worst is to fill a future page. After much contention, the Shawnees agreed in February, 1786, to more than had been obtained from other tribes. By the Treaties thus made at Forts Stanwix, McIntosh and Finney, prisoners on both sides were restored, and both Eastern and Southern Ohio passed to white control. But it was soon evident that there would be no peace. The eastern tribes simply concentrated farther west, and those facing south drew farther north, so that both were nearer to the supplies and malign influences at Detroit, while the murdering, plundering bands strewed the settlements with fear and filled the Ohio River with peril.

With a hope of obtaining peace with the tribes after they should cease to be aided by the British, Congress refused to

admit that there was war in and on Kentucky. This comforting belief in the distant tranquility was accompanied by orders against an invasion of the Indian Country. However wise this may have appeared in peaceful Philadelphia, the condition was exceedingly irritating to the settlers who raged to rout their foe. After expecting little aid or none from the hampered States for four dreadful years, exasperated but self-reliant Kentucky, with some consent from Virginia, again mustered under General Clark for a march over a thousand strong from Louisville on September 17, 1786, by way of Vincennes against the Wea towns near where now is Lafayette, Ind. The expedition was abandoned within two days' march of the projected destination, under circumstances of much humiliation for Clark, whose popularity thenceforth waned. In order to divide the enemy or to take advantage of any concentration against his own force, General Clark ordered Colonel Benjamin Logan to lead five hundred mounted riflemen as secretly and rapidly as possible against the towns on the Mac-o-chee, in what is now Logan county, Ohio. Since the destruction of Piqua, those towns had become the chief habitation of the Shawnees. Logan's force mustered at Limestone Point or Maysville, and on October 1, 1786, crossed the Ohio and going through Logan's Gap into and beyond Eagle Creek took a course through the uplands of Brown county, with all possible speed and secrecy, almost due north to Mac-o-chee. For a time that course was known as Logan's Trace, but nothing is reported to mark it now, except that a resting place on Todd's Fork in Clinton county, nearly three miles northeast of Wilmington, is still marked as the "Deserted Camp," because a man or spy deserted there in order, it was thought, to warn the Indians, whose main force had gone to oppose Clark on the Wabash. Although the surprise was frustrated, eight towns were burned, many fields of corn were destroyed, seventy odd prisoners were taken, and twenty killed, among whom was their Grand Sachem, the venerable and peace preferring Moluntha. Riding hotly foremost in the charge was a volunteer soldier named William Lytle, then sixteen years and one month old. As Lytle poised to fire on one of the pursued, an open hand went up in token of the surrender of that one and more in the thicket. The

group was Moluntha with the "Grenadier Squaw" and some other women and children. The capture was a noble deed in the life of the brave boy whose levelled rifle protected his prisoners as others rode up and clamored for their death. After bringing them back to the town, the same Major McGary who had caused the defeat at Blue Licks, also returned, with no success to report, and crowded up to see the chief. McGary asked: "Were you at the defeat of Blue Licks?" Not knowing a word of the question but relying upon his conduct at Fort Finney, Moluntha acted pleasantly, whereupon McGary snatched a hatchet from the Grenadier Squaw. Lytle, seeing the motion, interposed, but the heavy blow wounded his left wrist and scattered Moluntha's blood and brains over those around. In the same instant, Lytle drew his hunting knife and would have struck McGary to the heart, if the blow had not been foiled by others.

As long as the Story of the Ohio shall be read, the Defeat at Blue Licks will blot the name of McGary with braggart folly; and the murder of Moluntha will stain his memory with cruel brutality. Any comparison with any service to his credit, like Benedict Arnold's courage with his treason, will only make the blot and the stain more conspicuous. The splendid conduct of the youthful Lytle, equally ready to dare the depths of danger or scale the heights of peril, marked him forever after as equally gentle and brave. The madness of the deed, that could not be obscured without casting a cloud on the youthful heroism admired by all, brought much shame and regret to Logan and his worthy troopers which included such truly typical Kentucky Colonels as Patterson, Kennedy, Trotter, Kenton and Boone, who loathed the presence of McGary in the returning march to Maysville. Every detail of the Indian village and the captives amid the victor riflemen on horse and afoot crowding or yielding about the Old Forest King and his stately Queen, while the burly major was vainly but almost fatally opposed by the hardy young volunteer, affords one of the most tragic themes for an historic artist that yet remains unused in marble or colors.

The Genius of Civil Rights closely followed and at times even preceded the spirit of conquest. The Act of Quebec, hated and resented by all Americans, was anticipated in no

uncertain terms in 1769, by the Virginia House of Burgesses, of which Washington was a member, by constituting the county of Botetourt which extended from the Blue Ridge westward to the Mississippi and embraced the southern part of the Northwest. Seven years later Virginia claimed the same region under the name of West Augusta District. After that it was a part of Fincastle county. The county of Kentucky was constituted in October, 1776, but even in 1777 the fighting force all counted was but one hundred and two "guns" or men. After Clark's conquest of the southwestern British forts, Virginia again asserted her control by constituting the immense county of Illinois, over which Colonel John Todd was made the governing agent in the fall of 1778. For eighteen months he went among the French settlers there. To his wise work is due much of the spirit that kept the British from regaining that region, and thus eventually secured the independence of the Northwest, and so fixed our place as it is. The one sword at the Battle of Blue Licks was worn there to the death by him. He was of the family that furnished the wife for Abraham Lincoln, whose grandfather was also killed in 1784 by an Indian in Kentucky. A more vivid idea of the struggle is gained by noting such incidents. In 1780 the county of Kentucky was subdivided into the three counties of Jefferson, Fayette and Lincoln. And thus the forms of just restraint and civil protection were being brought around the land of our homes that were to come.

Every one, the Indian himself, knew that the red race must go with time and force. Time was passing and force was coming. Many went west by the Wilderness Road and Boone's Trace; but more came floating from the Northeast in search of genial airs and fertile plains. In 1780 three hundred family boats or "arks" reached "The Falls" by Louisville, where they were broken up for the lumber to be used by the "movers" in the improvement of cabins sometimes many miles away. Often ten and fifteen wagons a day could be counted going to the interior. Rumor spread the fame of the land where a grain of corn dropped in the soil cleft by an axe, where weeds had not learned to grow, would yield five hundred fold. Swine turned loose fattened on the mast and multiplied beyond need with no care other than the

thrilling sport of gathering the salable pelts of the wild animals that would feed on the young. Cattle needed scarcely more than the salt that would lure them from straying away on boundless pastures that kept their sweetness in rank growths beneath snows that were neither early nor lasted long. The fleece of flocks (that in truth had to be herded from wolfish troubles) could be well mixed with the finest flax yet grown in America, and dyed with native forest hues that fashion has since approved. Health was quaffed with every draught out of the spring flowing from the hidden fountains of the Blue Lime Stone. Delight thrilled the air. Plenty waved a beckoning hand. Safety would soon mantle every path. Homes resounded with the laughter of many children. The teachers were at work. The youthful Lytle, so ready to wield a deadly knife for his helpless captives, guided his quill with a fine, strong, rapid hand, with pure, correct, lively diction, and revered his parents, as is proved by letters to them now in my care. The people remembered the tales of great deeds and splendid cities and they believed the prophets of greater things yet to be. In 1783 Daniel Broadhead established a service by wagons from "The fair and opulent city of Philadelphia" across the mountains to Pittsburgh, and a line of keelboats to Louisville by which goods were brought to the first store in Kentucky, for the barter of foreign stuff previously was conducted by peddling traders. Furs were taken in that store in lieu of cash, of which there was little or none. But there was no market for the rapidly accumulating grain, multiplying stock and luxuriant tobacco.

Spain steadily prohibited the navigation of the Mississippi except under duties and penalties that amounted to confiscation and imprisonment. The policy of Spain was as hostile to the Western Americans as the opposition of the Indians, but more refined. The details would fill volumes about what brought much discontent and even threatened a rupture of the Union, which was the sinister purpose of the long Spanish intrigue. The products of the West would have been far from welcome among the Eastern people even if it had been possible to take them across the mountains. Therefore, the gathering riches of Kentucky seemed less than worth the care. No Stronger political proof is needed that the balance of justice

should not be trusted to selfish hands, than the fact that six of the thirteen States influenced by concessions to their interests voted for a treaty that imposed submission to Spain's determination to prohibit American navigation of the Mississippi. Satisfaction reaches delight in contemplating the ultimate defeat of that tyrannical restriction.

Galled by the marauders from the Indian Country, enraged by the malignant coercions of Spain, and embittered by the seeming incomprehension of Congress regarding both conditions, the Kentuckians, except for these restraints, lords of a world of hopeful prospects, began and persisted in demands for recognition as an independent State. But the purpose and forms of that independence which was to be the precedent for Ohio and many similar actions was a problem that the founders of the Nation chose to weigh with anxious wisdom.

Meanwhile, the prime object of the Indian treaties was to achieve the sale and safe settlement of the public domain, as contemplated in the Land Ordinance enacted May 20, 1785, under which surveyors were commissioned to make the maps. But, before that work could proceed, one of the rough conditions of that cruel time was the ejectment of unauthorized settlers from the lands north and west of the Ohio, where, according to statements for April, 1785, as reported by Colonel Harmar to Congress, people were going "by the forties and fifties." "From the best information," three hundred families were on the Muskingum, as many more on the Hockhocking and fifteen hundred on the Rivers Miami and Scioto, to whom a notice had been published to hold elections for choosing delegates to a convention to meet on April 20, 1785, at the mouth of the Scioto. This statement that Ohio then contained twenty-one hundred white families, after much search for supporting facts, must be regarded as a hoax on Harmar's credulity. The affair was very serious to a few score people along the northwestern shore of the upper Ohio, whose cabins were burned by Captain Armstrong. Otherwise, the condition told to Colonel Harmar was created by imagination and colored by fancy. As to the utter absence of humanity from the Scioto at that time there is positive proof. In the same month, April, 1785, four families from Red Stone on the Monongahela tied their boat under the bank where

Portsmouth is, and started a clearing. After some planting, the four went "land hunting" along the Scioto to near Picketon where one of them, Peter Patrick, cut his initials from which Pee-Pee township in Pike county took its singular name. Nearby, two of them were killed while the other two escaped over the hills to the mouth of the Little Scioto on the Ohio, where they fortunately gained a boat that took them to their little patch by the future city of Portsmouth, whence they fled to Limestone. The busiest antiquarian has found no proof of another white occupation of that date in all the Scioto region. But Harmar's observations were made from the talk about Pittsburgh. Yet, there were some whites by or with the Indians of whom a few were of the marvelous type that braved every danger, but the larger portion were mongrels or derelicts from civilization, whose place in the descending scale ranged between outcasts, fugitives and renegades, whose only link to their race was a bitter memory and a hated color only tolerated by their red neighbors because they were equally wild and pitiful. With all allowance for such possible people, the lower Miami region of the Indian Country was a boundary of mutual fear equally deserted by the squaw and papoose or shunned by the settler's wife and babe, and only traversed by the stealthy scouts of crafty foes.

On August 5, 1786, a little army of science crossed the river at the mouth of Little Beaver and began the perilous task of mapping the wilderness beyond the Ohio. A commodious structure was built for a base and named Fort Steuben, which was the beginning of Steubenville. On September 18, fourteen surveyors and fieldmen guarded by thirty-six soldiers, having reached forty-three miles on an east and west line on the Big Trail by Sandy Creek, were stopped by a scout's report that a large band of warriors was near. On September 23, Thomas Hutchins, the "Geographer-General," retired with his surveyors to their fort. This mapping of the "Congress Land" of Ohio, under military protection was renewed in eastern Ohio with the leaves of 1787. Meanwhile, Richard Clough Anderson was appointed Surveyor-General of "Military Lands," with office at Louisville, that was opened August 1, 1787, and extended by a corps of deputy surveyors, who presently began the work of mapping the still unconquered wilds



between the Scioto and the Little Miami, with no military aid but their own wits and rifles. The men who took the hazard of that labor were men of massive mould and toughest fiber. With their wandering ways, the partition of the land by metes and bounds for individual industry was something slowly learned and poorly acquired by the Indians. A similar restriction of air or light would have seemed scarcely more absurd. The destructive effect upon their mode of living was equally charged to the surveyors and their instruments. The immediate effect of the treaties was to permit the white people to attempt a settlement that had heretofore been forbidden them by their own laws; but that permission did not give possession which was still fiercely opposed by those who did not approve the terms made by the chiefs.

An incident for local pride that should not be forgotten by any who love the land is found in the fact that the first attempt under legal authority for individual possession of a tract for a home in the Military District was made by a surveying party headed by John O'Bannon, who landed on the north bank of the Ohio, November 13, 1787, and, notwithstanding much recent and adjacent danger, surveyed fourteen hundred acres for Colonel Neville, which now includes the village of Neville and thus commemorates that fine officer of the Virginia line. The work thus begun continued for several months amid difficulties peculiar to a wintry season and with due regard to the hostile surroundings. What prompted the start at Neville is unknown. But the records of the surveys show that O'Bannon was connected with work for several distinguished soldiers. On November 14, 1787, a survey of one thousand acres that now includes the village of Moscow was made for General Richard C. Anderson and on December 28, 1787, a tract of eight hundred and thirty-nine acres in what is Franklin township was set apart for General George Washington. O'Bannon's service has been much considered in the Ohio Archaeological Reports, and is perpetuated by the stream that marks the northwestern limit of Clermont. It is difficult to adequately impress the people of this day with the conditions that confronted the early map makers. Except for the ancient hills with the stream embracing vales between and a few score of names, the con-

nections between the past and present geography of the region are mainly determined by the fictitious lines traced through imagined points by the exploring surveyors, whose names in musty records seem scarcely less mythical than the fabulous heroes of legendary lore. Yet, our homes and all they imply stand within the circumscription of those first elusive lines of the original surveys that charted the wilderness for civilization.

1787 was a year full of importance for our story. Even before the surveyors began the map for homes yet to come, statesmen such as had only gladdened the dreams of liberty before, were planning a noble prospect for man; for, as if inspired with a vision not seen but sure to be, the Fathers of the Nation solemnly ordained that the great Northwest should be forever free. Under the auspicious decrees of that Ordinance of 1787, the second Declaration of America, the spirit of migration enlarged the hope of man. The occupation of Ohio undertaken by Virginia thirty-seven years before and generally maintained by her arms was become a question of national anxiety. As the realization seemed in sight, the hope of the cavalier became the object of the pilgrim's pride. While Virginia had kept the region from the Scioto to the Miami to pay the promised bounty to her patriots, the equally deserving soldiers of other less fortunate States moved to secure a similar reward. On June 16, 1783, two hundred and eighty-three officers vainly petitioned Congress to that effect. On March 3, 1786, delegates from the Revolutionary soldiers of New England met in Boston at the Bunch of Grapes Tavern and organized The Ohio Company, with General Israel Putnam President, for the purpose of making a western settlement.

On July 6, to Congress then in session in New York City, Dr. Manassah Cutler as agent for the association presented their proposition for a purchase conditioned upon an acceptable form of government that should be prescribed. In just one week on July 13, with a satisfaction that included every member of Congress present, that "acceptable form of government," the wisest, the noblest and the most benevolent legislation ever combined in one performance, was accomplished by the famous Ordinance of '87. On July 27th, only

two weeks later, the negotiations with the Ohio Company for one million five hundred thousand acres of land were confirmed. This purchase of land around the Muskingum valley ranged northward and eastward to the Congress lands of Eastern Ohio. At the same time a subcontract was made that preempted all land westward along the Ohio to the Scioto. The prospects of the Ohio Company of New England, like those of the Ohio Company of Virginia forty years before, were rosy with the spells of hope. Looking backward we can see how the plans of both companies brought the promoters more care than personal profit, and how both toiled for results mainly to be enjoyed by other generations.

On November 23, 1787, at Bracket's Tavern in Boston, the company in convention ordered that the move to the Ohio should begin. On December 3d, the van, as often pictured, started from Ipswich, Mass., westward to Braddock's road to landings whence the wagons and stock could be taken on a second "Mayflower" to a second New England on the Ohio. Others in other wagons followed later. On the cloudy morning of April 7, 1778, the entire company of forty-eight men armed at Fort Harmar and began the foundations of Marietta, and so began the first—no, the second attempt for the civilization of Ohio. As the offspring of New England, it is but natural that this event should have adventitious importance to that school of historians. The pomp of oratory, the persuasion of rhetoric and the ecstasy of poetic rapture have combined to celebrate that enterprise, until those of little research are apt to forget that there were others who shared their merits and multiplied their achievements.

The longing for land was not limited to the bravest and best. Many schemes were contrived to gain fine tracts that ranged from the tomahawk claims of illegal settlers to grants from foreign courts. To detect and thwart these dubious titles was not less important than the sales to responsible purchasers. The currency was fickle and scarce. Personal safety also hindered individual ventures and required that many should band together. Therefore the government was driven to consider immense tracts at one sale.

In this way John Cleves Symmes, a native of Long Island, a resident of New Jersey, a Lieutenant Governor, a mem-

ber of Congress, a judge of the Supreme Court of that State, and an active Colonel in the Revolution—all accomplished before his forty-fifth year—petitioned Congress on August 29, 1787, on behalf of citizens westward of Connecticut, who, encouraged by the terms secured to the New England people, prayed that they should have a million acres, on similar conditions, to be granted on the Ohio and between the Little and Great Miami Rivers. Congress directed that this petition should take order from October 2, 1787. A method was thus prescribed along the entire river front of Ohio, whereby a settler could obtain a title for a home, either in the Congress Lands of Eastern Ohio, of the Company, of Symmes, or in the Virginia Military District between the Little Miami and the Scioto, where the land warrants could be located in the order presented.

How rapidly this was done, considering that it was brought about on horseback, is proved by a report to the Secretary of War, in which Colonel Harmar states from "Camp at the Rapids of Ohio, June 15, 1787." "Judge Symmes . . . is here and has it in contemplation to establish a settlement on the Wabash." Out of this "contemplation" Symmes hurried to the site of future wealth between the Miamis, and then to New York to make his "Association" solid for all that was left of Ohio on the Ohio. We know that he hurried or he could not have done the work between the dates. The discovery of such incidental combinations helps a writer and his reader to feel that there is affinity between now and then.

In all this while, Major Benjamin Stites was, unconsciously perhaps, helping the fates to spin a pretty story, by loading a boat at "Old Fort Red Stone" in the early weeks of 1787, with produce of which, according to the custom of the time, some portion most likely was the then most popular brand of spirits, "Old Monongahela." Landing at Maysville and selling his load at Kenton's Station, now Washington, he would have started east, but an Indian raid for horses allured him to join the pursuit of the retreat that soon crossed the Ohio, followed many miles down the north bank and then went across the hills to the Shawnee towns about the head streams of the Little Miami. Finding the chase hopeless, the partly prudently retreated down stream to the Ohio. De-

lighted with the scene, Stites determined to make a settlement there and hastened east to urge that arrangement. He arrived in time to help Symmes, with zealous argument, and clinched the decision by bargaining for a ten thousand acre corner by the mouth of the Little Miami. Judge Symmes and Major Stites at once began to persuade their neighbors and to prepare their migration, which because of adjustments with Congress was not undertaken till the next spring.

The conditions not far from the proposed settlements make the intention appear incredible. In April, 1787, a son of Colonel Charles Scott was killed and scalped near his father's home. On May 20, 1787, three family boats or "Arks," loaded with several families each, were decoyed ashore on almost the same sands where Major Rogers and his command were massacred eight years before; and in the awful butchery that followed not one out of all the families was left to tell the most horrid tale of the Beautiful River. On July 7, 1787, Colonel Harmar reported from the Falls that none would venture up the river and that his letters had been returned because of danger about the Miamis. In the summer of 1786 an Indian band stole thirteen horses from Colonel William Lytle, living within sixteen miles of Lexington. In 1787 they would have taken his stockade but for the timely arrival of sixty helping men. At any time and anywhere from the Scioto to the Wabash and to the Kentucky rivers, death was imminent with no more warning than the flourish of a tomahawk and a glimpse of a swarthy face. The retaliation made in an excursion to the headwaters of the Great Miami under Colonel Edwards was disappointing and only served to increase—if possible—the hatred of the races.

In that year, 1787, by the reports of the County Lieutenants, Kentucky mustered five thousand fighting men and more kept coming. From October 10, 1786, to December 9, 1787, three hundred and twenty-three boats carried five thousand eight hundred and eighty-five souls, with two hundred and sixty-seven wagons, eight hundred and thirty-seven cattle, and two thousand seven hundred and fourteen horses by Fort Harmar to Limestone and the Falls. Such was the growth from "one hundred and two guns" in 1777. But on January 10, 1788. Harmar, now a general, reported that he

had ordered all officers commanding posts to put the troops perfectly on their guard to avoid surprise, as his information indicated the open hostility of the confederation under Brant.

The condition thus brought into view displays the weakness of the new Nation in its infancy. The Congress that produced the Ordinance of 1787 had chosen a strong man for its President; and in their wisdom that President was needed to govern the new Territory they had formed, and that man was Arthur St. Clair. He did not seek the place. He wished not to go. Some have said that this was affected. The reasons for believing his sincerity are as a hundred to one. In large experience, natural endowment and favor of fortune, he was easy among the most accomplished and secure in social dignity. There was much to be missed and little that could be gained from life in the wilderness. He was persuaded by an ideal of duty to accept what his wisdom would have refused. In an evil hour for his quiet, St. Clair consented to leave the society he adorned and be the Governor of the chaos of the Territory Northwest of the Ohio. This happened October 5, 1787. On July 9, 1788, the Governor first came to Marietta. On July 15, civil government was proclaimed, and on June 26, the county of Washington was established. On August 27, Judge Symmes and party reached Fort Harmar on their way to the Miamis. Events began to happen in some places and ceased to happen in others. Trouble with the Indians grew thicker. Major Stites came with his people to Limestone and went among his friends at Kenton's Station. While riving clapboards to take on the boats for the roofs to be made about the mouth of the Little Miami, a favorite nephew helping him was shot to death by an Indian who escaped. And the surveying across the river in Old Clermont ceased for awhile about the same time. Because Judge Symmes' people in the East had some trouble in fixing terms with the agents of the Congress, their people in the West were delayed at Limestone, when they should have been building cabins by the Miamis. Of course, there was suspicion and rumors of a jealousy that feared the western agents would undersell those about the Muskingum, and so put things in the way, which is all forgotten or should be, and, most likely, was not so. But whether

so or not, Major Stites floated down to his purchase, and, on November 18, 1788, began the settlement of Columbia, with twenty-six people present.

Matthias Denman of New Jersey having acquired a title to an eight hundred acre tract opposite the mouth of the Licking, for about one hundred and twenty-five dollars in specie, and having sold an undivided two-thirds of it to Colonel Robert Patterson and John Filson of Lexington, for the purpose of laying off a town, the people interested came out from Lexington to Limestone; and from there in boats to the number of twenty-six men, to their purchase, on December 28. And that was the beginning of Losantville. Judge Symmes and his party came to North Bend, February 2, 1789, which made four settlements on the Ohio: Marietta, Columbia, Losantville and North Bend. The people by the Muskingum were protected by Fort Harmar. Why the others were permitted amid the strife around has not been explained. The attacks on the river were frequent. Captured boats were used to capture others. On July 27, thirty-six soldiers under Lieutenant Peters conveying supplies were attacked near the mouth of the Wabash and suffered a loss of ten killed and eight wounded. A mounted expedition mustered under Colonel Robert Todd and, crossing near the mouth of Eagle Creek, marched through the southeastern part of Old Clermont into Adams county and went by way of Sinking Springs to wipe out the Paint Creek towns. They returned by the same trail with little success, the Indians having made a flight that could not prudently be followed far. Although Colonel Todd had married Jane, the eldest sister of William Lytle, the young hero of Logan's expedition through Brown county two years before, was not in the second campaign. Instead, he took a conspicuously brilliant part in "Grant's Defeat" near Vevay, Ind., of which we are to have an account farther on in Lytle's own words.

Whoever honors this story with a reading must expect frequent mention of St. Clair and Lytle through a number of pages to come; for they had much to do with the founding and settlement of Old Clermont. The Governor came instructed by Congress to omit no effort to treat for peace. After months of baffling tactics, in which the Indians con-

sumed the most of eight thousand dollars' worth of stores provided for their maintenance, and, after insisting that the settlers should not plant corn in Ohio, a treaty was signed on January 11, 1789, from which St. Clair went to New York City, and the Indians went to place their women and children in towns farther north and west along the Maumee and Wabash for the final fight where British help was handy.

On April 30, 1789, St. Clair witnessed the first inauguration of President Washington, to whom, on May 2, he reported the condition of the Territory and the particulars of the treaties. Twelve days later Washington wrote "with concern" about some murders that had been committed by the Indians on April 23, by Dunkeld Creek near the Monongahela River. This brought the atrocities of the Western War, that was not admitted to be a war by the East, much nearer home. The murderers were assumed to be some remnants of the Shawnees who ought to be intercepted, for the incident was likely to have a bad effect on the late treaty. About the same time St. Clair received several cures for the gout, a bad trouble for one from whom so much activity was required. Yet the months went by in ceaseless effort for needed legislation and much more needed money to buy arms and stores for his Territory, for the President agreed with him that the "banditti must be intercepted." With no reliance but hope, the course was piled with difficulties. The French in Illinois and on the Wabash clamored to retain their slaves, while the poor whites of their own tongue were starving. General Miro, the Spanish Governor at New Orleans, on September 6, 1789, gave forth a proclamation to encourage immigration to the Province of Louisiana (which was everything west of the Mississippi) that would have depopulated the Ohio Valley, but for one stupid blunder inherent in the Spanish nature. That blunder restricted public worship to the forms of the Roman Church. Otherwise, the promise included a homestead of not less than three hundred acres for each family and a free market for every product at New Orleans. With the one testing restriction, the proclamation was made with no acceptance alike from the descendants of the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Cavaliers, the Huguenots, and even the Catholics who had learned the



benefits of civil and religious liberty. They would accept no less, the bourbon King would not grant that much. But the proclamation disclosed the insidious design to dissolve the Union with discontent.

On October 6, 1789, St. Clair received his instructions from President Washington and also a personal, explanatory letter, in which it was "forcibly observed" that war with the Indians ought to be avoided by all consistent means. Washington had the peculiar art of stating his purpose so that a reason required the desired action. The execution of that order to refrain from force, for it was an order, was much resented in Kentucky. In coming west by Fort Harmar, St. Clair on January 2d reached the settlement of Losantiville, which he renamed Cincinnati, and on January 4th issued the proclamation of the county of Hamilton that then embraced all between the Great and Little Miamis from the Ohio to the new treaty line. From there he hurried to the French towns in Illinois that had been ruined by the disorder following Clark's conquest. While doing all in his power to provide for their want, he "put them in some order on April 27," by proclaiming the county of St. Clair, including about the western half of the present State southward from the Illinois River. On May 1, while at Cahokia, he reported to the Secretary of War from dispatches just received, a series of disasters that broke the eastern illusions of peace. On March 22, Major Doughty, having gone about two hundred and thirty miles up the Tennessee with fifteen men to talk peace, was attacked in great force. Six of his men were killed and five wounded. On the same day, two boats were taken near the mouth of the Scioto. In the midst of the capture, three more boats were seen coming down. These were so closely chased with one of the captured boats for fifteen miles that the crews of two took to the third boat and escaped. One of the four boats lost held twenty-six horses and over six thousand dollars' worth of goods for one firm, besides much other property. On March 12, a boat loaded with salt for Louisville was taken and the crew killed, and, on the next day, a man was killed only two and one-half miles from Fort Steuben. With a touch of poetic pathos, St. Clair commented: "We seem to be here in another world that has no

connection with the one we lately left." The loneliness he was toiling to cheer found another expression at the close of the long report. "Of what is passing in your quarter, or of the European world, we know as little as the man in the moon. For pity sake, send some newspapers. I never before thought them of any consequence—they will now be a great treat." The western trip included the proclamation of the county of Knox, on June 20, 1790, bounded on the east by the Great Miami, on the west by the new county of St. Clair and on the south by the Ohio.

Refusing longer to endure the attacks charged to the Shawnees on the Scioto, who were said to hide along its banks and watch from the hills by its mouth for the coming boats, two hundred and thirty Kentuckians under Colonel Charles Scott crossed the Ohio, on April 30, and rode rapidly along the eastern side of Brown county with the design of striking the Scioto so as to intercept the retreat of the plundering band. Some accounts claim that General Harmar joined in the chase with a hundred soldiers, but it is not probable that he acted against Washington's restraining order. The expedition found only four Indians, who were promptly killed. The rest had gone beyond pursuit.

On August 16, 1790, the Governor officially informed General Butler at Pittsburgh that there was no prospect of peace, and called upon him for sixty men properly equipped. The same notice went to other officers along the border. On August 23 the President approved the plans for the campaign. The war begun at Pickawillany on June 21, 1752, without notice and continued somewhere without ceasing, was thus undertaken by the United States, without declaration and without enthusiasm. On September 30, General Harmar with three hundred and twenty regulars and with eleven hundred and thirty-three militia under Colonels Hardin and Trotter started from Cincinnati and marched to the Old Chillicothe by Xenia and thence by Piqua and a hundred miles farther to the junction of the St. Mary and St. Joseph Rivers, now represented by the city of Fort Wayne, where the town of Omee was then the chief town of the Miami tribe, and a sort of capital for the various bands of Shawnees and others who had retired from farther south and east. The Indians

burned Omee and retreated without offering battle. A large detachment in pursuit burned five other towns and over twenty thousand bushels of corn. With orders to destroy, the militia scattered to plunder and chase those that lured them on. When their time came, the Indians under Little Turtle fell upon and annihilated the unsupported company of regulars. Three days later, October 21, the militia of a second detachment fled from their place and another defeat was suffered. The main purpose of destroying food and shelter was accomplished, but the revenge obtained by the Indians through the disobedience of one party of militia and the panic, not to say cowardice, of another, was extremely distressing. In self-defense, the delinquents threw the blame on General Harmar. A searching inquiry disclosed the truth. But the vindicated General refused to trust his reputation again with those whose love of plunder was stronger than their sense of duty.

The campaigns of 1791 were made more determined from the East by the massacre of twelve people on Sunday, January 2, in their homes at Big Bottom on the Muskingum, thirty miles above Marietta, by a band of some twenty-five or thirty Delawares and Wyandots. A suggestion that the appalling sacrifice was needed to rouse men to action savors of cruel mocking. But there was a fatuous, secure indifference in the East toward western perils. What had happened was far away—too far to be exciting. People foolish enough to go to the Indian Country must expect trouble. The Indians should not be provoked. Besides, the treaties were in force with them, except the very bad, who could not be so many as some thought. Even President Washington wrote that the depredating banditti was probably not more than two hundred—mostly Shawnees. General Putnam, whose son was among the slain, reported the massacre to Congress and to the President. This was awful and much nearer home. The murderers should be apprehended and punished. Governor St. Clair, who was at Philadelphia to confer with Congress and Washington, should have three thousand troops and be vigilant.

Major General St. Clair returned to Cincinnati. The Kentucky Board of War was authorized to do their utmost.

A force of eight hundred mounted men under General Charles Scott and Colonel James Wilkinson marched from the mouth of the Kentucky on May 23, directly to the Wea village of Ouiatenon on the Wabash, now eight miles below the city of Lafayette. The towns around were burned and a few Indians were killed or captured. A second mounted force of five hundred rifles under Wilkinson, now a General, started on July 20 from Fort Washington and struggled through the swamps and swollen streams of a wet season to Ke-ne-pa-com-a-quā on the Eel River about six miles up from the Wabash and in the present neighborhood of the city of Logansport, where the usual scenes of burning and wasting with some capturing were enacted. The war was waged for submission or extirpation.

To accomplish this St. Clair's plan was a chain of forts to be maintained over a road to be opened from the mouth of the Licking to the Fork of the Maumee; that is, from Fort Washington to Fort Wayne. The plan flanked the malign influence at Detroit. With the help promised promptly ready for a summer campaign, the tremendous undertaking would have succeeded. But the Eastern officers did not come till September 7th, and some of their men still later. They came without money and ahead of their stores. The men recruited for the service had yet to be drilled. The militia were equally deficient. It was the first expedition in force under the new government. All that has been told of subsequent frauds in the commissary and quartermaster departments was fully represented in that equipment. The harness was of rotten leather. The chains broke like pewter. The spades and mattocks bent with the first use. The edge of the axes crumbled with the first stroke on hard wood. The powder was weak and the pork was strong. Apparently nothing had been inspected, and anything had been thought good enough for the government by swindlers in the East who deserved hanging as much as the Indians needed shooting. The energy, the ingenuity, the real genius of St. Clair was established by the subsequent investigation beyond all dispute. Scarcely more than two-thirds of the promised force appeared. In September the army built and occupied Fort Hamilton on the site of that city. Fort Jefferson, five miles south of Greenville, in Darke county, was

made defensible by October 24th. If the militia had been dismissed till spring and the regulars put in winter quarters all might have gone well. But the orders from the Secretary of War contained this sentence: "The President enjoins you, by every principle that is sacred, to stimulate your operations in the highest degree, and to move as rapidly as the lateness of the season and the nature of the case will possibly admit." With such orders St. Clair moved on. After leaving garrisons for the forts and guards for the trains, only fourteen hundred men were left when the sick general was lifted from his horse, where the army camped, November 3d, on a stream in the southwestern part of Mercer county. The customary orders to prevent a surprise were given. The fatal omission in the performance of the orders was covered by the death of those responsible. The battle that came with the morning is known in mournful memory as St. Clair's Defeat. Stricter attention to orders might have lessened the loss; but we know now that the movement was ill fated before it left the East. Details of the disaster may be found on a thousand pages; but no account is just that fails to place much of the responsibility on those who ignored or belittled the power of the Indian country and then urged precipitate action with inadequate means. For every man on the firing line with such a foe, two more were required to maintain the road by which they could be fed and kept in the hostile wilderness and the winter at hand.

St. Clair's army had attempted the impossible. The fact is plainly admitted between the lines of the Congressional investigation that thoroughly vindicated the commanding general. But even more in his favor is found in the fact that "he still retained the undiminished esteem and good opinion of Washington." Additional proof of the sad mistake of all is found in the action of Congress that more than doubled the preparation for the war. Aside from the question of failure, the physical condition of St. Clair made his resignation imperative. A curious but not unusual instance of Washington's thorough method of reaching accurate judgments is found in a paper written by his own hand concerning a new commander. The name of every one possible or proposed for the place was written with "Remarks" keenly but justly stating the character, habits, achievements and probable per-

formance of each. The result of this searching analysis, that left nothing for personal sentiment or forgetful chance, was the selection of Anthony Wayne, who had been with him in Forbes' expedition to capture the Forks of the Ohio, as a boy of thirteen, thirty-four years before. Four regiments of infantry and a regiment of cavalry with ample supplies were authorized. In April, 1792, Wayne was appointed "Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States." In May he was "enjoined that another defeat would be inexpressibly ruinous to the reputation of the Government." The only request from Washington was that the campaign should not begin until the "Legion" was filled up and properly disciplined. In June he was at Pittsburgh to organize his army. When the recruits began to arrive they were placed in a camp twenty-seven miles down the river, beyond the reach of whisky: "Which baneful poison is prohibited from entering this camp." The winter passed with constant drill. In January, 1793, the Secretary of War warned Wayne that public sentiment was extremely adverse to a continuance of the Indian War, a peace commission was named and Wayne was again warned against offensive operations. On St. Patrick's Day, when twenty-five hundred men were in the camp, the Indians purposely permitted to be present were astonished by the accuracy of both drill and target practice. In May the force was moved to Camp "Hobson's Choice," by Cincinnati.

With their victory over St. Clair the Indians became more insolent and the white frontier more deplorable than ever. Amos Wood and his son were killed across the river from Dover and Major William Riggs lost his life close by the present town hall in Milford. Such was the danger of crossing the border of Old Clermont in 1792-93. Several peace messengers were shot under their white flags. Meanwhile Wayne recruited and drilled without ceasing. Forts Washington, Hamilton, St. Clair, and Jefferson were stocked with supplies that had been inspected with a vigor which brought contractors to their knees before a man without mercy for dishonesty. In September, 1793, the Secretary of War ordered Wayne to proceed with all caution as another defeat "would be pernicious in the highest degree." On October 17th, the

army was advanced. On the same day Lieutenant Lowry with ninety men in charge of twenty wagons loaded with grain and one with stores was attacked about seven miles south of Fort St. Clair, which was about a mile west of Eaton, in Preble county. Lowry and thirteen others were killed, and about seventy horses taken from the wagons so hastily that the grain was left unharmed. The army went into winter quarters at Fort Greenville in Darke county with much annoyance to the supply trains that came from Cincinnati, eighty miles to the south. In December, 1793, a detachment went forward and on Christmas Day occupied the scene of the great defeat. After gathering the bones of the slain from the ground a fort was built and called Fort Recovery, because the field had been recovered. When word of this came to General Wilkinson, commanding at Fort Washington, he gathered a force of volunteers to finish the gathering and burial of the dead. On June 30th following, Fort Recovery was the object of a determined attack of a mixed force of Indians and Canadians, that cost the defenders twenty-two killed and thirty wounded.

On July 26th General Scott reached Fort Greenville with sixteen hundred mounted Kentuckians, and two days later the re-enforced army started the march to the junction of the Auglaize and Maumee, where Wayne located a permanent base to which he gave the significant name of Fort Defiance. In pursuance of the policy ordered from the East, Wayne again offered peace. The victorious Little Turtle counselled peace with the "chief that never sleeps." The advice was rejected. An evasive answer was given the messengers. With his chain of eight forts completely supplied and well garrisoned, Wayne marched in perfect order down the Maumee towards the "Fort Miami" that the Governor of Canada had built in that spring and summer on the Maumee, sixty miles south of Detroit, in flagrant violation of the Treaty of Paris. As seen by Americans, the purpose of that fort was to encourage the Indians.

The foremost for battle were the proud Shawnees untamed by the misfortune of seventy years, and the descendants of the peaceful Delawares made malignant by much experience. Every tribe of the North and West was represented because

of hate or fear or both. But worst of all were the whites who painted themselves a savage hue because they loved wickedness. On August 20, 1794, this implacable force of two thousand Indians and Canadians confronted Wayne's army, where its march was across the path of a tornado, from which the place was called the Fallen Timbers. Through this natural barricade, the quickly formed and thoroughly disciplined lines of battle charged like a "Whirlwind," as the Indians called the commander. The Red men gave way everywhere and could not be rallied. The fugitives fled by the fort and were amazed that the guns were not fired on their foe, and that the gates were not opened for their protection. The woeful conflict of more than forty years for the Beautiful River was finished in one fierce hour. The Battle of the Fallen Timbers, better known as Wayne's Victory, was and remains one of the decisive days in American History. Thenceforth the Ohio flowed unawed by barbarism and unafraid of savagery. The defeated asked for peace and protection. On August 3, 1795, the Treaty of Greenville was dictated by General Wayne to eleven hundred and thirty sachems and warriors. When it was signed, the Indian country on the Ohio passed away forever.

The local results of that victory are the material for the next level to be attained in the progress of this history. Those results should have larger importance for worthy curiosity through even brief allusion to other events of that time. The significance of the chain of forts from the Ohio towards Detroit and the victory won by American arms reached the perception of the British again at war with France. The peace of 1783 had lasted but ten years. Before justice should become a necessity, a conclusion was reached to evacuate the forts retained at the close of the Revolution. In the summer of 1796, Wayne had the proud satisfaction of raising the Stars and Stripes over Fort Miami and at Detroit. With that change the defeated but not subdued Indians ceased to hold the Ohio in their minds. They knew that their hunting ground would soon be a land of homes, and they wondered when and where they would wander next. Some even then sought safety beyond the Mississippi and handed their treasured hatred from sire to son to vex greatly a troubled future, until the



Plains could be compassed with steam and steel. Kentucky reached the dignity of statehood in 1792, with scant power to restrain the restless spirit, bent on finding or making a way with Spain to the Gulf, until Washington ordered Wayne to post a hindering guard at Fort Massac by the mouth of the Cumberland. But men studied problems then, that found a partial solution fifty years or more later in Mexico, and still farther explanation at Manila and Santiago. The time elsewhere was full of the lurid excitement of the French Revolution. The Reign of Terror reached the infamy of twelve hundred and eighty-five executions by the guillotine in Paris alone in the forty-six days that ended with the beheadal of Robespierre, July 28, 1794, the same day on which Wayne started his final march from Fort Greenville for the victory twenty-three days later that won the Indian country.

The French Revolution may seem far from the land of Brown and Clermont, but we shall find close connections not far ahead. On October 19, 1790, the advance party made the first settlement of the emigrants from France at Gallipolis. In March, 1791, a band from Kentucky, directed by Nathaniel Massie, began a stockade at Manchester, that was occupied by the middle of the month and held through the war without a break, but not without danger. Massie, then twenty-eight years old, had a fair education, much talent and a noble reputation. He was an expert surveyor and had a commission as deputy from Surveyor General Anderson. With no explicit statement, but judging from what happened, the main purpose of Massie's Station, on his part at least, was a secure base and convenient help for locating the land warrants that were confided to his care and skill. The settlements at Marietta, about Cincinnati, at Gallipolis, at Massie's Station and a few people who hunted or raised vegetables under the guns of the protecting garrisons, and a few dispossessed but persistent tomahawk claimants on the Eastern Ohio, constituted the population of Ohio in 1795.

Columbia, Cincinnati, and North Bend had a common purpose and a common danger; and also a common jealousy that was only allayed by the selection of the central one for the site of Fort Washington, which established the supremacy of the Queen City of the Great Valley. Any other attempts, individ-

ually or by companies, to possess the land were hindered by the fury that followed the reverses at Harmar and St. Clair's Defeat. The settlements then were little more than armed camps to guard the labor that planted and gathered or that fished and hunted. Fort Washington was, for the time, an extensive scientific structure surrounded by at least fifteen block houses from four to twelve miles distant. The total force outside the main garrison in 1791 was four hundred and eighty-five militia. The word militia as used there meant every male of sixteen years and upward, who was obliged under severe penalties to possess a rifle and six flints, a powder horn and half pound of powder, a priming wire and brush, a pouch and one pound of bullets and one pound of buckshot, which were to be carried with ceaseless caution on all occasions, whether to the clearing, at court or in church. The conditions at Fort Harmar were on a smaller scale, but under the same law. This utmost vigilance was the heavy price of a safety full of recent peril and future danger not to be forgotten or ignored. One-fourth of the militia of Hamilton county perished in St. Clair's Defeat, after which, the bravest cowered before the awful chances of massacre or capture and torture that threatened every venture into the gloomy forest until Wayne's stern retaliation swept the savage fright away. As soon as strength could be renewed men went out to measure and divide the conquest.

## CHAPTER VII.

WILLIAM LYTLE.

Homes as a Reward for Dangerous Duty—The Noble Idea and the Difficult Practice—The Difficulty Undertaken by Authorized Surveyors—General Massie and His Pupils—General Lytle—Lytle's Personal Narrative—Moving West—Life in a Palisade—The Boy of Fourteen Kills a Buffalo and a Bear—Watching for Indians—A Volunteer When Sixteen—Fighting at Mac-o-chee—The Capture and Murder of Moluntha—Chasing Indians—Grant's Defeat.

Traditions of settlements before 1796 between the Little Miami and Eagle Creek or eastward short of the immediate protection of Massie's Station have curious interest; but such claims do not stand the test of a patient comparison with established facts. Everything known conforms to the conclusion that there was no exception to the law that based the possession of the land upon military service for Virginia. "Tomahawk claims" based upon regulations to induce settlement were a source of much litigation in Kentucky, but not in Ohio, where there was no legislation for securing titles except by acts of Congress. Under those acts all possession was preceded by a survey to fix the limits and secure a record that would perpetuate the reserved rights of the government and those acquired by the purchaser. The warrant for possession of a military tract did not depend upon a residence on the land. That would have been a prohibitory hardship to most of the far away soldiers of the Revolution.

The abstract idea of a broad farm in the land he had won and dedicated to liberty, where the ageing patriot should pass his days amid plenty was as fine and noble as the fruition proved difficult and disappointing. For a dozen years or more after the Revolution, the Indian refused to accept the plan that made him pay the price of patriotism. If the soldier had a home in Virginia, he was reluctant to risk his scalp for another in Ohio; if he was needy, as was the rule, he could

ill afford the expense of the long journey and doubtful chances. Therefore many threw their claims upon a broken market, where the fine old parchments were often sold for less than curio seekers are now willing to pay for those rare and faded tokens of long ago heroism, that are more significant of true glory than the grants of William the Conqueror; although, by the lapse of time and the force of law, their intrinsic value is no more than the yellow leather that bears their honorable inscriptions.

Whoever held such a claim, whether by service or purchase naturally desired to make the best choice possible. The difficulties of a personal inspection were so great that few cared or dared to make the effort. How much Massie knew of this condition must be inferred from what was done. If a shining angel had pointed the way, he could not have acted more directly. Others saw and resolved to share the chance when possible. He was the first and chief who fortified a base within the border of the land that had to be conquered before their chance could expand. The story of that first little fort in the Virginia military lands belongs to Adams county, from which there is no intention of taking, but rather of rendering, tribute. For, the animating influence of that brave beginning circled out and included much good for Old Clermont. The sheer audacity of Massie's move into the Indian country attracted other courageous men whose descendants still maintain the ancient honor of their names. Besides those who came to stay, the cabins of Manchester held two transient youths who were there to study surveying under the expert Massie. One was Duncan McArthur, whose biography is a part of the story of the brilliant governors of Ohio. The other was William Lytle, quite well recovered from the wounds brought from Grant's Defeat. In 1828 amid the luxury of his famous home built near the scene of the boyish adventure of his first landing in Cincinnati, before a tree had been cut, he began a Personal Narrative, which, to the regret of every reader, was not finished. In all the notes and journals that have come from that day, there is no more graphic view of border life and nothing more replete with the spirit of that time. Portions of it fitting the special needs of various writers have been frequently quoted. The purpose of this

story is best served by presenting all from the first word to the last interrupted sentence.

A foreword about the heredity of his stock will apply in some degree to the Scotch-Irish people who were the frequent companions of his enterprising career. In the struggle of more than a hundred years for the possession and unity of the Ohio Valley, commencing with the massacres in the Alleghanies and culminating in the tragic death of the "The Soldier Poet" at Chickamauga, few names or none have had such continuous or honorable service as is found in the line of Lytle.

All the world two hundred years ago, with Europe in general and Ireland in particular, was not what a self-respecting journal of today would advertise as a desirable residence for anybody but the ruling class; and even they were obliged to put up with rickety thrones. There was not only a constant scarcity of convenience from pins to dining cars, but also a perpetual presence of vexations, which liberal historians have grouped into a class with the name of tyranny. All improvement in human happiness since then, and, in fact, all before, has been wrought by the dissatisfied. Of this sort, no equal number of square miles of sod has been more productive than the Emerald Isle, where inborn criticism of authority is so inherent that the success of any party is a signal for the opposition to emigrate. Among many who thus lived ill at ease were the Lytles, in Ulster, where they had come in remoter days to practice Presbyterian principles which had been inconvenient even in the glens of Scotland. Finding neither peace nor profit in the rude clash between the zealous faiths of the older Irish and the newer Scotch, one of the family took ship for America. Whether staying with former evils or going to other trials required the firmer nerve is still an open question; for this happened in 1722, when the first dull George was king for many repenting Anglo Saxons. The emigrant Lytle went to the woods back of Philadelphia, where the winning of the wilderness was one long dirge of toil with frequent appalling interludes by scalping bands.

Amid these strenuous conditions, where gunpowder obtained more care than the form of creeds, a son was born to the transplanted family in 1728, and named William, who be-

came an Indian fighter by necessity and a captain by royal commission in his twenty-second year. Captain Lytle was not mustered with the main armies of the French and Indian War, but was assigned to the greater hazard of scouting the upper tributaries of the Ohio. A similar duty was performed in the Revolution, in which he was known as a colonel with a reputation at Fort Pitt that made him the leader in 1780, over the thousand fighting men and their families on sixty-three barges, who met the van of Byrd's Invasion of Kentucky opposite the mouth of the Licking as told in the Narrative. It must be noted that this is the first authentic presence of white people on the site of Cincinnati. Yet writers not knowing the fact have made much ado about a more recent event. Captain Lytle's share in that migration to the West was the proceeds of his former home near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, from which he brought three sons, John, born August 8, 1766, William, born September 1, 1770, Joseph, of short life, four daughters and their mother, whose maiden name was Mary Steel.

To the people of Brown and Clermont counties, of which he was the worthy founder, no fitter introduction seems needful or possible than this

#### PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF WILLIAM LYTLE.

My father was an emigrant from Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, near Carlisle. In the autumn of 1779 he left home with his family for Kentucky, then a part of Virginia. He did not reach the Monongahela until the winter was too far advanced to allow his descending the Ohio before spring. In company with two men who were bound with their families to the same point, he built three large arks, or, as they were afterwards called, Kentucky boats. The winter proved uncommonly severe and, by suspending the operations of the sawmills in that country, procrastinated their arrangements until the first of April following. By advertisements all the adventurers in that part of the country who were bound to Kentucky were requested to assemble on a large island in the Ohio a few miles below Pittsburgh. It was proposed to remain here until a sufficient force should have assembled to pass with safety amidst the country of savage hostility which lay between them and Kentucky.



**MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM LYTLE**  
Founder of Old Clermont, 1770-1831. From an oil painting.

So numerous was the concourse of adventurers to this point that in two days after his arrival sixty-three boats were ready to sail in company. A part of these boats were occupied by families; another by young men descending the river to explore the country, and the remaining portion by the cattle belonging to the emigrants.

The number of fighting men on board probably amounted to nearly a thousand. My father had been a practiced soldier in the former wars of the country and had been stationed for three years at Pittsburgh. He was, of course, versed in the modes, requisites and stratagems of Indian warfare.

A number of his associates had been trained in the same way. The descending boats were arranged in an order of defense, not, perhaps, entirely according to the technical exactness of a fleet in line of battle. Pilot boats headed the advance. The boats manned by the young men sustained each wing, having the family boats in the center and the stock boats immediately in the rear of them, and the rear guard boats floating still behind them. The boats moved with great circumspection, floating onwards, until they were abreast of a place favorable for furnishing range and grazing for the cattle, when they landed and turned them loose for this purpose. While their cattle were thus foraging in the joy of their short emancipation from the close prison on the boats, their owners kept a vigilant watch outside of their range to prevent the savages from assaulting them.

We arrived without molestation at Limestone, now Maysville. Captain Hinkston, of our company, with three or four other families, concluded to remain here. They immediately commenced the customary preparations for rearing cabins. We tarried with them but half a day, during which time a company from our number turned out to hunt in the wild woods. The party killed several buffaloes, and I now for the first time tasted their flesh. At 10 o'clock the next morning, April 12, 1780, the pilot boats gave signals that the enemy were drawn up in hostile array on the northern, or what was called the Indian shore of the Ohio. Three boats immediately landed in a concerted order half a mile above the foe. It was arranged that half the fighting men should be in readiness to spring to the shore the moment the boats should touch the



land; they were then to form and march down upon the Indian encampment. The Indians were encamped opposite Licking, where Front street now intersects Broadway in Cincinnati. Their number did not much exceed 150, whereas we numbered nearly 500. Discovering a force so much superior moving rapidly upon them, they fled in so much haste and disorder as to leave part of their movables behind them. Our party pursued them four or five miles up what is now called Mill Creek. Some of the Indians were on horseback and they fled faster than their wearied pursuers could follow them on foot.

We returned to our boats and floated unmolested to Beargrass, at the Falls of Ohio. We arrived on the 15th of April. After surveying the vicinity my father selected a place five miles back from the river. It was a large body of land of extreme fertility, and in the center of it was a fine spring. Here he encamped and commenced clearing. In a short time he was joined by more than forty families. In a fortnight they had built as many cabins, in four straight lines, so as to form a hollow square. At the angles were block houses. The cabin doors all opened into the hollow square. In the center of one of the sides, leading to the spring, was a large gateway, and one of the same dimensions to match on the opposite side. The planks of the boats in which they had descended the river were wagoned out from the river to furnish floors and doors for these dwellings. Through the walls were portholes from which, in case of attack, they fired upon the foe.

Thus sheltered and defended, their next object was gardens and fields. A small reserve remained in the enclosure and were stationed on the tops of the houses to survey the scene of operations and give notice of approaching danger. The new settlement suffered little annoyance till June, when Indian hostilities, manifested in the customary way, broke out on every side. In some instances they were successful in breaking up whole stations, and in others they were severely chastised, as in the expedition undertaken against them by George Rogers Clark.

This punishment restrained them a sufficient interval of peace to enable us to gather in our crops of corn. We witnessed with astonishment the results of a virgin soil that had never been cultivated. The extent of ground cultivated by

each individual was necessarily small. Some of the settlers had the curiosity to measure the amount of corn gathered from an acre. It ranged from eighty to one hundred and twenty bushels. Most of the immigrants had removed from a thin and barren soil which required assiduous cultivation even for small crops which it yielded. Here the horn of plenty seemed to be emptied almost spontaneously. They had generally come also from a much severer climate. The inclemency of the former winter had led them to prepare for a winter similar to that of the country from which they had emigrated. They made careful and laborious preparations for the severe weather, such as plastering the chasms of their cabins, gathering fuel, etc. But to their agreeable surprise there were but three days that might be denominated freezing weather, during the winter. These days were in the middle of January. For the rest the weather exhibited every variety of aspect that all the climates of the world could show, among which were frequent showers, thunder and lightning. This, it will be recollected, was the winter of 1780 and '81. It very much resembled the present winter (1828), except that we have had more cold days and not so many thunder showers.

In the spring of 1781, realizing the continual exposure of the family and the risk of his fine stock of cattle and horses, my father determined to move farther into the interior of Kentucky. Accordingly, he moved an hundred miles into the interior to Kincaid's Station, near where the town of Danville now stands.

That part of the country was filling rapidly with settlers from Virginia, who passed through what was then called the "Southern Wilderness Road." Although we felt ourselves much more secure here than in the position which we had left, the country beginning already to have an interior and frontier, we often experienced annoyance even here. The Indians frequently made inroads as far as to our present station, killing the cattle, stealing horses, and sometimes murdering the inhabitants.

I pass over the expedition of General Clark against the Indians, in which a number of their towns were destroyed, and the severe retaliation which they practiced along with their allies, the British; and also the bloody affair of the Blue Licks,

and return to matters personal to my father's family. The gloom created by that disastrous conflict was diffused over all the country. All those who were not bound to it by ties of family made haste to escape from it, and in ten days scarcely more than three hundred effective men were left in the country. But this extreme alarm soon passed away. The settlements were consolidated by joining the weaker to the stronger. The block houses were more strongly fortified, and the people, attached to their rural abundance and their peculiar ways of life, determined to remain where they were and defend themselves to extremities. In the subsequent autumn many adventurers joined us from the old settlements. The army of Lord Cornwallis had just surrendered to General Washington, and the American soldiers and their enterprising officers, disengaged from service by that event, flocked to this fertile wilderness. In the course of the next year we became more formidable than before. Although the Indian war still continued, the security inspired by numbers induced many families that had been painfully cooped up in close stations, to leave their enclosures and to disperse themselves on detached farms over the country.

In 1784 my father moved to Lexington and raised a crop on what are the out-lots of the present town. My father was entitled to a bounty of 3,000 acres of land, a little above the upper Blue Licks, in consequence of services rendered as a captain in what was called the French war. It had been surveyed, but he wished to survey it more accurately. Accordingly, he made all the minute preparations requisite in such cases. I prevailed on him to allow me to accompany him. Accordingly, our party, well mounted, proceeded through the forest for the tract. We took along with us a number of led horses, according to custom in such cases, in order to bring a sufficiency of buffalo meat to serve the family during the subsequent winter. Our travel was laborious, for we were obliged to make our way through a thick canebrake. On the evening of the second day's journey we encamped on what my father believed to be his tract of land.

Our first business was to retrace the lines of the former survey. Our next was to hunt buffaloes and the other wild game of the country for subsistence. I was then fourteen years old,

and my training in the mode of backwoods life, as well as inclination and practice, had given me a dexterity and closeness in the use of the rifle equal to the expertest Kentuckian of my years. We saw numerous traces of the animals of our search on every side. We performed an operation for our horses to prevent their escape, technically called in the Western country "hobbling," and with this precaution left them to pasture in the canebrake. We suspended our baggage on the trees, to place it out of the reach of the wolves. We divided into three parties of pairs. My father and myself formed one. We had not advanced more than five miles from the point of separation before we discovered a gang of buffaloes feeding. My father paused, according to the necessary precautions, to observe the direction of the wind, ordering me to get to leeward of them. My orders were to shoot the blackest of the herd behind the shoulders. The expected consequence was that at the report of my gun the herd would turn and make toward him, when he calculated to be able to bring down another as they passed. I obeyed my instructions to the letter; but in the act of taking aim, scent of me probably reached them. My ball penetrated the body of the animal farther back than I intended, and he ran some distance before he fell. They did not take the direction which my father anticipated, and, although he eagerly pursued them for some distance, he failed in obtaining a shot. I recharged, pursued, and came up with my father, who had halted where the buffalo that I had brought down laid. The remainder of the herd escaped us. The animal was so wounded that it would soon die. For convenience my father determined to remove our camp to the buffalo. I had often killed bears, deer, and turkeys, but never a buffalo before. It may be imagined how much a boy of fourteen would be elated by such an exploit. My father proposed to test my backwoods discipline by requesting me to lead the way through the forest to the camp, distant six miles. I was in the frame of mind to express confidence in my ability to do it, even were the camp distant forty miles. I preceded him at a brisk walk until we came in sight of the camp. I saw a smile on my father's countenance, which I interpreted to be one of approbation of my skill. My father here beckoned me to stand, informing me that it was necessary to take a keen

survey of the premises to ascertain whether savages might not be concealed about the camp awaiting our return. He then preceded me, walking softly, and with great caution inspecting every point in advance and behind us. Having convinced himself that there was no ambush on that side, he made a circuit and explored the other side of the camp in the same way. Having convinced ourselves that no enemy lurked around, we advanced to the fire, spread our blankets on the ground, and threw ourselves on them for repose. He then admonished me of the necessity of untiring vigilance, reminding me that the danger from the wily foe was often greatest at the moment when the parties felt themselves most secure. He then directed me to keep a keen lookout on the north side of the camp, while he would do the same in regard to the south.

A stratagem was practiced upon us on this occasion which had well nigh proved fatal to the party practicing it. We had not been long on our mutual watch before I discovered a man lurking in advance toward the camp, keeping a tree between him and myself in order to screen his body from view. We reclined our feet toward the fire. My rifle was carefully loaded, the muzzle resting on a log at our heads. At first I supposed it to be one of our own men, and I determined to be farther satisfied before I alarmed my father. I discovered in a moment that he was approaching me with too much caution for that supposition; that he carefully inspected everything around us, and made his way with a soft and stealthy step. I allowed him to approach near enough to a tree at which he was aiming, to enable me to clearly discover that his face was blacked and that he wore no hat. I had hitherto remained motionless, and I was convinced he had not yet seen me. I cocked my rifle. Even this slight noise aroused my father, who lay with his back to mine, looking in a contrary direction. He asked me what I was doing. I informed him I was watching an Indian who was lurking toward us, apparently to fire upon us, and that I was waiting until he should reach a tree, toward which he was stealing, and expose his head so that I might give him a fatal shot. He asked me if I saw more than one, to which I answered in the negative. He then directed me to be sure of my aim, and not to fire until I should have gained sight of a mark in his eye. The person had now

gained his tree, and had now rested his gun in a position to fire upon us. But as we reclined flat on the ground, and as a log in some measure protected our bodies from his fire, it was necessary for him to survey us closely in order to find any part of our bodies sufficiently exposed to receive his shot. This I comprehended from his movements, and waited my own opportunity. In putting his head from behind the tree for this close inspection, he exposed half of it. I took aim and drew the trigger, but the gun missed fire. The person, hearing the noise, instantly jerked back his head. "I am sorry for that," said my father in a low tone of voice, and I replied in vexation that it was the first time it had failed me. It was two minutes before the person exposed his head for a second survey of us. He once more showed his face, so as almost to give me a shot at him. He finally presented two-thirds of his face, and my gun missed fire a second time. Hearing this more distinctly than the first snapping, he again jerked back his head and exclaimed, "Why, I believe you have been snapping at me!" I immediately recognized the voice to be that of Crawford, one of our men. He had thrown off his hat and blacked his face, as he informed us, with a view to frighten me. We were both provoked at this wanton folly, and I assured him that I still had a good mind to shoot him. My father severely reprimanded him, and I remarked with astonishment upon the circumstance that my rifle had twice missed fire. To show him the extent of his exposure, I pointed to a white spot on the tree behind which he had been concealed. I observed to him that it was not larger than his eye, and that I would demonstrate to him what his fate would have been in case my gun had not missed fire. I presented, and my ball carried the bark of the white spot into the tree.

The other men soon after came in. We immediately saddled our horses, mounted, and moved off to the place where our buffalo laid. We encamped there for the night and feasted upon the choice pieces of the animal. I found myself ill during the night, and in the morning my father discovered that I had the measles and that they appeared on my face. He proposed, in consequence, to take me home. It was distant nearly seventy miles, and I was unwilling to interrupt the business for which he had come out, in this way, and I so informed

him, proposing to return alone. He replied that it would be necessary for me to sleep out at least two nights alone, and that I might become worse on the journey. I answered that I had no apprehensions of the kind and that it would not be the first time I had spent nights alone in the woods. In reply my father renewed his objections, pointing out the additional dangers from the Indians on such a long way. But I overcame all his objections and was allowed to start off alone. It was a long excursion through a wilderness which apprehension had too much reason to people with savages. I had the measles, and was but fourteen years old. But such was the training of the youths of that period in the woods.

I commenced my journey, stopping twice the first day to let my horse feed upon the grass. I took care to select a spot in the open woods, where I could survey the country for a great distance around me. I saw abundance of game on my way, but having no use for it, and being charged by my father to make no unnecessary delay, I allowed it to pass unmolested. A nightfall I struck a considerable stream. It was easily fordable. Thinking if any enemy came on my track it would be easy to baffle him here, I rode up the middle of the stream half a mile and ascended a branch that fell into the stream two or three hundred yards. I then left the branch and rode on a mile to a tree top which afforded plenty of dry wood. I dismounted, hobbled my horse to feed for the night, kindled me a bright fire, used some of my provisions, laid myself down to sleep, thinking as little about the measles and my lonely situation as possible.

The next morning I started at early dawn, expecting to reach home that night. At 10 o'clock I discovered a very large bear in my course. The temptation to give the animal a shot was irresistible to one of my years and inclinations. I dismounted and killed the animal. Although I could make no use of the carcass, I determined to carry home the skin as a trophy. I found it a difficult business, in the first place, to arrange the large, heavy and greasy hide so that it could be carried on horseback. It so frequently slipped from under me that I found I must either leave it or tarry out another night. I concluded on the latter. I had considerable fever during this night, and did not sleep much. I set off in the morning with

the first twilight and reached Lexington at noon the next day. I was nearly recovered. In ten days afterwards my father and his party returned.

Early in the spring of 1785, my father, with my brother and myself, went out to his lands, sixteen miles from Lexington, and erected a couple of cabins. He then moved his family there and commenced clearing the lands. But in a few days we discovered traces of Indians in our vicinity. As it was an unprotected frontier establishment, my father deemed it necessary to enclose his cabin in a stockade. It was done with three lines of palisades, the cabins making the fourth side. During the year we were not much annoyed by the Indians. But the next summer they took from us thirteen fine horses at one time. We raised a party and pursued them. We came in sight of them just as they had completed swimming the horses over to a sandbank on the opposite side of the Ohio. When they discovered us they exclaimed from the opposite shore that we were too late and might go home again. We had the comfort of exclaiming back again that they were thieving rascals, and asking them if they were not ashamed of what they had been doing. They replied, with great coolness, not at all; that a few horses now and then was all the rent they obtained of us for their Kentucky lands. They outnumbered us three to one, and of course we had no other prudent course but to follow that of their advising and return home without our horses.

It was in the autumn of this year that General Clark raised the forces for the Wabash expedition. They constituted a numerous corps. Colonel Logan was detached from the army, at the Falls of the Ohio, to raise a considerable force with which to proceed against the Indian villages on the head waters of Mad River and the Great Miami. I was then aged sixteen, and too young to come within the legal requisition. But I offered myself as a volunteer, hoping to find and reclaim my father's horses. I need not relate the circumstances of the failure of General Clark's expedition. Colonel Logan went on to his destination, and would have surprised the Indian towns against which he marched had not one of his men deserted to the enemy, not long before they reached the towns, who gave notice of their approach. As it was, he burned eight



large towns and destroyed many fields of corn. He took seventy or eighty prisoners and killed twenty warriors, and among them the head chief of the nation. This last act caused deep regret, humiliation and shame to the commander and his troops.

We came in view of the two first towns, one of which stood on the west bank of Mad River, and the other on the northeast of it. They were separated by a prairie half a mile in extent. The town on the northeast was situated on a high, commanding point of land that projected a small distance into the prairie, at the foot of which eminence broke out several fine springs. This was the residence of the famous chief of the nation. His flag was flying, at the time, from the top of a pole sixty feet high. We had advanced in three lines, the commander with some of the horsemen marching at the head of the center line, and the footmen in their rear. Colonel Robert Patterson commanded the left, and I think Colonel Thomas Kennedy the right. When we came in sight of the towns the spies of the front guard made a halt and sent a man back to inform the commander of the situation of the two towns. He ordered Colonel Patterson to attack the towns on the left bank of Mad River. Colonel Kennedy was also charged to incline a little to the right of the town, on the east side of the prairie. He determined himself to charge with the center division immediately on the upper town. I heard the commander give his orders and caution the Colonels against allowing their men to kill any among the enemy that they might suppose to be prisoners. He then ordered them to advance, and as soon as they should discover the enemy to charge upon them. I had my doubts touching the propriety of some parts of the arrangements. I was willing, however, to view the affair with the diffidence of youth and inexperience. At any rate, I determined to be at hand to see all that was going on and to be as near the head of the line as my Colonel would permit. I was extremely solicitous to try myself in battle. The commander at the head of the center line waved his sword over his head as a signal for the troops to advance. Colonel Daniel Boone and Major (since General) Kenton commanded the advance, and Colonel Trotter the rear. As we approached within half a mile of the town on the left and about three-fourths from

that on the right, we saw the savages retreating in all directions, making for the thickets, swamps and high prairie grass to secure them from their enemy. I was animated with the energy with which the commander conducted the head of his line. He waved his sword and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Charge from right to left."

The horses appeared as impatient for the onset as their riders. As we came up with the flying savages I was disappointed, discovering that we should have little to do. I heard but one savage, with the exception of the chief, cry for quarter. They fought with desperation as long as they could raise knife, gun or tomahawk, after they found that they could not screen themselves. We despatched all the warriors that we overtook, and sent the women and children prisoners to the rear. We pushed ahead, still hoping to overtake a larger body, where we might have something like a general engagement. I was mounted on a very fleet gray horse. Fifty of my companions followed me. I had not advanced more than a mile before I discovered some of the enemy running along the edge of a thicket of hazel and plum bushes. I made signs to the men in my rear to come on. At the same time pointing to the flying enemy, I obliques across the plain so as to get in advance of them. When I arrived within fifty yards of them I dismounted and raised my gun. I discovered at this moment some men of the right wing coming up on the left. The warrior I was about to shoot held up his hand in token of surrender, and I heard him order the other Indians to stop. By this time the men behind had arrived and were in the act of firing upon the Indians. I called to them not to fire—that the enemy had surrendered. The warrior that had surrendered to me came walking toward me, calling his women and children to follow him. I advanced to meet him with my right hand extended. But before I could reach him the men of the right wing of our force had surrounded him. I rushed in among their horses. While he was giving me his hand several of our men wished to tomahawk him. I informed them they would have to tomahawk me first. We led him back to the place where his flag had been. We had taken thirteen prisoners. Among them were the chief, his three wives, one of them a young and handsome woman, another the famous grenadier

squaw, upwards of six feet high, and two or three fine young lads. The rest were children. One of these lads was a remarkably interesting youth of about my own age and size. He clung closely to me and appeared keenly to notice everything that was going on.

When we arrived at the town a crowd of our men pressed around us to see the chief. I stepped aside to fasten my horse, and my prisoner lad clung to my side. A young man of the name of Curner had been to one of the springs to drink. He discovered the young savage by my side and came running toward me. The young Indian supposed he was advancing to kill him. As I turned round, in the twinkling of an eye he let fly an arrow at Curner, for he was armed with a bow. I had just time to catch his arm as he discharged the arrow. It passed through Curner's dress and grazed his side. The jerk I gave his arm undoubtedly prevented the arrow from killing Curner on the spot. I took away the remainder of his arrows and sternly reprimanded him. I then led him back to the crowd which surrounded the prisoners. At the same moment Colonel McGary, the same man who had caused the disaster at the Blue Licks some years before, came riding up. General Logan had just then given orders to dispose of the prisoners in one of the houses and place a guard over them, and had reined his horse around when his eye caught that of McGary. "Colonel McGary," said he, "you must not molest these prisoners." "I will see to that," said McGary in reply. I forced my way through the crowd to the chief with my young charge by the hand. McGary ordered the crowd to open and let him in. He came up to the chief, and the first salutation was the question, "Were you at the defeat of the Blue Licks?" The Indian, not knowing the meaning of the words or not understanding the purport of the question, answered, "Yes." McGary instantly seized an axe from the hands of the grenadier squaw and raised it to make a blow at the chief. I threw up my arm to ward off the blow. The handle of the axe struck me across the left wrist and came near breaking it. The axe sunk into the head of the chief to the eyes, and he fell dead at my feet. Provoked beyond measure at this wanton barbarity, I drew my knife with the purpose to avenge his cruelty by despatching him. My arm was

arrested by one of our men, which prevented my inflicting the thrust. McGary escaped from the crowd. The officer at that moment came up with his guards, ordering the men to open the crowd, and desiring the prisoners to follow him to the guardhouse. The lad that was my prisoner caught my hand and held fast to me. I walked with them to the guardhouse, into which they were ordered. A strong guard was placed around the house. Other prisoners were brought in until the house was nearly filled. A detachment was then ordered off to two other towns, distant six or eight miles. The men and prisoners were ordered to march down to the lower town and encamp. As we marched out of the upper town we fired it, collecting a large pile of corn for our horses, and beans, pumpkins, etc., for our own use. I told Captain Stucker, who messed with me, that I had seen several hogs running about the town which appeared to be in good order, and that I thought a piece of fresh pork would relish well with our stock of vegetables. He readily assenting to it, we went in pursuit of them; but as orders had been given not to shoot unless at an enemy, after finding the hogs we had to run them down on foot until we got near enough to tomahawk them. Being engaged at this for some time before we killed one, while Captain S. was in the act of striking the hog I cast my eye along the edge of the woods that skirted the prairie and saw an Indian coming along with a deer on his back. The fellow happened to raise his head at that moment, and, looking across the prairie to the upper town, saw it all in flames. At the same moment I spoke to Stucker in a low voice that there was an Indian coming. In the act of turning my head around to speak to Stucker, I discovered Hugh Ross, brother-in-law to Colonel Kennedy, at the distance of about sixty or seventy yards, approaching us. I made a motion with my hand to Ross to squat down; then, taking a tree between myself and the Indian, I slipped somewhat nearer him to get a fairer shot, when at the instant I raised my gun past the tree, the Indian being about one hundred yards distant, Ross's ball whistled by me so close that I felt the wind of it, and struck the Indian on the calf of one of his legs. The Indian that moment dropped his deer and sprang into the high grass of the prairie. All this occurred so quickly that I had not time to draw a sight on him

before he was hid by the grass. I was provoked at Ross for shooting when I was near enough to have killed him. And now the consequence would be that some of our men would probably lose their lives, as a wounded Indian would give up only with his life. Accordingly, Captain Irwin at that moment rode up with his troop of horse and asked me where the Indian was. I pointed as nearly as I could to the spot where I last saw him in the grass, cautioning the Captain, if he missed him the first charge, to pass on out of his reach before he wheeled to recharge, or the Indian would kill some of his men in the act of wheeling. Whether the Captain heard me I cannot say; at any rate, the warning was not attended to, for after passing the Indian a few steps, Captain Irwin ordered his men to wheel and recharge across the woods, and in the act of executing the movement, the Indian raised up and shot the Captain dead on the spot, still keeping below the level of the grass so as to deprive us of an opportunity to put a bullet through him. The troop charged again, but the Indian was so active that he had darted into the grass some rods from where he had fired at Irwin, and they again missed him. By this time several footmen had got up. Captain Stucker and myself had taken each of us a tree that stood out in the edge of the prairie among the grass, when a Mr. Stafford came up and put his head first past one side and then the other of the tree I was behind. I told him not to expose himself that way or he would get shot in a moment. I had hardly expressed the last word when the Indian again raised up out of the grass. His gun, Stucker's and my own, with four or five behind us, all cracked at the same instant. Stafford fell at my side, while we rushed on the wounded Indian with our tomahawks. Before we got him despatched he had made ready the powder in his gun, and a ball in his mouth, prepared for a third fire, with bullet holes in his breast that might all have been covered with a man's open hand. We found with him Captain Beasley's rifle, the Captain having been killed near the Lower Blue Licks a few days before the army passed through that place on their way to the towns.

Next morning General Logan ordered another detachment to attack a town that lay seven or eight miles to the north or northwest of where we then were. On our way up we dis-

covered an Indian on horseback at some distance ahead of us, who at that moment wheeled his horse and rode off under the whip. A small party pursued him and run him past five horses he had tied to a tree in a thicket of woods. They returned with the horses just as we were approaching the town, when we saw two Indians coming out of one of the houses, jump on their horses that had been standing hitched to a post. Three of us took after them. Our Captain hallooed after us not to pursue further than the woods across the prairie; but, finding the woods open and clear of underbrush, we kept up the pursuit, aware that we could see Indians in open woods as soon as they could see us. We had been gaining on them all the time, and as I was on a fleet horse, and a lighter rider than the other two, I had kept from fifty to sixty yards ahead of my companions, when jumping a log, my saddle girth broke, and my saddle, of course, gave way. I, however, alighted on my feet, and immediately fired at one of the Indians, then at about fifty yards distance. I saw in a moment that he had been struck. The other men coming up sprang off their horses, and both fired at the other Indian, the one I had shot at having left his horse and taken to a swamp just on his right, into which he was followed by the other Indian, who, I was satisfied, was also wounded.

In 1807, I was in that part of the country, and Isaac Zane showed me the very place where his cabin stood at the time, it being now rotted down, adding, that in about five minutes after the report of the first rifle the Indian it had been fired at came running to his cabin with a shot in his shoulder which made him a cripple in his right arm for life. Zane was then married to a squaw, and had at the place his wife and several children at the time. We then returned with the Indians' horses and one or both of their guns, setting fire to the town and a large block house that the English had built there of a huge size and thickness, and so returned that evening to the main body. But from the hard riding, and my horse drinking too freely when overheated, together with eating too much Indian corn, he became so badly foundered that I despaired of getting him home.

On our return to camp, it being late in the evening, we had only time to swallow a mouthful of food before orders issued

from headquarters to strike our tents and march in fifteen minutes. It was then dark, but the moon, which was near the full, gave light occasionally as she burst from behind some dark cloud. Our course led us across the prairies, and as we had to retrace the ground on which our columns had marched, we found a well-beaten road, which was a great advantage at night. The Captain I had selected on joining the army was James McDowell, a fine, manly, noble-hearted fellow. He came to me just as the army was moving off their encampment and suggested to me that I had better get my horse as near the front as possible; that he would travel better in the center line, as that was an old worn path and better beaten than either of the side lines, and fall in directly in rear of the front guard, before the prisoners, and he would send Ensign Smith to assist me. I profited by his friendly advice, and Mr. Smith and myself moved up to where the front guard had halted, where we remained for a moment, when we heard the well-known, tremendous voice of Logan almost half a mile in the rear, "Move on in front." We instantly obeyed the order. I directed Smith to whip up my foundered horse, while I led or rather dragged him after me. Our course led down the prairies, and was seldom interrupted by any of the dark forests on either side. I discovered before we had marched far that our lines were too far extended, and heard the same hoarse, deep voice about a mile in the rear, muttering like a heavy roll of distant thunder, "Read guard, move up; why these vacancies in your lines?" As we found the voice approaching we quickened our steps, and in a short time got to the guard having charge of the prisoners immediately in my rear. "Why, sir, do you suffer this vacant space between the prisoners and the front guard?" "Some of the squaws have children to carry, and are not able to march faster," replied the officer of the guard. "Change them, then, with those on horseback, sir; and do not let me have to repeat to you to force them to the front." I had suffered my foundered brute to occupy no more space than the length of the rifle that laid on his left shoulder, when turning round my head a little rearwards, I discovered that Goliath approaching, growling all the time, on an animal resembling an elephant for size more than a horse. He was just then in the act of bringing down the flat

of his tremendous sword on the back of my poor foundered animal, and repeating it three or four times. "Damn you, what brought you here in front of the prisoners with your horse?" approaching me as he waved his sword; "you merit this more than your horse." I could stand this no longer, but brought my gun to my shoulder, sprung my double trigger and leveled at him. Smith sprang forward like lightning, and threw up the muzzle, exclaiming, "For God's sake, don't kill the General!" General Logan wheeled to the right about, and appeared, after moving a few paces, to come to a halt. Smith advanced to him and explained the cause, adding, "This is a young man in your army—is a volunteer, and has gone through more fatigue service this day than any other man in the line. His horse has been foundered from two long and severe chases after Indians today, and Captain McDowell, to whose command he belongs, directed him to take the position he did, as his horse would not be able to travel in the rear."

"I knew nothing of this before, sir, and am sorry that I was so severe. I will go and speak to him, for he appears to be a choice spirit." The General, accompanied by Ensign Smith, overtook me. "My young soldier," said the General, "I am sorry I treated you so harshly. I had ordered the prisoners and wounded men, with their guards, to take their position near the advance guard in the center column, and was astonished when I came up to find a crippled horse between them, but, on explanation, I am convinced you were only obeying your Captain's orders." I replied, "Young as I may be in the service and discipline, I feel proud in saying that I never disobeyed the order of a superior officer, and when I have, as I believe, done my duty, I will not permit even the Commander-in-Chief to run over me with impunity," "I like your spirit, my young volunteer; that is manly and noble. Incline to the left and resume your position. The center line is the best road for your lame horse, and, as soon as we halt for the night, call on me at headquarters." I did as directed, and after about two hours' march we came to a point of woods which projected some distance into the prairie, out of which issued one of those pure and living branches of Mad River, where we encamped for the night. I led my horse directly to the creek, when I got him into the water about knee deep, and tied his



bridle to a swinging limb, so that he could not let his head down. I laid down my knapsack, and struck fire while the men collected wood, and had just got the fire to burn when Captain McDowell came up and asked me how I got on with my lame horse. I told him pretty well, though he was remarkably stiff and lame. "Yes, Smith tells me, also, that the General wanted to turn you out of the road." "I am sorry Mr. Smith said anything on the subject, as I wished it to remain between ourselves." "Well," said Captain McD., "if Smith had not turned the muzzle of your piece aside it would have leaked out ten miles back, I expect. But come," said he, "and we will see the General. He knows more of you now, and probably likes you better than at the moment."

We found the General giving some orders respecting the wounded and prisoners, which done, Captain McDowell observed, "General Logan, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Lytle, a young volunteer soldier of yours." The fire burned bright, and he had a full view of my face. As he extended his hand, he said, "I believe my young volunteer and I had a slight interview not more than ten miles back," smiling as he spoke and grasping my hand cordially; "we were then in the dark; I am now glad to see him and his Captain at my fire." The General from that time till his death treated me as kindly as a father would his son.

When I got home I found Mr. Robert Todd had arrived a few moments before me, from Clark's expedition up the Wabash. He informed me of the men's mutinying and returning home at the very moment the troops expected an engagement with the enemy, which reduced Clark's forces so much that it would have been impolitic to have risked an action with the handful of men who remained, so the remnant returned home.

I went frequently to see my young Indian acquaintance and share with him whatever I might have to eat; but we parted at Limestone, when we crossed the Ohio River, and I did not see him for almost a year after, when I met him at Danville, on his being sent home to his nation from that place. The General gave him his own name of Logan, by which he ever afterwards went.

In the course of the next spring the Indians became troublesome, and we were much exposed in going out to the fields or

the woods. To add to the difficulty, they set fire to one of the houses in the dead of night. This was the storehouse where our saddles, bridles, horse gears, tools and provisions were secured. By this stratagem they no doubt expected we should open the front gate to get water to put out the fire, when they would rush in, and, guided by the light, readily shoot down and tomahawk the inmates, whom they supposed would be thrown into confusion, between the enemy and the devouring element. But the kind care of an overruling Providence directed otherwise. By the signs we had discovered in the woods for several days my father had apprehended an attack, and had already sent off an express for a reinforcement. That very night the reinforcement, consisting of a party of about sixty men, arrived some three hours before the house was discovered to be on fire. Having made a forced march of several hours, they were considerably fatigued, and slept very soundly. My father, brother and myself had committed the watching to hired laborers, being ourselves exhausted with standing sentries all night for a week previously, and were also asleep. But, as I always awake at the slightest noise, the first crackling of the fire disturbed me, and with my rifle in hand, which always lay by my side in apprehended danger, I sprang to the nearest porthole. On looking out as far as I was enable to see, I discovered a great light, and judged instantly that some of the houses must be on fire. The men were immediately posted around the pickets inside the fort, with a strong guard at the gate, and six men were detached to the lofts of each cabin to keep in check such enemies as might attack the rear of the fort, and ten or twelve prepared to put out the fire. While these arrangements were making, my father awoke, hearing the alarm, and, springing from his bed, rushed with all his force against the door of the building that was on fire, burst the lock, and pitched directly into the flames. At this time I was on the pickets to gain the roof of the burning building, but seeing his imminent danger, I sprang to his rescue and dragged him out of the flames, the clothes of both taking fire, which was, however, put out by some of the company dashing buckets of water over us. Three or four of us then succeeded in getting the roof off and tearing the building down to the second floor. In the meantime the Cap-

tain of our reinforcing party had guarded every point of defense in so masterly a manner that the Indians, seeing we were so well prepared for them, did not dare to fire upon us, and drew off their party as quietly and secretly as it had advanced. We soon subdued the fire, but the shock so alarmed my mother and sisters that my father discovered that he must render their lives unhappy if he remained longer a resident on the frontiers. He therefore purchased a tract of land below Lexington, in a tolerably thick-settled part of the country, to which he removed his family. Even here we were not secure, for the Indians came several times and stole horses, and at one time took six of his, when we pursued and overtook them at their encampment on the Big Island on Eagle Creek. We killed several of them and recovered our horses. A considerable snow storm had fallen, and the Indians, judging we could not discover their track, felt perfectly safe. Several other attempts of the kind, about this time, shared the same fate.

But in August, 1788, a party of them came over and tomahawked and scalped some of Colonel Johnson's negroes, at or near the Great Crossings of the Elkhorn, and stole some of Capt. Lyman Buford's horses. I did not get notice of this before 10 o'clock next day, and as our horses were always running at large in the woods when not actually in use, by the time I had hunted them up and returned, it was fully the middle of the day. My brother and I lost no time in saddling two of them and setting out. We heard that a large party of our men had taken the Indian trail early that morning and was in close pursuit of them. We, knowing the direction the Indians generally took when they had committed depredations on the white settlements in that part of Kentucky, and being well acquainted with the woods between us and the Ohio River, having pursued them often before and being well mounted on fleet horses, took a course which we did not doubt would intersect their trail before they would reach the Ohio. Indeed, we had strong hopes of striking the trail before any of the pursuing party would be able to overtake them, fearing nothing for ourselves if the party did not amount to more than five or six persons. However, about sundown or perhaps nearer dark, we struck the trail in sight of some of

the men in pursuit. As we came up we asked how far the front of the party was ahead to which the reply was four or five miles. We passed them, and kept on passing men every few hundred yards, until we caught up with the foremost, several hours after night, when I found Captain Stucker groping out the trail. Dismounting, he and I gave up our horses to some of the men behind us to lead, and we kept the trail on foot. About 3 o'clock in the morning we found that the ground over which the Indians had passed was very hard and gave no traces of the horses' feet. We had hoped that the horses of their own accord would follow the track if left to their own guidance, as they sometimes do; but they, being jaded with a hard ride of more than sixty miles, appeared rather disposed to bite the bushes and browse about, so we concluded to give them some corn we had carried with us for that purpose, and get some rest for ourselves until daylight, when we got up to the trail and started onward. The Indians led us a very circuitous route, so that it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we reached the river. At the moment we struck it, on looking up stream we perceived a small barge appearing in sight; and waiting until she reached us, the men on board were at first alarmed and bore off for the Indian shore, but directly seeing we were white men and spoke English, rounded to. The party proved to be Captain Ward and three other men, from Pittsburgh, and, on finding out our business, Ward and one of his men agreed to unite with our party. While the men were getting ready, Captain Stucker and myself were sent across in the boats to take the trail and follow it out from the river for a mile or two and see if the Indians had not camped back of the bottom to rest themselves. We did so, and by the time we got back to the river the volunteers that had turned out for the chase had all got over, to the number of twenty-seven, leaving their horses with the remainder of the men—about sixty—on the Kentucky shore, to wait for our return.

Colonel Robert Johnson assumed the command of our little party. We had not traveled far before he called a halt, and ordered Captain Stucker to slip out to the left a few paces, detailing eight men to follow him, directing Captain Samuel Grant, with eight more under his command, to do so to the

right, remaining himself in the center with eight more, the residue of the party. Addressing himself to the men, "Now, boys," said he, "every man sees his officer, and when we come in view of the enemy Captain Grant will file off to the right, Captain Stucker to the left, and I shall keep the center. Each man will follow his officer and obey his orders. In the meantime we will march single file until we get sight of the Indians. Captain Stucker and Mr. Lytle will keep in advance of the party fifty or sixty yards, and when they discover the enemy, will either halt till we come up, or return to meet and advise us of the situation of things."

We pursued on until some time in the night, when the thick and lofty character of the timber and its dense foliage rendered it so extremely dark that it was impossible to keep the trail, and compelled us to lie down till daybreak. At the first glimpse of dawn we were all up, and reprimed our guns, for fear that our priming had become moistened during the night. We marched on, and had not traveled more than half a mile before we heard bells down in the valley below us, and, advancing nearer, we discovered the horses that had been belled, in front of the rest, and feeding quietly on the bottom pastures. At the same moment we observed an Indian approaching us. Captain Stucker and myself both squatted down; the men about forty yards behind us followed our example. The Indian kept on within a few steps of where we lay hid in the high weeds, and inclined a little to the right, as we supposed, to go to the horses that were at hand feeding; but he went on past them, as we discovered, and kept his course till he had gone out of sight. We then knew that he had gone out to hunt, and we got up and followed his back track until we came in sight of the encampment. After waiting to let the entire party come up, Captain Stucker signed to Captain Grant to file off to the right, while Stucker moved to the left, their men following them, as had already been arranged. But Johnson, instead of getting his men to follow him in the center, directed Captain Patterson to take the men and lie watching the horses that we had just passed, so as to be ready to fire on the Indians in case they should attempt to escape by means of the horses. This order was given without the knowledge of either Grant or Stucker or any of their party, Johnson being

behind us, and giving Patterson his directions in a low voice, and signing to his own men to follow Patterson, while he himself kept on after Grant.

I stepped on in front of Stucker, he and his party following me, until I led them quite around from the south to the west, or rather northwest side of the Indians, so that when Johnson would fire on them from the south, and Grant from the east, the enemy would be driven directly where we lay concealed in ambush to receive them. Where we halted happened to be close on the high bank of a branch. The Indians had ten large camps, besides some tents, the nearest of which was about forty steps from us, and they extended from this point up towards where we expected Grant's and Johnson's parties to give the signal by firing on them. There were two or three squaws cutting wood by the camps, and three or four stout lads that came down with brass kettles, dipping water from the branch directly under us, and carrying it to the camps. At this moment Captain Grant fired on them from the right. The women and children and about forty warriors broke from their camps, running toward us. We sprang across the creek, from the high bank that we had squatted down upon, and, rushing up to them, the first warrior I met was a remarkably large Indian, at whose breast I presented my gun, which, to my great mortification, missed fire. Whether it was Stucker that was behind me I dared not look back to see, but the next man in my rear, whoever he was, shot him down. I instantly made ready at a warrior I observed taking aim at one of Capt. Grant's men, of the name of Hastings, but his gun fired first. When mine cracked I saw the Indian pitch forward on his face, the gun dropping from his hands. I then looked to see the effect of his fire upon Hastings, and saw the poor fellow stagger and fall. At that moment two Indians took hold of the one I had shot down, one under each arm, and dragged him from the field. I was reloading as fast as possible, and asked the man just behind me if his gun was charged, and on his replying it was, "Then," said I, "shoot down one of those fellows dragging away the dead Indian." He instantly fired and wounded him. They both dropped the dead body, and the unwounded one caught the other by the arm and dragged him off the field.

While thus engaged I had taken a tree a little in advance of our men, but young Mr. Grant and Mr. Garrard coming up at this moment, and finding them considerably exposed to the enemy's fire, I gave them up the tree, and having got the powder and ball down my gun, was just priming, when, turning my head a little to the right, I saw three guns presented at me within less than ten steps. I jumped back at the moment the blaze appeared from the muzzles of the pieces. I felt I was wounded, but still hoped I had been too quick for them and that the wounds were not mortal, although they had all three hit me. However, I had no time to examine the wounds, and my whole thought was to retaliate. The Indians ran about fifteen or twenty steps after they fired at me, and made a short pause. The middle one looked around to see if I had been brought to the ground, but as he turned I heard him give the word of command, and, although it was in Indian, it was an audible and deep-toned voice. As I raised my rifle she appeared to be uncommonly heavy, but it was necessary to be in a hurry, as the Indians are very quick in their motions, especially in action. He stood quarterly, with his naked breast exposed. I aimed for his nipple, as I knew a shot in that direction would pass out under his right shoulder. The fellow dropped at the report of the rifle. Captain Stucker was a few paces from me, on my left, at the time, and observed, if I aimed at that fellow's left nipple, I must have made a center shot. Stucker then asked me if I was badly wounded. I told him I believed not, but had not time to examine. He then asked me if we had not better force through them and unite with Johnson and Grant. I replied that we were better where we were; that now we had the enemy between our fires, and when they treed to fight one they exposed themselves to the fire of the other, and that from the number of dead and wounded they were running off the field, would shortly retreat. "But they fight hard, sir, and appear greatly over our numbers. There is another reason why we should retain our present position, if possible; if we force them from this, you force them back upon their dead and wounded. Now, sir, if you will spare me a few of these men, I will try and cut my way through that guard and destroy their wounded, and I will assure you the day is our own if I succeed in this at-

tempt." Captain Stucker told me to try it. I then ordered three men to follow me. This was a small force to attack the life guard of the wounded Indians, which I knew must be twenty strong at least; but as I discovered the guard was placed about thirty steps in the rear of the wounded, my object was to get around and destroy the wounded before the guard would discover us, and then to fall on the back of the guard whilst they were engaged fighting Stucker.

Just as I was passing the guard I came upon a wounded Indian who had his thigh broken and had hid himself in the weeds and grass, and, keeping my eye on one side of the enemy, I did not discover him on the other until I saw the smoke rise in my face, and, dropping, found my breast within six inches of the muzzle of his gun, which had been flashed at me but failed to discharge. We despatched him, but by this time the guard discovered us and gave us a heavy fire, they being in a much greater force than I expected. I then directed my little band to follow me, and passed directly in front of the guard, whilst we received the fire of each warrior as we passed him. This, however, did no other execution than to mow down the grass and weeds through which we ran. We finally found ourselves in the rear of the division that was fighting Stucker, who did not discover us, as they lay ambuscaded behind logs and trees, until we got so near as to powder-burn each other. Stucker at this moment discovered our situation and came to our relief, when the Indians left us in possession of the field.

About this time Captain Grant had fallen, and Colonel Johnson ordered the men composing Grant's command down to join Stucker, leaving the Indians in possession of the ground they occupied, on and near the top of a very high hill. With this addition to our force we pursued our retreating party of the enemy a few hundred yards, but to no purpose. We then returned to the Indian encampment, where the men, or at least numbers of them, turned in and plundered the camps, there being upwards of twenty thousand dollars' worth of goods there which the Indians had taken out of boats attacked a short time before in the Ohio River. I had just seized a chunk to set the goods on fire, when Captain Patterson, with the eight men Colonel Johnson had committed to



his charge, came up, and for the first time, and to my great astonishment, I found out that they had not been in the action at all.

At this moment one of Grant's men told me he expected that the Indians with whom they had been engaged and had left in possession of the ground at the top of the hill would shortly fire down upon us. "Why," said I, "is it possible you left the Indians that you were fighting in possession of the field?" "Yes," said he, "Johnson ordered us down to join Stucker as soon as Grant fell." I looked up and could see the high weeds shaking in forty places, and saw that the Indians were extending their line as fast as reinforcements came in, and that they were preparing to give us battle once more.

Just as I was observing these movements young Grant came up and asked me if I was able to go with him up the hill and bring down his brother. "My dear sir," said I, "your brother is dead, and Johnson has left the Indians they were fighting in possession of the field, and they are now preparing for another attack, and will fire on us in less than ten minutes. You must not think of throwing away your life for revenge only." He replied he could never go home without seeing his brother once more. "Well, sir," I observed, "if you insist on it I will go with you, but we shall never come back if we go." He still insisted on it, and we set out on foot. As we were passing the camps at the foot of the hill, seeing Colonel Johnson on horse, I went directly up to him and told him of the mad determination of Moses Grant, and begged him to form the men and prepare for action, and let us march up and rout those Indians he had left in possession of the field of battle. I represented to him that the men were all in confusion, and plundering the camps; that we should be fired on in less than five minutes, and if they were attacked in the present position of things they must all be cut to pieces. Johnson appeared bewildered, or rather unmanned, and I could get no reply from him. At this moment Captain Stewart came riding up to me on an Indian pony, with a tug halter on it, and leading another. He jumped off his horse, took hold of me as I was ascending the hill with Grant, and made me get on the little horse. Turning his head down hill, "There," said he, "ride down to the camp, and some of the men who are plundering

will tie up your wounds, or you will bleed to death." I found myself by this time getting very faint, and so I reined my horse alongside of a beech tree, which I leaned my head against to steady myself from falling off. My face was turned towards the hill, where I saw Grant, with Sterrett and Gregory, his two companions, ride up to the very weeds I had seen shaken by the Indians not three minutes before, when a tremendous fire opened upon them, and all three of the men fell down before my eyes, appearing, as they went down, to be completely enveloped in smoke. A portion of the Indians fired down at us at the same time, and one of the balls lodged in the beech tree against which I was leaning, and forced off a piece of the bark, which struck me a severe skite on the cheek and brought me to, from my fainting fit.

Johnson then ordered a retreat. By this time most of the men had caught Indian horses, and, having mounted, they broke and away they went in considerable disorder. I followed, as a matter of course, but at some distance in the rear, and frequently looked back to see if I could discover any one of the three poor fellows trying to escape, when at length I got a glimpse of Captain Sterrett. I hallooed to Captain Stucker, who was about—

At this point the personal narrative breaks off. The story is completed by the following taken from the "Western General Advertiser," published in Cincinnati by Charles Cist, in the number of April 14, 1844.

"Overpowered by numbers, the whole detachment of Kentuckians who survived this hard fought contest, made their way, not without fresh loss, to the river. Feats of bravery and desperation were exhibited in this battle, known since by the name of Grant's Defeat, from the death of the two officers of that name, who were engaged in it, which can hardly be matched even in our early border warfare.

"The Indians numbered nearly four to one. In the struggle, Lytle, then hardly seventeen years of age, had both his arms wounded, his face powder-burnt, his hair singed to the roots, and nineteen bullets passed through his body and clothing. In this condition, a retreat being ordered, he succeeded in bringing off the field several of his friends, generously aiding the wounded and exhausted by placing them on horses, while

he himself ran forward in advance of the last remnant of the retreating party, to stop the only boat on the Ohio at that time, which could take them over and save them from the overwhelming force of their savage adversaries.

"On reaching the river, he found the boat in the act of putting off for the Kentucky shore. The men were reluctant to obey his demand for a delay until those still in the rear should come up—one of them declaring that 'it was better a few perish, than that all should be sacrificed.' He threw the rifle which he still carried on his shoulder, over the root of a fallen tree, and swore he would shoot the first man who pulled an oar, until his friends were aboard. In this way, the boat was detained until they came up, and were safely lodged from the pursuing foe. Disdaining to take advantage personally of this result, the boat being crowded almost to dipping, he ran up the river to where some horses stood panting under the willows after their escape from the battlefield, and mounting one of the strongest, forced him into the river, holding on to the mane by his teeth, until he was taken, in the middle of the stream, into the boat, bleeding and almost fainting from his wounds, by the order of his gallant captain, the lamented Stucker, who had observed his conduct with admiration throughout, and was resolved that such a spirit should not perish; for by this time the balls of the enemy were rattling like hail about their ears.

"The father of Col. R. M. Johnson commanded this expedition, in which were embarked the boldest spirits of that part of Kentucky; and the scene of this sanguinary struggle was on Eagle Creek, a few miles in the rear of the river at that point where Vevay, Indiana, is now built."

Tradition relates that William Lytle's life was largely saved during the retreat by the devoted care of his brother John. When honored in Cincinnati, General Lytle jocosely claimed the rank of "Oldest Citizen," because on that April 12, 1780, as an eagerly curious boy, he had gone ashore and mingled with the men who gathered logs for a breastwork along the western brow of Deer Creek, which, if needed, was to protect a retreat to the boats.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MAPPING THE WILDERNESS.

The Interrupted Surveying Resumed—Massie and Lytle Make a Narrow Escape—Belteshazzar Dragoo—A Battle with Tecumseh on the East Fork—Massie's Work in 1792—Linton's Survey, No. 681—Lytle's Work in 1793—The Profit on the Work—Lytle's Surveyor's Camp—James Taylor, Sr.—The Land Market in 1795—The Indian Peril of that Time—Two Traces from Lexington—Covalt's Station—Major Riggs Killed at Milford—The Winter of 1791-92—Adam Snider—The Tiller and the Man Who Would Not Work—The Shawnees Had Only Nominal Possession.

Surveys by the same party on the same day of large tracts miles apart have caused some doubt; but such incidents can be explained by understanding the dates to refer, not to the actual walk from corner to corner about the tracts, but to the assembling of the notes, made by assistants, for platting and calculating and completing the reports, of which several might be signed and witnessed at one time. The only condition affected would have been the priority of conflicting claims which would not occur where but one deputy was working. The work done by O'Bannon between O'Bannon Creek and Eagle Creek, almost wholly before the New England people reached Marietta, was stopped by Congress on July 17, 1788, and declared of no effect, because the Virginia Reservation for the same purpose in Kentucky was thought to be enough. And there the matter rested for two years. Of course there were charges and denials of selfish motives in thus hindering the settlement of the Military District in order to gain something from the passing boats that were counted but did not stay at Marietta. On August 10, 1790, Congress repealed its action against the Military Surveys. Massie's settlement was the early consequence, promptly noticed by the Shawnee neighbors. The popular policy of conciliating their prejudice against surveyors was a more likely but not mentioned reason

for suspending the work that hindered the treaty making. When the treaties failed, Congress permitted the surveyors to resume the risk of measuring and dividing the land.

In searching for frequently meager evidence to justify a reasonable but elusive conclusion, a writer finds his most fascinating encouragement in an authentic date or a casual explanation that confirms a fading tradition or restores a succession of events to the dignity of recorded facts. On April 21, 1791, Massie went from the fort in a canoe four or five miles up the Ohio, accompanied by William Lytle, Israel Donalson and James Tittle to survey some land that Tittle was to buy. Arriving at a stream, since called Donalson Creek, the party with Lytle and Donalson carrying the chain meandered up the river about one hundred and forty or fifty rods close to a large mound, where they were put to flight by two canoe loads of Indians. Donalson tripped, fell and was captured. Lytle a chain's length ahead threw his hat away, knowing that one Indian at least would stop for the prize, and got to the fort with Massie and Tittle. After several days, Donalson escaped and reached Cincinnati, where the first man to meet and help was William Woodward, the future founder of Woodward High School.

Massie's bold undertaking induced others to venture across from Kentucky. The opposite would have been the more surprising, yet little that ventured to that sphere of influence came far enough west then to be included in Brown County now. The records of Adams County preserved the evidence of a transaction typical of the time whereby Alexander McIntyre of the District of Kentucky and State of Virginia under date of August 24, 1791, bound himself to make a deed to Belteshazzar Dragoo for four hundred and fifty acres of first rate land lying on both sides of Eagle Creek convenient for a mill site with four feet head and fall, not more than ten miles from the river. The deed was to be made as soon as it could be obtained from the office at Louisville.

Any sense of security in that direction was soon rudely disturbed by an event that made Old Clermont a part of the Battle Ground.

A Shawnee horse stealing raid through Mason County, Kentucky, in March, 1792, was followed by a hastily gathered

company of thirty-six men from about Kenton's Station. Of them, the names of Neil Washburn, Alexander McIntyre, John Barr, Charles Ward, Benjamin Whiteman, Isaiah Ferguson, Downing, Calvin and Simon Kenton have been preserved. Whiteman and Kenton reached the rank of general. Kenton was simply chosen captain of that pursuit. The trail of the robbers was found and followed to where they crossed the Ohio at Ripley. By that time it was nearly night of the first day and the pursuers only succeeded in getting across and going into camp. They were ready with the first light to follow one full day behind over the trail in a northerly course to the Indian towns that had grown farther west. The weather was bad, and, on the second morning, twelve of the men unable to continue were permitted to go home. The rest should have gone the same way, for there was no chance to succeed. With one day ahead and across the river, with nothing in front to watch, the Indians laughed at pursuit and always won the race. Still, twenty-four pressed on over a course probably near the line between Brown and Clermont. About eleven o'clock, the tinkle of a stock bell brought a halt, while Whiteman and two others were sent ahead to find the camp that was supposed to be near. Instead, one Indian came riding a horse with a bell and was killed, because of his childish vanity in the bell. The incident was considered a certain sign that other Indians were near. The entire party of twenty-one men and the three spies in advance moved carefully forward about four miles, when such strong indications of a large camp were found, that a halt was made for consultation. A night attack was decided upon, and the command retreated to a ridge, while the spies watched for any signs of alarm in the camp. When night came the spies reported that their presence was unknown. Wet and cold, they drew away into a hollow and built fires where they warmed, dried their clothing and ate, while they planned and waited the time of attack, hoping for success, while knowing that some were about to perish.

Because the famous chief of the Shawnees, the celebrated Tecumseh, "The Blazing Star," then about twenty-four years old, was present and directed the defense, the battle that began after midnight under clouds without a moon was described with much detail by the early historians and by Drake in his

"Life of Tecumseh." Yet, because of the total wildness of the country and the absence of peculiar landmarks, the place of the conflict has been disputed. A few thought the line of march was toward Lynchburg. Others have claimed the site was in Perry Township and near the line of Brown and Clermont counties. The weight of the argument is largely in favor of a locality on the south side of the East Fork a few miles above the subsequent town of Williamsburg (about five in fact) and nearly opposite the mouth of Grassy Run in Jackson Township of Clermont County. This is the place pointed out by the unerring woodcraft of the noted scout, Neil Washburn, who, besides being one of the band, afterward settled and lived for years in the immediate vicinity.

The party was divided into three detachments, with Kenton commanding the right, McIntyre the center and Downing the left. All were to approach as near as possible, and, at Kenton's signal, all were to fire at once on the sleeping camp. As the left wing came near the camp, an Indian started to fix the fires. Fearing a discovery, Downing's party delivered their fire and killed the wakeful Indian. The center and right fired into the tents. Instead of flying in fright, the camp rallied and the warriors rushed to find their assailants. Tecumseh happened on John Barr and killed him with a blow of his war club. The Kentuckians had chosen "Boone" for their watchword, which unfortunately was equally familiar to the Shawnees. The confusion resounded with shouts of "Boone" and "Che Boone." Perceiving the overwhelming charge in his direction and fearing the result in the gloom without the camp, Kenton ordered a retreat. Some one of the camp having fallen over the bank, by splashing in the water, made the impression that reinforcements were crossing the river. The Kentuckians reached their recent fires with a belief that they had killed two and lost one. Expecting pursuit they at once began a three days' struggle with March storms and empty haversacks to retrace the trail over which they had advanced in a day and a half. The last two days of the expedition were full of intense suffering made more distressing by a sense of their fruitless waste of life and energy.

More about the affair was learned from prisoners, who were with Tecumseh, after they were released and returned through

Wayne's Victory and Treaty. The fate of McIntyre was thus explained. In the afternoon before the attack, he had caught a horse in the woods, which he tied by their camp fires, and rode it away on the retreat. Tecumseh and four others found his tracks the next morning, and, following, came to where he had stopped and was cooking a piece of meat. After a chase, McIntyre was personally captured by Tecumseh, who did not pursue the retreating whites any farther, but returned to his own camp with the prisoner. After a short absence on other affairs, Tecumseh on returning was deeply indignant to find that his guards had killed McIntyre. What was done about this same McIntyre's bond to Belteshazzar Dragoo has not been found. Various tales of the battle were told by the returned prisoners. Some placed the Indian loss at two; others said that fourteen were killed and seventeen wounded, and that a band of a hundred intending to capture boats on the Ohio was thus turned from their purpose. Every enlarging circumstance was used to increase the consequence of Tecumseh and soothe the discomfiture of Kenton's party.

Some of Tecumseh's band remained in the East Fork Valley or others took their place. Massie gathering a large force for an early start, arranged to work in three detachments that could be massed for mutual protection. The course taken as shown by results was toward and up the Little Miami as far as possible, and then east to Paint Creek and the Scioto, in order to obtain some outline of the Military District. As Massie's own detachment of nine men was working along the Stone Lick, they were attacked by some twenty Indians and forced to seek safety in Covalt's Station across the Miami toward Fort Washington.

There is circumstantial but not positive assurance that, as the party went working up the eastern side of the Miami, Colonel Robert Todd selected the tract now known as Todd's Survey, No. 1550, of four hundred acres that now includes a part of Branch Hill. But the Survey was not reported until March 10, 1794. On April 1, 1792, Joseph Carrington's Survey No. 631, of five hundred acres now including most of Loveland was fully struck from the wilderness. The party then passed northward through eastern Warren County, and to Clark and Clinton Counties. On April 24, 1792, all Kentucky was made



to mourn for Colonel Robert Todd's death by the haunting Indian's. Despite the danger, the work went on to the finish of Massie's purpose. Made more watchful, if possible, by his beloved brother-in-law's untimely fate, William Lytle had the special fortune to discover and kill an Indian in the act of firing upon the unsuspecting Massie. But for the clear eye, steady nerve and instant action of the student, the career of the Master would have stopped the next moment. The relations between the two were full of the instinctive respect of brave and generous spirits that believe in the good and fear no harm from the other. In the deep solitudes of their companionship, they opened their thoughts to visions of the empire of homes and happiness that would mantle the Land Wonderful, when the throngs of delighting toil should follow the paths they were preparing. As their youth was leading through the perils of spying the land, so, out of the right that comes with all dearly bought knowledge, their age should share the splendor of the transformation that would soon require their busy pleasure to hasten. Instead of sending their brave designs to wither along the waste of vain intentions, fostering fate changed their dreams into plans of action so plain and practical that time but wears a deeper mark to their merit.

After returning to Massie's Station, surveying was resumed on Stone Lick, as is proved by the record on October 20, 1792, of John Linton's Survey No. 681, for one thousand six hundred and sixty-six and two-third acres in Stone Lick township. The position of that survey is a peculiar proof that others adjoining were made at another time in order to close the extremely difficult lines. It has pleased some writers who probably never followed a line, "Through bush and through brier," to decry the lack of system characteristic of the Virginia Military Surveys. In fact there was much lack of system all through. The Indians were not systematic in their attacks. The public defense was a personal necessity. The scalps of the houseless and the well-to-do counted the same in the war dances, but there was much inequality among the defenders. To remedy this Virginia promised an ample home, and promised that each should choose and shape the land himself. The custom gloried in the intense individuality that was avowed by whoever could say "I am a Virginian." What that has meant on battlefields

has passed into history. Such was the sentiment mingled with the divisions of the land that seem very odd and awkward to those accustomed to the modern method of surveying which is not more suggestive of patriotism than the multiplication table. Unless the honor was bartered or trifled away, the name of a survey is a perpetual memorial of the first possessor's martial worth. To judge the quality and make a fair allowance for difference between hill and valley, land or water power according to the orders or advice of the owners of the warrants was a part of the problem that continuously confronted the first surveyors. A fair study of such problems must admit that there was nothing careless or haphazard in the skill that comprehended and projected the bold lines, "Through flood and through fire," and Indian fire at that, of Linton's huge survey, nearly three miles long, so as to include several more miles of the Stonelick Canyon. A modern buyer could not easily be shown a less desirable tract of equal extent in the two counties. Yet it was the first and for some time the only survey made in Stonelick Township. To make that survey Massie braved the presence of Tecumseh's victorious band. From it he was forced to fly to Covalt's Station and after the big expedition of the year was done, he returned to finish the interrupted lines. We have recently heard much censure of selfish control of ore, oil and timber lands and irrigation ways. Those whose logic results in opposition to all private possession of natural forces will frown at the object of Linton's Survey in 1792, when there was no roof raised and no grain grown in all the space between Massie's and Covalt's Stations. After the test of more than a hundred years all must smile to learn that Massie's perilous efforts to make and complete that survey were prompted by his determination to preempt and hold the most valuable mill-sites along that precipitous stream.

In 1793, Lytle not yet twenty-three years old was deemed qualified for independent action. After that, Massie mainly took the Scioto side of the District, and gathered his helpers in his convenient Station or from about Maysville and Kenton Station. Lytle inclined to the Miami side with assistants from about Lexington. Of these assistants, his brother John, also a surveyor, was first. The story of their work for the ten or

twelve years to come would largely be a history of the mapping of Old Clermont. The fringe notched along the Ohio by O'Bannon's party in 1787 and 1788 and by Massie, and by a few others along the Miami and up the smaller streams in 1792, was now to be widened by an advance upon the inland forest. On April 1, 1793, eight hundred choice acres adjoining Todd's Survey in Miami Township were measured for Ezekiel Howell. On April 10, a four hundred tract was cut out on the O'Bannon in Goshen Township for W. Campbell. The young surveyor may be regarded as having "found himself" by the end of that summer, judging by the work accomplished during a few days. From October 6 to October 12 inclusive, the surveys on the waters of the East Fork, and mostly in Batavia Township, were: for Robert Tyler, thirteen hundred and thirty-three and one-third acres; for John Gernon, two thousand acres; for Joseph Jones, seven hundred thirty-eight acres; for N. Darby, fourteen hundred and forty-four acres; for William Parsons, one thousand acres; and for Robert Gibbon, one thousand acres—in all, seven thousand, five hundred and fifteen and one-third acres in six tracts, in seven days. Some of these and many others have suffered a change of names but the metes and bounds are as fixed by Lytle. The Gibbon tract includes the town of Amelia. The chain for the Parsons Survey was carried by David Osborn and Charles Crist, while the marking was done by Daniel Campbell. A thousand acres for Robert Dandridge was arranged to include the water power on Clover Creek.

The profit of the work was fascinating. An old Virginia law fixed a surveyor's fee for the field work and descriptive plat at three hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco for each thousand acres. But, with the great peril of the work, such regulation went out of use, and the owners of land warrants gladly gave an interest in the tract to be located when a price in money could not be agreed upon. Sometimes a fourth and even a third interest was offered. The owner or owners of several warrants sometimes offered one for the surveys of the rest. Then, presently, a tract would be entered in Lytle's own name. All Kentucky was speculating in land and no one was more hopeful than young William Lytle, as he realized his steadily growing consequence as an Ohio land-holder. Ambi-

tion tinted every prospect. We can believe that the winter months were busy with describing and explaining what had been done, and with planning, dealing and contracting for the next campaign. The youthful hero of Moluntha's Capture and Grant's Defeat was welcomed with local pride about Lexington or where he chose to go in Kentucky. The trend of his ambition carried him away from the swirl of petty rivalries and gained him sympathy amid otherwise jealous contentions. Those, who might have been hostile to his energy centered on local affairs, were eager to use his talent on the danger line. Without a page to quote from but the maps of his work, we know that his life was brimful of intense physical and mental activity. His enterprise was radically personal in every detail. There was no co-operative bureau or agency to collect the warrants, arrange the terms or distribute the surveys. There was no mail, no express, no communication, except a special messenger went to or from the party hidden in the wilderness. Everything depended upon the infinite attention of the chief whose sole limitation was an honorable performance of his promise.

Lytle's party for 1794 started early—so early, that on March 27 they had completed a survey for John Breckenridge of four thousand acres within which the Village of Bethel was somewhat centrally founded. In and about that Breckenridge Survey, fate also founded and fostered a series of incidents that within two generations reached the utmost importance yet attained in the Story of Freedom. While a completed survey was a desirable base for another, it was sometimes required that there should be a "line-up" with an older one miles away. A general gathering place thus became a necessity for a party many miles from its home.

A sheer bank of thirty feet facing southward across the East Fork and stretching more than as many rods either way along the stream offered some protection against attack on that side. The huge beech trees that crowned the bluff were a natural rampart for men trained "to tree" against an enemy. A plentiful spring flowed and still flows from between the Silurian ledges and the eight or ten feet of overtopping gravel and soil that forms the surrounding plain to the hills a half mile away. In front of the bank and floating downward from the midway

spring, a pretty island of some three acres once divided the river and made the scene an enchanting trysting place for rural revelry, party powwow or pious praise. Some thought that a trail came that way from the Shawnee towns on the Miami to the Buffalo grounds by the Bluelick plains in Kentucky. Others thought it was on the way by which the Scioto Warriors hastened to the Mouth of the Licking. Lytle soon learned that the camp was central in the Valley of the East Fork, about which his fortune was gathering. Just when the camp was formally chosen is not known. But the traditions of the Surveyor's Camp were a vivid memory among some who loved to tell how things began. It may have had some use in 1793. The following year required such convenience and in 1795, Lytle's work was all around that vicinity, reaching eastward into the present limits of Brown County.

Among those speculating in Ohio lands was General James Taylor afterward a resident of Newport, Kentucky, who became the holder of many fine tracts in the Virginia Military District. The immediate local effect of Wayne's Victory was to permit actual settlers to buy lands for that purpose. The first evidence of that new order in Old Clermont was a power of attorney from General Taylor to William Lytle issued on April 24, 1795, authorizing him to sell and convey in such quantities and on such terms as he saw fit any or all of Taylor's Military lands. The survey of a thousand acres between Mount Carmel and Tobasco was sold to Robert Kyle for two dollars and fifty cents per acre. The next survey including Tobasco was sold for two dollars per acre, to Daniel Durham. In the same year Ezekiel Dimmitt bought the fine bottom lands just below Batavia for two dollars and fifty cents per acre. These values may be regarded as fairly representative of the land market in 1795. The buyers were among the ablest of the pioneers and left prosperous families. Taylor and Lytle were thoroughly posted traders and fully realized the benefits from prospective settlement.

In coming and going between Lexington and his work in Ohio, Lytle had the choice of two roads. One was the main pioneer trail from Limestone Point on the Ohio to Central Kentucky, now known as the Maysville and Lexington Pike. From Limestone the way to his camp went down the Ohio and

over the hills across the Breckenridge Survey, sometimes by Feesburg, but generally by the Bullskin. That way went nearby where Amos Wood, his son William, and Thomas Watt came over the river from their cabin by what is now Dover to get some Ohio venison. Having killed a deer and while getting ready to return, they were surprised by Indians and fled with all speed. Failing to reach their boat, Amos jumped into the river and started to swim across, but was shot from the bank. The son was tomahawked while running for life. A tomahawk thrown at Watt was dodged and gained by him. Turning upon the pursuing Indian, Watt was able to gain the boat and reached the Dover shore, where the tragedy had been witnessed by the wife and mother and other friends of the slain. Wood's body was found near Cincinnati, where the rest of the family afterward lived awhile and then drifted away to a still wilder frontier. How many more of the luckless who went from friends and were known no more may have perished on the lonely shore of Old Clermont can never be told.

But when Lytle wished to confer with General Taylor or make large acquaintance with the managers of the Symmes Purchase or to meet those who were going between Kentucky and the Army or to pay his respect to Governor St. Clair, he went by Covalt's Station to Cincinnati and over the road lately opened from there to Lexington.

While the locality has frequent mention in the early annals of the Cincinnati region the story of Covalt's Station has been strangely omitted from works that should have been adorned with the heroic incidents. In the same days when Judge Symmes and Major Stites were forming their plans and gathering the companies that settled Columbia and North Bend and resulted in Cincinnati, Captain Abraham Covalt, a soldier of the Revolution, from New Jersey, but then a resident of Bedford County, Pennsylvania, negotiated with Symmes and Stites for the possession of a tract on the Little Miami, which proved to be the noble terrace opposite the mouth of the East Fork that at once gained fame among the pioneers with the appropriately descriptive name of "Round Bottom." The forgetfulness of the ancient story is doubtless due to the fact that the first settlers soon went away and left their fine land to be the farm home of United States Senator, John Smith, whose fair

fame was clouded by an imputed complicity with Aaron Burr. After that, every material vestige of the once formidable station faded from sight and memory so that none can point its place. Captain Covalt having organized his expedition and journeyed over the mountains to the Ohio, started down the river on New Year's day, 1789, and on January 19, landed without mishap at Columbia, from two large "arks" loaded with all that was deemed necessary for an independent colony. One boat brought agricultural implements, the outfit for a small grain mill and the finest lot of horses, cattle, sheep and swine that had as yet been brought to the Territory North West. The entire company amounted to forty-five men, women and children. The patriarch's family was numerous, and the heads of other families were Robert McKinney, Jonathan Pittman, John Webb, John Hutchens, David Smith, Z. Hinkle and Timothy Covalt. Among the single friends and relatives were Fletcher, Buckingham, Beagle, Clemmons, Cook, Coleman, Murphy and Gerston. On the dispersion of the colony, the paternal names of Covalt, McKinney, Webb, Hutchens, Fletcher, Beagle and Clemmons crossed the Miami and following the lines to newer and cheaper lands, found homes in Union, Miami, Goshen, Wayne and Stonelick Townships of Clermont County. As many of the men were cut off in the long war, the more numerous maternal branches have formed a bewildering network of extensive relationship to that band of bold adventurers.

Captain Covalt indulged no illusions of a peaceful possession. Through undaunting perils and with unflinching fortitude, he hoped to plant his family amid the honorable plenty of the most productive prospect of which his ears had heard. To accomplish this, the grandfather accepted the hazard of planting their fortune on the utmost verge of the Indian Country at the mouth of the desolate Valley centering the Land of Old Clermont. Without delay the weak were left on the boats and in tents protected by Columbia while the strong went to Round Bottom and built seventeen cabins into a palisade that also protected a structure for their mill. The exact location is not certain except that it was determined by the water power of the small stream from the hills, long known as Mill Run. The site therefore was near the present confluence of the Wooster

Pike, the Pennsylvania Railway, the Hillsboro and Columbus, and the Milford and Blanchester Traction lines. This scene of incessant travel in full view of the immense freighting of the Norfolk and Western Railway across the Miami has the distinction of being the first inland white settlement in all Ohio. As the winter of 1788-9 with its record of extreme severity went by, Covalt's people were reunited under their protecting palisade in making the "clearing" that now bears the alluring yet satisfying name of "Terrace Park." Before the first flowers of spring had faded in that loveliest of valleys, five of their best horses had been stolen. In June Fletcher, Buckingham and Abraham Covalt, Jr., started to hunt up the Miami. Before going far, Covalt became uneasy and insisted that they should return so urgently that the others consented to get back to the station by nightfall. While retracing their way, they were suddenly fired upon by a band of yelling Indians. Covalt and Fletcher were walking close together, and started to run down the river. Buckingham some three rods in the rear started up the river much hindered by his blanket which was finally flung from his neck with the loss of his hat. The hill coming close to the river there, he started up, but soon perceiving that he was not pursued, he stopped, carefully primed his gun, and listened. A yelling down the bottom forty rods or more away convinced him that one or both of his companions had been overtaken. With such a start, he hurried along the hills till near the railroad bridge below Miamisville, and then across the bottom plain made famous as Camp Dennison, to the stockade, where Fletcher had come only a few minutes earlier in the night. Tripped by a vine, Fletcher had fallen and laid still, while the pursuers, thinking him done for, pushed on after the doomed Covalt. Then he darted aside and gained safety. A searching party the next day found and brought young Covalt's scalped and plundered body for decent burial at the Station. One month later his dearest friend, Abel Cook, was killed by a savage lurking around their field, and was buried by his side. In March, 1790, the row of graves was increased for Captain Covalt and Hinkle, who were killed while making shingles near the fort. In September, 1791, Captain Aaron Mercer and Captain Ignatius Ross of Columbia in returning from Covalt's Mill with their grists on horseback met



James Newell, also of Columbia, on his way to the mill with corn to be ground. They warned him that "Indian signs" had been seen, and vainly entreated him to return with them. Before going far, they heard a shot, and on cautiously returning, found that Newell had been killed, pilfered and his horse stolen. Captain Ross was the father of Major Thomas Ross, the pioneer of Sterling Township. Captain Mercer was the pioneer who ventured in the summer of 1792 to build a block house on the east side of the Miami where copious springs gushed from a gravel bank and flowed through a prodigiously fertile bottom safely above all floods. The enterprise was aided by his sons-in-law, Ichabod Miller and Thomas Brown, and the place was known as Mercersburg, until some later people invented the strikingly inappropriate name of Newtown for one of the very old towns of Ohio.

One who would rather mingle the fancies of romance with facts of action may find many suggestions in tracing the migrations of families. In 1789 William Riggs, Sr., of Delaware, and a son who answered to the title of Major started from Delaware with a good wagon, four fine horses, a negro man worth eight hundred dollars, a choice outfit and three thousand dollars in gold. The winter was spent with a son and daughter living near Fort Red Stone, doubtless with much satisfactory speculation about the fine heritage that would be secured in the Miami country. In the spring of 1790, they reached Limestone, where the negro man took flight and was seen no more. After a vain wait for his return, their boat sailed or floated to Columbia, where the wagon was put ashore and the horses tied fore and aft, as was the custom, for feeding over night, with two boys for a sleepy guard. In the morning the horses were gone and never found, without blame to the Indians. In some way the family became a part of the Covalt garrison. Shortly after Newell's fate, Timothy Covalt, who had succeeded his father, went with Major Riggs across the Miami to get a basket of pawpaws. As they sauntered through a patch back of the long familiar mill site, they met the fire and awful yell of three Indians lurking along the gravelly ridge fifteen or twenty yards away. Seeing that Riggs, who was ahead, had fallen, Covalt turned from the hotly pursuing Indians and fled into the river from which he was rescued by people from the

fort who came so promptly that the Indians only stopped to scalp the unfortunate Riggs who could not have been chosen for more evil fate in Delaware.

A large per cent. of the Covalt garrison was with St. Clair's Army, and when the tidings of that defeat came, the dispirited remnant took their effects and combined with those at Gerard's Station. Gerard's Station was founded in April, 1790, by a party that went entirely outside of Symmes' Purchase and boldly established themselves on the east side of the Little Miami entirely within the Virginia Military reservation, where a strong block house was built not far from the eastern end of what has long been known as the Union Bridge—a point of unique importance to much of Brown and Clermont Counties. The head men in maintaining Gerard Station were John Gerard, Joseph Martin, Captain James Flinn, Stephen Betts, Joseph Williamson, Stephen Davis, Richard Hall and Jacob Bachofen. The talk about old-fashioned weather, either hot or cold or any extreme, has no supporting evidence in a long aggregation of time. While the winter of 1788-9 was a dreadful memory, the first winter of 1792 was semitropical. The despair of defeat was lulled by a gladness of spring that wooed the refugees back to the deserted stations, and Round Bottom was reoccupied in February. But during the summer three of Covalt's already depleted garrison were captured. The loss of the leader and more than half of the defenders told heavily on the rest. How the affairs of the Station were settled and how the estate passed to Senator Smith, I have not learned, nor does it matter much after the failure of the heroic effort, except the painful neglect which has obliterated the graves that should have been respected. The pertinence to our story is the grim courage that went back from the River Ohio and there boldly made the first interior stand for civilization, in West Milford on the edge and within the municipal jurisdiction of Clermont. And with this, the fact must be taken that quite a half of the survivors staked their subsequent fortune in Old Clermont.

Lytle had fine control of the old pioneer spirit. He believed in such men and they believed in him. No other man of his time induced so many to come to his lands and terms. There is a tradition of the Surveyor's Camp that Adam Snider, one of

his men, killed an Indian for some offense, such, perhaps, as horse stealing—the greatest of pioneer provocations—for which retaliation was demanded. Lytle considered the complaint with a diplomatic gravity delightful to Indian etiquette and surprising to his associates. A feast was served and presents arranged until the messengers professed satisfaction and ceased to prosecute. The tradition rests upon the memory of Mrs. Mary Cowdrey, a daughter of General Lytle's youngest sister, Elizabeth, whose married name was Beaty. Nearly seventy years of Mrs. Cowdrey's life were passed as a resident of Pike Township. Her story long forgotten by others is confirmed by the fact that Adam Snider was one in the Surveyor's Camp and that he lived long in Williamsburg in a house across Broadway from the Court House, of which he was the janitor for many years. He was remembered by the old as a gentle, pleasant mannered man who bore no trace of a wild rough life. The easy change in their demand may be taken as proof that the Indians had not come to the camp with clean hands, but rather in a spirit of making good out of a bad claim.

In fact, the waning power of the Indians in 1793-4, despite their recent victories, permitted little attention to the clamor of distant bands whose pilferings were a poor substitute for the stern duty of watching and hindering Wayne's steady march toward the ruin of their dominion. After all the war for the Ohio was but a part of the ceaseless conflict that has everywhere happened, and will forever occur between the essentially hostile forces of ignorance and progress. By the innate strength of its own action European refinement was brought into line along the Ohio against conditions thousands of years behind the march of the white race. The collision between resolute natures that would not and could not exist together was not to be averted. Every plea of the Indian to hold the land for hunting was impossible. Every proposition to divide the land for individual tilling, and for the use of commerce was scorned. And so the tiller rose up against the man who would not work and slew him.

If the hunting rights had existed for generations and through centuries the decisions of war would have been equally forceful. But the possession of the Shawnee claimants between Eagle Creek and the O'Bannon to the utmost sources of all

the included streams had been nominal, and never amounted to the construction of one wigwam or the planting of a hill of corn. Again, this nominal claim never reached the duration that civilized experience has wisely established for the limitations needed to confirm a thorough and undisturbed possession. From the extirpation of the Mound Builders to the ejection of the Shawnees there is nothing to show that the region of Brown and Clermont counties was ever more than a trailing ground for hurried bands—and not much of that. With such conclusion there is no need for mawkish sentiment about the fate of the barbarians. They were the victims of an evolution that soon or late destroys what can not be assimilated. Their removal was so imperatively necessary as the extirpation of the fierce animals that fed upon the flocks and could neither change their spots nor hide their ravenous jaws. Yet no human mind can or should ignore the pity of or forget the sorrow that fell to the women and children for whom Moluntha asked mercy from the conquering race. The lack of a report of his plea for peace in face of the opposition of his warriors amid the commotion of the interrupted Treaty of Fort Finney is a deplorable loss from the all too meager records of Indian eloquence. The violence of their life, the imminence of tragic death, the mourning of mothers, the cry of fatherless children, the hunger of many, the impending ruin of all, formed a matchless theme for impassioned declamation, which, from the treaty, we know was mastered by the old Sachem, who was the statesman of the people generated by Cornstalk and Tecumseh.

At last, within eight years of his dastardly assassination, the destiny foreseen by Moluntha was accomplished at the Battle of the Fallen Timbers on the Maumee. After the results of that battle were confirmed by Wayne's Treaty in 1795, the white man was free, and not before, to "plant corn in Ohio," unvexed by Shawnee war. Enough of the land had been surveyed to afford homes for many, but the work was only fairly begun, and much the larger part had not been touched by O'Bannon, Massie, Lytle and the agents of Taylor. What was done by others came later.

## CHAPTER IX.

### COMING OF THE PIONEERS.

The Effacement of a Hundred Years—The Settlements After Wayne's Treaty—Massie's Repulse from Paint Creek in 1795—The Origin of Williamsburg—James Kain—Massie and Lytle in the East in the Winter of 1795-96—Platting of Williamsburg Stopped by a Blizzard—Thomas Paxton—The Buchanan, Wood and Manning Settlement—The Ferguson Family—John Logston—Hamilton and Clark—Beltashazzar Dragoo—The Pioneers in a Forest Land—Adam Bricker—The People of 1796—The Pietists—The Five Ellis Brothers—The Dunlap-Kinkead Connection—James Edwards—Mills Stephenson—The Beaseleys—The Longs—Amos Ellis—Ezekiel Dimmitt and the Gest Brothers—The Light Family—The Christmas Fires of 1797—The Origin of Bethel—Obed Denham—The Baptist Church—The First Emancipation Society—Taylor and Lytle Build a Grain and Saw Mill—The Earliest Breadstuff—The First Mill East of the Little Miami and West of Chillicothe—Lytle in Philadelphia in 1797-98—Early Births—Rumors of a New County—Earliest Roads—First Marriage—Kain's Dig Way and Morgan's Raid.

A view of the period in which our institutions began immediately involves a consideration of when and how and where the land was "taken up," which was the term of the time that distinguished private tracts from the public domain. Since in the beginning the forest covered all, it will be easier to mention and understand where it was broken. Only those who attempt to revive the past can realize how completely the ordinary concern of a life is submerged by a hundred years. Except it be written on a trasured leaf or carved on a mossy stone there is naught to tell a name of those upon whose knees our infant sires were tossed. Enough, however, has been gathered from here and there to mark some lines between what was and what was not, so that a mind alert for historic hint may find some unexpected satisfaction.

While insisting that the Indian claims to our part of Ohio depended upon might and not upon right, it is only fair to add that there is no authentic instance of any claim whatever upon any land in Brown or Clermont counties not founded upon the ordinances and acts of Congress. This condition limits attention to the occupation of the surveys on which no settlement was maintained before the Treaty of Greenville, August 3, 1795, a date to be repeated until accepted as the base for all peaceful settlement north of the Ohio. Outside of the fourteen or fifteen block houses or stations around Fort Washington and forming a defensive cordon for the Cincinnati group the first settlement to the north was under the protection of Fort Hamilton, where ten families came in 1794. The first on record to test the value of Wayne's Treaty was William Bedle, who, on September 21, 1795, left Cincinnati with his fortunes in a wagon and went by one of the old army trails to a point about five miles west of Lebanon, where, lest the Indians should forget, he built a block house for safety and began the first clearing in Warren County. In the same days, a company, in which Governor St. Clair was a shareholder, started an exploring party up the Great Miami. On November 4, that same party located at Dayton, to which three different companies went from Cincinnati in 1796 and made the first start in Montgomery County. The first settlement in Clark County was made at Chribb's Station in 1796, and on April 7, 1796, the first house was raised in Greene county. In December, 1794, a correspondence between Massie and Rev. Robert W. Finley relative to a settlement of emancipators from Kentucky resulted in the forming of a party of sixty men at Manchester for an exploration of the Scioto Valley. On reaching Paint Creek they encountered the Indians of that vicinity, who had refused to take part in Wayne's Treaty. In the conflict that followed Joshua Robinson was mortally wounded, but Armstrong, a captive, escaped to his friends, while two Indians were killed and several wounded. The Kentuckians retreated to Brush Creek, where they were attacked early the next morning. The party continued to retreat with Allen Gilfillan wounded, and, on the next day, reached Manchester and went to their homes. With this repulse the efforts for settlement in that direction for 1795 were closed.

Meanwhile, Lytle returned to his camp on the East Fork. On May 14, 1795, he made Timothy Peyton's Survey, No. 954, of one thousand acres in Sterling Township. Other work was done. But the time had come for a more important attempt. For two or three miles westward from the camp, close along the present track of the Norfolk & Western Railway, a tornado in downward swoop had leveled the forest some years before, and left a log-strewn scene. When soaked with winter storms, the rotting trunks were more forbidding for cultivation than the green wilderness. But when fanned by summer winds, the tangled mass was quick to burn. That Surveyor's camp and the tornado's path were the origin of Williamsburg, that, after Manchester, was a twin birth with Chillicothe, as the second town founded between the Scioto and the Little Miami.

Without waiting for settlers, Lytle determined to make a start where it would fix attention in a way to do him the most good. To this end, James Kain, of Columbia, where he had come in 1790 from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, with well grown sons and some younger children, was engaged to clear forty acres of the tornado deadening. The extent of the undertaking in one season proves that much help was required, but who rendered that help beyond his sons Daniel and John is not known. The clearing made in 1795, from its nature, was done in the dry season—in the summer. The clearing camp or cabin was a mile and a half west of the Surveyor's Camp. The scene until recently was witnessed by a spring beneath the brow of the hill about two hundred yards south of the Deerfield road and west of Kain Run, so named from the first white man to dwell by its course.

In those days the plans of Massie and Lytle were perfected for final action. The friendship of the master and pupil was strengthened by the larger purposes of manhood. Massie must have been much vexed by the skirmish with the Paint Creek Indians which had deferred his hopes by making settlements that would promote the land market in which both had much interest. They felt that the chance was coming that would redeem their hopes and repay their risks. And, what was still more important, both had located about all the land warrants that could be picked up in Kentucky. But the

warrants were reported to be plenty and cheap in the East. Therefore, in the fall of 1795, both went east for mutual advantage and with a clear understanding of their purpose to secure the patents for lands already surveyed and to obtain options on work to come. They travelled well mounted with extra horses for the packs, the servants and themselves, so that the company could move rapidly and keep well together, for the Indians were not the only dangerous people on the lonesome traces.

In a letter from Philadelphia, then the national capital, and dated January 16, 1796, to his "Honored Parents," and now in my hand, Lytle gives a short account of his travels. He not only describes his difficulties, but also shows the customs of a well-to-do traveller at that time and proves himself a master of clear expression.

"Before arriving here in the fall, I had been obliged to travel 2,100 miles through several states; then finding, after three weeks' delay that my business called me to Richmond, Va., I left Peter, my servant, to take care of my horses and went on board a packet that sailed for Baltimore, where I continued my journey in the land stages to Fredericksburg, in Virginia, at which place I was obliged to lie for one fortnight, when I got better and went on; but, unfortunately caught cold and relapsed. By the time I arrived in Richmond, I was ready to go to bed and lie thirty-three days, extremely ill with a nervous complaint, unable to attend to business or anything else. I then set out for Philadelphia again, at which place I arrived on the 28th of December, and have mended daily since, and at this time enjoy estimable health, living in Fourth street near the Market. Mr. Massie and self found, as we cannot get our patents down for two months, that it will be better for one of us to stay and get them, than to take the trouble of coming all the way back, so the lot appears to fall on me to stay, and I suppose it will be the middle of March before I leave. I think, if I get home once more, I will marry some person that will keep me there for I am tired of this rambling. The French appear to be generally successful, and I believe peace would be agreeable to both parties, if they knew how to come at it on honorable terms. I had the honor of dining a few days since with a British officer on



the Lightning, so after the conversation changed to the present state of war in Europe, 'Oh, damn the French,' said the Captain, 'we are like not to do as much as we thought with them; they are like flints—the more they're beat, the more they spit fire.'"

This letter concluding with some personal words to parents, brothers and sisters was directed to "William Lytle, Esqr., Fayette Co'ty, Kentucky." Because a mail to that place as yet was not, the four pages were held by a wafer without an envelope, and "Honored by Mr. N. Massie." The child who wanted "to see things" done in the first landing at Cincinnati, the buffalo and bear hunter of fourteen, the boy volunteer who captured Moluntha and defied his General, the demon incarnate of wild courage at Grant's Defeat, the pupil who outran the Indians in a four-mile race from Donaldson's Creek, the youthful surveyor and prosperous land dealer, was now left in his twenty-sixth year to guide and maintain an important business and enjoy life in what was then the most select society in America, where he was credited with fine spirit and great promise; for his heroism was well known to the officials over whom George Washington was still President. Amid such pleasant surroundings, he met and impressed a young lady already chosen by fate to be the grandmother of their illustrious descendant, "The Soldier Poet of America."

The future generals eventually got their patents "down." With their habits of keen observation, they must also have learned much that was different from the woodcraft of their experience. Many warrants were obtained that made the future look busy, and old plans were made definite. Massie returned and so restored the hopes of the emancipators, that Finney and forty others met him at Manchester, and, starting about April 1, 1796, went to the mouth of Paint Creek, while others boated up the Ohio and the Scioto. They planted some three hundred acres of Indian fields in corn. In August Massie began to lay out the town of Chillicothe and by the end of the year twenty cabins were occupied. Because of his detention in Philadelphia even longer than expected, Lytle did not get started so early. Kain returned, planted corn and enlarged the clearing, and became a permanent settler. But

before this, and according to the family tradition, in 1795, he brought his daughter Polly—for Mary—then a handsome lass of twelve years, on the same horse with an older friend, Polly Bunton, from Columbia where their provisions were obtained. While at the camp these girls cooked for the clearing party. How long that employment lasted is not told, but from it they both claimed, in many years to follow, that they were the first white women to come to the East Fork Valley, and that statement was never disputed. Polly Kain married James Perrine and Polly Bunton married Daniel Kidd, both worthy pioneers of Batavia, who all lived to see their posterity sit in high places—so high that the peril and adventure of those girls seem an impossible dream. Among those who belonged to the surveyor's company, tradition and documentary proof alike have preserved the names of Adam Bricker, Adam Snider and Ramoth Bunton, the father of Polly, as subsequent residents. In 1796 the clearing grew so large that it was known as a landmark in pioneer geography, as the "Big Field," long after the locality was marked on the maps as Williamsburg.

As the indispensable planting and tending of the crop permitted, Kain built a large cabin by the Surveyor's Camp. That cabin was on the ground afterwards laid off and numbered as In Lot No. 43. The exact site is now covered by the fine home of Charles P. Chatterton, whose wife, once Lorisa Kain, is a great-granddaughter of the first occupant of the ground. To that cabin Kain's family was brought by way of Newtown in a wagon driven by young Archibald McLain over a road that had to be cut through the brush, so that the trip took several days. As soon as established, the "Kain House" became a place, where the surveyors brought the game that fell in their ramblings, and where they found a more varied table than their regular camp fare. Under such conditions, but at a date not stated, Lytle began to lay off his town with the help of John and James Campbell as chain carriers, and James Sterling as marker. Even with Lytle's activity and dexterity the task of arranging and platting five hundred lots with streets properly disposed to the nature of irregular surroundings, all supplemented by nearly one hundred and fifty out lots or squares for an expected growth, and

all laid with a precision that hinders trouble and still commands admiration, was neither easily nor quickly done. While the enterprise was in full action, a blizzard on November 26, 1796, froze the earth so that stakes could not be driven and in consequence no more was done with compass and chain that year. Before leaving for winter quarters, the reports were completed for three surveys for Daniel De Benneville, amounting to three thousand five hundred acres including the town and nearly one-fifth of the township of Williamsburg.

The platting and the statements of Lytle gave such assurance of a town that some decided to stay. There was plenty of corn in the Big Field and game in the woods everywhere. Much work was promised the next year. According to custom, a lot each was to be given the first ten settlers that would build a house. Kain took Lot 43 west of the Surveyor's Camp which ranged along the bank and the adjoining part of Front Street. Adam Snider built on Lot 265. Adam Bricker took his chance west of the mill site. Ramoth Bunton chose a lot by the spring north from the public square. A statement has been made that John Lytle remained in the place during the winter of 1796-7. Whether so or not, the four cabins named are all that can be claimed for that date. A good deal can be found to show that a satisfactory man could hold a steady place with Lytle whose policy was always generous. There was, and is yet where not usurped, a surplus of both width and length for every lot in Williamsburg. There is or was a tradition that his practice was based upon the assumption that there was enough for all, and that a full measure would hinder contention. Because of this, people gathered about who cared more for his service than for the wages.

In rescuing the Surveyor's Camp for a while longer from the impenetrable oblivion that will ere long shroud all endeavor, I have in some degree accomplished a pleasant but by no means easy task, for the satisfaction of people who may delight to dally with the infancy of Old Clermont. The fading traditions among the old, that were condensed to a phrase or ignored by writers who failed to discern their significance have been assembled, compared and found in such harmony with family registers, public records and events of those days,

that the work about that camp is restored to a sequence which puts other settlements in a clearer perspective and makes a logical story possible. Much of this explanation must be referred to the fine memory of Mrs. Harriet Lytle, a daughter-in-law of John Lytle, who, after the age of ninety, minutely remembered the conversation of him and his brother, the General, who delighted in her interest in their early adventures. She had clear recollection of such pioneers as lived in Williamsburg until the removal of the county business to Batavia.

With the work done there as a surveying center, Williamsburg has a priority of at least three years over any other place between the present limits of Adams and Hamilton counties, or more definitely named, between Covalt's and Massie's Stations. But as a place of continuous residence that priority has been reduced to a contest with several localities.

Going eastward from Covalt's Station on Round Bottom, the first of all inland clearings and settlement on the Little Miami within the limits of Old Clermont was made near Loveland by Colonel Thomas Paxton, an officer in the Pennsylvania line in the Revolutionary Army, who also had a command of Kentuckians in Wayne's Army, from which he returned south along the eastern bank of the Little Miami. Pleased with the country, he sold in Kentucky and purchased twelve hundred acres in Miami township. Of four accounts consulted, one states that he came to Loveland in the spring, another in the fall of 1795; the other two, in 1796; but all claim that he built the first house and raised the first crop of corn by a white man between the Little Miami and Scioto rivers. That claim is both too broad and too far. If the writers had read farther, they would have found the oldest date exceeded four years by the settlement at Manchester, and still nearer, could have found several preceding crops and numerous older settlers at Newtown and at Gerard's Station. It is not credible that a man of Paxton's reputed sagacity would have risked his wife and four daughters—a prize to tempt a tribe—far out in the wilderness still haunted by thieving Indians scarcely restrained by the treaty, as was experienced by Massie's expedition to Paint Creek. The confusion in the dates of the different accounts is cleared by

the reasonable probability that an advance party in 1795, was followed by the family in 1796 to a house that even then was stockaded.

The first credible attempt at a clearing on the riverside within the present limits of Clermont was made in the summer of 1795, by error, on the Neville Survey, by John Gregg and William Buchanan, who intended to take up the Anderson Survey at Moscow. Upon discovering the mistake, Gregg returned to Kentucky, whence his son George came in later years to form a large and influential connection. Buchanan went into the uplands and began another clearing near Calvary Church in Washington township. Shortly after he was followed by three brothers, John, David and Jeriah Wood, and three brothers, John, Nathan and Elisha Manning, who were intermarried with three of the Wood sisters, so as to form almost one family, which during the winter of 1795-6 built a stockade about a fine spring by Indian Creek. That stockade called Manning's Station soon attracted more company and became noted as a place of refuge in the lonely country, yet no attack was ever felt, and the timbers were used for other purposes.

Isaac Ferguson, whose father, Thomas, was with Washington at Great Meadows and in Braddock's Defeat, and who was himself a Revolutionary soldier, moved his family in 1784 from the Monongahela to Limestone. In 1792 he was with Kenton in the fight with Tecumseh at Grassy Run. In 1795 while living in Kentucky, opposite the mouth of Ten Mile, he cleared fifteen acres in Ohio township, planted an orchard and built a cabin to which, in 1796, he brought his family in time to raise a crop.

An old tradition claimed that John Logston was the first white man to live in Franklin township in Clermont, where he kept a ferry at the mouth of Bullskin at a date that excluded all others from comparison. If so, his occupation must have been lonesome, unless his patrons were horse stealing Indians, against whom the Kentuckians provided a bounty for every red scalp with the right ear attached, which made canoeing on the Ohio somewhat precarious to the red people, and others too, for the scalp hunters were not over nice and would have preferred a mistake to a lost chance. Any review

of such long obscured happenings must of necessity often depend upon the investigation of other writers. The research subsequent to his first publication about Franklin township by the late R. J. Bancroft has cleared much doubt from the name of Logston. It now appears that the once mythical Logston was a soldier of the Revolution; that he was one of O'Bannon's surveying party at Neville, and afterwards, in 1787-8, for which he was a scout and hunter; that he often crossed the river for the fine hunting in Ohio; that he built a cabin or shack for that purpose, that he had a family and moved to Tennessee in 1801; and that he left a son, Joseph, who was a voter at the first election of which there is a record in Washington township. But there is no proof that the father considered himself other than a Kentuckian. The most plausible solution of this and all similar traditions of extraordinary pioneer zeal on the north bank of the Ohio is that the facile memories of the aged, have too freely and too early shifted their heroes from the uncertain safety of Kentucky to the positive danger of the Ohio side. If any should cite the courage of the surveyors or doubt the temerity of their adventures, as an example to be followed by daring home makers in lonely lodges in a hostile land, it should be clearly understood and well remembered that O'Bannon, Massie and Lytle were equals in wood craft with the wildest warriors, and that they went in strong parties fully armed with scouts and hunters in front and rear and flanks, who could not be passed without giving an alarm that changed every man to a trained and resolute fighter, such as the Indians seldom chose to battle with on equal terms. All this was far different for the lone settlers of whom the rashest must have halted before exposing his wife and children to the horrors of massacre and capture.

A similar story is told of Alexander Hamilton of County Tyrone, Ireland, who lived as a hunter in Lewis township with his wife and five children, but of these some or all were born later—the account is hazy. His right was a "squatter's claim" which was nothing; but, little or less, it was bought by Joseph Clark, Sr., who came with his wife and six children from Pennsylvania in 1795, and soon built a cabin where his undertakings included a small grist mill on White Oak some five years later; and seven years later another on Bullskin, and

still later a copper still which at that time did not hinder him or his family from a strict adherence to the Presbyterian Church of which he was an elder for many years.

It is not claimed that any settlement during 1795 was made within the present limits of Pleasant township. Properly considered, this makes the reputed early presence of Hamilton and Clark at an aimless spot far back from the river in the jungle of Lewis township more striking and more uncertain.

No name in the early days of the region has more curious mention than that of Belteshazar Dragoo. By the bond from Alexander McIntyre in 1791 as stated on a previous page, he was the first on record to contract for a home in Brown County. Some have claimed that he came in 1794 to three hundred acres of land on Eagle Creek. This conflicts with the claim made for Hamilton in Lewis township. As Dragoo lived in Mason County, Kentucky, it is more probable that he acted according to the time and did not cross the river with his wife and twelve children until the treaty was sure. The next peculiar mention of Dragoo explains his departure from Eagle Creek. It may be hard to refute the claim that he came before all others but it is harder to believe that a sane man would take a wife and a large brood of children into a defenseless cabin miles away from any possible help, and yet none was known to be near. Granting that all the people named had made some preparation to plant corn in Ohio in 1796, from Paxton by the O'Bannon to Dragoo on Eagle Creek, there were not fifty grown people—not one to the mile, as a trace crossed the country between. But the ways into the wilderness were broken; or to be more literal, the courses into the woods were blazed, and the paths were ready to be widened.

There are few scenes of human endeavor that excite more sympathy from a cultivated mind than the consideration of the work done by the pioneers in a forest land. At the thought of a charging line rushing on to death or glory, every nerve thrills with the fellowship of danger, and every sense tingles with the joy of conflict; but as we look upon the puny might of a lonely man going forth to smite plenty from the gloomy grandeur of the measureless wilderness, our spirit quails at the mighty toil, and we feel that they who staked their lives

against such awful labor had need of stouter hearts than they who go to sudden battle. We would gladly call the roll of those who made the roads, cleared the fields, and wrought the change for our enjoyments, but the passing of more than a hundred years has worn away many a name that we would love to hear and be pleased to record; for it is no idle fancy that after another hundred years, when the hills shall be reclothed with the verdure of ten thousand more dotting homes and the valleys filled with a countless host, many eyes will search these pages for ancestral names borne by heroes in the ancient strife, and, vainly searching they will marvel with vexed pity for the indifference that, under the specious pretense of mock humility, has forgotten or neglected to perpetuate the honor of its own blood, and thus denied them the peculiar pride of tracing their lineage to those who honored the land of their birth.

At last the long and fierce strife for possession had ceased to trouble. The Land of the Blue Limestone and the Home of the Blue Grass had been wrested from savagery. In and after 1796, there was no Indian molestation east of the Little Miami and for many miles north of the Ohio. At last and not before, the Indian Country was ready for the Coming of the Pioneers.

Within recent days, we have been accustomed to expect that the occupation of new territory will be announced by presidential proclamation to vast multitudes of home seekers restrained by long lines of soldiers, ordered by electricity and signalled by booming cannon. The news of the Peace of 1795 that opened the fairest garden of America was carried by tardy messengers on jaded horses to sparsely peopled settlements beyond distant mountains over which roads as yet were scarcely traced. To many on the coast plain, weary of the moaning waves and sterile sands, or tired of struggling with granite fields and lengthy winters, the promise of boundless acres of fertile soil with a genial clime came as a grateful bid to a welcome feast. With some the response was as quick as the power to act, while others just as eager were fain to compose their desire until they could condense their wealth to the limits of a mover's wagon over the rugged marches toward a virgin land of which the tuneful names proclaimed beauty and inspired patriotism.



As the first fruit of the American Revolution, Ohio was founded by a people thoroughly nurtured in the sentiments and firmly fixed in the fundamental truths of that grandest event in all political history. Their elevation to the proud distinction of being the founders of a mighty state that was to be the mother of many more was not an accident but the natural consequence of their devotion to liberty. Their much marching to and fro in the long conflict had shown that their paternal acres were all too narrow for the rapidly multiplying children of freedom. They knew there was a vast expanse beyond the mountains. They listened to the stories of the marvelous richness of the soil. They knew the way was long. They knew the service was hard. They felt the reward was sure. They gathered their substance and started forth, not as exiles but as heroes to possess as much of the earth as their strength could compass. They greeted the mountains with hymns of lofty cheer. They gained the heights with gladness. They looked not back, but always forward, as they sought the secret trails of scanty barbarism and changed them to the open paths of peace and plenty.

Yet, all this was not quickly and easily done. The nation knew not where to find its revenue. The States were still staggering with the debts that were the price of their liberty. The people however proud of their victory were poor in purse—very poor, as measured by present standards. The populace long restricted to agriculture had not the steel to edge its tools. The great porch at Mount Vernon was paved with brick made in England and brought in ships that had gone there laden with tobacco. It is difficult to fathom the American depression caused by British repression which many, inured by long custom, were slow to resent, even after independence was a nominal fact but not an actual commercial condition.

From what has been stated, and the most patient research has not found others, an impartial judgment, without intent to provoke or attempt to decide controversy, must conclude that the honor of the first settlement is one that can be assigned to neither localities nor individuals. James Kain, at Williamsburg; Thomas Paxton, near Loveland; Isaac Ferguson, below New Richmond; William Buchanan with the

Wood and Manning families, back of Moscow; Joseph Clark, in Lewis township; and Belteshazar Dragoo, on Eagle Creek were the pioneers whose claims seem equally credible in their respective spheres. Each and all of these, at widely separated points and without conference, seem to have made a simultaneous attack upon a task that would appall their bravest descendants. Nor is it strange that their efforts should have occurred at the same time. The chance for which each was waiting came to all alike, and each took his appointed place in the work that had room for many more. But back of them all looms the potent presence of William Lytle, the master spirit of the occasion, whose explorations preceded their possession by four years of excessive hardship and intense devotion to his purpose.

The immigration of 1796 was mostly from or by way of Kentucky, where prospective settlers had been restrained by the prohibitory conditions of the war, during which many a story had been told by daring hunters, or by escaping captives, about the marvelous land beyond the river. While the immigration for that year may seem small, it brought much encouragement to those already on the ground, with whom there was some previous acquaintance or quick fellowship.

Among the second year settlers, the name of Adam Bricker should come first because of his previous presence with the surveyors and because of his long and patriotic duty on the frontier. He was born in 1762 under the protection of Fort Redstone. In 1780 while he and a brother were absent from their home then on the outskirts of the settlement, all the rest of the family, both parents and children were butchered by the Indians. In 1784 he joined the regulars at Red Stone and served his company as a hunter. In 1785 his company was ordered to Pittsburgh, and later to the forts at Marietta, Cincinnati and Louisville. In 1790 he re-enlisted and served through the rest of the Indian War. Upon his discharge in 1795, he came to Columbia and took service with Lytle as a hunter for the surveying party at and around the camp and by the Big Field. He lived alone in his cabin by the mill until his marriage in 1805 to Rebecca Hartman with whom ten children were born. After their posterity had scattered, word came back that a large connection with the same name

had been found in Northern Illinois and about the Western Lakes, whose striking resemblance to the Ohio Brickers gave much significance to their tradition of an ancestor who had been an Indian prisoner. That captive most likely was a survivor of the massacre of the Brickers at an age when little was remembered but the name he brought back to civilization. Events disposed so strangely different from all ordinary experience suggest curious reflection upon the spite of fortune.

Adam Snider, probably much longer in Lytle's previous employ, has been mentioned as the mild mannered slayer of an intrusive Indian. He lived a single life and was much liked.

Ramoth Bunton as he was called, though the name was printed Bunting in the official lists of the Revolution in which he was a soldier, brought his wife, a son, James, and Hettie, a sister of Polly hereinbefore mentioned. The name has disappeared. Hettie married and went farther west. But Joseph Kidd, a son of Polly, had twenty-one children.

The family of James Kain, then forty-six years old, included his aged father also named James, his mother, his wife, Katherine, his three sons, Daniel, John and Thomas, and three daughters, Mary or Polly, Elizabeth and Sarah. James Kain had done some service in Revolutionary days with the militia of Lancaster, his Pennsylvania home. His sons, Daniel and John, were with Wayne's Army, from which it may be guessed that James, Daniel and John Kain, Bricker, Bunton and Snider had many stories to trade when they happened to gather round the cabin fires of those first winter days in the wild woods nearly twenty miles away from Paxton's or the sorrowful people at Covalt's.

Paxton's stockade from first to last sheltered a people of whom all of the first to come are not clearly mentioned. At the time of the settlement, Colonel Paxton was about sixty years old and had been twice married. Some of the first children were married and remained in Kentucky. Of these some came to their father later on. Some of the second children were well grown and the youngest of all was born in 1799. What the large and influential Paxton connection has failed to preserve or explain can not be supplied by others. Of the twelve children, ten seem to have come to Ohio, but not all to Clermont, and not all at the same time.

The people for whom Manning's Station was a refuge were: William and Jane Abrams Buchanan with four children; John Wood and wife with five sons and two daughters; David Wood and wife with seven sons and four daughters; Jeriah Wood and wife with one son and two daughters; John, Elisha and Nathan Manning, whose wives were sisters of the Wood brothers and who each had children—in all seven couples, some of whose children were born in Kentucky and more in Ohio, but how many of either cannot be learned.

In building their Ohio home Isaac and Elizabeth Leedom Ferguson had the help of ten children, Isaiah, Zachariah, Hugh, Isaac, Francis, James, Thomas, Elizabeth, Nancy and Ruth, who were true pioneers that gave a multitude of descendants to prove the worth of their name, and to increase respect for the founders of our local institutions. The family of Joseph Clark has been, and that of Dragoo will be, mentioned.

Absalom, a son of Jeremiah and Sarah Dod Day, married Elizabeth, a daughter of George Earhart, at Columbia, which he left at the age of twenty-three and came to Williamsburg in 1796 to claim one of the ten lots donated to the first settlers. Their oldest child, Mary, was born January 28, 1797. At this writing, that is the first birth yet noted in Williamsburg and in Old Clermont. Their second child, Sarah, was born on December 1, 1798, in the Williamsburg home, but their third child, Elizabeth, was born September 25, 1800, on the Day farm by De La Palma in Sterling township. They also had four sons and four more daughters whose progeny forms one of the extensive relationships that interlink the counties of Brown and Clermont. It is pleasant to note that Jeremiah Day came to pass old age with his son, Abraham, and to enjoy a pension granted for service in the Revolution. About the same time with the Days, Widow Mac Kaslin came and gained a home by building a cabin on In Lot No. 51, which is still a choice part of the town. A lot each was given to Polly Kain and Polly Bunton because they were the first women to come to the town. The other two gift lots were taken, but by whom is not known. For on December 15, 1796, the earliest sale known in Williamsburg is attested by a well kept title bond to Ephraim McAdams for In Lot No. 121, and Out Lot No. 79, for which the consideration was twenty-eight

dollars. This means that the town contained not less than ten houses by the close of 1796, and probably more, for McAdams would hardly have paid scarce money when a lot could have been had for the asking.

The pioneers of the river side remembered that a Revolutionary soldier named David Colclazer had a cabin which some said was built in 1795, and others in 1796, at the mouth of Indian Creek. From their account, he was a mighty hunter after the order of many soldiers who took to trapping. When game grew scarce, he took the course of Logston, and he was killed fighting Indians in the Southwest. His cabin was probably a mere hut to shelter himself and furs. Associated with him as a fellow soldier was Larry Byrns, whose service in the War of '76, was recognized by a pension granted September 6, 1819. The children of Byrns intermarried with the Buchanans and Nevilles.

Edward Salt, an Englishman by birth, has the credit for making the first permanent settlement in the Franklin township of Clermont, to which he came through Kentucky from Virginia with wife, two sons, Henry and John, and three daughters, for whom he built a cabin in 1796, and started a ferry at the mouth of Bullskin.

Thomas Fee, Jr., came to the same vicinity in the same year, but two years later made a permanent home in Washington township. At short intervals, to adjacent points, he was followed by the remainder of the family of Thomas Fee, Sr., who, with eight sons and two daughters, became the founder of this notable Clermont family which has multiplied exceedingly and spread to many parts of the Union.

Rodham Morin came into Ohio Township in 1796 and settled below New Richmond near Isaac Ferguson, where he was followed in 1797 by his father, Edward Morin, another soldier of the Revolution, whose numerous descendants have so intermarried with other Revolutionary families that the posterity of the old families form not a chapter but a brigade of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution. James John, another patriot soldier, came next below the Fergusons and made a home at the mouth of Nine Mile for seven children, now mainly represented in the southern townships.

Francis McCormick of the Revolutionary service was the

first to improve the Clermont side of Milford. While his large posterity must mostly be sought elsewhere, his early home has immeasurable fame, for in his cabin was organized the first Methodist Episcopal class and church of all the world that is north and west of the Ohio. The next to make a clearing about Milford was George Conrad, who also raised a cabin to which his wife and four children came the next spring. Their home was about one mile northeast of where Major Riggs was killed as told on a previous page.

In the summer of 1796 the Paxton people gained a large accession of what they thought near neighbors, three or four miles away at what has since been famous as Camp Dennison, but was once called Germany, because of the origin of the immigrants, a colony of Germans, who in some degree had repeated a peculiar phase of England's religious experience. For, as those who protested against the formalism of the Established Church of England and insisted upon a personal consecration to a purer life were stigmatized Puritans, so also did it come to pass a hundred years later that a portion of the Lutherans began to notice and then to regret that a mere adoption of creed was superseding deep religious feeling and reverential living, and that dogmatic formulas were usurping the place that belongs only to the Bible; and, so thinking, they began to insist on the Bible as the basis of theology, to profess a change of heart, and to practice a consequent holiness of life more consistent with their lofty ideals of true piety. For this they were nicknamed Pietists, who became so very unpopular that, like many more of the best in America, they were driven from Europe with goads and whips.

After much buffeting, both by sea and land, which included heroic service in the Revolution, a company of these Pietists or German Puritans, determined to test the promised freedom of the Northwest, and, despite their sour belief, proved they were not insensible to the charms of beauty by choosing "Big Bottom," after "Round Bottom," the finest prospect on the most lovely Miami. Here, their leader, Christian Waldschmidt, came in 1796, and with him then, or within a year or two, came Ludwig Freiberger, Jacob Moyer, Jacob Stroup, Johannes Kugler, George Harner, Andreas Freis, Wilhelm Landen, Joseph Bohne, Jacob Lefeber, Hans Leckie,

Christian Ogg, Friedrich Bichanboch, Kasper Spaeth, Samuel Ruelhi, Hans Rodecker, Valentine Weigans, Hans Madern, Daniel Prisch, Samuel Backenheim, Andreas Orth and Johannes Mantag. In the following year Waldschmidt's Mill was built. Though across the Miami and in Hamilton County, the influence on western Clermont was so quick and lasting, that it became a large part thereof. If the curious reader should decipher and trace those German names, he will find that most of them have figured largely in the history of Clermont including present days, and always with credit. While most other early names are of British origin, it is pleasant to recall the strong features, the odd speech and the quaint manners of even the first sons and daughters of those worthy exiles for conscience sake, whose descendants have been so thoroughly Americanized that most of them will scarcely recognize the antique names of their ancestors. On the same boat down the Ohio with Waldschmidt, but not as one of the colony, came William Fitzwater, who, at a later date, left a large family in Miami township.

Among the many floating down the Ohio in 1796 and mostly going to Kentucky as the safer side were the five brothers, Samuel, James, Hezekiah, Jeremiah and Nathan Ellis, from Virginia. Nathan chose to stop within the present limits of Huntington township, where he was the first permanent settler, established a ferry, lived an active, useful life, and twenty years later laid out part of his land for the town of Aberdeen. He was preceded in the township by Ellis Palmer, a hunter, who after clearing lands for others went farther east in Adams County. Jeremiah and Hezekiah Ellis settled on Eagle Creek. James and Samuel took the boat on to the fine lands where Higginsport was afterward founded. On these lands bargained for with Colonel Higgins, the original owner, before leaving Virginia, Samuel Ellis laid the plans for an ample fortune which he lived to possess into his ninety-third year. His old age was lightened still more by a pension for Revolutionary service.

Because of the early occupation of Maysville as the eastern port to the Kentucky settlements and still more, perhaps, owing to the proximity of Fort Kenton, the stronghold of the almost fabulous Simon Kenton, the Ohio side for miles

above and below is veiled with a glamour in which mighty hunters come and go in ways that can not be effaced from the old traditions which may have been based on facts rather than imagination. For, the danger gave richer zest to the fascination that lured the venturesome to chase the forbidden game of Ohio. But the huts for such transient purpose, though claimed by the bravest scouts, do not class with a settler's cabin. William and Anna Dunlap Kinkead with her brother, William Dunlap, built a cabin near Ripley and then concluded to go to a tract near Chillicothe owned by the father of the Dunlaps. On reaching that tract they distrusted the Indians still lingering there. Their fear was sharpened by the fact that Kinkead's mother had been captured from her husband and three babes, of which one was butchered in her sight, and taken to that same Chillicothe thirty-two years before. During that captivity, the mother's fourth child was born. But, before the year was gone, Bouquet's dramatic expedition to Coshocton in 1764 forced the Shawnees to surrender their captives, and Mrs. Kinkead was restored to her family. Reflecting upon all the horror of the place in that time, young Kinkead stopped not to unpack his goods but straightway returned to the deserted cabin by Eagle Creek, where Anna gave him nine children, of whom seven lived long. After a year with his sister and brother-in-law, William Dunlap married Polly Shepard, whose parents had just come from Virginia to White Oak with several grown children. William and Polly Dunlap started a clearing near the Kinkeads and built a cabin where eight children came and grew to much credit.

James and Sarah Jacobs Edwards came from Virginia with three sons and three daughters, of whom some were married. Jane, the wife of William Rains, had a son, John, born October 30, 1796; and the Edwards family came, when the grandson was six weeks old, to the survey of a thousand acres just below Aberdeen. For that tract Edwards paid one thousand dollars or half what was paid for land about Tobasco a year before, which shows that the prospects of Cincinnati influenced the market. The last name that can be gathered with certainty from all that is remembered of 1796 is that of Colonel Mills Stephenson, who came from Delaware to Pennsylvania and then to Kentucky whence he came to open a farm near



Ripley. In 1791 Frank Kilpatrick came from Ireland and started down the Ohio with his motherless daughters, Isabel and Jane, aged ten and twelve years. After vain attempts to decoy them to the Ohio shore, the Indians fired at long range and, by chance, shot the father through the heart. The children floated on with their dead father to Maysville where they received much kind care from Richard Applegate, with whom they lived until Isabel married James, and Jane, his brother, Mills Stephenson. Beside the pathetic story of his wife, the personal action of Mills Stephenson graces a pleasing page in the history of Old Clermont.

It is not claimed that the families named as actual settlers include all who came before 1797, for it is quite probable that there were more whose memory has been neglected by descendants who may impute their own omissions to the carelessness of the writer. Such people have little understanding of the anxiety for a full record, which is modified by a haunting fear that something not sufficiently authentic may be admitted.

However satisfactory the subsequent performance of the first to come, their number is disappointing to those who have been accustomed to proud declamation about the rapid growth of Ohio. The roll of authentic immigrants during the third year is short. Whether that fact is a lack of record or a lack of immigrants or both is uncertain. The hunters, scouts and in some sense professional Indian fighters to and fro between Kenton's and Massie's Stations and about Maysville were well at home in the primeval forests now represented by the homes between Higginsport and Aberdeen. Some had acted as scouts and guides for the various hostile excursions from Kentucky. Some had been in the surveying parties and knew the country better than the settlers. But they mostly followed Massie to the Scioto country. An exception was some of the Beaseley family, but the year of their settlement, while early, is uncertain. Whether first or somewhat later, they did not come as far strangers. Kentucky was still a vastly unoccupied land where the people regarded Ohio as a chance for speculation rather than a place for a home. Those able to own Ohio lands were living in Central Kentucky. The machinery for handling real estate north of the river was not ready; and the re-

sponse to the call to come west had not begun. Jephtha Beaseley having married Sarah Fisher came in or about 1797 to clear up the vicinity of Ripley. Thomas Cormick came in the same year and gave his name to Cormick Run where he was joined by James and William Long. In that fall Amos Ellis and Thomas McConnell from Pennsylvania after a year or two in Kentucky opened a clearing on Cormick Run and built cabins to which they came the next spring. Ellis had married Mary McConnell, a sister of Thomas, and lived to be one of the foremost citizens of the old County of Clermont and of the young County of Brown.

Having purchased of Lytle and Taylor in 1795, Ezekiel Dimmitt from Virginia by way of Kentucky came across in 1796 with James Gest, built a cabin and began a clearing. On November 3, 1797, Dimmitt married Phebe Gest in Kentucky, and with her and her brothers, John and James, came at once to Batavia, not yet to be for twenty years to come, and made their home a center of social and religious importance. Sixteen miles to the northwest, but much nearer Paxtons, Samuel Robinson purchased and began to improve the fine tract now partly occupied by Miamiville. Chapman Archer planted his family to grow strong and influential in Pierce township some four miles southwest of Dimmitts. The Nash family came to Little Indian Creek. Theophilus, William and John Simon-ton made a start by the mouth of the O'Bannon.

Jacob Light had much strange, exciting experience including service in the Revolution. In 1786 he went with wife and child to Detroit, but, after four unsatisfactory years, they returned along the Big Trail to Wheeling. A year later, he boated with his brothers, Daniel and Peter to Columbia. In July, 1792, he was one of five in a boat that was attacked by Indians. Of the five, one was killed, one captured, and himself severely wounded. The one captured was the boy, Oliver M. Spencer, whose after life was notable, and whose Narrative of his Captivity is an excellent book of adventure. Five years later, after much wandering, Jacob Light built the first house on the site of New Richmond. Daniel Light settled near New Richmond, and Peter Light settled nearly midway between Williamsburg and Bethel. Jacob was the founder of New Richmond and after the favor of fortune, he brought his father,

also a soldier of the Revolution, to share his plentiful home that had become a landmark on the early Ohio. Under Taylor's management, the land between Nine Mile and the Little Miami, now known as Anderson township of Hamilton County was being settled, and Newtown was becoming a trading point. Farther up the Miami, Waldschmidt gave employment and then his daughter to Matthias Kugler than whom few brought more nervous vigor for the development of Western Clermont.

On the riverside from Nathan Ellis at Aberdeen, by his brothers and others at Ripley and Higginsport, by Salt at Bullskin, by Ferguson, Light, Morin and others above and below Twelve Mile, by John at Nine Mile, by McCormick and Conrad near Broad Ripple, by Robinson near Indian Ripple, to Simonton at the Mouth of the O'Bannon and then over the hill to Paxton's, a traveller, watchful for signs of life on Christmas, 1797, might have seen the smoke from certainly not more than forty cabins—perhaps less. All the interior, not counting from the banks of the bounding waters but including the fires of Williamsburg, might have been as many as forty more. One can not be certain about how many may have come and gone and left no sign.

But far back in the woods at a future cross roads, where some not over plentiful springs give their waters to the clayey banks of a nameless runlet, Providence prepared the plans and gathered leading actors for one of the most momentous conflicts in the refinement of mankind. Obed Denham, a Virginian by birth and a Kentuckian by migration, through personal experience had become an unrelenting opponent of human slavery. Rejoicing at the promise of an escape from the immediate presence of the peculiar institution, he made deliberate arrangements for his dependents and crossed the Ohio with ample means to found a rustic home in the land of free speech and free conscience. Guided by an impulse higher than reason, he purchased fifteen hundred acres of the huge Breckinridge Survey in the unbroken forest of Tate township, where he proceeded on a well considered plan to found a congenial society for people of his opinion.

With him came his wife, Mary, and their children: Timothy, John, James, Obed, Jr., Charity and Sarah; also his brother.

the Rev. John Denham, an aged man, with a son, James, and a daughter, Rebecca; also Jeremiah Beck and his children, Jeremiah, Samuel, Levi, Stephen, Hannah, Ruth and Sarah; also Kelly Burke, a son-in-law of the leader. They all professed the Baptist faith. Within a year, as soon as the building and clearing permitted, Denham platted a town which he called Plainfield, but which others called Denhamstown, but which all, at a later date called Bethel. In this town, among other things, he gave "Two lots for the use of the Regular Baptist Church, who do not hold slaves or commune at the Lord's table with those that do practice such tyranny over their fellow creatures, for to build a home for the worship of Almighty God and to bury the dead." This was the first legally organized practical emancipation society west of the Alleghanies, and about it we will find marvelous memories.

With the advantage of a wealth not possessed by Massie or Lytle General James Taylor, Sr., of Newport, Kentucky, became the holder of many large tracts in the Virginia Military District. Much of this land was surveyed for Taylor by Lytle, who became the older man's agent, attorney in fact, adviser and intimate friend. This association included Massie, and the three men became the chief, earnest and deeply interested promoters of the settlement of the Virginia Military Lands. Taylor having the money and Lytle the energy, they resolved to attract attention eastward from the Miami and northward from the Ohio by building a grain and saw mill at Lytlestown on the East Fork, which would anticipate the first vital needs of a desired class of settlers. The platting of the town suspended because of a blizzard, November 26, 1796, was resumed with spring weather and, on April 13, 1797, that work was finished.

From the attention given to the descriptions of the various primitive methods of reducing grain to breadstuff, we might conclude there was a long era of a mortar and pestle, developed into a scooped out stump, with an overhead pounder swung from a springy limb or bent-over sappling, where the scanty grains were smashed by the women, whose leading thought was to fix for another meal. Such a time, if any there was for any in Old Clermont, was of short duration, especially at Williamsburg. The mill at Covalt's Station early in 1789

was the first in the Cincinnati region to be driven by water power. In 1790, Wickersham's floating mill began to run and so continued for years at the first ripple of the Little Miami. A hand mill was a well known implement a hundred years and much more ago. Something like a huge iron coffee mill to be fastened to an upright post and operated with a crank for two men is still to be seen among the Moravian relics at Gnadenhutten. The work was easier when the grain was parched, and the meal from freshly parched corn was and is delicious. The Ferguson family had a hand mill of which the two stones were brought over the Alleghenies on a pack horse. Such a mill was run by pushing or revolving the stone with levers that travelled in a circle. When larger and run by a sweep they were called horse mills. Yet, these could be used with enough man-power. Two stones for a horse mill for grinding grain were brought by James Kain from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Fort Red Stone, and then to Columbia and finally to Williamsburg, where they ceased to travel but not to grind. After ten or twelve years Captain Stephen Smith came and married James Kain's daughter, Sarah; and, among other things done about his plow and wagon shop before his service in the "War of '12," he set up a horse mill on Lot No. 122. While not positively affirming that Smith refitted Kain's mill, tradition leads to that conclusion; and the two mill stones used by Captain Smith in his long ago grinding are now in the possession of his nephew, Enoch West Smith, a veteran of the Union Army. With this evidence we must believe that very little if any of the early life of Williamsburg subsisted on pounded grain.

Despite the stories of long trips to the Miami Mills, Lytle and Taylor made 1797 memorable by building the first mill west of Chillicothe and east of the Little Miami. According to Lytle's papers still preserved, the work was begun in March, 1797, by Robert Winslow, John Campbell, James Sterling and Henry Dunham. In September, John Jackson's name appeared on the account to which David Snell and William Morris were added in December. Trees were to be cut for logs that must be flattened for a dam and squared for framing. The channel of the river was leveled across and graded back with an under dip up stream for long timbers laid side by side

and riprapped with huge blocks of stone covered with gravel and earth, that became thicker as the wall of logs below rose higher and higher for a fall of water, that went directly to the wheels without passing through a race, or at most, a very short one. The site was on the west bank, and south of the foot of Mill street, the most northerly and shortest street on the ancient plats of Williamsburg. In considering the amount of provisions required by the people and their cattle in that undertaking, reason is found for admiring the foresight that began with the clearing and planting of the Big Field. For the transportation of the needed grain at that time would have added much to the cost of the mill.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the enterprise, neither of the owners could afford the time for personal supervision. Among the artisans of pioneer days none exceeded the importance of the millwright. The guiding master chosen for that and much subsequent mill building in Brown and Clermont was Peter Wilson, who came from much similar experience in Kentucky. The personal representative in charge of General Taylor's interests was William Perry from Kentucky, who remained in Williamsburg and became the first Sheriff of Old Clermont. He was looked upon as an enterprising man. Afterward, the first house in Madisonville, raised in 1809, and made of logs, was occupied by him as an inn, where, amid much attention to patrons, he seldom kept a long time very sober.

Among the assistants much employed by Lytle was John Donnels, a young Irish surveyor, who was one of the company at the camp. He also helped to lay off the town in 1796, and, for work on the mill, he was paid £37 19s 6d, of the old-fashioned currency in which the accounts were kept. William Perry was paid £199 10s 4d, and James Kain was paid £120 5s 4d, for boarding. That was only in part. Between July and October Taylor advanced £258 13s 10d. The total expenditure for the enterprise was \$2,804.92, in Federal currency. In spite of the cash supplied, the work was slow.

Every one in business with the government then had cause to complain of the law's delay—especially, when anything was coming to the individual. Because of various needs in general and vexing trouble in "getting their patents down," Lytle re-

turned to the East in the summer of 1797, with the sympathy of Massie and Taylor. To him at Philadelphia, Taylor wrote on August 28, 1797, "We shall very soon be ready for the millwright to go framing." Yet the frame of the grist mill did not go up till the following April. On May 1, 1798, John Harris rendered a bill of \$60 for a pair of millstones. The same bill quotes 200 pounds of saw mill irons at 18 pence per pound. In another bill, burr iron is charged at 14 pence per pound, and nails at 30. Peter Wilson was paid a total of £225, partly in cash and partly in land. No statement has been found when the grinding began, but on January 23, 1799, Perry wrote: "It is the completest mill in this country—but people say Earhart don't know how to tend mill." If this was John Earhart, the name was soon restored to popular favor, for he was known as a plow maker with no superior. On February 9, 1799, O. Beatie wrote: "The saw mill is generally going, the grist mill is in tolerable order." On March 8, 1799, William Campbell engaged to manage the mills for one year "for two hundred acres of land within ten miles of Williamsburg" which came to pass.

Out of all accounts that have come to hand, the first birth noted between Eagle Creek and the O'Bannon is that of Mary Day on January 28, 1797. The next in Williamsburg is that of her sister, Sarah Day, on December 1, 1798. In the letter of January 23, 1799, Perry briefly reported: A child born to Dan Kain, to John Kain, to Ed Mitzer, to Captain John Armstrong and to myself. With seven babies added to the list, the little settlement was making fine progress. This same letter from Perry also contained some news that gives an idea of the political gossip of the day that may have made Lytle smile with surprise or grit his teeth with defiance. "I have been told the county is to be laid off this spring. The county town will be below the mouth of Bullskin. That seems impossible. Col. Massie has settled some men on Big Indian and says the town will be there. Many say this place should be it. They say three men are to be elected and lay the county and fix the seat of justice, the Miami to be one line and Eagle Creek another, until the forks, and then run due north till it meets the Miami." By the "Miami" Perry doubtless meant the East Fork at or near Lynchburg. With this understand-

ing the proposed boundaries, although nearly two years ahead of the action taken, were almost prophetic and show that the county was well studied before the people came, for whom it was to be formed. This letter has the special interest of giving the first known intimation of "the county" in question, and the sentence, "Many think that this place should be it," is a revelation of Lytle's purpose, from the first, to make it so. But that purpose was not ready for performance.

In his report to the Cabinet in 1795, Governor St. Clair briefly stated a most important and vivid fact: "There is not a road in the country." In his letter to Lytle already mentioned under date of August 28, 1797, written from his mansion "Belle Vue," now an important Kentucky suburb of Cincinnati, General Taylor says:

"I have got the road established to Williamsburg, and from thence to Chillicothe on the Scioto. Have got \$150 subscribed for the immediate cutting it out, a good bridle path from the town to Chillicothe. Captain Armstrong has been very friendly in this business. I attended court myself and had this matter fixed. Donnells started on the 25th inst., accompanied by Robert McKinney, one of the Cotterals and one of the Bookovers. They expect to be gone about three weeks. Ludlow has returned from running the boundary between the United States and the Indians, and intends very shortly to set out to survey the military lands on the Scioto, and he and a number of gentlemen from Cincinnati will travel our road."

The directness with which this man of many affairs stated his achievement to his partner indicates that he was telling of something that had been a subject of mutual planning. "Our road" to Chillicothe was in two sections. The first section was from Cincinnati by roads laid out at various times and over short distances eastward:—

From Fort Miami along Turkey Bottom to Wickersham's mill on the Little Miami, in 1790—

From Wickersham's mill three miles from the mouth of the Little Miami to Mercersburg (Newtown) in 1792—

From the "Garrison" at Mercersburg (Newtown) to Dry Run and thence by Broadwell's clearing to the Little Miami in 1793.

From Newtown in 1797, John Donnells, as directed by Gen-



eral Taylor and assisted by Daniel Kain and Robert McKinney, laid a trace to Williamsburg, as related by Taylor, which was finally adopted by the next Court of Quarter Sessions, November 24, 1797. Robert McKinney's name had been familiar at Covalt's Station. The work was under the authority of Hamilton County, and the continuation to Chillicothe is proved by a letter from Donnells to John Lytle, who was taking care of the Kentucky side of their affairs during William Lytle's trip to the East. The lively quaintness of the brief gossip preserved is a sufficient reason for its publication, but the letter, written without thought of publication, supplies a missing link in the story of a great historic highway and also answers several otherwise obscure questions. The copy is exact:

"Williamsburg, October 4, 1797.

"Respected Sir:—I received your letter by Mr. Townsley, by whom I reply. I tried my best to accommodate him. I have no doubt but he will be satisfied in land of your brothers, but I rather expect the land alluded to in your letter to me will not suit him. Be assured I did my duty. I am badly circumstanced at present. I was married last Thursday to Betsy Paxton on O'Bannon's Creek, and have only been home about three weeks from running a road from Williamsburg to Chillicothe on Sciota. The distance between the two towns is 60½ miles.

"Dear Sir:—It is at law with me how to manage concerning where to begin housekeeping. My father-in-law insists on my settling near him, but this perhaps would not be doing justice to Mr. William Lytle—my best friend. I would rather than twenty pounds I could see him before I fix a place of living. Notwithstanding, I am fully determined to aid and assist him in all his business till he returns. The mill work is going on very well but it will be a dreadful expense—I suppose not less than 1,200 pounds, this currency. This is only a supposition of my own. The town is growing rapidly and everything seems to be in its favor. Scarcely a night since I cut the road to Sciota, but 10 or 12 travellers lodge here. I conclude by remaining your

Sincere friend,

"JOHN DONNELLS."

The marriage of Betsy Paxton to John Donnell on Thursday, September 28, 1797, is the first wedding on the Clermont side of the Little Miami. The first marriage in the Scioto Valley occurred on April 17, 1798, over six months later. A date is fixed for the first visit of Mr. Townsley, whose family had long duration about Batavia. No stronger proof of devotion to Lytle need be asked than is stated in this evidently sincere letter.

Ludlow and his surveyors travelled on "our road" to Chillicothe and began on the Military Lands before the arrival from the East of the party that cut Zane's Trace. That celebrated road had been greatly desired by Taylor and Lytle, and their success in reaching Chillicothe first was a signal instance of eastern enterprise surpassed by western energy. Williamsburg could be reached by Donnell's Trace through Newtown; or by the west side of the Miami to the much safer ford at Broad Ripple by Round Bottom, and up the north side of the East Fork to Stonelick and Backbone, and across the level lands to the town, whence Donnell's second Trace bore north 79 degrees East, through New Market to meet the road from the east.

During the Indian War, safety was sought along the road by Crab Orchard, in Kentucky; but when the danger ceased, convenience required a shorter road through Ohio. The best that could be done with a Congress always doubtful and hesitating about internal improvements was a permission to Colonel Ebenezer Zane to cut a Trace from Wheeling to Maysville by way of Chillicothe; for which he was to have the privilege of locating warrants that he already owned for three sections of six hundred and forty acres each, at three different points, where he should also have the mixed privilege and duty of maintaining the necessary ferries. From one side, this was very inadequate pay for the undertaking, but, on the other hand, he had the golden chance of founding and controlling the markets of the new country. When they came to lay the road, in 1797, there was but one white man's house on the course between Wheeling and Chillicothe, and none for forty miles east of Williamsburg. Zane's share of the project was the sites of Zanesville and Lancaster, for he gave the third section at East Chillicothe to his helpers in the work. Massie attained his

desire by fixing Chillicothe on the new road, and Massiesburg opposite Maysville, which, after twenty years was revived as Aberdeen. All to the west was left to make its own chance, and eventually get the most good from the road.

Before steamboating superseded staging the travel over that road was animated beyond any comparison within modern experience. A perpetual procession of movers marching to the West made a little market at the cross roads that were soon established, at which every extra bushel or pound of the products for miles on either side found ready sale at stimulating prices. The accounts of Taylor and Lytle's mill for 1799 show that corn was 75 cents, rye \$1.00 and wheat \$1.25 per bushel; that sawing was done at 50 cents per hundred, and that good lumber was sold at \$10.00 per thousand feet. A novel feature was the mounted people, who each generally led a horse and usually travelled in companies for mutual protection. The carriages were so few as to be curious. All visiting was done by horseback, and, if the length of the absence or the consequence of the individual required a surplus, the extra luggage was carried on an extra horse. The merchant who went East for goods and returned in less than ten weeks was considered over hasty, if not reckless, in making investments. An occasional horseman might have been seen with a fellow rider of the gentle sex clinging sidewise at his back. But all that came later and went long ago.

It was a day of rude energy and of uncompromising, personal independence. When Donnell's Trace was laid by the upper ford, James Kain quickly perceived that the travel would be turned away from his cabins too big to move and too good to leave. Whereupon, he gathered his stalwart sons and graded an angling cut through the steep bank, that stood thirty feet high between his place and the lower ford twenty rods farther east. By this heroic treatment of the vital question, he forever cut off the fraction from Donnell's measured distance of "60½ miles to Chillycothia." That half mile saved brought every coming or going traveller directly to Kain's door and added much to his prosperity. "The Dug-Way" also changed the expected growth of the town from the center at Main and Broadway, where the Public Square cornered and where Justice was to have her seat. Before the opening of the

country farther from the Ohio permitted the migration to flow farther north, the vans of a countless posterity went westward by that way to the Round Bottom Road or over the Deerfield or Lebanon Road to scatter along the Miamis and make that region for many years the wealthiest per capita district in the United States. After the tide of immigration ebbed and went to swell other vacant currents, the parents of the posterity in Brown County that rejoices in the convenience of the Norfolk and Western Railroad came or went, as business required or pleasure pointed, through the ford by the "Dug-Way," all heedless of the impulsive decision that had lengthened life by shortening the path that was to wait forty years for a bridge.

And yet there was good after that. Any who hesitate to act when a public benefit involves a sacrifice of personal ease may learn a lesson from this long gone, but long continuing incident. Sixty-five years after the resolute Kains saw their way and made it with thanks to none, when the tools were rust and the diggers dust, in the drouthy July of 1863, a famous army and its capturing foe came by in headlong flight and equally swift pursuit. Many, very many Confederate troopers seeing the fine pond below rode down the Dug-Way and laved the thirst of the horses whose solid march of ninety-five miles rested that night on the slopes around. The burning of the bridge the next morning by Morgan's men was a blessing to their foe; for, each and every one of the nearly ten thousand pursuing horses during the day was obliged to go down the Dug-Way and wade the broad ford and be refreshed with a drink. After that, as was told in letters, little water could be had from the wells and cisterns depleted by the raiders, until Brush Creek in Adams county was crossed quite forty miles ahead. If the shades of the Kains could have looked upon the scenes of earthly effort, as some have taught, the relief to the dumb at that strenuous time alone would have been sufficient reward for the labor that made mercy easy. This may seem slight to the slighting, but some will understand, and for such much should be rendered.

Kain had other prospective troubles not so easily prevented. On June 7, 1799, Benjamin Wood wrote to Lytle: "There is no truth in the story that the savages are hostile. They are

all friendly. I would like to have your permission to open a tavern here." In that season alarming rumors of Indian hostilities caused many out settlers for the Miamis to turn back toward the forts.

## CHAPTER X.

### COMING OF THE PIONEERS—CONTINUED.

Settlement Eastward from the Miami—A Methodist Class Formed at McCormick's—The Immigration of 1798 More Than Doubled the Homes—Another Methodist Class Formed—An Official List of Settlers on Eagle and Straight Creeks—Jacob Ulrey and Captain W. H. Ulrey—Philip Gatch—The First Methodist Church North of the Ohio—Francis McCormick—Daniel Feagins—Round Bottom—More Roads—Warren Malott—John Metcalf—James Poage—John Boude—Benjamin Gardner—Joseph Dugan—Major Shaylor—Robert Christie—Leonard Raper—John Naylor—Joshua Lambert—The Lost Child.

After much reflection through the winter of 1797-8, for he was that kind of a man, Jacob Moyer saw a larger life in the woods where Goshen was to be, than was apparent in Waldschmidt's mill that was contemporary with Taylor and Lytle's enterprise on the Middle East Fork. So he went eight miles eastward on the Upper O'Bannon and started the oldest home in Goshen township, which was also the first clearing between the Big Field at Williamsburg and Deerfield on the Miami, where a cabin or two dated from 1796. As the German accent wore smoother, the younger Moyers first dropped the rounding sound, and then the letter "o" from their name, which is now written, Myers, whose number is many and worthy. Philip Smyzor came out from the river into Miami township, where he left not less than eight sons and four daughters whose progeny may be found in many states. Abraham Miller became a neighbor of the Simontons, where Loveland was to flourish. Andrew Apple settled in what was to be known for many years as Olive Branch, and made a much nearer neighbor for Ezekiel Dimmitt on that side. Joseph Avey and Jacob Teal made the first settlement on the lower East Fork. This was the "Mr. Teal" mentioned by the Rev. James Smith in his journal as having shared his trip in

October, 1797, when they crossed from Augusta, on "Tuesday, 3rd." That evening they arrived at "Denham's-town," where they found that old man possessing "both grace and talents with a spirit greatly opposed to slavery." Two weeks after this "Brother McCormick, Brother Howard, Mr. Sewell and myself started for the Scioto," from McCormick's house. Their road was up the East Fork about twelve miles, where they camped out, reaching Williamsburg on Tuesday, the 17th, where they found "eight or nine families."

After migrating from the battle ground of Antietam, where his first child was born in 1762, to North Carolina, and then to Kentucky, John Hill, the elder, finally settled near Loveland in 1798, with several of six sons and two daughters, of whom some were already married. On January 27, 1799, Samuel Hill, not yet twenty years old, was married to Mrs. Francis McCormick's sister, Jane Easton, then not quite sixteen, but an earnest member of McCormick's class, where the courtship began. For, the Hills were zealous Methodists, and made haste to join the class eight miles to the south, where Joseph Hill and his wife Rose, and Philip Hill and his wife Elizabeth, met Ezekiel and Phoebe Dimmitt, with the Gest brothers, who came from ten miles still farther to the southeast. The Hills had the company of John Ramsey and his wife for six miles, and, on the way, they found another faithful brother, William Salter, who lived but two miles from the meeting house which was McCormick's Cabin. The Dimmitts after the second year had the company of Jacob Teal and his wife and of Joseph Avey and his wife, who lived four or five miles out on their path, over which Barbara Malott came a year later, when the Garlands settled out toward the Mitchells, who, for a year before had come in alone from four miles to the northeast. Asel Hitchcock and his wife, Jane, were also members of that class but nothing else is known of them. Jeremiah Hall came with Mr. Johnson and his wife from about Mt. Carmel. Part of John Hill's family moved to Warren County, and the older sons came on from Kentucky to Ohio, where John, Jr., Jacob, Thomas and Samuel settled in Stonelick township. There the family has become almost as numerous as the hills that enclose that picturesque stream, and, wherever found, they keep the faith of their fathers, and remain staunch members of the Methodist Church.

The first cabin in Stonelick township was raised in 1798 by Henry Allison, a brother of Surgeon General Allison, who held his high rank in the armies of Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne. After a year or so, General Allison used the place as a country home until his death on March 22, 1816.

Three brothers, Robert, Hughey, and Andrew Dicky, and their brother-in-law, William Hunter, spent the winter of 1798-9 in Williamsburg, after which they made the first settlement in Jackson township of Clermont County. Robert did duty in the Revolution for which he drew a pension. Daniel Kidd also lived a part of the year in Williamsburg before settling in Batavia township.

Hugh McLain, a Scotch Irishman, married Mary Allison in Pennsylvania, and came to Columbia early in 1796, and from there to Williamsburg in 1798, to live with his only child, Archibald McLain, Jr., married to Mary, a daughter of William Shaw. The children of Archibald, Jr., intermarried with others in Brown and Clermont until the relationship is puzzling. The complications are obscured by a variation in spelling as shown by the name of the late well known Homer McLean, who followed the spelling of the Clermont branch. The families of Foote and Tweed came in 1798 to the future Ripley, whence several came to Williamsburg to figure as early editors and lawyers who enlarged the local history.

In 1798 Jacob Waterfield, then eighteen years old, came with his widowed mother to the neighborhood that was to be known as Felicity, and there founded one of the substantial families of that vicinity. About the same time, Franklin township in Clermont gained three more notable names—Utter, Prather and Sargent. Joseph Utter came west by Braddock's Road to Fort Redstone, where, on October 3, 1791, his noted son, Colonel Douty Utter, was born. In their family was an orphan child, Adam Reed, who founded a large family.

The number is large who are or should be proud to trace their lineage to John G., and Erasmus Prather, who came from Maryland, where James and Philena Pigman Sargent lived, and proved their sense of right by emancipating their slaves, for whom they made all possible provision, and then, with his brothers, James and Elijah, sought a free land in which to rear their children. Those sons and daughters inter-



married with the Prathers, Fees, Frambes, Parrish and others, who formed a practical emancipation society a dozen miles to the south of Denhamstown. After the occasion demanded, another station was formed farther north at Williamsburg in the movement described as the "Irrepressible Conflict." As soon as the wilderness to the north was broken, these three points running straight through Denhamstown to the polar star became one of the earliest of the main lines of the Underground Railroad. James Sargent was an original Methodist, and, generally speaking, so were the people who came with or gathered about him.

While the most desirable tracts had been surveyed with much energy, the owners of the lands were generally distant and disposed to wait for higher prices for what had cost little but the courage to prove their claims. With no, or at least little, agency by or near to forward sales, the settlements on the Brown County side in 1797 and '98 were few. Lewis township received the families of Charles Baum, Peter Emery and Conrad Metzgar, whose numerous posterity is to be found in both counties and far abroad. When their Pietistic ideas were not antagonized they ceased to be noticeable, and now there is no trace of the ancient austerity. After three years of scattered life that started from Maryland and stopped awhile at Manchester, and then by the Mouth of Bullskin, George Richardson came with wife and five children. His son Lemuel in 1803 married Nancy, a daughter of the most ancient hunter, Alexander Hamilton. After bearing nine children, Nancy died, and Lemuel married Mary Lapole, who had seven children and died. Lemuel then married Elizabeth Shaw, who bore eight children, making twenty-four for one father.

After bringing the products of his farm and distillery in Western Pennsylvania for several years to appease the hunger and allay the thirst of Cincinnati, Walter Wall in 1798 descended the Ohio with his family, farming implements, household utensils and domestic animals, to the mouth of Straight Creek in a flat boat, which he broke up and took out into the woods primeval of Pleasant township for a shelter until cabins could be raised and fitted from the boat boards with more than common convenience. A study of such incidents will increase intelligent admiration for the vanguards of our

refinement. Jacob and Thomas Berry from Pennsylvania made their way about the same time into Pleasant township from the White Oak side. Among those who ventured with Massie to build the Station at Manchester was Benjamin Beaseley. Passing through exploits as thrilling as Highland romance if told with a wizard pen, he came at last to settle for life in Huntington township back of Aberdeen, where he practiced surveying, mostly in Adams County, and gained a handsome estate. There are conflicting accounts of Lewis Shick, whose daughter was the wife of Jacob Berry—one account assigns his coming to 1798 and others five years later. The question like some others depending upon tradition is settled by an official document. A petition presented to Governor St. Clair, January 10, 1799, probably includes most of the male inhabitants on the waters of Eagle and Straight Creek, about the close of 1798. The paper presents names of which nothing is known, which is to be expected where restless change was the rule and long residence the exception. Again, some may find a desired hint in the list:

Matthew Davidson, Thomas McConnell, Joseph Lacock, Isaac Ellis, William McKinney, William Forbes, George McKinney, Jacob Miller, John Caryon, William Lewis, Fergus McClain, Richard Robison, Henry Rogers, Thomas Ack, Valentine McDaniel, Uriah Springer, Forgy McClure, John Henry, John Redmon, Joseph Jacobs, William Lewcas, John Melford, William Woodruff, George J. Jennings, Ichabod Tweed, Amos Ellis, James Henry, William Moore, Isaac Prickett, Tom Rogers, William Long, Joseph Moore, Benjamin Evans, Jacob Nagle, Lewis Shick, John Phillips, James Prickett, James Young, Abel Martin, N. McDaniel, Thomas Dougherty, Tom Ash, Samuel Tweed, Jacob Miller, Walter Wall.

As yet in all the region between the fringe of cabins along the river and the clapboard roofs of Williamsburg and Bethel, from Dimmitt's by Batavia to Manning's Station on Indian Creek, there was not a tree amiss from Nature's scheme. The first to plunge to the center of this savage seclusion was Jacob Ulrey, who, on March 11, 1798, camped near Bantam, on the stream that bears his name and forthwith began what was for some time the most isolated home in the Clermont side. Sixty-two years and more later, the college room-mate and

friend of the writer was this mighty hunter's gifted grandson, Captain William H. Ulrey, of the Fifth and then of the Second Ohio Cavalry. It is well to take satisfaction in an honorable forefather. It is equally honorable for the ancestor that has such a descendant as Captain Ulrey, who was as true as he was handsome, and as gentle as he was brave. Jacob Ulrey in doing the best that came his chance, lived a useful life that has been well recorded by another hand. But if there were no other merit, his memory deserves mention for founding the family that gave this lovable youth to perish for the Union. His service in the Fifth Ohio Cavalry was the battle roll of that regiment until the commission of Captain in the Second Ohio Cavalry was literally handed him in line of battle, under fire, at Hatchie River. Then, from October 1, 1862, he was in the van of the ten months' pursuit that captured General John Morgan's command—a campaign that stirs the pride of the North and South alike. Then, after a year under the brilliant Custer in Sheridan's famous victories, it was his lot, in Wilson's wild raid around Richmond to command the battalion that covered the escape of that imperilled army, at Stoney Creek, on June 29, when he fell from the saddle with his right side and arm mangled by a shell, and was captured to die in a prison hospital, July 29, 1864, while not yet twenty-two years old. In searching for chivalry, no one in personal memory so meets the requirements as Captain Ulrey. A dutiful son, a kind brother, a sincere friend, a diligent student, a cheerful companion, he was a Christian without cant, a gentleman without guile, and wise beyond his years. No officer was more loved or better obeyed by his men, and no person was more lamented by those who knew his worth.

Adam and Mary Hatton Simmons with four sons and six daughters were a most valuable addition to the settlement about Bullskin. The family were ardent Methodists, with whom the neighbors formed a class, of which Adam was the leader, about a year later than McCormick's at Milford. Samuel Jackson helped to extend the clearings of Washington township, in Clermont. He also did the first tanning in all the region, unless we except the dressing of deer and other skins or furs. That art was generally known and practiced, as such clothing was commonly worn.

While James Sargent and Adam Simmons with their families and friends were dutiful in their class and domestic devotions in accordance with the discipline of their profession, a man of importance to Methodism and consequence to the public was riding westward with the men of his company, along the new cut traces of Zane and Donnells. The women and children floated down the river with their luggage, and his coming over this new path is the first of which there is a record.

A devout mind in considering this incident would delight to believe that a gracious Providence was directing the preparation of material and spiritual paths, so that both should be united for mortal good and divine design. The name of America first appeared in John Wesley's list of appointments for the year 1770. In 1771, the name appears for the second time in a list of returns to him, reporting three hundred and sixteen members of the new society. In answer to their cry for a spiritual guide, he sent unto these distant brethren his young and well beloved disciple, Francis Asbury, who at once became the gigantic apostle of the new creed of methodical piety in the New World.

The second American upon whom this great, first Bishop laid his consecrating hands and ordaining command was Philip Gatch, who entered upon his Master's work in 1773, when but twenty-two years old. From an earthly view this work was a cruel service, for he angered the people whom he urged to sweeter faith and purer living, so that they fell upon him with savage blows and reviling words, and mockingly clad him with a robe of tar, and beat him upon the face with their paddles, which so injured his eyes that he had to cease from riding abroad, and was obliged to confine his ministrations to such as came to his door asking for the words that would heal their spirit.

Among his converts was Elizabeth Smith who owned nine slaves. After their marriage, this conscientious couple freed their slaves, and then freed themselves by seeking a land of free thought and free action. In the fall of 1798, the whole household and their friends to the number of thirty-six souls, came to Wheeling, where the weaker took boats and the stronger took horses. The Rev. James Smith, the patriarch's

brother-in-law, who had spied the land the year before, coming and going through Kentucky, came with them over the shorter Trace, and, when they reached Williamsburg, he led them to the crest of Backbone Ridge whence they gazed down the valley of the East Fork. Though bereft of virgin verdure, travelled artists are delighted with the scene which a kind fortune has withheld from speculative promoters, until it can be occupied by scientific homes, untrammelled by antiquated inconvenience. Through this valley, "fair as a garden of the Lord," and soon to be a most charming suburb of the Queenly City, they went on toward the end of the Delectable Hills, and tarried some weeks at Newtown, until Gatch could bargain for the fine tract at the fork of the Little Miami, where the Mound Builders had flourished and perished ages before.

Amid all that abounding beauty and promise of plenty, Gatch made a generous home near to Francis McCormick. Of his companions in the journey west, Ambrose Ransom settled to the westward; his son-in-law, James Garland, with his brother, Peregrine Garland, went next to the north, and John Pollock to the southwest which was accomplished in the winter and spring of 1799.

In the meantime, Francis McCormick had labored zealously to obtain full ecclesiastical recognition of his little society according to the regulations prescribed by Wesley and practiced by his followers. In pursuance of this sacred purpose, he made several trips to Kentucky, where he had spent some months before settling on the Miami in 1796; but owing to the overcrowded work of that immense and scantily supplied circuit, no one of greater authority than his own could be spared to institute his church. It was through McCormick's personal persuasion that the pious young Ezekiel Dimmitt was induced to come to Batavia and prepare the wilderness for the coming of the Lord. And it was McCormick's zeal that won James Smith to persuade Gatch to leave Virginia. At last there came a time when his prayers were answered by Rev. John Kobler, the presiding elder of all Methodists who lived in Kentucky and Tennessee.

The annals of his church tell that, "He was a man of saint-like spirit, dignified and ministerial bearing, untiring labors in preaching, praying, and visiting the sick; preaching ability

above mediocrity, tall, slender, with an energy of soul that far surpassed that of his body." His own journal tells that, "I crossed the Ohio at a little village called Columbia, and fell upon my knees upon the shore and prayed for divine blessing upon my mission." No other prayer of the kind has been more fully granted. "That evening," he continues, "I reached the house of Francis McCormick, ten or twelve miles away on the Miami River. On Thursday, August 2, 1798, I preached at his house to a tolerable congregation on Acts XVI, 9: 'And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us.' It was a time of rejoicing from the presence of the Lord, who gave testimony to the word of His grace. The little band was much rejoiced at my arrival among them, together with the prospect of having circuit preaching and all the privileges and ordinances of our Church."

Such is the brief but circumstantial account of the institution of the tremendous moral force of Methodism in a vast territory where its votaries are numbered by multiplied millions, and its influence only bounded by eternity.

Francis McCormick, "the man of Macedonia," was large of form, mighty of muscle, and strong and sweet of voice, so that people heard his song with rapture and left their scorn of Methodism unspoken in his presence. His humble cabin has long since vanished and its location is not certain. But as the importance of marking notable scenes comes to be better understood, it should be a proud occasion for those who love the Methodist faith to gather 'round and raise a memorial inscribed to this effect:

HERE STOOD THE CABIN OF  
FRANCIS McCORMICK,  
WHERE AND BY WHOM,  
A. D. 1796,  
THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
WAS FIRST PLANTED IN THE  
GREAT NORTHWEST OF AMERICA.

McCormick's joy at the coming of Gatch and his companions was unbounded, for he knew that the small, weak eyed man

was a spiritual giant. The settlement now held three duly licensed preachers, who went proclaiming the Gospel in all directions, not only on the Sabbath, but all other days, often holding two days' meetings, and keeping up quarterly meetings held in different places, but mostly at McCormick's Settlement, as Milford was then called, to which even women would come walking twenty and thirty miles. Late in 1799 Miami Circuit was constituted, and "Ezekiel Dimmitt's House," sixteen feet square, was made one of the "preaching places." That was six years before the Methodists had a preaching place in Cincinnati. In the mean while, the "Gatch House" was the regular and accepted place for the Bishops, Asbury, Whatcoat and McKendree. Thus early was the moral machinery put in action by McCormick and Gatch, who were yoke-fellows to the end. We will see more of Gatch as a citizen.

Ludwig Freiburger was one of the oldest of the Pietists at Waldschmidt's Mill, having one daughter married to Jacob Moyer or Myers already located on the Upper O'Bannon, and another to Jacob Stroup; but in order that they should have lands that he could not expect long to enjoy, he started out in 1799 to clear a farm on the site of Goshen. Perhaps, unfamiliar with English writing, he never knew how much his name was changed and abused in the translation that followed the sound and lost the noble meaning of Free-hill-man, and instead became the unmeaning Lewis Frybarger. Jacob Stroup settled two miles away, in the same township, and raised three sons and thirteen daughters who each so far as traced, founded other farms and families. Soon after Daniel Morgan came to the neighborhood and after making a clearing also made leather in the second tanning place noted in Old Clermont not yet known by that name.

George Earhart with his wife whose maiden name was Elizabeth Fanchon came from Pennsylvania by way of Columbia, whence they followed Absalom and Sarah Day, their daughter, to a permanent home in Brown County near the line and by the road from Mt. Orab to Williamsburg. Their eldest child, John, was an excellent mechanic in woodwork and built himself a superior house on the spot where the Hon. James E. McKeever lives. The other children of George Ear-

hart were George, Jr., Huldah, Tryphenah, Mary, Sanford, Samuel and Peggie, who left connections that were in a large sense the foundation of that part of Brown. By them in both time and place were the homes of John Anderson and Moses Leonard, whose wife, Elizabeth, was a sister of Anderson, who was born in Maryland, February 10, 1773, and so had but a child's hazy memory of the Revolution. But Leonard, born in Pennsylvania, in 1759, was in the battle of Brandywine. A chapter would not suffice to name the numbers and worth of the posterity of these families—the Days, Earharts, Andersons—and Leonards, who broke the solitudes of the interior of Brown County on the western side.

Still farther south a family of most useful mechanics grew up in the home of Henry Willis, whose daughters at a later date married to the names of West, Davis, Parke and Bredwell. Aaron and Brazilla Osborn, brothers, came to Bethel in 1799, and so did Brazilla's daughter, Mary, who received a lot from Denham, as the first born in the town. Still farther south, the Sargent neighborhood which might mean a township, now was enlarged by Samuel Walraven, Joshua Pigman and Daniel Judd, whose families still continue. Walraven and Judd intermarried with the Sargents, and Judd, in particular, became a much whispered name in connection with the Underground Railroad. On the west, Adam Simmon's class was increased by a local preacher—the Rev. George Brown—who possessed the usual zeal and piety of the early itinerants. William Slye bereft of a leg in the Revolution, came there at that time, but his descendants went still farther.

Fine illustration of pioneer ways is found in the story of Daniel Feagins, who held the rank of Captain in the Revolutionary army. He came down the Ohio in 1786 with several families on an "Ark" that like all others touched at Limestone Point, where Kenton told them of the certain danger at that time of going farther. All but Feagins persisted and perished. After living ten or twelve years on the Kentucky side, he crossed over with his wife Violet and several of their nineteen children and made the first break in the forest a little south of where Georgetown was to be founded a generation later. His elder sons, Daniel and Fielding, who came to Ohio, served in the border war under Kenton. While Fielding and his brother-



in-law, Absalom Craig, were hunting back of Augusta, Craig was killed in the act of stooping to drink from a spring, while the other escaped by instant flight. Afterwhile, Fielding was asked for food at his Ohio cabin by two Indians. Making sure that one wore the bullet pouch used by Craig when he was killed, Fielding, determined on revenge, followed and shot the wrongful or unlucky possessor of the fatal pouch—wrongful, if the actual despoiler of Craig—unlucky, if not guilty but merely wearing a tell-tale trophy that linked a double trouble. The second Indian fled, as had been done in Kentucky by young Feagins, who buried his victim on the west bank of White Oak about a mile below Georgetown, threw the ownerless rifle into deep water, and kept the deed secret, until the skeleton was exposed in 1832, by the wash of a flood. The incident will be better understood by modern readers with the explanation that, in those days with little ornament, the natural love for some distinct article was often gratified by an inlaid rifle stock, by an engraved powder horn, or by a beaded bullet pouch. Captain Feagins and most of the family drifted onward and elsewhere before a civilization that perplexed him with complex customs. His still-house caused Christian Smith, who settled near him about the same time, to sell out and go to Lewis township. William Lyon, who helped in the early surveys, was close to Feagins and left many to remember him.

Jacob Miller came to Lewis township about 1800, but his name appears in the petition of 1798. James Roney came at that time. William Moore, another signer of the petition, settled near Georgetown in 1798, where he raised twelve children, whose children have had much respect. James Moore came about the same time to Jefferson township. Joseph Laycock with his family came from Virginia in time to sign the petition of 1798. Another of his early coming is found in the birth of his son, William, on April 3, 1799, in Union township. Another son, Levi, born in Virginia in 1793, married Mary, a daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Mann Washburn, who came in 1800 from Pennsylvania to Jefferson township. James and John Henry, who also signed the authentic petition, probably came from Mason County, Kentucky, where the name was frequent. William Cochran, born in Ireland in 1722, after Revolutionary service in Pennsylvania came by Kentucky to the

eastern edge of Huntington township in 1796, where he was followed eight years later by his son, the noted General John Cochran. William Cochran must be noted among the earliest born of all who are buried within the present limits of Brown County, but his last years belong to the Adams County history.

Fergus McClain, named in the petition of 1798, was a refugee from the Whisky Insurrection in Pennsylvania, who found safety in the obscurity of Eagle Creek at that time. Tradition claims that he was a Free Mason. If so he was the first to live within the limits of Brown and Clermont. The Isaac Ellis in the petition was a brother of Amos Ellis, but his posterity went farther west, and nothing is left but this brief notice. John Mefford came to the same neighborhood, and so did John Redmon, Robinson Lucas, Uriah Springer, James and John Prickett and their families. The presence of these people in or before 1798 is proved by their names or some of the family on the petition. Most of these soon after went farther back from the Ohio and began the settlement of Franklin township in Brown County, where they were joined by John and James Lindsey, Joseph Abbott, Greer Brown and James Dunn. These names mainly represent heads of large and well grown families much united by intermarriage.

Matthew Davidson, the first name on the petition, was a stone cutter by trade and built the stone jail in Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, where he lived ten years before settling in Ohio. The family founded by John and Mary Housh Evans came to Huntington township in 1800, whence a large and influential connection has gone abroad. Nicholas Devore did Revolutionary service from Pennsylvania and his wife, Sarah Decker, came from a family that did the same. They were among the first that went to Kenton's Station, whence their son, David Devore, came to Red Oak in 1800, where he lived and prospered sixty useful years, esteemed for intelligence and respected for integrity. The first cabin in Levanna was raised in 1799 by John Liggett. About the same time William Park from Ireland and by Pennsylvania came to Lewis township with his wife and eight children. Stephen Bolender came to the same township with his wife and nine children.

Notwithstanding every foot of the land was set apart as a reward for the Revolutionary service of the officers and soldiers of Virginia and, despite the surprising number of patriots that came at dates that meant middle life for all, and old age for many, very little was actually occupied by the patriot to whom the warrant for the land was given. So universally were these warrants transferred that it is claimed that hardly an officer of Virginia's line came to Ohio and took personal possession of his Bounty land. One was Colonel Robert Higgins, whose father was a native of Dublin, Ireland, who was born in Pennsylvania and moved to Virginia from where he went as captain of a company. He was soon promoted a colonel, but was unfortunately captured at Germantown and remained a prisoner till the surrender of Cornwallis. It is told that he came to Ohio, before any settlement, to locate his own warrant, under which he surveyed one thousand acres of the fine valley at Higginsport. In 1798 he came to the opposite side of the river, from which he moved in the spring to his land—his own in a peculiar sense, where his name has had the leading place.

The general downward course of the Little Miami through and from Milford is southward until the great division of the river is reached, where the united stream takes the direction of the East Fork and trends west with lofty banks that curve around a river plain that is bounded a mile farther to the west by the bending hills that stretch away toward Cincinnati. On the Clermont side the hills rise quickly from the water's edge and go to Mt. Carmel through a survey of nine hundred seventy-seven acres that has the significant number of 1775, and bears the name of George Washington, to whom it was given by his grateful Virginia in part for his service. The view of the Forks of the Miami from these hills is a scene of surpassing beauty, of which the Clermont side is known as Milford, which had much more significance in early days. The ripple below the mill that gathered a settlement there was the first safe ford out from the Ohio, whose highest flood barely reaches the pond below. We have seen that McCormick and Gatch chose the vicinity for their earthly paradise. We have also noted that the people first impressed with the peculiar characteristic of the west side named it Round Bottom. Ama-

teur speculators unmindful and probably unaware of the rare and early romantic interest have substituted the double name of Terrace Park for what should have been COVALTS. Through this valley and by that station was much of the immigration that came from Cincinnati or that went farther west.

In the wilds of Western Maryland there was a log structure known as Davenport's Meeting House, in which Thomas Scott, afterward Judge Scott of Ohio's Supreme Court, and Edward Tiffin, afterward first State Governor of Ohio, used to preach. In that house, Henry Smith and Francis McCormick preached their first efforts. That meeting house stood on the head waters of a stream called Bullskin. Whether these circumstances had anything to do with a transfer of that peculiar name to a creek in Clermont and to the large Methodist migration to its waters has not been decided, but the coincidence seems more than accidental. The location of the Sargent and Simmons people on the Ohio, and of the McCormick and Gatch congregation on the Miami, both at vitally central approaches to Old Clermont, must have had fine influence for their church.

However this may have been, the Bullskin landing was a noted debarking point for Methodist families from the eastern churches, and for many others, who got both spiritual and secular information from the circuit riders who served as colonizers as well as evangelists. Under authority of the Quarterly Court of Hamilton County in 1796, a road was laid out from the mouth of the Little Miami, thirty-two miles up the Ohio River by Ichabod Miller assisted by John Whetstone and Ignatius Ross. We can be certain of that road having nothing but commercial reasons, which regarded Bullskin as a controlling point for the settlement of the interior. That road to Bullskin and Donnell's Trace to Williamsburg laid a year later were, at that date, Cincinnati's most ambitious attempts at road making. For the military roads to the northwestern forts were not directed by civil authority. To Bullskin landing, the most important then on the Ohio side between Manchester and Columbia, there was a trace to other landings and ferries to the east. The united travel from all climbed the hills toward Felicity which was not, and went to Denhamstown and Williamsburg and farther west. Several

years passed before this road was legally laid, but for a score of years, it was popular as "the Augusta and Round Bottom Road," only second in importance to the Chillicothe road, of which it was a branch with the forks at Williamsburg. To the north of this there was no road and no need for any for some years. The extension of Zane's Trace from Chillicothe in a southwesterly course to Maysville, passed through the southeastern portion of Huntington township to what was called Massietown, and is Aberdeen. The settlements in Brown as yet were not definite enough to attract or direct a fixed way through the woods where each could wander as he thought most convenient.

Such was the chance or lack of chance for travel in 1800, when Nathaniel Donham came out to Pierce township to found a proudly permanent connection, after twenty-five years of wandering, from New Jersey to Round Bottom, where he had lived about Covalt's Station for the preceding six years. Hezekiah Lindsey and Rev. William Robb came at the same time to the same vicinity, and helped to form a Baptist society. The Fitzpatricks settled nearby. George Richey was added to the Bullskin settlement, near to Peter Goslin, and along with the five Miller families. Philip Moyer and two brothers, Thomas and Levi Hunt, settled farther north, near the Bolenders of Lewis township. John Behymer began his farm on the edge of Anderson township, in Hamilton County, but his children soon crossed the line into Clermont. Maurice Witham, a Baptist preacher, was one of the first of a very considerable number who followed him from Maine, and formed the settlement now called Withamsville. His children were grown and some married with families, so that the Bennetts, Warrens, Bradburys and Lanes, of or from that neighborhood, revere his memory. Daniel and Joshua Durham and John White all came to that part in 1800 and all are represented to this day by more or less numerous descendants. Timothy Day and James Phillips gave a start to the Mt. Carmel settlement, but most of their interests belonged to Hamilton, of which the larger part was still wild land. Samuel Davis came to be a neighbor of the Teals and Aveys by taking his chance across from Perintown. Andrew Shetterly was another member of the Pietist church in Pennsylvania that came to Goshen, which

was farther increased by John Irwin. Ephraim McAdams, mentioned as an early purchaser of lots in Williamsburg, spent much time there before the coming of his family, which subsequently became a large connection. The Crane family came to Bethel, where their descendants are both numerous and influential. The South and Frazee families both date their residence in Bethel from 1800. Jeremiah Smith came then to near Felicity, where he had the first chair shop.

For more than a hundred years the name of Roudebush has meant hard sense, fair dealing and honest thrift. The parents of the Clermont branch were Daniel and Christina Snively Roudebush, who came from Maryland and Pennsylvania, through Kentucky, to Goshen township, whence their descendants have spread over Clermont and intermarried with other families, with an increased influence. It has been claimed that some one or more of the connection have held honorable position in the public service for almost a hundred years. To politicians this may seem the limit, but to one who has confidence in the American people, it seems the height of commendation.

Among the hundred families who came in, or before 1800, were four brothers: William, Dory, John and Peter Malott, of whom the first three were Revolutionary soldiers. William and John settled near Perintown, and the other two northeast of Williamsburg, one being on the Brown County side. Their lot, generally, was one of hardy toil on the farm or in the woodland. Among the multitude of their descendants were two brothers, William Warren, and Wellington, and a sister, Josephine, who, by some occult selection, received a remarkable degree of literary instinct, which prompted them to give their short lives to books, and their zeal to composition, which, in Warren, reached such proficiency as would have made him famous if he had lived longer, or lived where fortune smiled on such endeavor. From a log school house, by a rude deadening, where crude teachers had scarcely more than read the text they tried to teach, Warren, by no choice of his own, was brought in his seventeenth year into a neighborhood where he was made welcome to the writer's library, which opened a new heaven to his hitherto fettered aspirations and unlettered surroundings. Thenceforth, he was a slave to books,

and, with incredible speed, became a fellow spirit with the masters of literature. Out of great love for their inspirations, he began to answer his favorite authors with his own thoughts, wreathed into pretty story and graceful song, which found a place in eastern periodicals and caused the editors to ask for more, with a compensation that lured him to deeper study. But the most, and what seemed much to some, that could be done for the shy boy, was to make him editor of a hot political weekly, where he was all out of tune. For people could not see the visions which glorified a life otherwise marred by a long wasting consumption, that closed his life July 15, 1869, before he was twenty-five years old. His tales and poems, collected to a surprising number by his proudly sympathetic brother and sister, are pervaded by a delicate taste, and among them are many fine thoughts and much verse of perfect measure and exquisite beauty. This much, at least, in the story of the land of his trials, is due to the melancholy memory of the gifted boy, whose gentle life, though chilled with penury, was robed with finest fancy, decked with poetic gems, and thrilled with delicate harmonies.

William McMahon lived on the lower East Fork in 1800, and near were three brothers, William, James, and George Davison. To the north were another three brothers, John, Jacob and Frederick Long. The last was a Methodist preacher, with such strong, emotional speech, that his sayings are still quoted.

After the Allison, who did not last, the first permanent settlement in Stonelock township was made by John Metcalf, a brother of Governor Metcalf, of Kentucky. While not so noted in that day as the governor, his descendants probably more than leveled the difference. The two-story hewed log house he built in 1809 is still good, and so is the two-story stone house built in 1819, end to end with the first. Mrs. Metcalf was Susan, a daughter of John Shields, who came from Maryland to Columbia in 1792, and then to Miami township. Elizabeth, a sister of Susan, married John Glancy, and his brother, William Glancy, married Elizabeth, the oldest daughter of John and Susan Metcalf. Mary, the second daughter, married George, a son of Francis McCormick. Nancy, the third daughter, married Elnathan Whetstone. Milly, the youngest,

married Timothy Kirby, a celebrated pioneer surveyor and landholder north and west of Cincinnati. He also owned many thousand acres in Brown and Clermont counties. The daughters of Timothy and Milly Kirby married; Colonel Donn Piatt of great editorial fame, and General Henry B. Banning, of military and congressional note.

Abel Reese was about the first Methodist in the neighborhood of Georgetown, his cabin being an early preaching station for miles around. As he always fed the congregation between sermons, the services were very popular. Modern people know little how that custom prevailed. It was made necessary by the distance that was traveled to hear the infrequent sermons that, when the preacher did come, were continuous through the day, and sometimes longer, except pauses for refreshment. Men who never bid a stranger to their table may now gain a reputation for liberality through a subscription. In the olden time it was as pious to feed the hungry, as it was to taste the bread and sip the wine at a communion service.

George, John and Daniel Evans, about this date, took up land near the mouth of White Oak, and Colonel James Poage came to the site, where he projected the town of Ripley twelve years later.

Another very notable man of that day was Colonel John Boude, born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1765. He started to Kentucky in 1793, and finally settled opposite Augusta, where he established a ferry that became noted as the eastern end of the Round Bottom road. It is claimed that he built the first brick house in all that part of the country, in 1817.

The first settlement on upper White Oak was made in 1800, in the northern part of Scott township, by Robert Wardlaw, from Virginia, by way of Kentucky, who came with married and well grown children. Of these, William, a soldier in Captain Jacob Boerstler's company, from Old Clermont, was killed at the battle of Brownstown.

Benjamin Gardner served New York in the Revolution with a zeal worthy of his ancestors, who left England ninety years before that for conscience sake. He came to Brown in 1800, with several children, among whom was Matthew Gardner, who left the Quaker faith of the family and became the lead-



ing local apostle, founding the Christian church, between the Miami and Scioto.

Joseph and Deborah Norman Dugan came to the settlement, now called Higginsport, in 1800, with three children, to whom nine more were added. One of the sons, Jesse, married Christina Heizer, and of their children, Maria was married to Amos F. Ellis, in 1858. This amiable and accomplished woman was gaining much attention to her writings, mostly poetical. But the promise of a literary career was broken by lingering illness, and shortened by early death.

Major Joseph Shaylor was one of the few officers of the Revolution who became a part of the regular army. His service in the Revolution began as an ensign, June 25, 1776, and continued with several promotions until the disbanding of the army, June 3, 1783, thus lacking but a few days of seven years. He entered the new organization of the army with a subsequent service of the most arduous kind on the frontier, until retired by age. While stationed at Fort Washington, like his associate, General Allison, he bought a "plantation," as it was called in his letters, on the East Fork, about the mouth of the run that bears his name. There he passed the remainder of his eventful life, and was buried, but where was a matter for a liberal reward offered by, and obtained from, eastern relatives, not trained to respect the western spirit that scoffed at any claim or even mention of ancestral consequence. The arrogance of family pride may become one of the most contemptible of follies. But a pride in personal affairs, so exaggerated as to slur or ignore ancestral worth, is one of the most despicable of vanities. Such false sentiment or rather brutish indifference, is like tuneless ears that hear the noise of music, but not the soul-thrilling harmonies they cannot appreciate. Such untaught independence, without sympathy for the fine affection that renders honor to the worthy dead, should go its callous course in silence, and with pity. But when such ignorance grows insolent and flaunts for notice, the offense and the offender should be marked with the shaming brands of scorn.

An unmarked grave is a possibility for a soldier in war, but it is a painful thought that so many of our brave defenders have fared no better in peace. Year by year their diminish-

ing bands of comrades meet to strew flowers upon the increasing graves that too often are only known by a faded flag, that should be replaced with marble and bronze. Major Shaylor's case was not exceptional, for there are several hundred graves of the heroic defenders in the cemeteries of Brown and Clermont, going to a nameless fate. And this is in face of the nation's offer to mark every such grave upon proper proof. The indifference seems equally deplorable in all the counties around. We would that a word could be spoken to break this apathy before it is too late, for yet another sacred spot.

It is possible that John and Jasper Shotwell came to Williamsburg in 1797, and it is certain that they were there before 1800; for there is proof that Jasper loaned a thousand dollars, which was a remarkable transaction in those days. Benjamin Frazee was in or about Bethel before 1800, and so were James and Josiah Boothby, Joseph Trout, Samuel Brown, James South and Samuel Nelson. Amos Smith was midway on the road to Williamsburg, where Samuel Armstrong tarried a few years, and had sufficient influence to be one of the first commissioners.

Alexander Martin was a resident of Pleasant township. John Cotteral was a part of the Paxton settlement, where lived "one of the Cotterals," who helped Donnells to cut the "Chillycothia Trace." After his marriage to Betsy Paxton, Donnells yielded to his father-in-law's insistence and settled "near him." Jesse Swem, a soldier of '76, was living near the Fergusons, by Twelve Mile, and so was John Fagin, while farther east was John Abraham, William Carothers, and Henry Newkirk. Josephus Waters was still farther east on the Ohio and became prominent in the affairs of Brown County.

Houton Clarke, born in England, and soon afterward brought in 1773 to America, came to Bethel in 1798, where he was married in 1806 to Nancy, the oldest of the thirteen children of Rev. Gerrard Riley. The resulting family formed one of the most influential through a hundred years to come in Clermont. About the same time that Houton Clark came to Bethel, Williamsburg became the home of some English-born people, whose position was so peculiar among the many Revolutionary soldiers there or nearby, that they formed a special group. That group included the families of Robert Chris-

tie, Leonard Reaper, Joshua Lambert and John Naylor, who were treated with much kindness. For they also were soldiers in the American Revolution, but, and it was told with a side look, they wore the red coats of King George instead of the Continental blue.

The story of Robert Christie is well worth while, for those who would review the ways of fate that long ago. He was the younger son of a Scottish laird, with a plentiful prospect; but in a boyish rage he left home and, in his seventeenth year, enlisted in the British army, where he became a sergeant under Cornwallis at Yorktown. After the surrender, he refused to return to England, and thereby, as a technical deserter, sacrificed the estate that fell to him upon the death of his only brother, the childless Laird of Beech Green. He married Frances Burdett, of a good Virginia family, and learned the weaving of old-time coverlets, now highly prized. A pair of these won the admiration of William Lyttle, "tired of his rambling" and thinking of "some one who would keep him at home." At any rate, some lots were given in exchange, that are now included in the countless values of Fountain Square. But, as with the estate in Scotland, Robert could not bide the time. And so he let another fortune go and came out to Williamsburg to live in a cabin on the lot where is now the writer's home. A little later the family lived in another cabin that stood on the slight rise, a good stone throw south from the eastern end of the Main Street bridge. There, on September 3, 1803, was born the youngest of the ten children, William B. Christie, the most eloquent pulpit orator of his generation, who, if we may believe tradition, has not since been excelled in seraphic sweetness of speech. Chilled by want, sorrowing for his father's increasing intemperance, and thrilled with the aspirations of conscious ability, the boy was timid before his rude companions, until their coarse taunts about his poverty aroused his rage, and then his passion brooked no opposition. After awhile it was understood that he was a dangerous subject for sport. But for those who met him fair, he was gentle and obliging. In person, he was tall and slight. His complexion was that striking contrast of pale features and hectic cheeks, lit by dark, brilliant eyes, all framed by glossy black hair, the combination only found among the black-eyed sons of Scotland. He knew his power and was

full of pride that he could use it all for his divine Master. He died at the age of thirty-six, in the dawn of his greatness.

Leonard Raper was also surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown, after years of service for the crown. Like Christie, he decided to give the rest of his life to the young Republic. He was born in 1752, and after the Revolution, married Temperance Holly, who was eight years younger. Their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was born April 16, 1783, and was married, probably at Columbia, May 4, 1797, to John Kain, then with his father at Williamsburg, where Margaret, the first child of John and Elizabeth, was born December 23, 1798, making the fourth born in the town. Such authentic incidents and dates are a sure base for the investigation of other relations. Raper had the reputation of great ability in mathematics, and was a fine surveyor, whose work was always on the frontier, and ahead of the settlers, first in Virginia and then in Pennsylvania, where his distinguished son, the Rev. William H. Raper, was born September 24, 1793, in a palisaded station, whence the family was soon moved to Columbia. Raper's reputation gained the notice of Lytle, who persuaded him to Williamsburg to take up the work that, up to 1798, had been done by Donnell's. The family started a farm in what got the name of Concord, where the once-feared "Red Coat" lived most usefully and peacefully, until his death, March 18, 1831, when the farm was taken by his sons, Samuel and Joseph. Holly was a popular sheriff of Clermont. William H. reached great fame as a Methodist preacher, as may be read on many pages of other annals. In the rough weather when surveyors and children could spare three or four months from regular tasks for school work, Leonard Raper acted as the first teacher of whom there is any record between Loveland and Aberdeen. If there were no other merit, this should entitle him to remembrance with the first and best.

After fighting some time for the King, John Naylor began to see the justice of the American side and decided his course by deserting from the British and casting his lot with the Patriots. When the war of '12 came around, the old man proved his devotion by volunteering in the American army and going against the King. He married a sister of the Rev. John Miller, whose wife was Eliza, a daughter of Major Daniel Kain. Their descendants went elsewhere.

Joshua Lambert was a musician, who fided for the King's marches all the way from Boston Common to Yorktown, and then became a stout American. He finally settled three miles south of Williamsburg, where, on February 12, 1800, was born his daughter, Deborah, who married John Day, a Revolutionary descendant, at Felicity, from which many can trace to another union of the ancient strife. When he changed flags, Lambert also became a Methodist and a founder on August 29, 1804, of the Clover church.

There was another fife major in Williamsburg, when Lambert came, William McKnight by name, and a tailor by trade; but he kept time for the Continentals, as they called themselves, for they felt they were fighting for all America. He left no family and none can tell the place of his cabin. Another tailor was Ebenezer Osborne, who came to Williamsburg before 1800, and lived in one of the cabins grouped about Lot 324, for sake of the big spring around which his children played, all unconscious of the dreadful doom that was to give the eldest a fearful fame, for in all English reading there is no recital of minor life more pitiful than the story of Lydia Osborne, the lost child, which began on the evening of July 13, 1804, and became a dread reality the next day—just fifty-nine years before the Morgan raid thrilled the vicinity with another calamity. But that came later. Thought seems to stray from the task of conning long-gone names, and instead seeks to explore the sea of incidents in the crowded prospect.

Fragmentary records suggest other names that could be mentioned before closing the roll of those who came before the new century began. But it is impossible to fix certain dates for their coming. In a large measure mention has been made of the people present when the questions of civil government required and received close attention. Of course, there were others whose names have not survived the wear of time—some who came, tarried awhile and moved on, to repeat their struggle elsewhere, without leaving a token of remembrance—some who remained to spend all their good or ill of life in the toilsome task of taming the wilderness, where their descendants have ceased or turned to other sources, and left none to tell of their once prevailing presence—and some whose heedless posterity neither knows of nor cares for any record.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE EARLIEST HOMES.

The Traits and Trials of the First to Come—The Pioneer's House—The Roof—The Frow—The Floor—The Beds—The Fireplace—Their Cooking—Their Farming Tools—The Age of Wood—The Forest Seclusion—The Glamour of Tradition—The Positive Proof of Journals and Ledgers—Scarcity of Money—Fur Currency—What They Bought—The Drug and Book Trade—Bartering—Whisky—A Complete Pioneer Outfit—The Awful Stress of Life—Maple Sugar Making—Woman's Work—The Philosophy of the Desire for Remembrance.

It is, indeed, a special task to truly tell the traits and trials of the first to come. Whoever recall the fireside talks of an ancient grandsire or his saintly dame, outworn in making others glad, who told the tales they heard in sunny youth, from those who came when all the world was woods, have fine but fading scenes in what has become a legendary age. Even now, the spirit of the doubting Thomas is abroad demanding to see and touch the print of the nails. But the wounded hands and tortured side are gone from mortal gaze.

The pioneers are as extinct as their Shawnee opponents. Except for the memory of their virtues and the legacy of their achievement, they are a people whose like will not be seen again. No pen from Fancy's wing can write the page to make them seem as once they were. The homes they built, the tools they used, the dress they wore, the scenes they viewed, have been so changed that scarcely aught remains but the words that told their thought and make their life akin to ours. If they could repeople the "old clearings" it is doubtful whether their surprise or our wonder would be the greater. The rugged independence of some fell little short of indifference as they trusted to luck afoot and chanced any change with a rifle, a knife and a hatchet. Others packed traps and ax on a horse or put their little all in a cart. The more fortun-

ate loaded a wagon with spinning wheel and implements from the farm left behind, while reluctant cattle and swine lengthened the march. All were guided by the star of hope. Yet, many a woman's heart must have faltered as the miles became many and the days grew weary before their El Dorado was found.

Much literary skill has been employed in describing the pioneer house, as if one was the pattern for all. Plainer statement may give a more truthful idea of the conditions than is obtained from the ornate rhetoric of those who have seen little but imagined much. The cabin was a log pen, square or nearly so, and high enough to stand in erect, under a bark or brush roof, with the earth for a floor, until time and chance permitted the architect to improve the design. The logs were chopped and shaped at the ends to fit them closer and to lock them firmly in place. The next step was to cut out spaces for the door on the side and fireplace at the end, which was often delayed by the hurry of life, that required planting in season, and game for food. The inmates often crept into such shelter through half-cut doorways, while the fire was kept outside. The same has occurred all over the woodland of America, and, where there was no wood for a cabin, the dugout on the hillside, or the sod house on the prairie, has repeated the scene of home planting.

Amid all the hurried work, one of the first objects was a better roof. This was made of what was called clapboards, which were frequently brought by, or made on the flatboats, by those who came down the river. The implement used for riving or splitting such boards or shingles, was called a frow, which came next to the rifle and ax as an indispensable tool. With a frow and a drawing knife a skilled woodman could cover and floor, and even weatherboard his house, and fix the staves for cooperage. The pioneer who practiced borrowing a frow was shiftless, for it was needed most of the time at home, and the man who could not use a frow was pitied. Notwithstanding the importance of this once familiar and still used tool, it is probable that not one is on sale by a dealer in Brown or Clermont counties. Even the word "clapboard," which was the product of the frow, once universally used for roofing in the timbered regions of America, has lost that mean-

ing, which is not given in Webster's, the most American of all dictionaries. The disuse of the word is a peculiar illustration of changing customs. The 'hearts,' or triangular pieces left from riving the clapboards, were used to "chink," or fill the cracks between the logs, and, when neatly done, and plastered with clay, the walls were good, alike against summer heat and winter cold. Split sticks were built into a crib for the chimney, that was thickly daubed with clay to keep the fire in and the cold out.

As soon as time could be found, puncheons were hewn for the floor, and leaves were piled against the outside walls as winter drew near. Skins soon had from the game around, were spread on the floor for beds. After awhile, a post with a fork was set at proper distance from the walls to hold poles or bars for the support of clapboards for an elevated bed. But it was some years before "bedcords" were in common use.

There can be little hearty belief for any adequate expression for their life of pathetic paucity—we dare not call it poverty, for they were self-reliant and asked no favor that could not be gained through honest effort. Perhaps no small degree of their reputed health was due to the wide-open fireplace, that radiated warmth while it swept the room with constant ventilation. The fire had no encouragement from iron. Blocks of stone answered for the great brass andirons that came fifty years later and are now regarded as curious relics of the middle age. The bodies of hickory saplings were sufficient for the functions of poker and tongs, and a clapboard reduced to the shape of a paddle, served for a shovel. A near-by peg held the johnny-cake board, stained with dough and browned with fire. A few had, and all wanted, a Dutch oven, a shallow, flat bottomed kettle to set over live coals on the hearth, while more coals were heaped on the dish-like lid. A corn or wheaten loaf baked in this way had a special taste. The wooden bowl for mixing the bread from the meal, in a handy sack hung beneath a shelf that held a few plates and cups and a vessel for the precious salt.

In a few days after the start of the cabin, venison and bear meat might be found hanging at the best places for drying. Blocks of wood served as seats, to be rolled to a home-made table or bench, which completed the furniture.



The rifle rested within instant reach on pins, from which the powder horn and bullet pouch always swung when not in use. Other pegs held the little extra clothing, and bunches of herbs and roots gathered with care and to be used with faith. Until cranes could be fixed, the boiling and stewing was done in camp kettles hung over the fire by hooks and chains from the "lug pole," that was built into and across the chimney. Meats were hung and turned before the fire, while the "drip" fell to a pan beneath, from which the roast was basted. The modern abomination of frying pans was unknown, and broiling was accomplished by placing the meat on the clean, hot coals. It is all but useless to tell the incredulous of the surpassing flavors of such cooking. It is somewhat imitated, but not attained in the expensive grillrooms to which epicures resort. No mention of a musical instrument in the first years has been found, except by reference to the fifings of Joshua Lambert and William McKnight; unless, by rhetorical license, we include the spinning wheel; and the hum of that must have been low until flax could have been raised and wool obtained. Such was the home of the pioneer, until time and patient labor accomplished more. Some had a little more and built a little larger, but imperative necessities leveled all to a condition of equally practicing a simple life, for which modern experience affords no parallel.

Outside the home the forest had to be cut down and up, and rolled and burned. The ground at first, because of roots, was dug with mattocks and tended with hoes. The fortunate raised enough to last through the first year. As each year measured larger plantings, larger houses were built, with higher and smoother walls. Nature, adverse in many respects, was favorable in one. The virgin soil accepted cultivation kindly and yielded prodigiously; otherwise the rude implements would have hardly maintained an existence. The farming tools of a hundred years ago were home-made, and of the conventional type, perpetuated by artists. The scythe was copied from the emblem handled by Father Time in the golden age of Greece, or, perhaps, the emblem was copied from the scythe. No improvement was made over the marble type, until men began to think in iron, and that can be remembered by a few of the living. The sickle was, is, and

will be, the same unto the end. It was the age of wood. Shovels and forks were made of a single piece of wood, and rakes were made of two, besides the teeth. The plow was a puzzling twist in wood, with a point hardened by fire, unless it was tipped with iron. Many an acre was cultivated with a fork of dogwood drawn through the mellow loam by boys who played horse in earnest. Although that life was bound in utterless toil, it would be false to assert that it had no hilarity. As neighborhood became possible, log rollings, house raisings, corn huskings, and even meetings to help the unfortunate, became scenes of boisterous glee. When their hold grew firmer and orchards furnished fruit, while flocks gave fleece and fields yielded flax for apple cuttings and quiltings, society passed from the hunter's to the shepherd's life, that will forever be the idyllic dream of American felicity.

Yet, in fact, those people lived in a forest-shrouded seclusion that would have been pitiful if it had not been sublime. Their all-engrossing thought was clearing, planting, reaping, spinning, weaving, which, with rare exceptions, each family was forced to do to the full measure of their strength. They lived close to the soil and all expected much from the land they tried to compass, and for which they scattered apart. In locating those lonely and early homes, wonder grows whether they were so widely scattered by choice or chance. At first they seemed to follow no reasonable law of selection; nor is there much in later inspection to change the first impression, that in this, as in all other allotments of life, men were the sport of fortune. Most of the newcomers were spurred to their choice by instant need, and so took what could be had with the least delay. While the lands were all a part of a common waste, with little discernible advantage, the artificial divisions of adjoining surveys represented rights that might be held by people who were divided by weeks of weary travel. As all faces look alike in the dark, so did all places look equally forbidding or inviting in the shadows of the wilderness. No one but the surveyors knew enough of the bearings to forecast the trend of travel. The whimsical advice of a hunter, or the weariness of an hour, may have decided the conditions of a family, unto the third or fourth generation. After the search lights of a century, some have been heard to lament the lack

of ancestral foresight. Such reflection is neither fair to those who did much without seeing, nor honorable in those who see much without doing. Still, wonder at the various fortune of various families is but natural; for, the mind accustomed to the plenitude of the present, refuses to consider the utter severity of the life of the people, whose enterprise has merited the choicest praise of their posterity. Unless trained with study and strengthened with observation, the liveliest imagination is unable to conceive, and slow to understand the heroism of those who accepted the burdens of civilization on the border, and came to the solitude of the dreary wastes that stretched between the infrequent and scanty clearings about their lonely homes.

Imagination is prone to robe these times with romantic fancy, rather than with sober reality. In the haze of far-off days, the men appear as giants; in the glamour of tradition, the forest seems an enchanted land; and even stable achievements rising from the all-submerging void, offer little that is discernible between the fixity of the purple ridges and the glow of the embracing mist. The zest of their adventures and the success of their efforts equally blind us to the meagerness of their living. Therefore, it is fortunate to have positive proof of their environment, and it is well to perpetuate a record of their privations. Otherwise, the time is not far away, when even their posterity amid luxury will doubt the want and trial of their ancestors.

The chance whereby the doubting may "put a finger into the print of the nails" came with a lengthy, fire-protected and highly prized possession of the Journals and Ledgers of the trading station or store, at Gnadenhutten, Ohio, maintained as a part of the second mission there, under the authority of the Moravian Church of Europe and America. These books were opened October 25, 1799, by David Peter, a scholarly man, deputed to the important duty of business manager, by the bishops, from the position of head teacher of Greek and Latin at Nazareth Hall, at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the chief school or college of the American Moravians. For nine years after that till 1809, the accounts of a morally systematic business with both white and red people, and one black man, occupying the entire upper region of the Muskingum River, were

faithfully recorded by a thoroughly competent hand. By descent, these records are the precious property of a grandson, Oliver Peters, a most worthy man, in the city of Uhrichsville, Ohio. In all the ancient archives of the State, there is nothing that competes with these ample volumes in their peculiar sphere. While restricted to a local, yet considerable, scope comparison with the meagre relics of the sort in other places shows that these models of neatness and skill generally represent the trade values of the time in other Ohio settlements. In the absence of anything found at home, there is nothing that can be quoted with more confidence.

Of all the flotsam of that time, there is nothing that so helps imagination to enter the door and sit at the hearth with the pioneers, as David Peter's long-posted annals of their homely dealings and petty destinies. From those laconic lines we learn what they had of simplest need for sternest want, and what they lacked of adventitious aid from the perfumed fragrance and cushioned ease of modern life, and what they missed by passing before the crush and strain of fashion's rout began. But the journal does not explain the evolution of the skimp skirts of their necessity into the scanter patterns of present abundance. Such speculation should consider that every age has its ministers of grace, and, that it is more courteous to compare the mothers of eras with angels of mercy than with each other. It is also best to remember that those who strive in the noon of present convenience, have thrice nine times the comforts of those who watched before the dawn.

No attempt will, or should be, made to classify the items; for it will be truer to life and better for the reader to have the impressions obtained as the pages were turned. But first we must anticipate that money was scarce. The cash transactions of the first two years amounted to just \$2.08, of which \$1.00 was received and subsequently paid to one of the helpers who was going east, and had to expect some expense. The other 8 cents was apparently reserved. At first, the cumbersome fractions of the antiquated English currency were used, and values were often stated in thirds of a cent. But the lack of specie was filled by a substitute not easily counterfeited.

There was a plenty of fur. Amid all the scarcity, there was an abundance of the life that bore fur, without which fashion

was miserable, and royalty unhappy. For that frivolous badge of wealth, the rude voyageurs and hazardous traders penetrated the wilds and adventured the caprice of savagery many years and many leagues in advance of the tillers and gleaners. Of all things destructive to animal life, gunpowder has been the worst. The first purchase noted by David Peter, included two pounds of gunpowder at \$1.50 per pound, and four pounds of lead at 27 cents per pound. Zeisberger, the great Ohio Apostle, bought twelve pounds of coffee at 50 cents per pound, and four quarts of peeled barley at 40 cents per quart, which appears much like the first sale of breakfast food in Ohio, and at an appalling price. Salt brought 25 cents a quart. Swan-skin—a thick flannel—went at \$1.00 per yard. Chintz and muslin were booked at 50 cents per yard, but purple plains was \$3.00 per yard. Three flints for gunlocks were sold for ten cents. One rifle gun was sold for \$20.00, but \$24.00 was paid for another. Sugar was charged at 27 cents per pound. A candle mold for six candles was listed at 50 cents, for which the wick yarn was 11 cents per ounce, and tallow 13 cents per pound. Bear's fat was 7 cents a pound, and pint tin cups 20 cents each. A dozen needles sold for 13 cents, and 13 cents bought a dozen skeins of thread. "Calicoes" was 67 cents per yard. A silk handkerchief and a wool hat brought \$1.36 apiece. A yard of scarlet cloth cost \$5.33, but \$3.00 bought a yard of green cloth. A quire of writing paper cost 33 cents. Two dozen shoe tacks cost 12 cents, and an ink cake 13 cents. Pins brought 22 cents a paper. A few nutmegs were taken at 16 and 20 cents apiece. A horse bell was sold for 90 cents. The tell-tale bell, now disowned and forgotten, was the largest prime factor in the care of stock, when cattle were fenced out, instead of in. The small purchases of "calicoe" often included a sheet of pasteboard, at 13 cents, which was used to shape the bewitching sunbonnet, sometimes adorned with a yard of bright ribbon at 24 cents. That alone was the beginning and end of the millinery department. Leather, awls, shoe knives and shoe thread first appeared in 1803, and, in the next year some brides wore white cotton stockings at \$1.40 per pair. The most extravagant account in the nine years was for "A pewter dish, a smaller pewter dish, 6 pewter plates, 6 metal table spoons, 6 knives and forks, a Jaconnett muslin

handkerchief, and one pair (the first) of white cotton stockings." It is only fair to add for the better half of that house, that the account was squared with linen, beeswax and sugar. No other article can be named, more expressive of housewifely thrift and pioneer simplicity. The crustiest curmudgeon that gives a grimace at woman's aesthetic nature, must concede that the master did not spin that linen, or try out that beeswax, or stir off that sugar. And, if kept till now, that linen and wax and home-made sugar would almost buy silver, instead of pewter.

The pages of the journal not only show causes for pleasure in the widely scattered cabins, where the purchases were to be compared and envied or emulated, but they also reveal much sickness and sorrow. The accounts of some families prove that their land of promise must have seemed a desert of disappointment. The remedies relied upon were Golden Tincture, Balsam De Malthe, Bateman's Drops, Mercurial Ointment, Peruvian Bark, Cream of Tartar, Tartar Emetic, Spanish Flies, Salts, Glauber's Salts, Saltpetre, Anderson's Pills, Van Sweiten's Pills, British Oil, Camphor, Aloes, Senna, Rhubarb, Saffron, Jalap, Pink Root, Bark, Ammonia, Mannah, Magnesia, Peppermint, Alum, Allspice, Ginger, Cinnamon, Sulphur, Madder, Copperas and Indigo. The three latter, contrasted or combined with stains from the forest, dyed their fabrics and tinged their lives. The drug department, however short of the myriad cures for modern ills, was much ahead of the bookshelf. In and after 1805, the Columbian speller was bought for 17 cents, and Testaments cost 35 cents. Several dozen almanacs were sold, but no other books were mentioned.

Until something could be spared from the fields, all this was paid for with wild life; and the deer paid the larger part at prices that varied, and were stated both by the piece and by the pound. At first doeskins were 50 cents, and fawn skins 30 cents apiece. Credit for \$1.00 was given for a deer carcass, and 20 cents a pound for beeswax. One pound of butter brought 12 cents, and \$2.52 was paid for a day with wagon and team. Raccoon skins were rated at 25 cents, and \$3.00 was the worth of an otter skin. Bear skins ranged from \$1.00 to \$3.00 for the finest. A full grown buck skin was current at \$1.00. In four trips, traders took away the skins of 114 bears,

289 racoons, 15 wildcats, about 1,000 deer, 16 foxes, 4 otter, 10 beaver, and 2 panthers. Besides this, much was used for clothing. Corn fell in three years from \$1.00 per bushel to 33 cents. All this was not in specie, but in barter. The condition was much the same between the Miami and Eagle Creek. The larger trade of Cincinnati, the army at Fort Washington, and the building of the mills brought more cash into view, yet that did not reach the settlers, with little or nothing to sell. To those who care for the testimony of the past and can find curious gladness in the presence of antiquity, these facts speak with peculiar persuasion; and even with casual attention, the most heedless of those who crowd the busy throngs of worry will learn something of the sobering truth, that what was, is gone, and what is, shall cease. For such facts tell of a bygone simple life that withered in the glare and jostle of complexer plans, that also passed away before the imposition of another and stronger mode of living, just as our own system must yield to forces that may be dimly discerned but can not be avoided.

We are prone to praise the pioneers, but all were not good, and many were evil. The noblest came in close march with those who were quick to see the chances of rising through the weakness of the simple woodman for the enticing firewater. A student of social science knows how lately the world has become fit, or nearly so, to live in. When people began to plant corn in Ohio, piracy was still permitted by European treaties. The insane roamed at will. The debtor without spot cash was put in prison. The poor were sold at public auction, and those for whom nobody would bid were bid to starve. Slavery was a sacred institution, and slave ships paid so much a head to the English king—the more heads the more revenue. The agitators of that age had spent their force in battling for the privilege of making the world better. When that privilege was gained, the political preservation of the nation absorbed attention, and the task of organizing for the benefits of sobriety became the duty of another age.

Meanwhile, in the absence of better information, whisky was the sovereign balm for all public and domestic ills, the panacea for the stings of conscience and the bites of serpents. With the guiding revelations of scientific analysis, it is piti-

ful to note the pathetic confidence of the pioneers in alcohol. In their belief, it cured burns and soothed frosts; it cooled fevers and warmed chills; it promoted the growth of tissues and dissolved the essential bitterness of herbs, which equally hindered harm, helped hurt, and cured complaint. In their practice, it was first in trouble, first in joy, and first in the mouth on every emergency. No one knows the accuracy of a history so well as the historian himself, for no one else knows so much of the material reviewed, and of the selections or omissions, and of the motives that have governed the composition. It must not be inferred that the first pioneers of Old Clermont, or of Ohio, or of the West, were given to riotous potation, or that all who made or handled firewaters were unworthy, according to the understanding of a more enlightened age. They knew not what they did; and when the condition came to be studied, many changed from a lifelong custom and led their children in a revolt against the usage of mankind. Instead, the subject, properly considered, is a fine instance of a noble change in public opinion.

On March 25, 1801, two missionaries, Kluge and Luckenbach, from the eastern Moravians, came to David Peter with an order for their outfit to establish a mission among the Indians on the Wabash. That outfit was prescribed in accordance with what had been learned in nearly sixty years of similar experience with the wild life of the frontier, and, therefore, must be accepted as an example of what constituted the best possible equipment for a pioneer. Yet, with the addition of a rifle and wagon not one in ten had anything so complete. The list is so well worth while for all who wish an exact view of the conditions then prevailing through all the woodland border, that it is properly presented as a part of a sketch of our social scheme. For the literature of Ohio can be safely challenged for a parallel to that graphic account, of which the items are:

"Saddle bags, wolf skin, line and 4 fish hooks, bear skin, 2 bushels corn, 2 qts. salt, 10 flints, 5 pounds lead, 3 pounds powder, 58 pounds sugar, 29 pounds pork, 1 pound Bohea tea, 1 pound pepper, 3 nutmegs, 4 gallons Lisbon wine, 3 yards serge, 11 yards Russia sheeting, blanket, handsaw, 6 gimlets, twill bag, wooden bowl, broadaxe, 2 axes, hatchet, 2 iron



wedges, 2 maul rings, frow, drawing knife, cooper's tool, mattock, chimney chain, pot hook, 2 brass kettles, stamped paper for draft, and cash." The total amount charged, not against the missionaries, but to account for goods from stock, was \$288.67, not including hunting guns and horses. The rest of their equipment for the regeneration of a valley full of defeated wild men was a reliance on Providence. In this day, judgment halts in saying whether Faith or temerity guided the enterprise; but there can be no lack of wonder at the enthusiasm that prompted those young men to give their education and talent—for they had both in fine degree—to an ideality so lofty and unselfish, on such a slender support.

An entry on January 23, 1803, for "Tall Man," an Indian, "Brass Kettle, Cash, 12½\$" is notable, as the largest cash sale to that date; for the fabulous value of brass, and for the odd use of the \$ sign not yet in familiar use, even with the scholarly manager. A credit was given to Tschangelenno for 5 dressed doe skins at \$1.00 each. Such a curio now would bring the price with interest to date. Wool cards were sold several years before any home-made linseys were taken in exchange, which proves that such products were needed and used at home until larger flocks could be raised. 20 "segars" for 7 cents on October 20, 1806, is the first mention of that luxury. In 1804, \$138.00 was paid for bringing 2,400 pounds of goods from Philadelphia. If the wagon had been switched to Wheeling and had come by Zane's Trace, the cost would have been more, subject to river rates to the mouth of Eagle Creek or Bullskin.

Many curiously graphic but unstudied phrases depict the awful stress of life. On August 17, 1800, several families went hunting, "to save corn." The luscious roasting ears were tempting them to eat what had to be kept for the coming winter, so they left the corn to grow and ripen and used the more plentiful game. On July 22d of the same year, the people were busy "flax pulling." We hope for his own sake that the reader is feeling the interest due to these artless words from a time when all the people between Loveland and Aberdeen would not have much, if any, exceeded the limits of one of our larger halls. In October, services at the mission house were omitted several weeks "because of the fever, in which the

well had to wait on the sick." That condition was the annual experience along the Miami and Ohio until malaria ceased to frighten. "January 1, 1801, the new century opened with snow all day, and ice floating in the river." "Sunday, February 22, 1801. In consequence of very fine weather our people spent all the past week in boiling sugar."

Whether it be to taste a harvest feast, to pick the luscious berry, to find the nuts of autumn, to drive the prowling fox, or to gather the blossoms of May, there is no blither time for people who seek a closer walk with nature, than when they share in the charms of the old-fashioned sugar camps, once common and now forever rare. When the white man came, the huger maples here and there bore the scars of mangling tomahawks; and heaps of ashes and charcoal, more lasting than the logs from which they came, showed that the Indians knew where and how to get the sticky sweet that he mixed with bear grease and thickened with parched corn to eat with venison, which does not seem so very bad, if the venison were real.

In the pioneer's home sugar was not until made by himself. The machinery positively required was an ax, augur and kettle. More might be handy, such as a gimlet for making spiles and more kettles to hurry the boiling. If the augur failed, the more dextrous could make a flat spile for an ax-cut channel, which badly marred a tree. It was also well to have an adz to dig out troughs from the solid blocks. Still, in extreme necessity, the ax sufficed. Next to the rifle, it was the pioneer's choicest possession. On rainy days and during long winter evenings, spiles were made, and troughs that were to last a lifetime were shaped and scooped and smoothed and soaked free from acid or bitter taste. Another trunk large enough for a war canoe was dug out for a reservoir and placed near the kettles, hung in a row by logs, or set in a furnace that climbed a hillside to a chimney of "cat and clay" that finished the end of a log house open to the south and covered with long boards of riven oak.

When disappearing snows, relenting frosts and brighter skies were the welcome harbingers of spring, and while the chattering crow, the jabbering jay and the babbling blackbird met in many conventions to proclaim the good times coming,

the sire, expert in needed lore, went forth "to tap the camp." Troughs were brought on a sled to the trees, where others came to fit the spiles and fix the vessels to catch the trickling sap. Then, convenient trees were felled across the brooks for foot bridges, and wood was gathered from lightning blasted trunks that were dry and quick to burn. A little later the girls and smaller boys came racing with buckets to empty the troughs into a barrel reclining on a sled drawn by the pet of the stable along the banks or across the riffles of the brooks, while the roguish rider performed antics on the horse's back unknown to modern gymnasiums, or bent her head to dodge the drooping branches threatening her glossy curls with the fate of Absalom. And then the inspector general Mother came to give the final cleasing touches.

On the "master sugar day," the constant drops all but mingled in a stream as they stirred the pellucid, crystal store below with the dimples of a ceaseless smile. Ere long, the threatened waste required the "boiling down" to begin at once. The night long fires were kindled and, as the moon put on a golden glow, the reducing syrup was dipped from kettle to kettle steadily replenished from the gathered waters, until the trickling mass was ready to be cleared and sugared off; after which the solid cakes or crumbly harvest was borne in triumph to a guarded shelf in the sylvan home. And thus the sweet toil went on from day to day and night after night till even the saucy squirrels ceased to wonder at the fierce invasion of their antique domain. When the season was over, the reward was many gallons of syrup and many pounds of the most delicious sweet that regales the taste of man. Of all they did, nothing is more fragrant with mellow memories of pioneer gladness than maple sugar making. But the primeval trees are losing their greenness and soon not a "camp" will be left to prove the reality of what even now seems an Arcadian tale. In the few camps still to be found, the early implements have been replaced with labor saving and care taking devices. The word has been given by chemical experts that the old-time wooden ways were all wrong and that maple sugar water must touch nothing but metal through every stage of the changing process. Such a product may be "pure," but it is not more dainty nor joyful to the taste, for the sap of the tree and the heart of man remain the same.

Most of this, however, came later. An ample supply was possible only to the most fortunate of the earliest; for the sugar harvest was limited by the lack of kettles. In short, there was a lack of everything but fortitude for the task. Their heart vanquished, though many fell before plenty smiled. The simple huts they called home required little of woman's care, and so her slighter strength took the lighter work afield. While man chopped and grubbed, woman planted the seed and coaxed the tender blades of the corn and all the garden growth. It was not a lack of affection but a life of devotion to a common purpose, in which there was no room for squeamish sentiment. When flax could be pulled and wool be shorn, woman returned to her ancient lot of spinning, weaving and knitting, with sewing for all. The first yield from their tilling added to household cares, for all that could be fitted for winter use must be fixed, and of this, the long garlands of dried pumpkin were not the least. Without fish from the stream and game from the hills, civilization would have lagged; and thus, perforce, the first farmers were hunters with the double motive of providing meat for the table and securing fur as a currency. A consideration of the possible results of such severely isolated living suggests a lapse from refinement. Instead, the traditions of their descendants and the recorded observations of competent writers agree that none were more gracious than those who survived the ordeal of making the first settlements, and of wearing the linsey woolsey and tow-cloth dress or wamus and the deer skin hunting shirt and leggings with moccasin footwear. The first mention of shoes in David Peter's journal is the sale of a pair for \$2.32, on December 4, 1802. An all worthy grandmother, born after her mother had come with several older children, told the writer years ago, that her mother in telling of their move to the West mentioned that they came directly to the Clermont cabin of some Eastern friends, who had come still earlier. In rehearsing the ever fascinating story, the pioneer sometimes, and to confidential ears, would add: "When we found them that summer, Mrs. Blank and her big girls and the children had no clothes but one dress apiece, like a coffee sack, and the men wore a mixture of tow-cloth trousers and buckskin shirts. But now!" That "now!" meant that the grandchildren of the

family, then striving to get more land, had at last reached high social position—some in authority at home and some touring Europe. That family is better remembered for latter refinement than for the early sacrifice of those who founded its fortunes. Yet, if consultation were possible, it is probable that the much enduring ancestors, with all of Nature's longing to be remembered, would choose to have more mention of the proud effect than of the humbly patient cause.

It is natural to shrink from decay and to protest against the dumb forgetting of engulfing time. This desire to surpass the mortal state and to linger longer in the tide of thought is the source of humanity's finest sentiment. Religion encourages virtue with faith that claims an endless perpetuity of reward for meritorious conduct. Patriotism inculcates that the noblest employment of citizenship is to transmit the institutions of liberty for increasing reverence, and that the happiest allotment for the close of life is to die for the chosen land and forever share the praise that glory hymns for noble deeds. And thus the illusions of hope are fair with the promise of a succession of generations to keep the memory of worthy achievements. He is indeed a careless observer who has failed to notice the force of this potent incentive to loftier aspirations that are equally inspiring and complimentary to humility. The gratification of this amiable emotion is a peculiar motive with a writer of history, whose pleasure is made melancholy by the reflection that approbation can neither reach the long dulled ears nor move the stilled hearts which would have thrilled at the thought that recalls the good they did.

If some just reason for local patriotism is not found by the reader of these pages, then much of them will have been written to little purpose for that reader. The early pioneers have been grouped with regard to both time and place. No pretense is made that all have been named, but it is fair to claim that a zealous effort has been made to perpetuate information from frail and perishing sources. He must be careless of his own reputation who would discourage such effort or say that such study is misapplied. The ancients taught that filial gratitude is one of the cardinal duties, and, however great the hurry of modern life, he is to be pitied who cannot recall the memory of some ancestor who has left him an inheritance of

mental and moral excellence that is as surely transmitted as the tones of the voice or the cast of the features. Whosoever disregards the good his parents did deserves himself to be as quickly forgotten. Those people, grouped as they lived, with prodigious toil, founded a society that has had a noble share in establishing and perpetuating what they deemed sacred. Out of their common purpose to be good and free they forged a chain of circumstance that binds their posterity to a ceaseless struggle for the rights of man. All this they did in humble but certain ways, with a devotion that deserves a common remembrance. For, the extreme individual independence and personal aims that had scattered them to lonely homes soon yielded to the social instinct, that forms communities and accepts guarantees of government instead of the fickle fortunes of the forest.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FORMATION OF THE ANCIENT COUNTY OF CLERMONT.

Governor St. Clair's Proclamations of Counties—Speculation in Land—Major-General Arthur St. Clair—The Conditions of 1798—The First Territorial Legislature—Origin of Massie's Opposition—St. Clair's Ideal of Duty—Bills for New Counties Vetoed and Consequent Censure—The Second Session of the Legislature—Clermont County Proclaimed with 680 Males Above 16—The Political Tumult of the Time—The Name, Clermont—The County Officers—Thomas Morris—William Lytle—Harmony Hill—John Charles—The Old Stone Land Office—The Lost Child Found—The Settlement of the New County—The First Wagon Through by Chillicothe—St. Clairsville or Decatur—General Beaseley—Oscar Snell—Governor John M. Pattison.

Governor St. Clair's division of the huge Territory Northwest of the Ohio for civil government, by practically indicating three of the great States to come, through a change from the Indian Country into the counties of Washington and Hamilton for Ohio, into the county of St. Clair for Illinois, and into the county of Knox for Indiana, as told on other pages, was followed on February 11, 1792, by a proclamation that extended Hamilton county eastward to include all between the Little Miami and the Scioto, until the settlement between those rivers would justify a new county.

On October 15, 1795, St. Clair made the administration of justice more convenient for the widely scattered French residents of Illinois by instituting the county of Randolph. The belated surrender of the once greatly hated Detroit to General Wayne by the reluctant British was soon followed, on August 15, 1796, by the institution of the county of Wayne, which included the northwest of Ohio, the northeast of Indiana, and all of Michigan, with justice, at last, seated in Detroit. Thus, by the close of 1796, the Territory Northwest was divided into six counties, from which the later counties

were organized. The people planted at Manchester by Massie's enterprise, and others westward from the Scioto and along the Ohio, were the first to be set off in a county made from those already formed. This was done on July 10, 1797, by taking the eastern side of the big county of Hamilton for a new county named Adams, of which the western boundary ran from the mouth of Elk River, now called Eagle Creek, up the principal stream of the source and then due north to the southern boundary of Wayne county. Then, on July 29, nineteen days later, the northeastern part of Washington county was proclaimed as Jefferson county, with the county seat at Steubenville.

A cherished ambition of Massie was gratified on August 20, 1798, with the proclamation that established Ross county, with the county seat at Chillicothe, just two years from the month in which that town was platted. On the same day, a strip was taken from Hamilton and added to Adams county, so that the new boundary ran due north from the mouth of Eagle Creek to the southern boundary of Ross county. But, some two months before, on June 22, 1798, as a consequence of Wayne's Treaty, Hamilton county had been greatly enlarged to include all of Knox county west of the Great Miami and east of a line drawn from the mouth of the Kentucky River to Fort Recovery.

In following the example of Virginia in ceding claims in the Territory Northwest, to the general government, Connecticut also reserved a region that thereby gained the name of the Western Reserve, which was all in Ohio, north of the forty-first parallel of north latitude and extending westward one hundred and twenty miles from the Pennsylvania line. Connecticut finally ceded all claims on that Reserve to the United States, on May 30, 1800; and, on July 10, 1800, Governor St. Clair proclaimed the entire Western Reserve a county, with the name of Trumbull.

The next county established was Clermont, the eleventh county in Northwest Territory, and the seventh in Ohio. But, before that was accomplished, a regrettable controversy arose between the Governor and those who posed for public favor. Speculating in land was then the wanton way to wealth. Of modern wiles to win the golden showers of fortune there



was neither knowledge nor chance. The total volume of commerce was not large enough to tempt many to commercial paths. The first object of that time was to get land, and the next was to increase its value. The difference between a laudable purpose and a mercenary motive also measures the distinction between fair dealing and a merciless method. Lytle and Taylor's expenditure of nearly three thousand dollars to attract attention to their lands in the vicinity of Williamsburg, when that place was the only clearing on a trace yet to be cut between the Miami and the Scioto, was not only a bold, but a laudable undertaking, that was fortunate, and, in due time, was properly remembered and rewarded by the Governor. The cutting of a trace from Wheeling to Chillicothe and the consequent location of Zanesville and Lancaster is a fine record of Colonel Zane's worthy service. Taylor and Lytle's private project of "our road" eighty odd miles eastward through Lytlestown to anticipate Zane's Trace at Chillicothe was another highly commendable, important and successful performance.

With such examples, the Territory was a field for many imitators, who would have carved counties and fixed county towns to fit every sale. Such greed was opposed by the inflexible integrity of not a vote watching politician, but of a patriotic general trained to an exact performance of duty through not less than fourteen years on the battle line of actual war. Because of that opposition the resolute Governor was denounced as an obstruction to the growth of the country, and blamed for anything that malice chose to invent. In the end, no other American of note has suffered more from such vindictive attack while living, and no other has been so completely vindicated after death, and restored to the respect of posterity. The formation of Old Clermont county was the event that tested his quality to rule, and also marked the ebb of his political fortunes. Therefore, it is fitting for the people of that region to consider what manner of man he was.

The magnificent services of Major General Arthur St. Clair adorn the most brilliant pages of American history. A student of the University of Edinburgh, well grounded in medical science, an officer in His Majesty's army, promoted for gallant conduct at the capture of Louisburg, and again distin-

guished upon the Plains of Abraham, a citizen of Pennsylvania, a man of princely fortune for that time, all ventured for the cause of freedom, with a military training that was worth a dozen regiments in the field of war, a bold leader in battle, a man brave in retreat, a master of strategy, who could lose a fortress to gain a State, rash in the crashing fire but wise in the cautious council, he was the chosen confidant of Washington and the brother of Lafayette.

The list of his glorious fields is the battle story of the Conquest of Canada, and the Revolution. His troops marched to the rescue of Arnold at Quebec, from Champlain and Crown Point, to Trenton and Princeton, and back to Ticonderoga, where his retreat enticed Burgoyne to his destruction; and then to Brandywine and Valley Forge, where his fortune melted to keep his soldiers from freezing. Every student of war perceives that Burgoyne's Surrender would have been a British victory but for St. Clair's skillful retreat, for which some, who believed in nothing but fighting any odds, would have had him disgraced. It is well proved that his suggestions to Washington produced the brilliant victory of Princeton, which won the favor of France. Trusted with the command of West Point, after Arnold's treason, and present at Yorktown, he was made the President of Congress, and promoted the action that resulted in the second Declaration of Liberty, the Ordinance of '87. Next to Washington, he was the most manifold character among the celebrities of the Revolution. Though fitted in every respect to cope with the brightest wits of Europe, and though accustomed to obsequious obedience by long years of military command, this noble gentleman was rewarded for his losses by an ironic fate that sent him to spend his old age amid a wilderness in curbing the importunity of men whose life in the woods had taught them absolute independence, with little or none of the finesse acquired in long settled communities. The governorship of the Northwest Territory, justly regarded as the most important office that Congress could give, was thrust upon St. Clair by his friends, as an opportunity to restore his fortune.

He declared the acceptance the most imprudent act of his life, and so it proved, for in his own phrase, he had neither the taste nor the genius for speculation in lands, nor did he con-

sider it consistent with the office. After all his noble service, he went back to the hills of Pennsylvania at the age of sixty-eight, a proud but poor man. That his more than fifteen years' service as Governor of the Northwest was performed in a spirit of lofty patriotism is admitted by all whose opinion is valuable. But some said otherwise at the time, and that contention should be remembered at home, so that gratitude may be rendered to whom it is due.

The year 1798 brought much satisfaction to the inhabitants of the Ohio Valley, who were beginning to realize the fruits of Wayne's victory and the prospective advantage of possessing Detroit. Spain at last consented to the free navigation of the Mississippi, and, on October 5, General Wilkinson occupied Loftus' Heights, on the east bank of the river, and at once built Fort Adams, six miles north of the thirty-first parallel of north latitude. It was also found in that year that the Territory Northwest held the five thousand white male inhabitants required by the Ordinance of '87 as the base for a developing change in the mode of government. Governor St. Clair gladly proclaimed the fact and called upon the people to elect representatives to take part in the founding of States yet to be named. Upon a basis of one for each five hundred or large fractional surplus, twenty-three representatives were elected, who met in Cincinnati, February 4, 1799, for the purpose of selecting ten names from which the President of the United States was to appoint five persons to form the Legislative Council, whose duty was that of an Upper House or Senate. The qualifications, without which no one could vote, were a white skin, actual residence, absolute possession of fifty acres of land, and an unconquerable hostility to Great Britain. The clause against Great Britain was not written in the law, but it was in force and well understood. The one elected must own two hundred acres of land, or he could not serve. The voting was *viva voce*, meaning that each voter must stand before the judges and call aloud the name of his choice.

After making nominations for the Council, the Representatives adjourned until the appointments selected and made by the President could be returned and proclaimed by the Governor. In this way the first Territorial Legislature was con-

vened at Cincinnati, on September 16, to conclude their organization, but, for lack of a quorum, that purpose was not accomplished until September 23, 1799. From the records, profound respect was shown to the Governor, whose stately dignity was considered very appropriate to the ceremonies of founding a great State. Beneath it all were rivalries and aspirations enough for any political mess ever set astew in Ohio. The temporary success of some of the actors, the disappointment of many, and the humiliation of others, so dazzled or confused the beholders of the scene that it was a mystery for three generations. At last, the dust has been shaken from unsuspected and forgotten documents and manuscripts that tell a pitiful tale of both State and National ingratitude, for which only tardy and inadequate requittal has been made. While St. Clair was lured from his high position in Eastern society by a worthy ambition to be known as the founder of future States, others came to found immense personal estates in the cheap lands from which they expected immeasurable profit. The chance to hasten this profit, through the power to lay out counties, fix the county seats, and locate other points of vantage, was so obvious and tempting, and so easily warped to suit every locality, that discussion ended in bitter dissension.

The condition had been sharply defined by the Governor in a letter from Cincinnati, where he was living, to Massie and others, under date of June 29, 1798. The proclamation of Adams county was highly pleasing to Massie, who also desired that the county seat should be Manchester, which he had founded and fostered with incredible courage, which was the largest settlement, and where he held much of the land that would be made more desirable. If this were all, sympathy for the founder would be complete. But Manchester was far from central. During the Governor's absence on an Eastern trip, Secretary Sargent, as acting Governor, as provided in the Ordinance of '87, appointed a commission which reported the mouth of Brush Creek, where a town was laid out and called Adamsville, as the county seat. Under Massie's masterful leadership, the judges for the county refused to go to "Scant," as Adamsville was nicknamed, and held their court at Manchester. To St. Clair, this was a violation of law by those

sworn to administer the law ; and, therefore, he wrote: "Your transaction . . . has, indeed, astonished me . . . as contrary to every principle of good order. . . . Where there are conflicting opinions on the subject, investigation and deliberation are necessary." Massie did not accept the reproof kindly and planned with other large landholders to rule or ruin those who stood in their way.

No open hostility marked the first session of that General Assembly, which proceeded on the lines set forth in the Governor's Message. No man can write a better exposition of the purpose of his eventful life than St. Clair has unconsciously placed in the conclusion of that message. After the brilliant service, the high honor, the great wrong, and the cold neglect, that make his fame, no one can point to an act that is beneath the lofty ideal for which he gave life and fortune:

"The providing for and the regulating the lives and morals of the present and the rising generations, for the repression of vice and immorality, for the protection of virtue and innocence, for the security of property and the punishment of crime, is a sublime employment. Every aid in my power will be afforded, and I hope we shall bear in mind that the character and deportment of the people and their happiness, both here and hereafter, depend very much upon the genius and spirit of their laws."

The formation of counties was tested by passing six bills each to establish a county of which that between the Little Miami River and Adams county was named "Henry," with the seat of justice at "Denham's Town." The name for the orator, Patrick Henry, fixes the origin of that scheme at Chillicothe which was as largely from Virginia as Marietta from New England or Cincinnati from about New York. The Territory was sometimes divided into "Upper," "Middle" and "Lower" districts, and some said "The Eastern, Middle and Western Settlements." Among these a strife for the state house was taking form. The people everywhere were dividing on party lines, with many uncertain which way to start. William Henry Harrison was chosen delegate to Congress by one vote over Arthur St. Clair, Jr. Then, on December 19, 1799, the first session of the Assembly closed. The Governor vetoed the six county bills. The designation of Denhamstown for the county

seat proves that Lytle was not promoting "Henry" county, but that he was with the Cincinnati faction, as the defenders of the Governor were styled.

The land owners grew less and less punctilious and soon omitted no chance in their frequent meeting with the people to calumniate the "Old Tyrant" as they termed the venerable patriot whose chief offense was a steadfast purpose to protect the public from their rapacity. For the time, that rapacity was artfully hidden by the old, and ever new, but always plausible device of noble zeal for the individual welfare of the people, of whom some came to believe that they were wrongfully restrained in their growth and grossly deprived of justice. It all seems trivial now, since the actors have ceased from troubling to establish a landed aristocracy, that crumbled at the will of the people they sought to delude. But it was very serious then, and criticism pro and con was loud and long in the log taverns to which every traveler brought a newer tale colored by the fancy of the speaker, and strengthened by the spirits from the bar. The discussion was almost entirely oral; for a newspaper came so seldom and lasted so long that it could be read backwards by those who knew it so well, that it made no odds whether they held the paper up or down.

The Virginians holding undisputed sway through the Scioto settlements were led by Massie and Worthington. After the adjournment of the Legislature in December, 1799, Worthington went as their agent to lobby Congress, against St. Clair, who had written on May 28 advising the division of the Territory into three parts, having Marietta as the seat of government for all east of the Scioto, Cincinnati for all between the Scioto and a line due north from the mouth of the Kentucky River, and Vincennes for all farther west, until the increase of population should determine a better plan. This hastened the Statehood of Ohio, for Worthington, through political favor, pulled both ways to Chillicothe, while Harrison obtained all west of the line due north from the mouth of the Great Miami, to be known as the Territory of Indiana, of which he was named Governor. Flushed with partial but great success, Massie filed charges against St. Clair, of which the active part was hatred, and Worthington worked his might

to prevent the reappointment of St. Clair, whose term was to expire December 9, 1800. In accordance with the change, all the government people "went up" from Cincinnati and elsewhere to Chillicothe on November 2 for the second session of the Legislature.

The all absorbing question of new counties was the pivot around which all other intrigues revolved. The legislators in terms revealing their zeal insisted on their authority. The Governor, with perfect punctilio, interposed his prerogative. The region best entitled to recognition, as a county, was east of the Little Miami. Massie's junto conspired to delay legislation till the Governor's term should be done, when, as they planned, Secretary Byrd, a sympathetic Virginian, would become the Acting Governor. St. Clair discovered the plot and blasted it, as if by a stroke of lightning, with a message on Tuesday, December 2, announcing to the legislators that their work would cease on December 9, for, on that day his term would expire, and it was a case not provided for by law that Mr. Byrd could be his successor.

Mere words hardly sufficed the baffled intriguants in expressing their wrath, upon which St. Clair poured no balm on the following Saturday, the 6th, by proclaiming the new county of Clermont, with Williamsburg as the seat of justice, in spite of their threats to fill every court with their protest, which so intimidated the brave old General that, on the following Tuesday, he instituted the county of Fairfield by a proclamation that the legislators could read on their way home.

The boundary of Clermont was from the mouth of Eagle Creek down the Ohio to the mouth of Nine Mile, thence straight to the mouth of the East Fork on the Little Miami, then up the Little Miami to the mouth of O'Bannon Creek, thence due east to the intersection of a line due north from the mouth of Eagle Creek, including all of the county of Clermont and much the larger part of the county of Brown, as they are now known.

In a letter still preserved, dated at Williamsburg, December 3, 1800, addressed to William Lytle, and carried by horse to Chillicothe, William Perry reports: "Result of Enumeration; Number of Male Inhabitants between the Little Miami and

Eagle Creek, between 16 and 26 is 217; and all above 26 is 313, making 530; not counting those above the mouth of the East Fork up the Miami. They must be 150." The report of a male population of 680 "above 16" was no doubt the basis of the Governor's proclamation of the county three days later. That this enumeration, a strictly personal enterprise, was fairly taken, is proved by subsequent official reports.

The county of Old Clermont thus came to life in the midst of an almost hand-to-hand struggle for supremacy between the gray-haired dignity of Revolutionary patriotism, and the young spirit of aggression that would have dug down the antique mountains of precedent to fill the harbors of conservatism, as ruthlessly as it turned the forests to ashes on the field of progress. No sterner conflict of ideas has ever surged through the official circles of Ohio than that which marked the dawn of its Statehood. This turmoil was all the more personal because the aggressive faction was not trammelled by the unwritten laws that, however intangible or imperceptible, still certainly control the strategy of a long established political party. Without regard to the future alignment of the actors with the Federalists or the Jeffersonian Republicans, the issue then was intensely local and personal on the part of those who made the uproar.

It is idle to assert that St. Clair did not understand the famous Ordinance of '87, that was enacted by the Congress of which he was President, and thereby the Presiding Citizen of the Continent. The same Congress elected him to administer the sacred behests of that celebrated constitution. Not a line of proof has survived to show that the great Governor either magnified or belittled a jot or tittle of its provisions, which he executed under Washington for eight years, and for four years more under John Adams, by whom he was re-appointed, February 3, 1801, for three years longer.

While the affair has had only little attention, there is ample proof that his proclamation of Clermont county was the event that marked the total divergence between St. Clair and those who drove him with righteous claims unpaid into unjust poverty beyond the State that will be a monument to his virtues long after the names of his detractors shall have otherwise ceased to provoke the curiosity of the most bookish anti-



quary. But, however deep the regret for the misfortunes of the noble Governor, the gallant General, and the most suave gentleman of the Revolution, every true son of her hills must rejoice that something hindered the misplaced name of Henry. Although the record is lost, the origin of the fittest name possible is not hard to find.

His names for counties before had been chosen to compliment his brother patriots, until he may have had a thought that frequent repetition might grow stale, or he may have been reluctant to throw the name of a friend into the doubtful strife. But whatever the motive, his choice was one of such fitness as warrants the belief that it was suggested by personal observation. St. Clair was proud of his martial Norman name, and with voice or pen easily used the French tongue with a skill and sweetness that proved he felt its song and romance. He had often seen the waving hills of green through dripping oars, or mounted their dim blue crest with bridle rein in hand, and he knew the fact, all but forgotten now, that, perhaps a hundred years before, the trading voyageurs, gone as he would go, had drifted after the retreating sun or urged the toilsome return to the dawn, lulling their rest and cheering the task with genial songs of *La Belle Revere* and *Clairmont*. It is regretful that he did not follow the old French spelling which would have linked his own name with the genius of Grant.

Thus the first steps in the political life of the county were taken in the first days of the Nineteenth Century, amid the angry protests of a raging faction; but when the dismissed legislators returned home, the people accepted the new privileges and were governed accordingly. The part performed by William Lytle was found not in words, but in results. His affiliations were with the Cincinnatians, generally friendly to the Governor; and his reward was the control of Clermont, of which he was appointed to the chief office of Prothonotary or Clerk, to or from whom all writs came or went, and by whom all records were made or kept. His agent, or in the style of this day, his private secretary, William Perry, was appointed sheriff. Owen Todd, a brother of Colonel Robert Todd, Lytle's much loved brother-in-law, was appointed the senior justice of the peace, and thereby became the presiding judge of the

court of quarter sessions, before which the Governor's son, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., and a soon to be brother-in-law of Lytle, had the honor, as what we call prosecuting attorney, in August, 1801, of addressing the first petit jury in the county. This patriarchal administration of government by families has had several repetitions in Brown and Clermont counties, but none that show such a close communion of interest. Lytle plainly knew what he wanted and how it should be got. However perplexing the formation of the county may have been to the old Governor, the event was full of satisfaction for the surveyor thus placed in his thirty-first year in the position that fulfilled his designs and promised abundant wealth from the honorable enterprise of promoting the settlement of his chosen portion of the Land of the Blue Limestone and the Home of the Blue Grass.

The newly found county, shortly before, had become the residence of two men, of whom one came to begin and the other to continue a most superior influence over affairs, both at home and abroad.

Thomas Morris, born in Pennsylvania, January 3, 1776, was the fifth of the twelve children of Isaac and Ruth Henton Morris. When the father died, in 1830, at the age of ninety-one, after sixty years' service as a Baptist preacher, their descendants had reached the number of three hundred. The family has trended westward, with many marks of hardy ancestry, and many states have been thereby benefited. The most illustrious of the connection was, and is, Thomas, who came to Columbia in 1795, and began as a clerk for Rev. John Smith, another Baptist preacher of much note, an active member of the Territorial Legislatures, and the first United States Senator from Ohio. Among Smith's activities was a general store, where young Morris probably learned that he, too, could aspire to political honors. On November 29, 1797, Morris married Rachel, a daughter of Benjamin and Mary Davis, who were two of the nine members that started the Columbia Baptist church, the first church organized in the Northwest Territory. With such training towards the Baptist faith, Morris moved to Williamsburg in June, 1800, to keep tavern in a row of cabins fronting on Broadway, on Lots 275, 277 and 279. He was a tall, strong, fine looking man, with swarthy cheeks, dark,

searching eyes, and a noble mind, that then, in his twenty-fifth year, was meditating the course that finally made him a link from which depends a stupendous chain of events in the story of Liberty.

During his second visit to the East, which was made in 1797-8, William Lytle, having fond the "one to keep him at home" all that his fancy had painted, was married in Philadelphia, on February 28, 1798, to Miss Elizabeth Stall, whom he formerly described in a letter of that time to his brother, John, as "A young lady of good family and respectability in this city." The same letter gives a rather gloomy view of his long absence, still to be extended, because of the "raskality" with which he had to contend. Upon his return, in the summer of that year, his affairs were complicated by the death of his father, so that he had little chance and probably less inclination for looking after the first Ohio election. The father's death decided the removal of the family to Williamsburg. The "Public Vendue" of the estate lasted seven days. A letter shows that the removal to Ohio had been accomplished before August 10, 1800. The people who came with himself and wife were his mother, brother John, and sister Elizabeth. Well preserved receipts, given on a settlement of accounts February 12, 1801, show that William Campbell, James Arthur, Thornton Moss and George Galbreath, were paid \$30 each, "for hauling four loads of goods from Lexington, Ky., to Williamsburg, O." Each of these four so liked the country that he came to stay. But Peter Oitzel charged \$31 and 5 shillings for ferriage, and was heard of no more. This payment of \$151.00 for moving five loads a bird's flight of seventy-five miles, was not looked upon at that time as a subject for historic remark, yet no unusual imagination is needed to construct a comparison between then and now.

Some of the work in the saw mill, early in 1799, was to get out the material for a frame house that was built somewhat up the hill, southwest from the foot of Front street, which was the first frame house in the new county, and was occupied by John, Elizabeth and their mother. The site of the Lytle home, still standing, was named "Harmony Hill," upon which work was immediately begun. The brothers, Daniel and John Kain, were paid \$48 for clearing four and three-fourth acres

about the house. Their father, James Kain, on contract, received "400 acres on Clover Lick Creek" for clearing eighty acres of the farm by the rising home. The first part of the building, that was finished two years later, was one-story, made of sawed logs, covered without, and ceiled within with fine poplar lumber. The interior was then lathed with riven strips and plastered, the first mention of plastering in the county.

On October 14, 15, 16, 1800, at an election held in Cincinnati, William Lytle was chosen, by a vote of 153 over 146 for Francis Dunlavy, to fill the remainder of the term made vacant in the Legislature by the removal of Aaron Caldwell from the Territory. The election, according to the custom then, was held at the court house by the Sheriff from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., and might be prolonged three days.

A letter dated November 10, 1800, states: "Mr. Charles is working," and "Mr. Howard by spells." Howard was the pioneer who gave the name still in use for a very deep pond in the East Fork, and of him nothing more has been found. But "Mr. Charles" was John Charles, the first stone mason in the county. His chief work in 1800 was the stone building known as the "Land Office." Many incidents in the intense mental and physical activity of more than forty years of business, with all sorts of people, confirm the estimate that William Lytle had no disposition to gain and hoard idle dollars. His ambition craved a vast estate, which he founded in the midst of a not easily imagined physical and personal peril, at an age when most of youths incline to

"Caper nimbly in a lady's chamber  
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

As he attained financial opportunities, he spent money as generously as he had freely and bravely risked his life in the raids on the border, not blindly, but with a keen understanding of the desired purpose. Having reached the reputation of a large landowner and dealer, he appreciated the advantage of a prosperous appearance. The business could have been done in a cabin. But he was planning to have the prestige of the Prothonotary of the new county, which would be en-



**THE LAND OFFICE, BUILT IN 1800**

In Williamsburg, for General William Lytle, probably the oldest stone building still standing  
in Ohio

hanced by a stable aspect. Therefore, while the four rooms of solid, sawed-log walls were taking the shape that some, in this day, would call a bungalow, "Mr. Charles" was finishing the still more important office for Lytle's personal work, and for the public records of the county, that were made and kept there until succeeded by the buildings on the Public Square, nine years later. This "Old Stone Land Office," so far as I have learned, is the oldest stone structure still standing in Ohio. The amount of business transacted within its walls may be judged from the "Lytle Papers," which show that over two hundred acres were sold and bought there in one year. The office was aligned with Second Street, but the house some yards away, as the home of a surveyor, was "set with the compass," overlooking the fine southward sweep of bottom land that the proprietor chose from all his many thousand acres for his own plantation. The plan included a two-story main frame building, filled between the framework with brick, not to be had until 1802, but that is another story. Then, John Charles, for his "work on Harmony Hill," received in part, on account of \$801, a deed for two hundred and thirty-one acres, in Young's Survey, 2055, on the most northerly stretch of Stonelick Creek, in Stonelick township, where he, "Mr. Charles," built a superior two-story, hewed-log house chinked with stone and lime mortar, and still standing as a rare example of that style of pioneer building. The place became the home of the pioneer, Zebina Williams, and is now owned by his grandson, Albert Williams. The house has melancholy interest, as long being the home of the mother of Lydia Osborne, the Lost Child, whose story may be conveniently found by most readers in the section given to Clermont county in Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio.

After the death of Ebenezer Osborne, broken hearted because of his daughter Lydia's tragic disappearance, Mrs. Osborne, her mother, became the wife of John Charles. While living in old age in the Stonelick home, a stranger, who had wandered westward as a trapper or trader, told of having seen a white woman with Indians once, living about Muncietown, who said that she had been found by them, when lost in the woods. The tale awakened the sorrow of the aged mother, so that some of her sons took up the trail of the tribe and found

the woman, who answered to her name, and remembered their mother to their satisfaction that she was their lost sister. She had been found near "Lydia's Camp," in Perry township, by a passing band and taken to their village, where she had grown up as one of their own, and taken an Indian husband. She was interested in the story of her family and wanted to see her mother. But she resolutely refused to leave her own children and the friends who had done much to relieve her misfortune. Against all persuasion, she decided not to visit her mother and revive emotions that must have ended in deeper sorrow for all. She accepted her fate, from which there was no escape. The sorry story was taken to the mother, whose grief was soon to cease. The tribe also soon went beyond the Mississippi. At a time when the press gave scant notice to local happenings, the discovery of the family was not mentioned. In fact, they were more inclined to conceal than to disclose or renew their trouble. The printed accounts of the Lost Lydia all close with the sentence: "The lost was never found." Whether the sequel, as it was told to me by Thomas Sloane, a grandson of Mrs. Osborne-Charles, strengthens or weakens the tragic interest of the story of the Lost Child, is a question about which opinion may well and easily differ.

Among others who came with Lytle, or soon followed him from Lexington, was Roger W. Waring, and his sister, Dorcas, who was to be a living link with the present. Others doubtless were a part of the population at the new county seat in territorial days for brief periods. But one family that came to make much mark was that of Nicholas and Margaret Pence Sinks, who came from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Newtown, in 1797, to follow tanning, and then to Williamsburg, in 1801, for the same purpose. Richard Hall came from Pennsylvania to be one of the garrison at Gerard's Station, where he was said to be in command. From a sketch of that station, his title is not clear. But he came to Stonelick township in 1800 and was addressed by all as "Captain." Some of the Fletchers were at Covalt's Station, as told on previous pages, and some at Gerard's Station, to which the people, once at least, retreated from Covalt's. From this combination, William, David and Jesse Fletcher came to Stonelick township and were neighbors of Hall. The Fisher family, now prom-

inent in Clinton, can trace back to Adam Fisher, who settled in Washington township, where he raised a son, David, who was a member of Congress in 1847-48, while living in Clinton county. Thomas Jones, a Revolutionary soldier, and a brother-in-law of Adam Fisher, settled there at the same time. Christopher Armacost came from Maryland in 1801 to that vicinity, and raised a large family.

Thomas West came in 1801 from forty miles south of Alexandria, Virginia, with five sons and two daughters, to improve a large tract southwest of Bethel. Shortly after, John Colthar and four sons came from New Jersey to begin the first settlement in the northwest corner of Clark township. In 1801 Robert Curry began a clearing south of what is Georgetown. One of his sons, William, was a sheriff of Clermont county. Henry Ralston came the next year. Henry Zumatt, who was later to be a colonel, came from Kentucky in 1801, to make a home about one mile south of New Hope. Issachar Davis and Jonathan Moore came to Pleasant township in 1801 or 2. James and Charles Waits settled in 1802 on Four-Mile Creek, in Sterling township. Nathan and Jane Stewart Wood came from that camping place on the westward march of many families, Washington county, Pennsylvania, to their since continuous stay in Brown county. Isaac Reed settled near Bethel, whence his descendants soon took homes farther north, on both sides of the present county line. Thomas Brady was the first of a family in Brown that dates from 1800. John and Elanor West were among the first in Byrd township, where, by one account, they came in 1798, and certainly not much later. In 1801, John Brown came over from Kentucky and located on Upper Straight Creek. Others followed Lytle's imposing train of five wagons and went farther westward to the valley of the East Fork; and some crossed the Miami from Symme's Purchase, looking for more and cheaper acres; and others came from the East, where the call of the West was beginning to be heard. Maryland lost two brothers, Daniel and William South, who added much to Miami township and then more eastward, as their descendants traveled up the valley of that "Fork of the Miami." In a study of "The Olden Time," the common recurrence of names in different localities suggests the question of a common origin. This is more



likely to happen if the name is otherwise somewhat uncommon. There is nothing to show that James and John Prickett, heretofore mentioned pioneers of Franklin township, in Brown, were relatives of John and Isaiah Prickett, who brought families to Union township in Clermont county, or that any of them were connected with the Revolutionary soldier, Josiah Prickett, who established his family in Stonelick township. Yet the supposition of a common origin is not improbable, for they all came from Pennsylvania to Old Clermont, between 1798 and 1801; and well authenticated instances of similar migrations of even larger connections are not unusual. But every such trace is lost and their descendants meet as strangers.

Christopher Hartman, a Revolutionary soldier from New Jersey, came to be a neighbor of the Dickey brothers, in Jackson township, Clermont county, in 1801, then in his fifty-second year. His descendants gave his name to one of the largest "Reunions" in the northern townships of Brown and Clermont counties. One of Hartman's neighbors was Ichabod Willis, who came to Williamsburg in 1801, and after five years made a final home in Jackson township, in Clermont. Another neighbor was William Hunter, who was the first man on record to bring a wagon through from the East over Zane's and Donnell's Trace to Williamsburg, where he arrived November 1, 1798. The same wagon then went to the mouth of Bullskin, to bring his family up north through Denhamstown over the Trace that was soon to be the Round Bottom Road. Other wagons may have preceded Hunter's over one or both of these roads, but such a fact has not been noted. The incident has peculiar value in fixing a date for the use of that historic highway.

In Byrd township and all to the north and west that was a part of Adams county, notwithstanding the early protection and prestige of the fort at Manchester, the occupation seems to have been still slower. The actual settlement of the chief landholder, General Nathaniel Beaseley, is not certain; but he laid out the town of St. Clairsville—now Decatur—and built the first house there in 1802. The name was changed because of the prior and larger claim of St. Clairsville, the seat of justice for Belmont county. General Beaseley intended his town

to be the county seat of Adams county, as a compromise in the contention for that honor between the Manchester and Adamsville or "Scant" factions. But the course of such empire took the way that went to West Union, and all that section of Old Adams became a part of Brown. Henry Knox settled on the East Fork of Eagle Creek in 1796. In 1801, Stephen Reynolds fixed his home far up on the West Fork of Eagle Creek, south of Carlisle. John and Margaret Wright, of Virginia, came from Lexington, Kentucky, with seven children, in 1801, and opened a large farm north of Decatur. James Moore had come from Pennsylvania still earlier to Byrd township, where his son, James, Jr., born in 1800, was the first native child in that part of what is Brown county. Before Ohio was a State, the Abbotts planned to settle on the upper course of Straight Creek, where John Abbott came in 1800, some time ahead of the rest. Abraham Shepherd settled in what is Jefferson township in 1802, and became a man of much note in the war of '12 and in civil life. Stephen Pangburn, Silas Bartholomew, and Isaac Washburn came to that township about that time.

Mordecai Winters brought his family in 1795 from Virginia to Lexington, Kentucky, when he followed Lytle in 1800, and stopped in the southern part of Williamsburg township. In 1801 his oldest son, William Winters, came with his wife, Nancy, and their oldest son, John, to a tract of eight hundred acres on Upper Indian Creek, in the southern part of Tate township, between Bethel and what is now Felicity. There he was soon joined by Mordecai, with his younger brothers and sisters. And that was the beginning of settlement in that large scope. About the same time, Mordecai's brother, James Winters, settled on upper Clover, in Tate township. Both of these homes in time held large families that spread across the line, and also made the name of Winters frequent and honorable in Brown county.

David and Daniel Snell, brothers, from Maryland, settled in 1801 on Donnell's Trace to Chillicothe, a mile and a half east of Williamsburg. David was killed in the battle of Lundy's Lane. Daniel married Edna Malott and of their eight children, Holly Ann married Thompson Smith, who were the parents of Adella, the wife of Joseph Harvey Smith, of Williamsburg. Peter M., a son of Daniel, married Kate McAdams,

and their son, Oscar, achieved the fine distinction of being for a series of years the editor-in-chief of "The American Inventor," one of the leading scientific periodicals of his time. While such duty was performed elsewhere his ability deserves mention in the land of his birth.

Oscar Snell was born December 9, 1849, in Williamsburg, where his schooling hardly reached the ordinary amount of the rudimentary branches, until his seventeenth year gave a chance to study philosophy, astronomy, botany and geology, as explained in the ponderous volumes of that day. Then and at once the boy, hungry for the unexplained reason of everything, glowed with an innate perception of natural phenomena, that easily passed all competition. Before manhood took the place of boyish grace, he could minutely describe the notable achievements of mechanism. His life was given to scientific books. His energy shunned no detail, and he dreamed large designs as he turned from recorded knowledge to the field of invention. But the genial currents of his thought were chilled by conditions, for which he was not responsible. The struggle for existence in Williamsburg became the foundation for much larger employment.

Knowing the need of written expression, he studied the pages of the masters and acquired a rapid, vigorous command of words to tell what he wished others to know. At last the chance came, even beyond his expectation. On Saturday, September 3, 1885, he relinquished the lever of a saw mill, and on the following Monday took up the editorial charge of the American Inventor, a promotion without a parallel in recent literature. For big business reasons nothing was said of his antecedents at the time, for which he cared nothing in the whirling haste of new duties. After three years of able, successful writing, he accepted larger pay as a designer for a large machine-making company. With still larger plans, he was accepted in Chicago as an expert mechanical advisor. As such he received fees that would have seemed fabulous in his earlier, and perhaps happier, manhood. In addition to a large personal consulting practice, he had a fine stated salary as the special expert of the Automatic Electric Company, which regarded him as the foremost man of his kind. In every relation, he was an inventor—an improver—to whom the world is debtor for scores of useful devices.

While he had the magic wand of skill, he lacked the touch of gold. To those who measure success with dollar marks he was a failure, for his large earnings vanished and he left no fortune. To him an invention accomplished was like a charming story that gives the mind a keener desire for stranger novelty. He delighted in discovery and let others plan the profit. This counts as folly with careful souls. It seems different to such as enjoy the ardent chase more than the glutton feast. However much he may have felt or deplored his inaptness for the prudential paths of finance, he was fully conscious of his superb ability, which, as he knew, is far more rare than wealth. This pride tended less to arrogance and more to a seclusion that had more of sorrow than scorn. He could not bring the mass to his height of information, and he would not go to their level. His study, filled with costly books, became, except in office hours, the retreat where he lived in the lonely reading that made his fine memory a living cyclopedia of historic and scientific learning. Friends once enjoyed with gladness, vainly offered their homes to win him from the solitude in which he was found lifeless on April 11, 1905, after a day's absence from his accustomed walks. It is told that he grew to be strangely gentle in this loneliness, where his strong mentality must have contemplated the oblivion against which he once strove with exulting ambition. Be that as it was, none can dispute the fact that, as a master of the useful arts, as a scientific editor, and as a prolific inventor, Oscar Snell stands first among all who have gone from Old Clermont.

In 1802, except for the need or fancy of a hunter or camping traveler, not a stick had been cut from all the heavy forest between the "Big Field" by Williamsburg and Jacob Moyer's cabin on the upper O'Bannon by Goshen. Into that wide solitude, Conrad Harsh, a gentle, quiet, but persevering man, came from Pennsylvania in that year and went out on the Round Bottom Road to the site of what is known as Boston, but is officially named Owensville. His clearing soon included a log shop for his trade as a blacksmith—the first one mentioned in Clermont. There may have been, indeed, must have been, others before him, but no previous name as such has been handed down. Christopher Gist's Journal, an official authority, tells that on Christmas Day, 1750, he found Thomas

Burney settled as a blacksmith among the Delaware Indians at Newcomerstown, on the "Muskingom," with several other white people working for the Indians, who entreated him to stay and instruct them in better modes of living. Going one hundred and forty miles farther west, Gist found "Mr. Henry," a white man, settled in the Shawnee town near Xenia, three hundred and fifty miles west of the Forks of the Ohio, where Fort Pitt, of Braddock's Defeat, was yet to be. Such incidents suggest that those who came to live along the creeks by the Ohio, or at Denhamstown, or Williamsburg, were not behind the Indians in needing smith work, but there is nothing before the coming of Harsh to show how or by whom it was done. Tradition claims that Harsh made the first "grain cradles," the all but forgotten "harvester" of the pioneers, used in Western Clermont. His improvements marked the fork of the road northward from the Round Bottom Road, and toward Lebanon by a crossing on the Miami called Deerfield, a name especially appropriate to the vicinity where Gist saw the deer and buffalo like cattle in a settled region. Conrad Harsh married Eva Hockensmith, who died in 1801, and then he married Nancy Hockensmith. An elder sister, Mary Hockensmith, was married to Benjamin Whitmore, and they came and settled with their brother-in-law, Harsh. When these humble, useful people died, their names also disappeared, but their influence lasted longer.

John Pattison, with two children and a brother, William, came from near Dublin, Ireland, to America, where the third child, named William, Jr., was born, in 1768. After service in the Revolutionary Army, these patriotic immigrants came to the frontier of that day in Washington county, Pennsylvania, whence, in 1792, they followed the Ohio down to Limestone Point and Fort Kenton, and to a final home near Augusta, Kentucky, where they both reached the age of one hundred and three years. The sons and daughters of both married with names that became household memories in Old Clermont. The first to come over the Ohio was William Pattison, Jr., married in 1790 to Martha Bodel, who bore nine children, of whom John Pattison, Jr., the first of the four in Kentucky, was born, in 1792. In 1802 William Pattison, Jr., brought his family to Miami township, and, in 1803, to his permanent

home near Conrad Harsh, where his wife died in 1810. In 1812 he married Ann Hamilton, the mother of five more, making fourteen children for the father, who, in turn, added largely to the county. In 1814 John Pattison, Jr., married Mary, the elder daughter of Benjamin and Mary Hockensmith Whitmore, and became the father of eight children. Of them, the second son was born in 1819, and was the third in the American line to receive the name, William. That William married Mary Duckwall.

Of their children, it was my happy fortune in the former "select school" days to become the boyhood and lifelong friend of Louis A. and John M. Pattison. The progression of the lively, friendly, attentive and straightforward Louis into a prosperous and successful merchant went the course expected by his associates. The future of the bright, affable and studious John, whose busy ways left no time for idle mischief, was not so apparent. A score of years was to pass before companions realized that he was winning a place among the favorites of fortune. The large family and his father's small store mainly kept to help against much competition in a trade for small farm products did not promise much aid for the college course he wanted to take. Such use was made of the chances at home by his eighteenth year that a teacher's certificate was gained, and a school through a fall, winter and spring was taught two miles from his father's home in Owensville, out on the Deerfield Road toward Williamsburg. Whatever work was found to do when school was "out" was done with a mighty purpose. Meanwhile, in his sixteenth year, in 1864, in the extreme need of the campaign that was urging toward Appomattox, he volunteered in the One Hundred and Fifty-third Ohio infantry, and served with that regiment in Virginia, where he took priceless lessons in discipline and patriotism.

"With gear gathered by ev'ry wile  
That's justified by honor,"

he entered the Ohio Wesleyan University, and was graduated in the full classical course, made still more profitable by teaching now and then while studying always. This was fol-

lowed by a course in law, most intently read while acting as superintendent of the Higginsport schools. While there, his friends included every teacher, met in Brown county. He made friends everywhere, not by magic, but by a simple, gentle, kindly, unaffected manner that disarmed rivalry and made its weapons harmless. His first election was a tribute from friendship that was stronger than party restraint. When admitted to the bar, he went at once into the strong competition of Cincinnati, where, with the first chance, he was nominated for the General Assembly, in which a membership would mean much to the unknown young lawyer. Then, as now, there were many young men in the city from Brown and Clermont in all sorts of business. Of these a considerable number, otherwise in opposition to his party, conferred and agreed that they would "give Johnnie" their best help at the polls. As a result, "the new man from Clermont" lead his ticket in Hamilton county and was safely elected. That personal interest which placed the man above his party was manifest in more than a normal vote, whenever his name was up. That vote came not from a thoughtless kindness, but from men who followed moral standards as high as his own.

While in college at Delaware, an acquaintance with Alethea, a daughter of the great linguist, Professor William G. Williams, became the guiding star of his life. While their marriage attained an ideal of domestic felicity, it also prepared the way of financial opportunity, not through the wealth, which was only moderate, but through the social help of Professor Williams. The Union Central Insurance Company, organized in 1867 as a protective philanthropy for and by influential, yet often financially unfortunate ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, through correct management and obvious utility rapidly exceeded the intention, but not the control, of those who founded the enterprise. Prominent among those founders, all personal friends, was Professor Williams, with the added, but scarcely needed, influence of several near relatives in the management. The modest company rated in 1868 in the first official report at one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and ninety-eight dollars and eighty-nine cents, has grown in forty-four years to be Ohio's largest financial institution, with total admitted assets officially stated at

ninety-three millions fifty-three thousand six hundred and thirteen dollars and ninety-nine cents. When and where this sea of success seemed a mere local basin, student Pattison cast his effort for the sake of immediate profits to be used in getting the education that youth is apt to consider an end rather than the beginning of earnest life. It is much to believe that he had any perception how those efforts would be tided back when even the leaders were building larger than they knew. He wrote policies to pay his way, and unconsciously learned the market side of the business to come. By the time he was ready, the growing insurance company had money to invest, titles to be searched, claims to be enforced, and rights to defend. For some promised share in this, young Lawyer Pattison settled in Cincinnati. He edited the news of the courts. Whatever he undertook was done with a diligence and finish that secured more work.

Although rather slight than strong, he seemed to have no sense of fatigue. In those early city days, he delighted in passing Sunday at his Owensville home, then reached by an omnibus to and from Milford, ten miles away. In good weather he left the city on a train too late for the "Bus," and walked the entire distance. On Monday morning he walked back to Milford, frequently in time for an earlier train, refusing any help and declaring that it did him good and gave him about the only chance he had to think alone. "What do you think about at such times?" he was suddenly asked in a jocular way. "How I can get to be Governor of Ohio," was the equally unexpected answer. "Are you in earnest?" "I'll not be satisfied without it," said the young man, who was looking more than thirty years ahead. There, the incident closed, but was remembered by both, when the prospect seemed much nearer.

With personal prosperity in sight, Pattison claimed his bride and, as the insurance company prospered, friends and relatives in the management retained his service almost exclusive of other affairs. Happily for political probabilities and fitting with fairer prospects, he returned to Clermont county and bought the property by Milford, known as "Promont," by whose shadows he had taken the long and lonely, late and early walks only a few years before. In this finest



home in Brown and Clermont counties, he was suddenly called to act as their State Senator by the death of Judge Thomas Quinn Ashburn. While serving that duty, he was elected to Congress. But the Union Central that had fostered his steady growth soon reclaimed him for the exacting duties of its president, at a salary that, in his faith, commanded his utmost attention. Yet the position and his success made him a mark for other duties that could not be honorably avoided. His actions and opinions could not be separated from the moral forces of the great institution that he had helped to form and was controlling. After ten years of non-political life, yet, not without some study of how his youthful ambition could be attained, he was chosen to be Governor of Ohio, by a vote marvelously exceeding the strength of the ticket that hoped to win under his name.

It was remarkable among many notable elections in Ohio; and, according to his own frankly avowed ambition, he should have been "satisfied." But it was all strangely, darkly different from the youthful dream. The incessant activity of an intensely motive temperament had exhausted all but the last thread of vitality. He was barely able to take the oath that made him Governor, and then he was carefully taken to his beautiful "Promont."

The nation mourned the weakness that hindered him from standing on the height so worthily won. In Ohio during the winter and spring of 1906, his decline was watched with a painful interest that no success could have gained. Three of her great men, Harrison, Garfield and McKinley, and Lincoln, too, had been taken from the summit of power amid the protests of universal sorrow that they could not stay to enjoy the reward and confidence of a grateful country. Each of these, more or less, had tested the sweets of authority. But after a long and patient search of the way to the top of his ambition, Governor Pattison, having scarcely heard the shouting of his captains, was turned to tread a lingering path to death. After the ardent race was run, the General Assembly, the great judges, the executive officials and many of the chief citizens of Ohio came with a vast array of thousands under arms and formed in a stately march between heavy walls of home friends, as they went by and beyond "Promont" to bury

him in the lovely sadness of Green Lawn, where the Mound Builders once revelled and worshipped or paraded and perished.

John M. Pattison, the only Governor of Ohio born in and elected from Old Clermont, was an evolution of a hundred years in that region. Political prophecy is usually based on what is hoped. Still, it is little to say that such example is apt to inspire emulation, and, as to other ambitions, it is safe to add that probably not one of the exceedingly numerous boyhood kin would have honored his early meditations upon future greatness.

That he would have made a strong Governor is to be inferred from the survival of tendencies impelled by his election. If any should ask, Whence that strength? the answer should include his almost incredible industry. Yet, that virtue had high price in the long adjustments of time. Under the never relaxing strain, his years did not much exceed half the span of the hardy immigrant, and fell much short of the average longevity of the other ancestors. Yet, without that industry, the quality of the work would have been lower and he would not have been called higher.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### EARLY DAYS OF THE COUNTY.

Nearest Settlement to the North Line—Bugler William Sloane—The King of the Hay Haulers—The Price Paid for the Union by the Sloanes—Other Settlers in Territorial Times—Report on Population—Elections—Exit St. Clair—Early Courts—Log Court House—Thomas Morris' Taverns—Formation of Townships—Roads—Thomas Morris—Log Jail—The End of Territorial Times and the Beginning of Statehood.

One of the justly treasured gems of literature from the pen of Lincoln, the poetic President, is the letter of sublime consolation to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston, Massachusetts, the mother of five sons, who died gloriously on the field of battle to save the Republic. Each reader may judge how far and how well the sentiment of that noble consolation can be applied to a mother and eight children whose combined education probably did not amount to thrice as many winters in the Old Stone School House built near and probably by John Charles in the north part of Stonelick township. The first settlement in what is now the northeastern part of Clermont county and in a scope that is represented by the northern parts of Goshen and Stonelick townships, and by all of Wayne township, and also by all of Brown county that is north of Four Mile in Sterling township, was made in Wayne township in 1802 by William Sloane, who had been a soldier in the Revolution and again in Wayne's Army. It was claimed that his bugle sounded Wayne's orders for the fierce charges that drove the Indians from their refuge in the Fallen Timbers on the Maumee, and thereby won that great victory for northwestern civilization. Few, perhaps none, of the once numerous family are left to confirm or doubt the stirring tradition that was rife among the many sons and daughters of William and his brother, George, who soon settled in the same neighborhood. For, when the "new country of Illinois" was "opened," the younger Sloanes

forthwith started on what was reported to be a successful search for larger farms.

One, John, a son of Bugler William Sloane, having married a daughter of Mrs. Osborne—Charles, a sister of Lydia, the Lost Child, and having thereby come to possess a part of the tract that William Lytle paid for the improvement of "Harmony Hill," elected to stay in Clermont. As Cincinnati grew large with a business that had to be wagoned through the streets and to the steamboats, the demand for hay as "fuel" for the motive power made timothy the most valuable of crops on the plains and slopes of the land that should have been clothed with the herd-feasting and soil-protecting native blue grass. The vicious "farming" that took all and returned nothing while sending a yearly crop of hay to market, though profitable at the time, ranks next to the destruction of the forests among the deeply regrettable consequences of civilization in the Land of the Blue Limestone, which, with its natural growth of blue grass, under wholesome care, promised not only continuous but increasing fertility. Like some conditions of this time, all that was dimly seen by but few and practically ignored by all before and during the Civil War. In fact, one of the strongest arguments in the decade of 1850 for the extension of the "State Turnpikes" of 1830 and 1840 was the certain special increase in the value of haylands that could reach a market sure to be best when the roads were worst. It is idle to deprecate the natural craving of man to master what his hand findeth to do; for it is his labor under the sun, which, by divine command, must be done with his might. What the captains of commerce may have honorably done in the widest fields of effort, John Sloane also did in humble ways invented by himself. Roughly calculating that if a profit could be made on one load, still more could be made on more loads, he built barns with many stalls, bought wagons and hired drivers, with which he took meadows on the shares or handled crops on commission, besides much that was bought outright. All that was frequently taken in quantities which called curious idlers to count the wagons passing to the city market, where he came to be called "The King of the Hay Haulers." Being well known, the man with calloused hands and a vice-like grip also knew the worth of a reputation or the

lack of it. His word as to the quality of a load was final, and, if, by chance, he was deceived in buying or tricked in selling a load, his wrath was something for the discovered object to remember. For he was much disposed to settle what he considered a strictly personal affair without any resort to courts. The rude and ready independence of the man was a long survival of pioneer manners, and his methods in business were a curious phase in a social state that cannot be repeated but, for the sake of the olden time, should be mentioned.

Once, on a holiday, or perhaps when the market was "up," which was better, the "King," in true festal spirit, took his troop of drivers for a special "treat," where they tarried long enough for one of the waggish to slip some spoons into the coat pocket of a comrade. As they filed out, the joker lingered to tell that the youngster was getting away with a lot of silver. A hasty search of the plated ware resulted in a pursuit that easily found the spoons on the astonished victim. Notwithstanding his stoutly protested innocence, the youth was handed over to a policeman to be treated as a hardened thief in the court, where the crowd followed with Sloane in front, believing, but unable to prove, the unhappy driver's honesty. As the investigation proceeded, he was formally asked what all knew, "Where do you live, Mr. Sloane?" "In the State of Stonelick, sir." "Stonelick! Stonelick, eh, that's noted for horse thieves, is it not?" The question at the time seemed scorching hot to the man highly wrought between his anger and the necessity for caution with the court. The fact was admitted that such people once troubled the country. "But it is forty years since we shot them out, and," with an explosive woodland oath, "I'll have you to know, Judge, Stonelick is more refined now." The sudden assertion of his strong, provincial pride, with all sincerity, caused a laughter that relieved the strain and permitted the landlord to say, that he had accepted the repentant joker's explanation of no criminal intention, and that the prosecution would rest.

But the old hay hauler was right. Everything was more refined. The Nation was fighting to right the wrongs of a race. Old Clermont had furnished the victorious commander. Maligned Stonelick was nourishing the Governor for a moral crisis. And the rude, unlettered Sloane had raised a family

marked for rare devotion to patriotic duty. When Grant, divined the intention of his foe at Fort Donelson and made the famous remark, "They'll be quick if they beat me now," and then gave the order for the charge that won the first great victory for the Union and made himself a Major General; in the hour when all this happened, it was told by his comrades in that charge, that Simeon Sloane, of the Eleventh Illinois, was the first man to mount the breastworks from which he fell inside, pierced by three bayonets. Corporal William Sloane, of Company C, of the Thirty-fourth Ohio, while acting as a scout, became engaged in a race for life with a Confederate soldier on a similar mission. As he rode after the Southron, he fired a wounding shot that caused his foe to reel and stop. But, as Sloane's horse dashed by, the wounded man rallied and fired a killing shot, after which the rebel was seen to escape, clinging to his horse's neck. This tragic event happened on September 3, 1864, near Berryville, Virginia. Richard Sloane, of Company E, of the Thirty-fourth Ohio, after being severely wounded at the Battle of Cloyd's Mountain, Virginia, recovered and returned to duty. In the terrible Battle of Cedar Creek, Virginia, he was mortally wounded, and died in the field hospital. On July 25, 1863, the youngest of the family, Josiah Sloane, a mere boy, under the boyish Captain Joseph B. Foraker, of the Eighty-ninth Ohio, succumbed under hard marching, and died in a hospital at Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The fifth and sixth of the brothers, after much arduous service, escaped the fatalities of battle, but not the ravage of disease. The husbands of their two sisters also enlisted, so that the entire fighting force of the family of the "King of the Hay Haulers," amounting to eight soldiers, was in the Union Army. Thus, the fate of the house, from the loss of Lydia, to the tragic end of four and the not remote death of all, appears an inheritance of anxiety.

In 1800 Ezekiel Dimmitt gained near neighbors on the East Fork, below Batavia, by the coming of Robert, James and William Townsley and three more on the west, Shadrach, Samuel and Robert Lane, and their three sisters. Jacob Smith settled near Williamsburg, on Crane Run, but not one of his large family can be traced. William Crouch, born in Holland in 1777, came in his twenty-fourth year to Poplar Creek,

in Tate township. John Boggess came to the same township in 1802 and left many descendants. Jacob Stultz came to be a neighbor in southern Tate, with Mordecai Winters. John Scott of Virginia, came to Huntington township. Alexander Martin was named in 1799 as one of the commissioners for the purpose of fixing on the most eligible place for the seat of justice in "Henry County." He was probably of that family at Ripley, but no other trace has been found. Hugh and Joseph McKibben came north on the Trace from the Bullskin landing about 1800 and raised large families that must be sought elsewhere. Zadock Watson also settled then near the site of the future Felicity. John Conrey, a Revolutionary soldier, settled a few miles farther north and west. William Bradley, from London, came to that vicinity in 1802, and Henry Camerer, Frederic Sapp and John Abraham came then or before to increase the population along Indian Creek.

With these people, the all absorbing question of homes, only to be attained through incessant attention to rude requirements, left neither time nor art to make records of their deeds or merits. Their children often followed the ways of the parents and were heedless in preserving the personal information that has become an object of persistent and generally futile search. The migratory tendency that brought some also carried many to other places farther west. How futile a search through such conditions may be is only known by those who have tried the baffling work. The names heretofore presented frequently stand for families already large and well grown. In every instance, the intention has been to include those who came before the Territory was changed to a State, and to exclude all for whom such a claim is doubtful. The territorial records contain names of which no other mention can be found. This account has been restricted to those founding homes that can be located, and for whom roads were soon to be provided. How far this attempt has succeeded may be judged by a document finely preserved among the manuscripts filed by General Lytle and marked "copy," which shows that the original was reported as indicated, and as follows:

His Excellency, Ar. St. Clair, Esquire, Governor of the Territory N. W. Ohio. If absent, to the Honble. Charles Byrd,

Esqr., Secretary, Cincinnati, Territory of the United States, North West of the River Ohio.

Clermont County, June 20th, 1802.

Sir—Agreeable to the Sixth Section of the Act entitled “An act to ascertain the number of free male inhabitants of the age of twenty-one in the Territory of the United States north west of the River Ohio, and to regulate the elections of representatives for the same,” passed the 6th Dec., 1799:

I do hereby certify that the aggregate amount of free male inhabitants of the age of twenty-one, within their respective townships of this county, are as follows, viz:

Ohio Township .....	91
Obannon Township .....	99
Williamsburg Township .....	124
Pleasant Township .....	154
Washington Township .....	185

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Total amount..... 653

Total amount, six hundred and fifty-three.

Given under my hand and seal of the County afsd this date first above written.

WM. LYTLE, Clk, C. C.

When compared with William Perry's report on December 3, 1800, of “680 males above 16,” Lytle's report, some eighteen months later, of “Total Amt 653,” “of the age of twenty-one,” does not show that the agitation for statehood had had any perceptible effect on the immigration, which was neither promoted nor retarded by the political aspirations of Massie and his colleagues, or by the waning of St. Clair's influence.

Although the contention of the politicians had but little or doubtful effect on immigration, other sorts of persuasion were more effectual. The account of the young Mrs. Lytle's western life had such effect upon her father, John Stall, that he came from Philadelphia with his daughters, Frances and Mary G. While visiting at “Harmony Hill,” an acquaintance with Arthur St. Clair, Jr., and Samuel W. Davis resulted in the marriage of young St. Clair with Frances Stall on January 30, 1802, before Esquire William Hunter, in the presence of Governor St. Clair and a fine company of notable guests. Not long after, Mary G. Stall was married to Davies, who, after



several years' residence in Williamsburg, went to a fine career in Cincinnati.

These pleasant events must have had much attention in the cabins of the little town, but outside of the public records no trace of a memory of them existed in the county until the story was reviewed, after a hundred years, by hints from a distant source. Now, it is easy to imagine something of the courtship of those Philadelphia girls, as witnessed by the Old Stone Land Office, on the brow of the hill, where the young lawyer and the young land dealer came to inspect the surveys, and to make some deeds and much love. And for ten years that stone office, as the housing place of the public records, was the center of the big old county of Clermont.

The proclamation of the county and the appointment of the leading officers, practically concluded the constructive force of the Governor's waning power. The executive division of government went into action at once in Clermont and Fairfield counties and also in Belmont county, proclaimed September 7, 1801. But as no provision for an election had been made for them by the first General Assembly of the Territory, the new counties were not represented in the second General Assembly, which met at Chillicothe, Monday, November 23, 1801. A resolution passed January 23, 1802, extended the election law to the new counties, and then by mutual consent the Governor and the hostile legislators stopped the contention about new counties. There was nothing more with sufficient population for a contention.

But the first legislative election in Old Clermont was held under higher authority. In their opposition to St. Clair, Massie and Worthington found potent aid in the national government, that was controlled by the new anti-Federalist party, which then, and for some time to come, wrote all such names and terms with small letters. But while they did not write nation with a capital letter, they had capital designs. The lack of nearly one-third of the population required for statehood was only slight restraint for their vaunting ambition. They reasoned that the same power stipulating sixty thousand inhabitants for a State, could change the terms and be satisfied, if two much-desired United States Senators could thereby be obtained. Therefore, on April 30, 1801, approval was

given to what has been called the Enabling Act, directing the creation of the State of Ohio. Much explanation has been made of the associate proceedings so peculiar that the date of the admission of Ohio as a State was not beyond controversy. It is enough for this relation that an election was authorized to choose representatives to form a convention to form a constitution for the proposed State. That election was ordered to be held October 12, 1802, as fixed by the law of the Territory, with an apportionment of twelve representatives from the county of Hamilton, with this curious direction: "Two of the twelve to be elected in what is now known by Clermont county, taken entirely from Hamilton county."

The phrasing is curious, because the county is mentioned as something reputed rather than established. St. Clair's alleged usurpation in the formation of Clermont, Fairfield and Belmont counties was not forgotten, ignored or forgiven. Yet, it was good politics to plan for the sympathy of the six representatives from the three new counties and still retain the old grievance against him, who had dared to oppose their monopoly. The opposition organized by Massie, Worthington, Tiffin and Darlington, also included Michael Baldwin, a brilliant, dissolute sot, whose influence with the rabble was so masterful that he called such followers his "bloodhounds," without offense to those who did his bidding.

During the first session of the second Territorial Legislature, because of a proposal to hold the next session at Cincinnati, against the proud aims of Chillicothe the "bloodhounds" made one night wild with noise. On the next, Christmas eve, 1801, lead by Baldwin, they gathered to burn the Governor's effigy in the street, by his lodging place, which was forcibly entered by some, who laid violent hands on one of the Legislators; while others called for St. Clair, who came with a pistol in each hand. The timely interposition of a magistrate stopped the riot. Worthington aided in quelling the mob with a threat of instant death to Baldwin. An investigation of the affair by the Legislature was finally brushed aside with the conclusion that "the promoters appeared to be actuated by intoxication." Lest some should believe that political purity is only a recent necessity, not known or needed in the first golden days of Ohio politics, it is proper to mention that the profligate Bald-

win, out of regard for such devotion to Chillicothe, or through the favor of the "bloodhounds," was elected a member of the convention to form the State Constitution, and a member of the first State House of Representatives, of which he was chosen the Speaker. There was no slack in the relentless purpose to drive St. Clair from the Territory. Ten charges against him were placed before President Jefferson. One was the abuse of the veto power, of which the bill for "Henry county" was a leading instance. One was the usurpation in the formation of counties, of which Clermont was the chief. A third was the appointment of his son to office and a fourth was the appointment of non-residents, both of which referred to the appointment of Arthur St. Clair, Jr., as the attorney for Clermont. Jefferson called St. Clair's attention to two of the charges in the most gentle terms, and instant compliance was given to the suggested changes. The rest of the charges were mere political claptrap for election use. The burden of the complaint centered in county affairs, on which the action taken had been for the many and not the few. While no further apparent notice was taken of the charges, an able, sincere, fearless but far from politic address to the Constitutional Convention on November 3, 1802, reviewing the peculiar action of Congress upon the admission of Ohio, was made the graceless cause of an order on November 22 for revoking his commission, which took effect December 14, 1802, only ten weeks before his term would have expired by law. The grossly indelicate insult has brought far more historic shame to the contrivers than to the brave old general, who went back to Ligonier, Pennsylvania, where his domain of thousands of acres, with mills and furnaces and tenements and mansion house, shrank to a double log cabin and a space that afforded food for the table and a pony, with a little surplus to sell to passing wagoners. Thus "one of the most striking instances of the mutations that chequer life" went along the decline, through all, a well educated, courteous, honest, gentlemanly man. While driving his pony over a rough road, in his eighty-fourth year, to bring some flour from what was once one of his mills, the sinking of a wheel into a deep rut threw the aged general of many battles to the ground, where he was found insensible and taken home to die on August 31, 1818. Thirty-nine years

afterward, in 1857, the political descendants of his opponents, still ruling, and in Congress assembled, made an appropriation to pay his heirs the money he had paid for Freedom's cause, not all, but in such measure as would have made the old patriot one of the proudest of men. And, in turn, this page records humble tribute from the Old Clermont that he organized, named and fostered with steady will and for a nobler purpose than he or any would have believed possible.

The legal record of whatever happened between the mouth of the East Fork of the Little Miami and the mouth of Eagle Creek before 1801 belongs to Hamilton county, and was kept at Cincinnati. The first court houses there were rented rooms. The Territorial courts were held in Yeatman's Tavern, near the foot of Sycamore Street, and then at the tavern of George Avery, at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, until, in 1802, the county built a two-story stone court house, forty-two feet front and fifty-five deep, with a yard front east on Main and north on Fifth streets. The jail, next west, faced on Fifth, with a yard in front that was ornamented with a pillory, stocks and whipping post in conspicuous positions. Nothing on record or in tradition has been found to show that any one was ever brought to bar in the house or to post in the yard from Old Clermont. It seems in fact, that attention to the settlements in the eastern part of the county of Hamilton was a matter of slow and slender growth in Cincinnati, where no names from what was to be Clermont are found in the jury or official lists, with the single exception of James Kain, as Supervisor of the road surveyed to Williamsburg by John Donnels in 1797. As a consequence, no litigation was inherited from the mother county, when the law came to take its course in Clermont. Everything appears to have been in condition for man to begin where nature could do no more.

After the proclamation of Clermont county on December 6, 1800, and the delivery of commissions to the officers, the next signal performance under that authority was the meeting of the first Court of Quarter Sessions for the county, which had been proclaimed to assemble on the fourth Tuesday, February 24, 1801, in Williamsburg. For this purpose, Owen Todd came from Paxton's neighborhood, near the mouth of the O'Bannon, Philip Gatch, from the Forks of the Miami; Wil-

liam Buchanan, from Indian Creek; Amos Ellis and Robert Higgins, from the Ohio, on the eastern part; Jasper Shotwell, from Clover Creek, and William Hunter, from north of Williamsburg. They met in a tavern kept by Thomas Morris and entered into a contract with him for a room, to be warmed, lighted, and furnished with seats and table for their court, for sessions of not over three days each, four times a year, for four years, for a total of eighty dollars. In other words, Morris was to have five dollars each for sixteen sessions. He also doubtless expected to gain much prestige through the court at his house. No suits were brought before the court. But there were other things to do of which the most important was the formation of townships.

The location of the early townships is a puzzling topic for accurate description. At first the sub-divisions of the counties were directed by the Court of Quarter Sessions. Later on, such authority was shared with the commissioners, until the law of February 16, 1810, gave the commissioners exclusive jurisdiction over the form of townships. The accounts, scattered through the records of various boards, and soon superseded by later divisions and often by new names, were considered unimportant. If found at all, the descriptions, through the obliteration of old names, are difficult to understand, and, except to the very curious, the subject is not worth the trouble of the search. The first division into townships within the limits of Brown and Clermont was made at a general Court of Quarter Sessions in Cincinnati, in 1793, when the people at Gerard's Station and Mercersburg or Newtown were granted the name of Anderson township, eastward from between the mouth of the Little Miami and the mouth of its East Fork. In the same year, upon a petition presented by Nathaniel Massie, Iron Ridge township was constituted eastward from the mouth of Eagle Creek to include the settlements about Manchester, which all went into Adams county in 1797, and then mostly reappeared under other names upon the formation of Brown county.

At the last Quarter Session in 1799, about one year before the proclamation of Clermont county, a division of Anderson township that had come to include all of Old Clermont, brought Washington township into notice, with an assessment of

\$339.61, under Constable William Laycock, a name then familiar on the Ohio. The other division of Anderson township was entered as Deerfield township, with an assessment of \$371.74, under Constable William Sears, a very old name in Warren county. No boundaries of these townships have been found, but the conclusion is safe that Washington township extended along the Ohio eastward from some forgotten line of Anderson township to the mouth of Eagle Creek, and that Deerfield township included the region of western Warren and northern Clermont counties. But soon, and probably before this arrangement had become effective, the new authorities of Clermont, on the second day of their first session, February 25, 1801, divided their county into five townships, named: O'Bannon, Ohio, Williamsburg, Washington and Pleasant. The boundaries were either not recorded or were lost, but the names of the fourteen officials appointed for each township indicate the settlements provided for, and the boundaries noted in subsequent townships give a fairly approximate idea of the original limits.

O'Bannon, changed in the next year to Miami township, extended eastward on the north side, and far enough south to include the Allison plantation, above the mouth of Stonelick. The official list was Owen Todd and Philip Gatch, Justices of the Peace; Constable, John Pollock; Tax Lister, John Ramsey; House Appraisers, Theophilus Simonton and William Robinson; Supervisors of Roads, Ambrose Ransom and Peter Wilson; Auditors of Supervisors' Accounts, Thomas Paxton, Francis McCormick and William Simonton; Overseers of the Poor, Samuel Robinson and Theophilus Simonton; Fence Viewers, Francis McCormick, Theophilus Simonton and Samuel Robinson. Thus sixteen offices were given to twelve men, all of them quite near the Miami. At the first election of which a record has been found, that of October 11, 1803, thirty-five votes were cast; but at the next election, April 2, 1804, forty-eight voters were present. At the Presidential election, November 3, 1804, thirty-two votes were cast for President Jefferson, who had no opposition in the county.

Ohio township, on the south side of the East Fork, extended eastward from its mouth to include the settlements that marked the beginning of Batavia, Bantam, and New Rich-

mond. The official list was: Constable and Tax Lister, John Hunter; House Appraiser, Archibald Gray; Supervisors of Roads, Ezekiel Dimmitt and John Fagin; Auditor of Supervisor's Accounts, John Hunter, Archibald Gray and William Whitaker; Overseers of the Poor, Ezekiel Dimmitt and Isaac Ferguson; Fence Viewers, John Donham, Jacob Light and John Vaneton. Fourteen offices were given to nine men. The vote at the first election that has been preserved, that of April 2, 1804, was thirty-seven. The poll book for the congressional election, on October 9, 1804, contains only twenty-six names, nearly all of whom have been mentioned. But not one came from the Hamilton county side. The vote for President in 1804 is not on record.

As the central township, bounded on the north by O'Bannon, or Miami; on the west by the Ohio, on the south and southeast by Washington and Pleasant townships, Williamsburg had the most uncertain boundary of all the five. It included the settlements near what is Marathon, and thence southward beyond Bethel, and much of what is the adjacent row of townships in Brown county. But it did not include the Allison's at the mouth of Stonelick, nor Ezekiel Dimmitt, by Batavia; nor Jacob Ulrey, in what is Monroe township. The official list was: Justices of the Peace, William Hunter and Jasper Shotwell; Constables, Daniel Kain and Jeremiah Beck; House Appraisers, Thomas Morris and John Charles; Supervisors of Roads, James South and John Kain; Auditors of Supervisor's Accounts, Jonathan Hunt, Henry Willis and Samuel Brown; Overseers of the Poor, Samuel Nelson and Samuel Brown; Fence Viewers, Samuel Nelson, Archibald McLean and Ramoth Bunton. Sixteen offices were given to fourteen men. On April 2, 1804, at the first election of which returns have been kept, two hundred and sixty-four votes for three commissioners were divided among eight candidates by the eighty-eight voters present. But at the State election, on October 9, 1804, only seventy voters were present. Among these were four of the Wardlows, from the New Hope settlement. Only forty-two votes were cast for President Jefferson. The names are familiar with few exceptions, after writing the preceding pages, and most of those exceptions are soon to be noted. The same may be said of every authentic list of names of that time yet seen.

Washington township was east of the people about Twelve Mile, and included the settlements on Indian Creek and Bullskin, but did not reach to the Higgins neighborhood on the Ohio. The official list was: Justice of the Peace, William Buchanan; Constables, Joshua Manning and James McKinney; Tax Lister, Thomas Fee; House Appraisers, John Abraham and Joseph Utter; Supervisors of Roads, William Carothers and James Buchanan; Auditors of Supervisor's Accounts, John Wood, William Fee and James Sargent; Fence Viewers, Alexander Buchanan, James Clark and John Wood; Overseers of the Poor, Henry Newkirk and John Sargent. Sixteen offices were given to fifteen men. The first poll book preserved in the county is for the election held June 21, 1803, in Washington township, and contains the names of one hundred and eight voters. So little interest was taken in the election of President Jefferson without opposition in 1804, that Washington, the most populous township in the county, gave him only twenty-eight votes.

Pleasant township included the settlements on White Oak, south of New Hope, and eastward to the old Adams county line. The official list was: Justices of the Peace, Amos Ellis and Robert Higgins; Constable, Archibald Hill; Tax Lister, William Higgins; House Appraisers, Samuel Ellis and Walter Wall; Supervisors of Roads, Archibald Sills and Richard Hewitt; Auditors of Supervisor's Accounts, Walter Wall, Robert Curry and Samuel Ellis; Overseers of the Poor, Alexander Hill and Robert Lucas; Fence Viewers, Alexander Hill, James Henry and John Liggitt. Sixteen offices were given to thirteen men. On April 2, 1804, sixty-one votes were counted, and on October 9, 1804, seventy-three voters were returned from Pleasant, which then had very much the larger part of the population in the settlements that were taken from Clermont to form Brown county.

After the five townships had been instituted that first Court of Quarter Sessions appointed a board of three commissioners for the county, viz: Amos Ellis, from three miles north of where Ripley was to grow; Amos Smith, who lived midway on the road from Williamsburg to Bethel, and John Wood, who lived on Indian Creek. A grand jury was impannelled by Sheriff William Perry, viz: Amos Smith, John Charles, John



Trout, Josiah Boothby, Henry Willis, Samuel Brown, Joshua Lambert, Jonathan Clark, John Kain, John Cotterall, John Anderson, Samuel Nelson, Benjamin Frazee, John Colthar, Kelly Burke, Harmon Pearson, Ebenezer Osborne, and Absalom Day. Fortunately, the jury had nothing to do. John O'Bannon, not the noted first surveyor, was licensed to keep a ferry just below the mouth of Bullskin. Josephus Waters was also licensed to keep a ferry at points now called Levanna and Dover, but then known as his house and Lee's Creek Station, whence the horses were stolen that led to the battle of Grassy Run, in March, 1792, between Kenton's Kentuckians and Tecumseh's Shawnees.

On Tuesday, May 26, 1801, the second Quarter Session Court met at the court house, to-wit., a room in Thomas Morris's row of log cabins. Justices present: Todd, presiding; Buchanan, W. Hunter, Higgins, Shotwell, and Ellis, of the first court, and Peter Light, from midway to Bethel; Houghton Clarke, of Bethel, and Alexander Martin, from Pleasant township. The grand jury: Ephraim McAdams, foreman; Josephus Waters, John Vaneaton, Nicholas Sinks, Adam Bricker, Robert Dickey, John Shotwell, John Colther, Obed Denham, Archibald McLean, Moses Leonard, Adam Snider and Ramoth Bunton, reported no cause requiring action. But such happy conditions did not last, for, on the second day the first indictment found in Old Clermont was presented against John Evans for selling liquor without legal protection. But on strict search, it was found that the law, or the lack of law, did not fit the case, and so the affair went no farther. The curiosity of some, however, will be inclined to point a moral with the fact that the first prosecution, like the most of those to follow, was a liquor case. Nineteen dollars and eight cents was paid for a stray-pen and Sheriff Perry was allowed one dollar per month as the keeper. A bounty of two dollars was generally offered for the scalps of grown wolves, and one dollar each for those under six months old; and so there was much sport for them of that time. The next and great topic was the opening of roads.

Character is learned from the use that is made of power and the spirit of an age is determined by the use made of money. With the guidance of such reflection, the first expenditures of

those pioneers becomes a study of a condition that needs at least a passing explanation for younger readers, whose environments make the life of those early days appear incredible. The text that there were giants in those days is hardly farther from current sympathy than the hunting stories of our own early wild woods, of which it is well to have conclusive record. Notwithstanding the destruction of wild life by the early hunters, under the stimulus of the fur trade, many wolves were yet to be brought to law for their depredations after the formation of the county. With many bloodthirsty prowlers roaming the woods, security for stock raising was a matter of ceaseless vigilance. The ravage of their flocks was a public menace, but, as the price was promptly paid, the pens and folds were safer and the slumbers of the settlers were less disturbed by the howling in the hills and the panther's curdling shrieking. But it was some years before the packs entirely ceased to come out of the great woods to the north. Until then, the nights were not quite safe from gaunt goblins whose sudden dashes made even the brave pioneer boys thrill and creep.

As the heart goes with the treasure, no other proof of human interest is so infallible as the financial test. Those people gave of their scanty treasure for what to them was most needful. From the little that can be found about that expenditure, we learn that their great desire was a stable course of justice, the extirpation of ferocious animals, and the convenience of highways. For that, the chief public effort of the time was given. When a lodgement for refinement is made in a vast wilderness, and savagery is driven to bay, the first duty of a community in proving its fitness to live is the provision of roads, for, without easy lines of travel, trade and pleasure alike are hindered and languish.

As told in previous pages, but mentioned again to bring the progress of roads into one view, a road had been laid in 1796, thirty-two miles up the Ohio from the mouth of the Little Miami, by Ichabod Miller, assisted by John Whetsone and Ignatius Ross, in order to bring the up-river settlements into better convenience with Columbia and Cincinnati. In 1797, a road had been laid from Newtown to Williamsburg by John Donnell, assisted by Daniel Kain and Robert McKinney.

Then Donnels, "accompanied by Robert McKinney, one of the Cotterals, and one of the Bookovers," marked a road from Williamsburg to "Chillicothe." All that was done under the authority of Hamilton county, by which no more roads were laid out eastward beyond the mouth of the East Fork. This does not mean that no other ways were used. Other traces were freely traveled, except that such paths were liable to be fenced in by an owner, which was happening elsewhere and afterwards. Early action was taken to anticipate such inconvenience.

John Boude, with the assistance of Joseph Clark, William Carothers and John Kain, was ordered to lay out a road from his ferry across the Ohio at Augusta to Williamsburg, of which Roger W. Waring was the surveyor. This road left the Ohio by climbing the hills through the southwestern corner of Lewis township, but another and smoother way went down by the mouth of Bullskin, where William Fee petitioned that a bridge should be built. The request was refused for financial reasons. Yet no doubt the most travel avoided the hills when the ford was possible. That was the first of much subsequent talk about bridges. Francis McCormick, Philip Gatch, Ambrose Ranson and Charles Redman asked that a road be established from Broad Ford (Milford) to Williamsburg, for which Elisha Hopkins, John Pollock, Jr., and John Kain were appointed to assist Roger W. Waring as surveyor. William Lytle. Obed Denham and Houton Clarke, asked that the road from Denhamstown be established, for which Captain Daniel Feagans, Thomas Barnes and Jeremiah Light were appointed to assist Peter Light as surveyor. The three roads, from Boude's Ferry, from Broad Ford and from Denhamstown, constituted the once noted Boude's Ferry and Round Bottom Road. As an obvious necessity, Jacob Ulrey, Moses Wood and Asbel Gray were appointed to assist William Perry as surveyor in locating a road from the mouth of Twelve Mile on the Ohio to Williamsburg. In answer to the petition of Josephus Waters for a road from his ferry (Levanna) to Williamsburg, Captain Daniel Feagans, Fielding Feagans (his son), and John Kain were appointed to assist Waters, who was a surveyor, in locating a way of much importance to the settlers by Eagle Creek, Red Oak, Straight Creek and upper

White Oak, who were called to the county seat. As might have been expected, and as was proper, the road was laid to go by the Feagan's settlement at Georgetown, by the influential Walter Walls, to the middle of the east side of Clark township, to the common western corner of Clark and Pike townships and near the tract of four hundred acres in Pike that James Kain had got for clearing eighty acres of Lytle's Harmony Hill plantation, and thence to the intersection with the Bethel and Williamsburg road, long known as the "Boot Jack." That way was also long known as the "Waters Road," but very few at this time know the name or significance. And then came the first pioneer mill builder, Peter Wilson, with a petition for a road from his mill on O'Bannon Creek, which he built there next, after finishing Lytle's mill in 1797-8. The site, among the rugged hills of the O'Bannon, in the southwest corner of Goshen township, may be given as a striking example of how far some of the pioneers were from picking the winning places. But it seemed different then, with the Paxton settlements close by, and the little mill, in its time was a great convenience for all that part of Clermont and Warren counties that is about Loveland. The road from Wilson's Mill to Williamsburg in 1801, which merged into the Round Bottom road, with a trace from Deerfield and Lebanon, was by the house and first blacksmith shop, built by Conrad Harsh in the next year. Peter Wilson's petition obtained such respect that Robert Dickey, William Perry, John Ramsey and Owen Todd were appointed to assist Surveyor Waring in locating the road. An outline of these roads on a map of Brown and Clermont counties will show that the settlements of that day could not have been better accommodated with the same amount of mileage. Very few cabins were more than five miles from a road.

As the permits granted by Hamilton county expired, the renewal was granted by the authority of the new county, regardless of the objections made by Massie's faction. Thomas Morris paid eight dollars for the first tavern license granted in Old Clermont. The main room in his middle building was engaged for a jail, if needed, which must have been deemed probable, for Sheriff Perry was ordered to get two pairs of handcuffs, a lock, hasp and staple. After three busy days the court adjourned.

On Monday, June 22, 1801, Justices Owen Todd, Jasper Shotwell, Peter Light and William Hunter met, and, after considering the fees for ferries, adjourned.

On Tuesday, August 25, 1801, Justices Jasper Shotwell, William Buchanan, William Hunter, Robert Higgins, Peter Light, Philip Gatch, Amos Ellis and Houton Clarke, met in quarter session and were presented with an indictment against Andrew Cotteral for an assault upon James Kain, which argues well for the self restraint of his stalwart sons, Daniel, John and Thomas. The indictment was presented by the following grand jurors: John Boude, foreman, Daniel Colglazer, Ezekiel Dimmitt, John Gaskins, Joseph Lakin, James Buchanan, William Dixon, John Abrahams, John Ramsey, Silas Hutchinson, Samuel Bodine, John Mitchell and Joseph Clark. The reports on the roads were all favorably considered, but remonstrance was made against the Boude's Ferry report and also against the Stepstone road, or the one from the mouth of Twelve Mile, which were thereby postponed.

The first Common Pleas Court having no business to perform, merely met and adjourned February 25, 1801.

When met for the May term, on May 26, 1801, Jacob Burnet, attorney for David Zeigler (both noted in Cincinnati history) obtained a judgment for one hundred and twenty-nine dollars and sixty-two cents. That was the first judgment taken in the county. But at the August term for 1801, two notable judgments were taken. One was tried before the first petit jury in the county. The names of that jury pre-eminent over all the others, were: John Donham, Charles Baum, John Trout, Joseph Gest, John Charles, Jacob Ulrey, Ichabod Willis, John Gest, Samuel Nelson, Nicholas Sinks, William Simonds and James Woods. Jacob Burnet, attorney for the plaintiff, obtained a verdict of one hundred and one dollars and sixteen cents, with twenty-one dollars and two and one-half cents costs. In the next suit, Burnet, as attorney for David Blew, without a jury, took judgment against Thomas Morris on a debt dated August 2, 1800, to the amount of seventy-two dollars and seventy-nine cents, with fifteen dollars and thirty-three and one-half cents costs, making a total of eighty-eight dollars and twelve and one-half cents. One horse and one cow levied upon, not being sufficient to pay the judgment,

the sheriff was ordered to take and safely keep the body of the said Morris, that is, to put him in prison. On May 26, 1802, Blew, still unpaid, disgraced his name as long as his act shall be remembered, by having a writ issued, under the barbarous law of that age, to put Morris in jail. The documents set forth that this was done July 21, 1802. But the incident was closed in the August term next following. That Morris suffered more chagrin than inconvenience is probable, for the law provided that a debtor should have a limit of eighty rods and the jail was under his own roof. According to the record, his body was taken, but there is nothing to show that the "lock, hasp and staple" (for which and for some nails, John Kain drew seventeen dollars), were ever used for the actual imprisonment of Thomas Morris. It is altogether probable that the restraint put upon his proud spirit was technical. The word proud is chosen because the accounts of those who saw him at home, concur in saying that he was "proud, and handsome as a prince." A feature of the story easily verified by State and National records, but never before mentioned to my knowledge, is the strangely remarkable parallel between Morris and the opposing attorney, Burnett. Both became members of the General Assembly of Ohio at the same time, Burnett in the House and Morris in the Senate. Both became Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Both became members of the United States Senate in days made classic by the eloquence of Clay and Webster. Burnett attained great wealth and left a name without which the history of Cincinnati cannot be written. But Morris achieved a distinction for his name without which no truthful story of the downfall of slavery in American can be told.

The trouble grew out of a promise in August, 1800, to pay sixty-five dollars' worth of good wheat at the Round Bottom Mill, by Covalt's, then become the property of Rev. John Smith, merchant, and Representative and soon to become the third United States Senator involved in the transaction. No cause is told for the failure to pay. Wheat may not have been good that year. Or, more likely, the row of cabins for the tavern and court house required overmuch preparation and furnishings for the many to be fed and lodged. We are to believe that the tall, adventuring, efficient boy was much

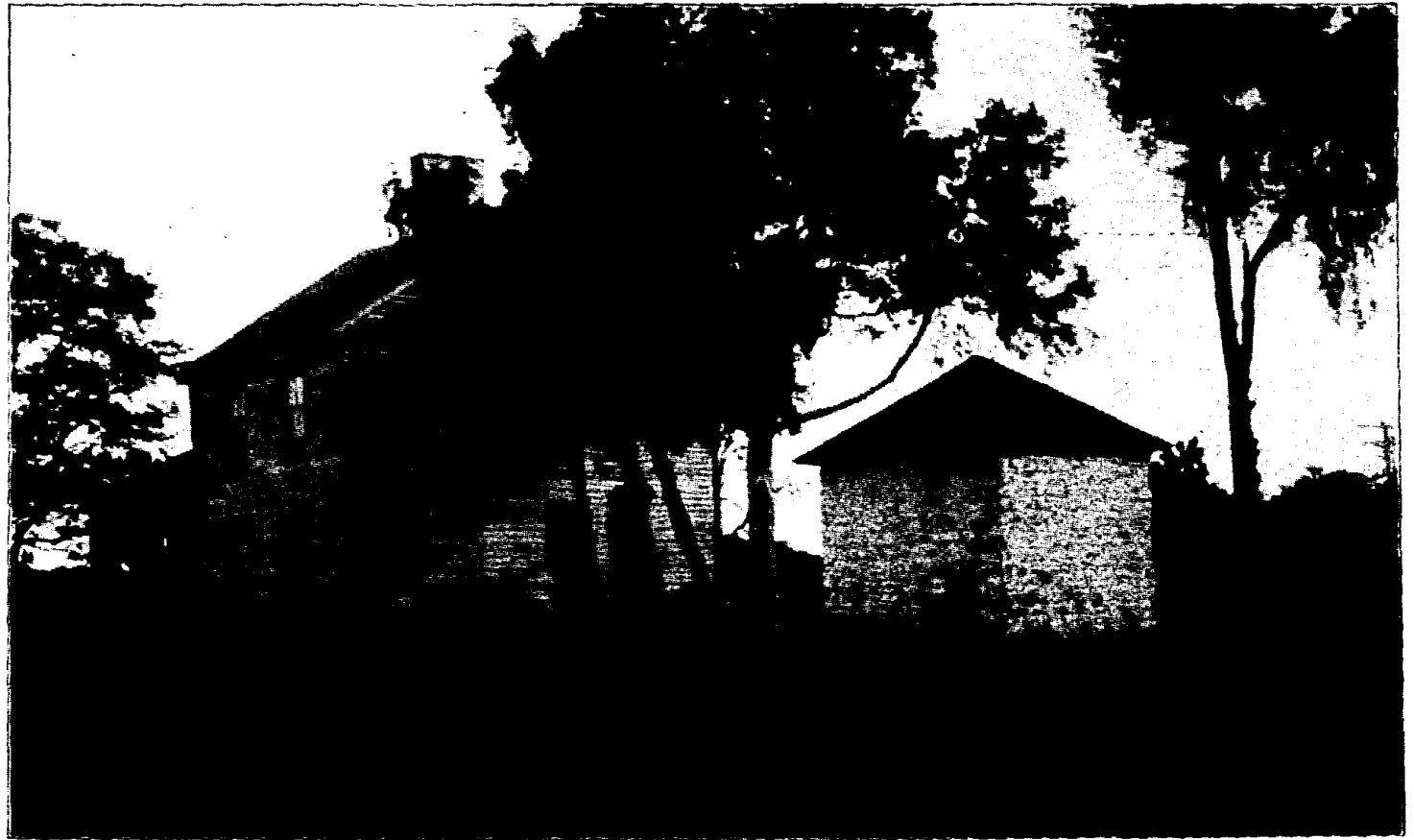
liked by John Smith, who had no superior in the Territory in ox-driving, log-rolling, horse racing or lifting with a hand-spike. With superb mental powers, he was a successful merchant, an adroit politician, a popular legislator and an able preacher. He ranked with the first statesmen of his day, and, but for the blighting spell of Aaron Burr, he might have left a fine renown. Smith was frequent and warm in his praise of the poetry that the youthful Morris attempted, and had the good sense to destroy. But such attempts exercised him in expression and trained him to a command of language not learned in a mere attendance in schools. With such a background, the young tavern keeper, with a wife and baby boy, that was to become a member of Congress, watched the courts and studied law. No one knew the things to be. So he was made the victim of the debtor's law, which he was destined to oppose and efface.

In tracing the steps to the heights reached by Thomas Morris, sympathy is prone to declare the incident of his trial and imprisonment by that cabined court to be one of the most dramatic scenes in the judicial history of Old Clermont. Most people then, and through his life, regarded the affair in a jocular light, but there is evidence that the memory was deeply unpleasant. His speech urging the repeal of the odious law for imprisonment for debt is full of a far-reaching philosophy, that must have originated from his personal reflections, and should be carefully studied by those who think that punishment will correct the results of misfortune. Through thirty years of legislative life, from the lower house of the State to the highest hall of the Nation, his voice in both votes and debates was full of eloquence for a humane recognition and cultivation of a higher motive than fear in the performance of duty. In a full, deep and noble sense, Thomas Morris grew to be a, if not the, leading philanthropist of his time and country. Other captains in the march of reform merely marked time for majorities that must be heeded, or fought as soldiers of fortune in a forlorn hope against arrogant odds. His lot was not to serve, but to lead, a halting constituency. When that constituency wavered and denounced his leadership, Morris consulted his conscience and accepted the nomination for Vice-President with that of James G. Birney for President,

on the Free Soil ticket. In 1844, when James K. Polk was elected President, that ticket received sixty-two thousand two hundred and sixty-three votes. The mission of the "Prisoner for Debt" was done. A month later, Saturday, December 7, 1844, Thomas Morris died suddenly of apoplexy. Amid the execrations of many and to the amazement of all, he finished his work in the United States Senate by the first speech of the kind ever heard by that august body. In that startling speech he said: "In my infant years I learned to hate slavery." The reasons for that hatred have never been more clearly stated than in that "Farewell Address," of which the last sentence was: "That all may be safe, I conclude that the negro will yet be set free." After that prophecy, on February 9, 1839, there was no backward step in the coming revolution. In the fourth presidential election succeeding that in which Morris was not elected, yet reserved for triumphant vindication, Abraham Lincoln was victorious, and the negro was set free. No other seemingly improbable human prediction has ever been so wonderfully and magnificently fulfilled.

No claim is made or intended that his philanthropy was incited by or sprang from the unfortunate imprisonment. It is easier and better to believe that his splendid mentality and noble purpose were a special endowment that came into action when needed. But a lack of sympathy must have taught him to pity others. Something has been told of his determined study of law amid the difficult life in a log cabin by the light from hickory bark or by the glare from brick kilns, that he burnt for a living. Everybody lived in cabins then, for no other house could be had, except by the very few. The light from blazing hickory bark filling a whole room with an indescribable cheer, is an impossible luxury now not to be imagined by those accustomed to stoves, furnaces, or rayless radiators. The story of studying law in a brickyard in Williamsburg in 1802 was not to be accepted by one who knew that the first brick house between O'Bannon and Eagle creeks was built in 1807, and afterwards made famous as the girlhood home of General Grant's mother. Yet the statement was plainly placed in his biography by his son, Rev. B. F. Morris, that his father, the Senator, often read Blackstone from the light of a brick kiln in Williamsburg. But what had been





GEN. WILLIAM LYTLE'S HOME, WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.  
Built in 1800-2. Still Standing. One Among the Oldest Homes in Ohio.

done with such quantities of brick—something not easily destroyed or hidden?

At last the verities of tradition were established by ocular inspection, and an answer found for the puzzling question. The accounts kept by General Lytle show that John Charles was employed in 1802 to build and finish the full two-story part of the Lytle home on "Harmony Hill," which is filled between the frame work with brick. The large old-fashioned fire places are made of brick. The square stone dairy was built in the same year by the wonderful well dug somewhat earlier. Wonderful to those who came to the Land Office, because in those days homes were located by springs, and deep wells were rare. In the same year Morris built the two-story frame house in with the row of cabins, and furnished it with brick chimneys. That house, still standing, is a strange proof of the resourceful nature of the young man who, while a prisoner for debt, made his tavern, next to Lytle's home, the most pretentious house between Chillicothe and the Little Miami River. The brick used on Harmony Hill, and the lumber from Lytle's Mill in the Morris Tavern imply dealings between the owners and suggest that the prosperous Prothonotary, who was reputed to be a shrewd judge of affairs, was quick to see the mutually helpful relations between his saw mill and a brick kiln. All that being plain, the conclusion seems probable that an energetic brick maker was deemed better for the growth of the community than an idle prisoner. The Lytle Home on Harmony Hill and the Morris Tavern at the head of the valley below, after a hundred and ten years, still stand, to show the two far best houses of their time in Old Clermont. In fact, there was, in 1802, but one more frame house—that of John Lytle and his mother—in all the old county. But more were soon to come, and were located on the hill part of Main street, in a form which shows that the early travel between Cincinnati and Chillicothe was expected to go by Broad Ford and Round Bottom, and not over the hill road by Newtown.

After the Morris trial, more memorable now than seemed possible at the time, there is little, perhaps nothing, in the court records that is more than the common place of rural neighborhoods, until crime came, and that certainly deserves

no remembrance, when so much that was worthy must be left untold. The cost of law was much cheaper then than now. A juror received fifteen cents for each case. Thus, a petit jury of twelve men could be paid with the price of a wolf scalp and have twenty cents left. But grand jurors were paid fifty cents a day and three cents mileage. The sheriff was entitled to the same mileage, but a witness could have no more than thirty cents a day. Land was listed in three grades for taxation. The first was taxed eighty-five cents, the second, sixty cents, and the third rate, twenty-five cents, for each hundred acres. But all this low priced scale was subject to a change, soon to begin, and always upward.

On November 24, 1801, the court of quarter sessions accepted the new jail, provided the corners were sawed down square, which is a certain sign that it was a log affair, like the rest of the row. On February 23, 1802, the commission of Robert Higgins as probate judge was read—the first in the county. As the fourth Tuesday, March 23, the time fixed by territorial law for the election of township officers, was only four weeks away, the court prepared for the first election ever held in the county. The constables were served with writs directing them to hold elections: At the court house in Williamsburg township; at the house of Nathaniel Donham in O'Bannon township; at the house of Isaac Vaneaton (by Tobasco) in Ohio township; at the house of Joseph McKibben in Washington township; and at the house of Walter Wall in Pleasant township. John Boude was licensed to keep a ferry from his house on the Ohio.

At the session on May 25, 1802, the boundary of Washington was made to run from the mouth of Big Indian Creek six miles in a direct line toward the mouth of Cloverlick Creek on the East Fork. The point reached is now nearly witnessed by Nicholasville. Thence the line ran to the road crossing on the main branch of Big Indian Creek about midway between Bethel and Felicity, thence due east to White Oak Creek on a line perpetuated in the north line of Lewis township. From that, the line was down White Oak and the Ohio to the mouth of Big Indian Creek. With Washington, the central township, thus clearly marked, the other four primary divisions of Old Clermont can be better understood. Before adjourning,

Peter Light, Jasper Shotwell and John Charles were appointed to report a plan for a new court house. But at the next session, August 24, 1802, the proposed court house was postponed until subscriptions for that purpose could be taken. Thomas Morris renewed the license for his tavern by the payment of eight dollars. On payment of four dollars Robert Townsley was licensed to keep a tavern at the foot of the hill, about a mile below what is Batavia, on the road to Newtown, which is proof that all the travel to and from Cincinnati did not go by the Round Bottom Road. In the November session of the quarter court, Houton Clarke was granted a tavern license in Bethel, upon payment of four dollars. The name Bethel was first used in the court proceedings in February, 1802, in a petition for a review of the road to Williamsburg, which was refused. A petition for a road from Bethel to Newmarket, on the Chillicothe road to Williamsburg, was refused at the last session, and that was the first mention of that early settlement in Highland county. Of the territorial courts but little more can be found. The repetition of names in various relations and places is proof of the limited population.

While county regulation was being instituted, the plans for Statehood were successful in every particular. As the date for the "Fall Election," October 12, approached, the arrangements for the township election were continued except that the election in Ohio township was held at the house of John Donham, on Ten Mile, and, in O'Bannon township at the house of Thomas Paxton. Every local record of that election has perished. But it is known by the State records that Philip Gatch and James Sargent were elected and served as delegates from Clermont county to the Territorial Convention in session from the first to the twenty-ninth day of November, 1802, where and when the Constitution was framed under which Ohio was admitted as a State by the action of Congress without a ratifying vote by the people of Ohio. Some have written that Ohio became a State on November 29, 1802, by the vote of the Convention to adopt their work as the Constitution. Gatch and Sargent, we are assured by Jacob Burnett, also a delegate, were elected because of their record in opposition to slavery, which was generally, perhaps unanimously,

unpopular in Old Clermont. At the same election William Buchanan and William Fee were chosen as representatives to the Fourth Territorial Legislature, which was superseded by the State and never met. Instead the Constitution provided for a Governor and General Assembly, to be chosen Tuesday, January 11, 1803. At that time, William Buchanan was elected State Senator and Amos Ellis and Roger Walter Waring were elected Representatives from Clermont in the First General Assembly of the State of Ohio. That body met on March 1, 1803, the date generally accepted as the end of "Territorial Times" in Ohio. Yet, Secretary Charles W. Byrd continued as Acting Governor in place of St. Clair, removed, until the inauguration, on March 3, 1803, of Edward Tiffin as Governor of the State of Ohio. Eight new counties were established by the first State Legislature. Among these were the counties of Butler and Warren, by which the Mother County of Hamilton was reduced to the present boundaries. The nearest comparison of population at that time is found in the report of the State Senate in 1804, of "An Enumeration of Free White Male Citizens of the Age of Twenty-one Years." Out of a total of 14,762 in the State, Hamilton county had 1,700, and Clermont had 755; or, in other words, the population of Old Clermont was almost half as large as that of Hamilton county, with the prestige of Cincinnati and several villages.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE COUNTY UNDER STATE LAW.

State Courts Organized—Judge Francis Dunlavy—The First State Court in Old Clermont—The First Grand Jury for the State—Early County Officials—The Presiding Judges of Clermont and Brown—The Associate Judges—The County Commissioners—The Extirpation of Wild Animals—Adventures of Phoebe Dimmitt and Mary Robinson—Benjamin Morris Rescued by Jesse Glancy—Jesse Glancy's Fight with a Bear—Adam Bricker and a Panther—The Last Bear—Buffalo—Game—The Turkey Trap—The Squirrel Scalp Currency—The Need of Roads and Bridges—Amos Ellis, Amos Smith and Other Early Commissioners—Roads with Names Now Strange—Public Buildings—John Charles—The Old Stone Court House—Stone Jail—Stone Clerk's Office—Bishop R. S. Foster—The Whipping Post—Traditions of the Second Log Jail—First of Many Bridges—The Second Bridge Where the Glancys Met Wolves—State Roads—The Anderson State Road—The Xenia State Road—The Formation of New Townships—Population in 1818.

As the State government came into action, the courts of the general quarter sessions of the peace and of common please, so much desired and highly prized by our great grandfathers ceased forever. Instead of justice administered by men whose daily custom was a subject of intimate observation, the law was now to be determined and applied by men learned in legal complexities and protected by the awe always inspired by certain, yet unknown, power. For judicial purposes, one supreme and three common pleas courts every year were enacted for each county. To make that protection of person and property regular and efficient, the State was divided into three circuits, over which the judges should travel at stated times and places. The first circuit was through the counties of Hamilton, Clermont, Butler, Montgomery, Greene and Warren; and the judge chosen for that round of duty by a joint ballot of the State

Senate and House of Representatives, for a term of seven years, was Francis Dunlavy, who served fourteen years in that office. He was born in Virginia in 1761. The family moved to the region of Fort Pitt in 1776, where he was nurtured in the Western border war of the Revolution. He was in the detachment that built and garrisoned Fort McIntosh. He was in Crawford's terrible defeat. He came to Kentucky in 1787, to Columbia in 1791, and to Warren county in 1797. Without a chance to go to school, he became a teacher, a surveyor and a lawyer. Although defeated by Lytle for a vacancy in the first, he was a member of the second Territorial Legislature, a delegate in the Constitutional Convention, and a member of the first State Legislature. He lived in Lebanon till his death, in 1839, after a most meritorious service that entitles him to a place among the honored fathers of Ohio.

How justice was obtained or escaped during the year of change from the Territorial to the State courts will never be known, for there is neither record nor tradition left of such happening for some thirteen months to come, after the November term of 1802. But in 1803, and on the fourth Tuesday of December, which then fell on the twenty-eighth, the first court in all that is east of the Little Miami River and west of Eagle Creek was formally opened at Williamsburg, the seat of justice for Old Clermont. A procession was formed on Front street, in front of the considerable row of cabins known as James Kain's Tavern. If William Lytle had continued writing his "Personal Narrative," he could have told that the procession formed on the spot, where he, as a surveyor in his twenty-third year, had fixed his camp, ten years before, in an absolutely unbroken and hostile wilderness. With the perils passed and in a full tide of prosperity, as the proprietor of many thousand acres, and as the optional owner of a hundred thousand more, the occasion for him must have been full of a proudly optimistic significance.

The Main street at that time was a mere country lane through the bottom, still winding around the larger trees and over the stumps and roots of the smaller growth. The slough between Second and Third streets had a "corduroy crossing." The procession turning from Front into Main was lead by Sheriff John Boude, who had come from his ferry to Au-

gusta. He was followed by the citizens in a body, from which all Revolutionary soldiers were selected to form a distinct class that came next. The members of the bar came after the heroes of the great war. Then the justices of the peace formed a fifth small, but honored, division. All those were followed by the officers of the county. Roger W. Waring was appointed clerk and Aaron Goforth was prosecuting attorney for the occasion. James Boothby was court constable and Daniel Kain deputy sheriff. As such, he, Daniel Kain, probably assisted Sheriff Boude as marshal for the procession, a duty for which he was specially adapted, and to which he was generally called for forty years to come. Then, in the rising scale of importance, came the ministers of the Gospel, but who was there has not been found. Last of all was the judicial division—the associate judges, Philip Gatch and Ambrose Ransom, from the Forks of the Miami, and John Woods, from Woods and Manning's Station, on Big Indian Creek, with his honor, the presiding judge, Francis Dunlavy, preceded by all on the march up Main street to Broadway, but first of all to enter the log court house, still rented of Thomas Morris. After a prayer by some one not named, the court was proclaimed.

The first grand jury in Clermont county to act for the State of Ohio, traced to their homes and expressed in terms now in use, was made up as follows: John Hunter, foreman, near Withamsville; Robert Dickey, near Monterey; George Earhart, west of Mt. Orab; Ramoth Bunton, the father of Polly Bunton, above the mouth of Clover Creek; near by, on Clover, Joseph Perrine, the father of James Perrine, who married Polly Kain, thus continuing the association of the two girls named Polly, who were the first of all white women in Old Clermont to go far back into the woods from the Ohio river; Robert Townsley, from a mile down the East Fork from Batavia; Jacob Whetstone, from six miles farther down Donnel's Trace to Newtown, where his tavern was the start of Mount Carmel; Peter Emery, from the mouth of Shaylor's Run, above and across from Perintown; John Donham and Joseph Fagin, from Ten Mile; William Whitaker, from Tobiasco; Isaac Ferguson, from Twelve Mile; William Simmons, once near the mouth of Bullskin, but then probably from near Laurel, in Monroe township; Ezekiel Dimmitt, from just be-



low Batavia; Ephraim McAdams and Samuel W. Davies, at Williamsburg.

"The Miami Circuit," as established by the Rev. John Kobler, after his visit to Francis McCormick, in 1796, was served in 1803 by preachers John Sale and Joseph Ogelsby. Because of such service, the Rev. John Sale was licensed by the court to solemnize marriage. The Rev. Judge Philip Gatch and Rev. Maurice Witham were also granted the same authority, and thus marriage, according to church rituals, was placed under the authority of the State. By commencing at 6 o'clock on the second, third and fourth days, the court, after disposing of several minor cases, closed Friday, December 30, 1803.

The original record of the courts in Clermont county until 1810, are lost, and only fragmentary sketches have been compiled from scattered sources, chiefly with the friendly care of the Hon. Reader Wright Clarke, who only found enough while some of the actors were still living to show the quality of the lost. Offenses against the law seem to have been hot-headed, and few that were black-hearted mar the early annals. The most flagrant wrong doings would have no memory but for some mention outside of the records of the courts.

The orders of the Territorial courts were executed by sheriffs, appointed by Governor St. Clair, who were William Perry, Peter Light and John Boude. The sheriffs elected under the State constitution in Old Clermont, or up to 1817, were, Joseph Jackson of Washington township, Daniel Kain and Levi Rogers of Williamsburg township, Allen Wood of Pleasant township, Oliver Lindsey and George Ely of Williamsburg township, and then Oliver Lindsey again. The clerks were, William Lytle, before the State Convention, after which, Roger W. Waring served seven years, and then David C. Bryan (all three of Williamsburg) served eighteen years. The coroners elected under State authority before and up to 1820 were, Jeremiah Beck, James Kain, Allen Wood, Samuel Lowe, Samuel Shaw and Thomas Kain. The office of county surveyor under State law was filled by judicial appointment until 1834. The surveyors so appointed were, Peter Light for ten years, George C. Light for five years, and John Boggess for fifteen years. The duties now allotted to auditors and re

corders were then performed by the clerk of the common pleas courts. The treasurers appointed by Governor St. Clair, and then by the associate judges served terms of one year. Amos Smith, the first, appointed, served but half of his second term and then resigned. The six months' vacancy was filled by Roger W. Waring, but upon his becoming county clerk, Nichols Sinks was appointed treasurer and continued so to act for seventeen years, and then John Kain for seven years. The prosecuting attorneys were, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., Joshua Collet, Martin Marshal, Aaron Goforth, Arthur St. Clair, Jr., again for two years, David C. Bryan before he was clerk, Levi Rogers, and David Morris up to 1811, when Thomas S. Foote began a service of fourteen years.

By a change to meet the growth of the State, Old Clermont, in 1810, became a part of the Fourth circuit, over which the Hon. John Thompson, of Fayette county, was the presiding judge until 1816, when the county was attached to the First circuit, under Judge John Parish, for one year, and for another year under Judge Joseph H. Crane. But in 1818 to 1820 Clermont and the new county of Brown were included in the Seventh circuit, of which the presiding judge was the soon to be supreme judge, Joshua Collet, who, as a young lawyer, had been in Williamsburg, from 1803 to 1809, in order to serve the old county as prosecuting attorney, and to practice in the old log court house. Yet, notwithstanding his subsequent lofty station, such is the transient nature of local action, there is no other trace of his residence there. Then, for two years, Judge George P. Torrence presided. But in 1824 to 1826 Judge Collet returned. Then Judge Torrence served seven years, till 1833, and was followed for one year by Judge John M. Goode-now, also of Hamilton county. Judge John W. Price served seven years, and was followed from 1841 to 1848 by Judge Owen T. Fishback, of Clermont county, the first resident of long standing in Old Clermont to reach the high honor. Judge George Collings, of Adams county, was then chosen from 1848, but because of failing health resigned in 1851, just before the adoption of the Second State Constitution, which changed the term of office from seven to five years. Shepard F. Norris, born in Adams county, admitted to the bar in Georgetown, and then living in Batavia, was twice elected and served ten

years as the common pleas judge of the division of Adams, Brown and Clermont counties of the Fifth judicial district. Thomas Quinn Ashburn came next to the bench, with a service of fifteen years, except the time resigned in 1876 to accept a position in the Supreme Court commission, to which he was appointed by Governor and, a little later, President Hayes, who also appointed Major Thomas M. Lewis to fill the unexpired term of Judge Ashburn until the October election, in 1876, when Allen T. Cowen, of Clermont, was elected for the rest of Judge Ashburn's term, and for two terms more, serving in all, from 1876 to 1878. Meanwhile, Hon. David Tarbell, of Georgetown, was elected in 1871, and again in 1876, as a judge of the common pleas, made necessary by the growth of the Fifth judicial district. Judge Tarbell was followed, in 1881, by Judge D. W. C. Loudon, who served until February, 1892. Judge Cowen was succeeded by Judge Frank Davis, who served two full terms, from 1888 to 1898, when he was followed by Judge John S. Parrott, after which Judge Frank Davis was elected to the third term, which he is now serving. Judge Loudon, in the Brown county part of the district, was followed, from 1892 to 1897, by Judge Henry Collings, of Adams county. Judge John M. Markley, of Georgetown, was then elected, and has served two terms, reaching from 1897 to 1908, when he was followed by Judge Gottlieb Bambach, of Ripley. In February, 1913, Judge Bambach was succeeded by Judge James W. Tarbell.

The administration of justice in the early days was brought close to the people by the appearance on the bench, with the presiding judge, of three men, held high in social esteem for fine common sense, who must each be a citizen of the county, to assist their chief in reaching conclusions, under the name of associate judges. The system was an adoption and enlargement of the more popular forms of the old court of general quarter sessions. In this triumvir of at least great self-importance, Philip Gatch served twenty-one years and Ambrose Ransom, seven years, but John Wood sickened at court and died in the fifth year of his first term of seven years. The vacancy of two years was filled by John Morris, of Tate township. Alexander Blair, of Williamsburg township, then entered on a service of fourteen years. Judge Blair lived in

the survey now embracing the town of Batavia. Joseph N. Campbell served a full term of seven years, and then one year on a second term, until the division of the old county. After that he served six years on the bench of Brown county, while the remaining six years of his term in Clermont was filled by the re-appointment of John Morris. Other associate judges in Clermont in the order of appointment and time of service were: John Pollock, seven years; John Beaty, fourteen years; Israel Whitaker, seven years; Robert Haines, six years; Andrew Foote, one year; John Emery, five years; Samuel Hill, seven years; George McMahan, seven years; Elijah Larkin, thirteen years; Thomas Sheldon, seven years; Jonathan Johnson, and John Buchanan, each one year. In Brown county the same honorable position was held by James Moore, seven years; William Anderson, fourteen years; William White, one year; James Finley, seven years; Robert Breckenridge, eleven years; David Johnson, four years; Hugh B. Payne, six years; Benjamin Evans, four years; Henry Martin, fourteen years; Micah Wood, seven years; John Kay, six years; Isaac Carey, five years; and Benjamin Sells, one year. Then, in 1852, under the second State Constitution of Ohio, the office of associate judge ceased to furnish a title much coveted by those who had passed a special and peculiar training in the chair as a justice of the peace.

A still wider departure from the antiquated territorial methods than the judicial changes was the transfer of the management of local affairs from the court of quarter sessions to a board of commissioners, who directed the public affairs of the county in quite the way that is now familiar. But the transactions tell of widely different conditions. Within the seven years including 1810, bounties were paid for the killing of five panthers and nearly two hundred wolves. In tracing the names of the fortunate hunters to their homes it seems that much the larger part of their game was remote from the Ohio. From this, an earlier extirpation must have happened from the Hamilton county settlers, from which the denizens of the woods must have retreated as the danger came nearer. The number killed indicates the presence of many more in accordance with the tradition that the wolves often roamed in dangerous packs. If no person was killed, there are traditions of narrow escapes and even actual injury.

In the spring of 1798 Ezekiel Dimmitt, with James and John Gest, brothers of his young wife, Phoebe, married November 3, 1797, left her alone in their cabin a mile below Batavia, in order to plant some corn on open ground rented in the Turkey Bottom below the mouth of the Little Miami. It was a stern but the nearest chance to add some bushels to what might be raised on their first clearing at home. So the three men went over the hills, afterward to be called Olive Branch and Mount Carmel, and through Mercersburg or Newtown, and across Flynn's Ford to their field fifteen miles away. The path they trod had been made historic a few months before, in August and September, 1797, as Donnell's Trace. The brave young bride in the cabin, alone with hope and with none nearer than Jacob Ulrey's family, just come to the vicinity that became Bantam, or McCormick at the Forks of the Miami, or the cabins at Williamsburg, was daunted by the searching gaze of six passing Indians. Then night brought a pack of wolves to rage around with fearful howling. In the same hours, one of the brothers, James, sleepless with a sudden and unaccountable apprehension, roused Dimmitt, and together they hurried back to find the woman so terrified that she was left alone no more.

Nine years later, in the fall of 1807, Mary Robinson, oldest daughter of that family settled on Lucy Run, started on horseback to the home of the Mitchells, near Newberry, a distance of twelve miles. A snow storm hid the trace and slackened her speed. As night came near, she dismounted, tied the horse and tried to find her course. Amid the anxious search, she heard the howling of wolves on her track and hastened to mount, but the frightened horse reared and plunged beyond control. Yet, that kept the wolves at bay, and all she could do was to keep out of their circle and still avoid the kicking horse all through the long, cold night, in which the exercise kept her from freezing. As the day came, the wolves quit, and she succeeded in mounting, and reached the Mitchells before she fainted and passed into a serious illness. She married William Weaver, and reared a happy family, but she shuddered at the memory of her night in the woods with the wolves.

In those days, Benjamin Morris, then a youth in Bethel, was

post boy between West Union and Lebanon, through Williamsburg. His published memories tell that once, after climbing the hills north of the Stonelick, on the Deerfield Road from Boston, as night fell, he was appalled by the howling of wolves that came after and seemed to gather from both sides as he rode his frightened horse at headlong speed toward the ever hospitable home of Jesse Glancy, who had heard the howling, guessed the cause, and came out on the road with his sons, all armed with fire brands. As the waving brands grew brighter, the chase grew slower, the howling ceased, and a very anxious post boy rode into safety. Within a year or so, over twenty "Old Wolves," measured by the larger bounty for the aged, had surrendered their scalps to the mighty hunters of the region where Mary Robinson and Benjamin Morris rode into the most exciting adventure of their life.

Somewhat later, the same Jesse Glancy was much annoyed by a bear, with a taste for young pork. His dogs, having foiled several attempts to stop the trouble, were shut in the house one night when Glancy took the field and succeeded, as he thought, in giving a fatal shot. But on coming near, the bear got him in its "hug." With uncommon strength and much presence of mind, the powerful man seized the bear by the jaws and rolled its lips inward to make the bite hurt itself. He called for his dogs that raged to get free and were loosened at last by his wife, although she had not heard the call. With the dogs' help he got loose and won the battle. But Glancy felt the effects of a badly bitten shoulder the rest of his life.

A story is told of Adam Bricker that, while hunting near Williamsburg, he made cries like a fawn to call a doe within range of his rifle; but instead, one of the largest of panthers suddenly appeared ready to spring upon him. One of the quick dextrous shots for which he was noted laid the danger dead at his feet. One account claims that this was the last panther killed in the old county, but as no record of a bounty for such a feat has been found, it is more likely that the incident occurred before such payments had been established. The last bounty for a panther yet noted was paid in June, 1810, to John Waits. Another was seen near the mouth of Clover, as late as 1825, and, after being fired at, disappeared in the Elklick Hills, which also harbored the last bear.

Bear may be stated as originally numerous. William and John Lucas, who came as the first of that family and built the first cabin by the mouth of Red Oak Creek, are said to have had twenty-one bear skins ready for the rest of the family, when they came a week later. James Bunton, the brother of Polly Bunton, one of the first two white women on the East Fork, claimed that he once counted nine bear on the way between Williamsburg and his home on Clover, three miles away. The fact that he was returning from town does not affect the count, for he was a staid man and no braggart. Although not in that time, no better place will be found to record that two bear were seen on the hill toward Bantam from the mouth of Clover, in 1835, by Harvey and Elizabeth Wright, then twelve and fourteen years old, and going from Williamsburg to visit their grandfather, John Jenkins, who lived in the "Old Bethel" neighborhood, and was then attending that church with the family of John Simpson, the maternal grandfather of General U. S. Grant. Upon the report of the excited children, men and dogs gathered, pursued and killed that pair. A year or so later, John Peterson, Sr., found a bear on his farm in the first great "horse shoe" or "pocket" of the East Fork below Williamsburg. After giving a wounding shot he and others followed and killed the game in Pike township. This happened in 1836 or 37, and that was the last wild bear in the story of Brown and Clermont. No account of the last of the wolves can be made; but it is certain that stragglers from northern lairs snapped and snarled from the darkness at belated travelers for several years after the packs ceased to howl. Such events were not uncommon after the War of 1812, but no such personal experience is now remembered by the oldest of the living.

Among archaeological bones, in printed pages, or through traditon, nothing has been found that in a clear and undoubted manner proves the existence of buffaloes within the limits of Old Clermont. One writer suggests that the buffalo and elk had probably disappeared before the approach of the white man. The name first given Eagle Creek was Elk River. The first name did not last because it did not fit, and a more significant name was chosen. Another writer briefly states: "A few buffaloes were seen as late as 1805." The nearest men-

tion is the official report of Christopher Gist in 1751 that the meadows of the Little Miami abounded with such game. But his observation probably did not reach much below the north line of Warren county. And it is not supposable that the instinct of the buffalo kind would wander from those savannahs free from trees to where a dense woods usurped the home of the blue grass.

Notwithstanding the demand for man's use, it is probable that the extirpation of ferocious life favored an increase of herb-eating game. Venison and wild turkey were familiar dishes on the tables of all of the first and many of the second generation. The still hunt for both made a race of sharp shooters. The chase then, as in all ages, was a sport for kings. But trapping is well night a lost art. The turkey trap was based on the bird's nature to gather food with head to the ground, but to stretch up and peer around when disturbed. A wild looking but secure pen was so constructed and artfully concealed that the "bait" required the turkey to grope under the lowest rail. Domestic grains, for which a piratical taste had been cultivated along the edge of the fields, was so scattered as to induce many to come about the pen for more. After passing under and lifting its head the witless turkey never again looked down, but bent every energy to escape upward, while its anxious clucks brought others to share the trouble until a square pen, made from fencerails, would be found well filled with prisoners, that would not stoop to gain their freedom. In this way the finest of all were caught and sold for a price that would not pay for a pound of turkey now.

There were no game laws, except for the destruction of evil animals. The individual independence was intense. Within the ten commandments, each person was the law unto himself. With few boundaries scarcely discernible, the provisions of nature not plainly marked, were a fund from which each helped himself at will. It was a condition where each man fenced not his own cow in, but his neighbor's cow out. Swine ran wild except for a few mutilating ear marks, and so the cost of pork depended upon salt rather than pigs. The scarcity of money hampered all enterprise, and the raising of grain was made more laborious by a conflict with the animals that



threatened to devour every seed between planting and harvest. The worst of many pests was the now much admired and protected squirrel, of which the droves were many times more destructive than rats have ever been. The want for more currency and the need of relief from squirrels resulted in one of the oddest laws on record, which was entitled "An act to encourage the killing of squirrels," and should have added, "to provide more money." That law provided that every taxpayer, upon notice from the authorities of his township, should bring them not more than one hundred, nor less than ten squirrel scalps, for which a certificate should be issued at the rate of three cents for each scalp ordered, and two cents for each scalp extra. A penalty of three cents was exacted for each scalp lacking under the number ordered. The certificates pledged the township for payment, and so became a circulating medium, known as the "Squirrel Scalp Currency," which effected the double benefit, first of less squirrels, and then of more money. The method was elastic, according to local needs, and had the merit of immediate advantage and lasting convenience. The loss of all such township records has obliterated all trace of that law or its operation in old Clermont.

Notwithstanding the personal disposition to stay aloof from the law's control, when the ability to pay for public improvements is considered, they were not more moderate in petitions for civic attention then than now. As had happened in Territorial times, the most importunate appeals to the commissioners under State authority, were for roads. For, when Ohio assumed statehood, there was neither bridge nor road, as we use the word, to help the constant worry and frequent peril of those days of much mud and many floods. Then, when the forest covered all, the shaded earth treasured the rains in the spongy mold of the fallen leaves, from which the waters oozed to brooks that babbled a promise to flow forever. As the heroic immigration passed on to remoter wilds, the readiest path to the nearest neighbor was the beginning of roads that grew longer and were beaten smoother as the homes became more plentiful along the trails, where surveyors blazed a plainer trace. As these trails and then traces became highways, little lanes led off from cabin to cabin, and often

by the homes of men whose names can never be called again.

In reviewing their environment, imagination craves the chance to ponder how completely the landmarks of the path-makers have been effaced. Yet, in spite of their heroic struggle with forbidding nature, contemplation mourns to record that, already, the pioneers are more remembered for what they destroyed than for what they built. The denuded hills and plains stripped of verdure, alike lament the vanquished groves whose vanished wealth may never be restored. The wariest Shawnee would find no vestige of his secreted camp, and many a fairy haunt has been devastated that should have been kept for this electric age to lure wealth from city strife to rustic joy. Not a stone is left of all the dams that forced the waters to grind the grain for those who won Ohio. Here and there a rare and ancient well may wait with a welcome cup. Hardly more than a score of homes remain that thrilled with the tidings from the War of '12. Otherwise, the roofs of thousands of people have fallen, and their once glowing hearths are shapeless cairns. To those who care for the testimony of the past and can find curious gladness in the visible presence of antiquity, such reflection speaks with peculiar persuasion. Even with casual attention, the most heedless of those who crowd the busy throngs of worry will learn something of the sobering truth, that what was is gone, and what is shall cease. For attention once obtained needs to study the by-gone simple life that withered in the glare and jostle of complexer plans, that also passed beneath the imposition of another and stronger mode of living, just as our own system must yield to forces that may be dimly discerned, but can not be avoided.

Those appointed to office in the Territory were generally honored with election under the State. Amos Smith, appointed first as a Commissioner, after six months became the first Treasurer. Amos Ellis, of the first Board of Commissioners, was elected as a member of the first General Assembly of the State. George Conrad was appointed a Commissioner. On April 2, 1804, Amos Smith, George Conrad and Robert Townsley were elected as the first Board of Commissioners under the State constitution. Their first meeting was held on Monday, June 4, 1804, at the usual place, which on that occasion,

was for the first time, called the tavern of Nicholas Sinks, Thomas Morris having sold the tavern and its goodwill to Sinks and moved to Bethel that spring. They chose Roger W. Waring clerk for the board, and then cast lots for the short term, until the October election, which fell to Townsley. He was succeeded by Amos Ellis, who by re-elections, served twelve and one-half years as Commissioner, and two terms as State Representative. He was thus largely on duty from the institution until the division of the county; when he was elected Recorder for Brown county, from 1819 to 1822, and then County Treasurer from 1822 to 1829. The long term was won by Amos Smith, who, through re-election, served eleven years as Commissioner, besides a year and a half as Treasurer. These two, Amos Ellis of Pleasant, and Amos Smith of Williamsburg townships, seem to have directed the county affairs of Old Clermont from 1801 to 1817, with a common and harmonious intent to promote the public convenience to the limit of what was possible with the slender public revenue.

Under their almost continuous management, with the casual co-operation of various colleagues, one at a time, more was accomplished for the lasting comfort of the social scheme than is likely to happen again in any several score of years to come.

Ferocious animals, as has been told, were well-nigh exterminated. As fast as was justified by the increase of population, the country was partitioned for local control into townships, of which the present system is merely a continuation, developed by increasing need of convenience. By their judgment, only modified by the financial necessity that compelled them to take the lines of least resistance, a practical arrangement was made of the roads still existing, for both the wants and the pleasure of ages to come. With zeal and long continuity of purpose, that was approved by an unusual series of re-elections, they provided their county with public buildings that were at the time only equalled or exceeded in Ohio by the State House in Chillicothe, or the court house in Cincinnati.

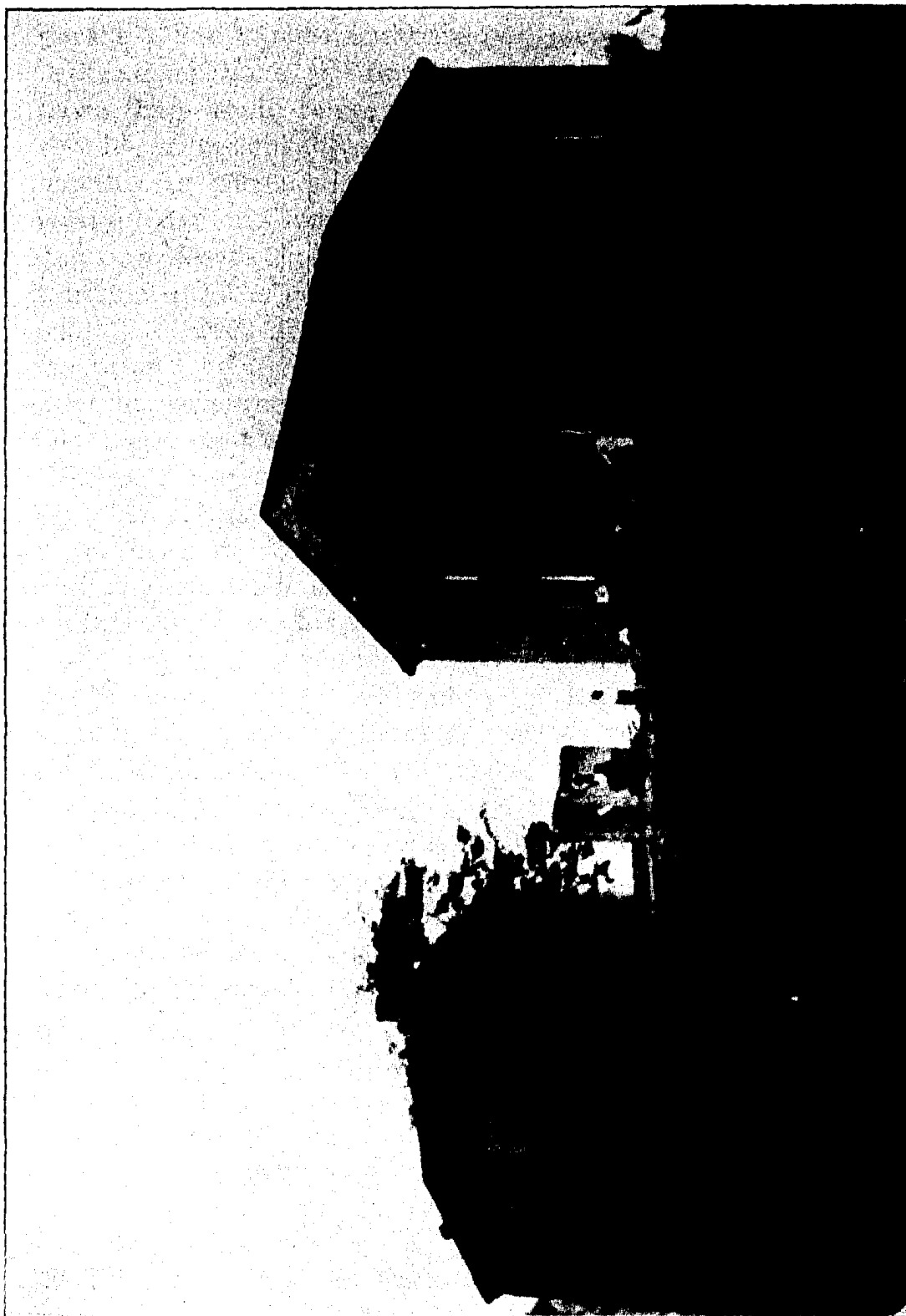
Their colleagues from time to time were Ambrose Ransom, of Miami township, for two and one-half years; Samuel Ellis, of Pleasant township, for one year; Robert Townsley, of Ohio

township, for six months; George Conrad, of Miami township, for one year and three months; William S. Jump, of Washington township, for three years; Henry Chapman, of Pleasant township, for three years; Gideon Minor, of Washington township, for five years; Levi Pigman of Washington township, then, and later on, for eight years; John Shaw, of Ohio township, for three years, and Andrew Foote, of Williamsburg township, for three years, the last of all elected before the division of the old county.

Petitions for new roads, or for any change in those granted were placed with a body of "Viewers," and a surveyor, who was sometimes one of the "Viewers," for a report to the Commissioners for final action. The descriptions have a strange, unreal, and at times, almost fanciful sound to modern ears. The road from Denhamstown to the mouth of Bullskin having been viewed, was adopted and ordered "opened," which implies that some one or more along that ancient "trace" had tried to stop or change its course. A road was asked from Denhamstown through the Yankee settlement to Zumatts, and another from Indian Riffle, on the Miami, to Wilson's Mill on the O'Bannon. It is quite plain that the people at Denhamstown were anxious to share the attention that brought previous roads to Williamsburg, but in 1806, the name began to give way to "Bethel," from which a road was asked to a point on the Ohio river opposite the mouth of Stepstone; also from Bethel to near Alexander Buchanan's; also from Bethel to John Harmon's. The roads in what is Brown county, except along the Ohio, have such terminals as, from Williamsburg by Thompson's Mill to John Legate's farm, probably another spelling for Leggett. Efforts toward West Union were made from both Williamsburg and Bethel, and a road from West Union was made to combine with the Cincinnati road, by way of "Witham's Settlement." A road from the mouth of Nine Mile to the mouth of the East Fork was considered important. In 1808 a road was laid from Milford to connect with a road from Smalley's Mill, on Todd's Fork, which was fated to be the Clermont part of the famous Cincinnati, Columbus and Wooster Turnpike, one of the three historic highways of Ohio, the other two being Zane's Trace and the National road, which much of the way were the same.

It is hardly possible and by no means profitable to transcribe the descriptions of the primitive roads into modern phrase. The liveliest curiosity will soon tire of the baffling task, and, if done, not one in a thousand would care to read more than would relate to his own associations. Yet, there should be melancholy satisfaction in grateful hearts in remembering those who prepared the accustomed ways and straightened the familiar paths of daily life. For, though a new or at least peculiar application of the principle that sets all things even, it is but just to affirm that, whosoever ignores a benefit received deserves to have his own best deeds quickly forgotten.

Perhaps the most tangible evidence of what the pioneers of Old Clermont were proudest, among the results of their new citizenship, was their public buildings. In the beginnings, even before the first settlers, while planning the town around which his early fortune was to circle, General Lytle designed that his home should occupy a hill, or rather ridge, facing southward to an ample "plantation," and northward upon many homes, that should cluster about a central hill, where the Broadway and Main street met at the brow. At this intersection, out of all the thousands at his command, a block of six acres, including the sidewalks, stretching westward and northward, and overlooking all the country around, was selected for a public square. This square was dedicated to the use of the public and as a place for the erection of a court house, and for no other use forever. Only slight study of the locality is needed to show that the streets and lots of Williamsburg were skillfully laid to suit the slightly situation. An early attempt was made for its improvement. On May 25, 1802, John Charles, Peter Light and Jasper Shotwell were appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions to report a plan for a court house, but at the next session the business was postponed until subscriptions could be solicited. At the August session of 1803, some action was taken, of which the record is lost. For, at the first meeting of the Commissioners elected under the State law, William Perry was granted one hundred dollars on June 4, 1804, for hauling stone for the court house, according to the arrangement fixed in the August before. On November 19, 1804, John Kain and Archibald McLean were



OLD STONE COURT HOUSE AND JAIL IN WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

granted a hundred dollars more for the same purpose. Then with two hundred dollars paid for stone delivered on the public square, the Commissioners, on June 12, 1805, decided to proceed with the building. One thousand dollars was appropriated from taxes to be levied for that purpose on the lands of non-resident owners. By that action, and with the material on hand, twelve hundred dollars was available. On August 1, 1805, the lowest bid was found to be from John Wright and John Charles, who then entered into a contract to finish the house by January 1, 1807, for sums to be paid as the work progressed, to the amount of fourteen hundred and ninety-one dollars. For various causes, of which the lack of money was the chief, the work was not finished until February, 1809, having been in the builders' hands about three and one-half years. With the stone on hand, and with an allowance for extra work ordered, the total cost appears to have been seventeen hundred and fifty-six dollars and twenty-two and one-fourth cents, which is probably not one fourth the cost of a duplicate in this overwrought age.

The completion of the court house, in February, 1809, was followed in the March meeting of the Commissioners, by a decision to build a jail, of which, after due advertisement, the construction was sold on April 10, 1809, to John Charles, on a bid of two thousand nine hundred and eighty-six dollars. The building proceeded, with payments from time to time, until the last in full was made on December 3, 1811, for the completed building, which was the third jail used in Williamsburg. Next after that jail, in 1812 and 1813, the third building on the public square, known as the "Clerk's office," was completed, in the style of General Lytle's stone land office, except that it was two rooms long, each room being about eighteen feet square in the clear. All other account of its construction has been lost, but its uniformity with the land office, the Davis House, the court house, the jail, and other work of his hands, shows that it was done by the frequently mentioned John Charles. He with his much retiring, but estimable and capable brother, George Charles, was the most notable builder of his time. The date of his removal from Williamsburg is not known; but in September, 1811, a petition was presented for a road from Williamsburg by John Charles' Mill on Stonelick,

to intersect the road from Milford to Todd's Fork. That mill afterwards long known as the "Shumard's," was almost two miles southwest of Newtonville, which was not located till twenty-seven years later. That intersection on the road to Todd's Fork was taken twenty-two years later as the main crossing in platting the town locally known as "East" Goshen. In 1815, and again in 1818, John Charles was elected a Justice of the Peace in Stonelick township for terms of three years, and in 1819 he built the large stone house for John Metcalf, heretofore mentioned.

The jail farther west and closer to Broadway than the court house, contained one good, large living room, an ample kitchen, two "dungeons," or cells, and a hall on the first floor, with a stairway to three full sized bedrooms on the second floor, all so finished that the jailer's position, or duty, included a residence in this building, was much coveted. It was first occupied by Sheriff Oliver Lindsey, till succeeded in 1813 by George Ely, and then again by Oliver Lindsey, until followed in 1819 by Sheriff Holly Raper, a son of the noted surveyor, Leonard Raper. But during Raper's first four years as sheriff the jail residence was occupied by his friends, a young married couple, Israel and Polly Kain Foster. Israel was the youngest son of Thomas Foster, an English emigrant to Virginia, who had there married Nancy Trigg. While viewing for land in Kentucky, sometime before Ohio was open for settlement, Foster was killed by the Indians, after which the widow married James Laughlin, and came with the children of both husbands to Williamsburg about New Year's, 1805. Mary, commonly called Polly, Kain was the only daughter of Daniel and Mary Hutchinson Kain. After the early death of his first wife, Daniel married Eleanor, an older sister of Israel Foster, thus establishing a double kinship for the families. The first son of Israel and Polly Foster was born February 22, 1820, while they were residing in the jail, and, after being named for a special friend of both parents, in the fullness of time, came to be known to the Christian world as the justly celebrated Bishop Randolph Sinks Foster, without whom the annals of the Methodist Episcopal church can not be written. And thus another illustrious name was added to the roll of Old Clermont. It is



told that Bishop Foster sometimes astonished an ultra select audience by holding that there was hope for all, since he himself was born in a jail. The incident has been connected with the "Old Log Jail," for picturesque effect, in several publications, but the fact is hereby correctly and exactly stated.

The "Clerk's office" stood back of the court house from Main street and back of the jail from Broadway so that the three buildings framed a considerable space at the northeastern corner of the public square. The space between and somewhat secluded by the three buildings, was adorned by a whipping post, with a cross bar, to which the securely fastened victim might stand facing the post, or hang by his extended wrists while cringing from the lash upon a naked back, where stripes and scars were made into an indelible record of infamy. Some considerable account can be found of such doings that may well be forgotten in an effort to perpetuate good example. Every one in love with the natural beauty of the "Old Public Square"—the oldest piece of public property in the old county—can rejoice that it has no suggestions of ignominious death. But the whipping post must be admitted. The jail was accepted on Tuesday, December 3, 1811, and on the following Saturday, at four o'clock in the afternoon, an outlaw, a murdering robber, was whipped by Sheriff Lindsey with forty-nine stripes. At the same time, he was under sentence for another crime to receive thirty-nine lashes save one, but that sentence was humanely suspended three weeks in order that his back could be healed for another Roman holiday, for in their lonely monotony, such events were never neglected by a jeering crowd, much disposed to add gloating insult to the lashing pain.

But more of the tragic has come down in the story of the second jail, within whose wooden walls some temporary restraint was placed over crimes from which no state of society can long go free. The most common offense was horse stealing, for which the punishment was swift and stern in fine, restitution, imprisonment and merciless whippings. The lash was given at that jail between two posts, to which the uplifted and outstretched hands were tied, but where those posts stood is not known. Several escapes happened, among which was one accused of murdering his own neice. One man, a stranger,

and a German, while held for slight cause, grew despondent and was found dead in a noose fixed by his own hand. Another falsely accused, brooded over his trouble till his mind was lost and never restored. A much discussed escape was that of a noted horse thief who, finding himself hard pressed, managed to join in his own pursuit, till a chance came to take the best horse in the chase and get free from all. But in the end, another among the pursuers was strongly suspected of complicity in the joke upon his neighbors. Years afterward a company from Kentucky tracked their man to the home of the suspected person, whence the captured was taken, without requisition papers, and eventually convicted and hanged for the murder of a peddler. The severity of life then that made the noble brave and resolute, also made the wicked bold and desperate; and the loneliness that caused the honest to organize for mutual welfare, also made the criminal combine for a common security. There was much belief in the existence of a banded gang for stealing and passing counterfeit money through a wide range of settlements. The extirpation of the local lodges of that gang was the work of more than one generation and involved several neighborhoods, and the removal of several families, whose members had grown familiar with crooked paths, that brought them to evil fame at the old seat of justice.

The big stone court house, with jail and clerk's office, was intended and expected to put the seal of perpetuity on the legislation of the State, which on February 18, 1804, had established Williamsburg as that county seat. The appearance of the three buildings combined on the brow of the hill was strong, useful, durable and quaintly pleasing. Acres of room still vacant were left for adding to the buildings that would have lasted centuries and become more interesting with every passing year. But fate planned otherwise. Before a score of years they were deserted and the roofs had no care. Amid a frenzy of improvement the demolition began in order to make room for a "modern" school house, as if no other place would do in all the ample vacancy around. A part of the stone was piled into what is the foundation of the replacing structure. Another part was wagoned back to build a retaining wall along the river at the foot of Main street, as if no other stone were



SCHOOL BUILDING ON SITE OF THE OLD STONE COURT HOUSE,  
WILLIAMSBURG, OHIO.

to be had. Other parts were used, some to be broken on the streets, and some beyond recall. And thus a thoughtless posterity ruined a dignity they did not appreciate and could not replace. For, it was the fittest of all monuments for the noble pioneers who piled the stone with heroic sacrifice, and who, in all the wide old county they reclaimed from barbarism, have no other memorial than such as can be made with word and pen. Were those buildings intact today, or were the roofless walls still standing, it is safe to say that none could be found rude enough to dash them down. Their easy restoration would afford rooms for public utility, unique beyond an artist's fancy, strong beyond a builder's plan, suggestive beyond the power of eloquence, and pleasing as a poetical dream. It is grossly wrong to judge the pioneers by their rude homes and deem them incapable of appreciating the refinements of life. Within their limitations they fostered ideals of plentiful convenience, according to the invention within their knowledge, which comprehended that the fruition of such hope was not for them, but for posterity. Alas, that posterity should ever forget.

While providing a commodious home for the county, the bridge question was considered by the Commissioners, with much desire and slight result. At their June meeting, in 1811, thirty-five dollars was granted to build a bridge across a branch of Clover Lick creek, on the State road, which was done to favor the increasing travel between the county seat and the southeastern settlements, and also to better the road from West Union. That was the first of the many bridges between Eagle Creek and the O'Bannon. At the same meeting the people about Denhamstown sought another road to the Ohio by an intersection with the road from Williamsburg to the mouth of "Big Indian Creek." Some imagination is required to fully understand that this proposed road was to be traveled just ten years to a month later, by a wedding party in which Jesse R. Grant took his young bride Hannah, from Father John Simpson's home to their simple, but neat, little frame cottage—not log hut as often told—by the tannery at Point Pleasant, where the most romantic life in America was to begin. At that meeting the Commissioners took the first action on a road from the mouth of Stonelick, by Dr. Allison's,

to Glancy's Lane and McKinney's Old Improvement. That road was the first to meander up the Stone Lick toward the mill sites in Linton's Survey, for which General Massie risked his life with the Indians nineteen years before.

No other appropriation for that purpose was made until June, 1814, all but three years later, when Nicholas Sinks was paid ten dollars for making a bridge across Little Stirling Creek, which was the second bridge in the county and the first on Donnell's Trace between Newtown and Chillicothe. For miry reasons that was worse among the many bad places along that road. The tales of my maternal ancestors show that the family in coming from York county, Pennsylvania, by way of Zane's and then Dannell's Trace, after being delayed by sickness, were pressing west of New Market, in Highland county, on Saturday, December 22, 1804, when the harbingers of a blizzard forced the strict, old-style Presbyterian, Jesse Glancy, against his custom to keep moving on Sunday. On coming to a west branch of White Oak, the forward of his two "Conestoga" wagons stuck in the bank and all the brooding stock was harnessed in one line. Then the big, strong captain, who did things in a strong way, mounted his special saddle horse and went crushing through the snow with all the collar wearing stock to one wagon and all his driven cattle and all the cattle that young Thomas Foster was driving overland while his family were boating down the Ohio, and all the people in the company, except his eldest son, William Glancy, then just twenty years old, and his orphaned nephew, James Glancy, six years younger. While the main company urged their march to Williamsburg, the two boys were left to guard the second wagon. After a fire had been started near a hut of poles and bark by the crossing, a hunt was undertaken to pass a part of the afternoon, in which William shot a deer. The quarters of venison were fastened into the tops of sapplings bent down by their weight and thus lifted out of reach; but before that was fully accomplished, wolves began to gather about, at which one shot, while the other loaded so as always to have one gun ready for the pack that grew larger and circled a beaten space around their fire, and filled the woods with the howling of what seemed more than a score. And thus the night of Sunday, the twenty-third,

wore into Monday. More and less than seventy years later that William, a great-uncle, always had close attention and made sympathy thrill as he firmly declared that the sweetest sound he ever heard was the tinkling of the bells that hung above the hames of the several teams his father was bringing through the frosty morning for the second wagon, which reached the ford and went up the "dug way" at Williamsburg, "where we all," he would add, "ate our Christmas eve supper in 1804 at James Kain's tavern."

While a bridge across Little Stirling Creek, where the settlers had been impeded from the time William Hunter came west that way with a wagon, sixteen years before, had been bettered with slight expense, yet, that expense was too large for imitation or application where the total land tax collected in the big county had not reached eighteen hundred dollars a year. It is easy to see how little could be given for special improvement. And that little was probably suggested by local competition rather than a progressive intention; and the explanation of that condition involves a consideration of another form of highways that date from the early days of the State.

When the localities to be accommodated were in two or more counties, uniformity was sought through State control, and the roads were classed as State roads. When traveled by a mail carrier they gained the dignity of post roads, and a still more special name attained still later was stage roads. The first of the State roads was Donnell's trace's to and from Cincinnati and Chillicothe, by Williamsburg, but the exact date of that dignity has not been found. A road from West Union by way of Bethel to the mouth of Clough Creek, in Hamilton county, was established by the State in 1804, but its popularity was of slow growth, for as late as 1836 the stage from West Union went by Bethel and Milford to Cincinnati. The bridgeless streams nearer the Ohio were also often fordless. In the same year, 1804, the State instituted another road from Chillicothe toward Cincinnati, by way of Milford and appointed the noted surveyor, General Richard C. Anderson, to locate the course, which was done by 1806. That course through Old Clermont is now marked by the towns of Fayetteville, Marathon, Owensville, Perintown and Milford. In

honor of the surveyor, it was officially called "The Anderson State Road," until the name was changed, after 1831, to the Milford and Chillicothe Turnpike. After the creation of Highland county, in 1805, and the founding of Hillsboro, travel was so turned from the old road as to impair the tavern profits at Williamsburg; hence the bridge across Little Stirling Creek was undertaken by Nicholas Sinks, who still kept the Old Tom Morris House. In 1808 the eastern part of the Augusta and Round Bottom Road was included by the State in a road from the mouth of Bullskin to Xenia, which went north through Bethel and Williamsburg and then inclined to the northwest so that the Anderson State road was crossed at the Dickey Tavern, now in Jackson township, which was the first southwest corner of Wayne township as originally instituted. The course was called the Xenia State road, and was probably much like that taken by Daniel Boone in his celebrated escape from the Indians.

The two appropriations mentioned constituted all the bridge work done between Adams county and the Little Miami River before the War of 1812-15; and, with a few exceptions, all that was done for twenty years after the war. The other most important work accomplished by the commissioners was the erection of new townships. But before any change from the five original townships, the State Legislature, on February 18, 1805, erected Highland county, for which Clermont was required to sacrifice enough wilderness for two modern townships, but not one inhabitant. Then, on June 18, 1805, the commissioners constituted the township of Tate, composed from the northeastern part of Ohio, and still more largely from the southern part of Williamsburg. On June 2, 1807, Lewis township was taken from the eastern end of Washington township; and on October 18, 1808, Clark township was made to include lands north of Lewis township to Highland county. On December 4, 1811, the western part of Ohio township was placed in what is Union township, in Clermont county. On March 4, 1812, Stonelick township was made from parts of Miami and Williamsburg townships. On June 6, 1815, the northeastern vacancy of the old county, then having but twenty-three voters, was included in one township, with the newly glorious name of Perry. On September 5, 1815, parts of Ohio

and Williamsburg townships were united in a township with the name of Batavia, the twelfth and last township erected under the authority of Old Clermont.

While the political divisions were coming into convenient forms for government, while the accommodation of roads was marked out, and, while buildings for the administration of justice were provided, the social relations were also increasing. "The enumeration of 755 white male citizens of the age of 21 years" made for the State Senate in 1804, by the census of 1810, had become a total population of 9,965, an increase of certainly not less than three fold in six years. There is no certain figure for the population of Clermont at the division of the county. But in 1820 the combined population of Brown and Clermont counties, excluding the townships taken from Adams county, was nearly 25,000. The conclusion seems reasonable that 20,000 people were living in 1818 between the limits of Loveland and Ripley.



## CHAPTER XV.

### THE TONE OF THE TIME.

The Jersey Settlement—John Collins—Charles H. Collins—Collins Chapel—Old Bethel—The Congregation Replete with Notable Names—White—Swing—Jenkins—Johnson—Simpson—Ulrey—A Student Group of Four—Influence of the Pulpit on Settlement—The Baptists at Bethel—At Ten Mile—At Twelve Mile—The Robbs—Charles Robb, the Teacher Poet—The Poets' Union—Dr. T. W. Gordon—"Eulalie"—Eliza Archard Conner—Robert Todd Lytle—William Haines Lytle, the Soldier Poet—Charles J. Harrison—Churchly Affairs—Hopewell Church—The Congregation of Gilboa—John Dunlavy—Muscular Christianity—Camp Meetings—Effects on Presbyterianism—James Gililand—Robert B. Dobbins—The First Schools—The Best School House from 1804 to 1819—Dr. Alexander Campbell—Dr. Levi Rogers and His Son John G.—Surgeon-General Richard Allison—The Early Healers—Peddlers First, Then Merchants—James Burleigh—Isaac Lines—William Waters and Benjamin Ellis—Postal Affairs—Newspapers.

In viewing the magnitude of what was doing among so many then, a writer may well shrink from the task of merely mentioning even family names still existing in public records and grateful memories, notwithstanding the ceaseless rasp of time. Still, a decent regard for humble virtue, as well as conspicuous conduct, requires that some shall be named from whom the tone of the time may be learned.

A locality of far-reaching influence of the highest order was the Jersey Settlement, that clustered on or near the East Fork, about the contiguous corners of Williamsburg, Tate and Batavia townships. The origin of that settlement was largely due to the personal influence of Rev. John Collins, born in New Jersey in 1769, and, after his twenty-sixth year, a zealous preacher for the Methodist Episcopal church. Having temporal means to invest, he came to William Lytle's

land office in Williamsburg, in 1802, who "tried him out" with many tracts personally inspected until the choicest in hand was shown at the Horse Shoe Bend of the East Fork, now forming the southeast corner of Batavia township. Entranced with its beauty Collins bought the entire survey, made in the name of Philip Clayton, but owned by General Massie. Of the more than a thousand measured acres, he kept four hundred of the best, in the midst of which his son, Richard, built the noble mansion celebrated in both prose and song. In that home Charles H. Collins, Esquire, native of Clermont, but late of Hillsboro, Ohio, received impressions afterward wrought into many poems of charming beauty, in both thought and rhythm. Among much that has been written about the lovely scene, nothing is in finer taste than this from his own hand, or rather heart:

Still flows the stream in curves around the farm;  
And memories linger while time has past  
From those who gave the place an added charm.

'Twas years ago—at least to us it seems—  
When all this scene was radiant with delight,  
When each and all in day or nightly dreams  
Thought home no fairer rose on earthly sight.

So far away that time and yet so near,  
When measured on infinity's long scroll;  
No wonder recollection holds it dear,  
As when the farm home satisfied each soul.

Still flows the East Fork—gentle river—  
In curling outlines where glows the west,  
And still the red sun with golden quiver  
Gleams o'er "the Bend" where all of yore were blest.

Coming from the author after he had traveled wide and far, this tribute to a native heath common to both, along with much delightful verse found in a volume of his poems personally presented makes the gift something always to be treasured. Although his later life was elsewhere, Charles H. Col-

lins should be remembered as a brilliant poetic product of Clermont. After securing "the Bend," John Collins returned East to preach that his hearers should repent and go West. He then led an example by returning, in 1803, with Isaac Higbee, Cornelius McCollum and Edward Doughty, with their families, and three unmarried men, Joseph and Peter Frambes and Lucas Lake. Their clearing was not made in time to plant corn, but in 1804 they raised one hundred measured bushels to the measured acres, which was duly reported and so believed in and about Tuckerton and Little Egg Harbor, New Jersey, that an Exodus occurred there, and the numbers were found in Ohio, with a large count in Clermont. A curious proof of how Methodist people were sometimes locally contemned then is preserved in the claim that John Collins delivered the first regular sermon in 1804 yet heard from a Methodist preacher in Cincinnati. As soon as his cabins were raised, his invitation went abroad for the people to come there and hear the Gospel. In 1807 a log meeting house was built on a large lot, donated from his farm, which was called Collin's Chapel, and then took the name of "Bethel Church." After eleven years a superior frame house was built, and in the lapse of time the church and burying ground came to be known as "Old Bethel" in distinction from the town of Bethel, over four miles away.

For him who can read the language of their mute appeals a stroll among the frail memorials amid the tented turf of Old Bethel is full of reminiscent thought. But the recent granite or the mossy marbles will have less attention from a curious visitor than the lichened slabs of sand stone, some prone in the sod or leaning with the hill, and some upholding names not soon to be forgotten by those who honor worth. Some who walked close together in life now lie near in death. Among such were three couples who were closely associated in the church and social affairs of Old Bethel. One was David and Nancy Vaughan White, who came there in 1804. The second was John and Catherine Vaughan Jenkins, who came in 1805. The third couple was John and Sarah Simpson, who came in 1818, and, all unmindful of the lofty destiny of their grandson, Ulysses Simpson Grant, lived in a delightful fellowship to the end with those whose dust reposes with their own in an

almost common group. Amid that pure association, Hannah Simpson was trained in the quiet sincerity and gentle simplicity that were most lovable among the characteristics of her famous son.

Samuel Ely came in 1805 to the mouth of Clover nearby, where his house sheltered sixteen children; but Jonas Burnet, his neighbor, with nine children, did not come till seven years later. Jesse Justice, who joined with the Simpson farm on the north in 1806; but the lands to the southeast were taken still earlier by George Swing, whence a long line of teachers, divines and both State and National judges. In the same survey—Walters', No. 926, of 2,000 acres—lived John S. and Susan Sheldon Johnson, the parents of my house and classmate, William C. Johnson, a past commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, having retired as such in September, 1899, with the highest honor that can be attained by a soldier of the Union. While but a young lieutenant in the Union Army, his after success in civil life proved him a proper person to be the third born in Clermont to hold the title of commander-in-chief with Generals Grant and Corbin. There is an inspiration in the success of those "country boys of Clermont" that should be held in special view by the youth of the region made notable by their effort.

At the Ohio Wesleyan University in the Clermont student group of four beginning in 1860, of which I was the careless Gallio, the first to reach the goal of life was the noble Captain William H. Ulrey, mentioned on a previous page as a grandson of the pioneer, Jacob Ulrey, whose family worshiped at Old Bethel with the ancestors of commander-in-chief William C. Johnson, another of the four. Still another was James W. Swing, a descendant of the pioneer George Swing, who also worshiped there. After service in the Union Army, James W. Swing went to the Pacific coast, where his gifts of speech and song gained him much note in evangelic work. Another settler on the Walters' Survey was John Blair, whose family intermarried with David White's. The tract settled by Daniel Teegarden, in 1800, was occupied in 1813 by Captain Andrew Pinkham, from Nantucket, Massachusetts. Okey Vanosdol and Levi Tingley, both soldiers of the Revolution, formed a part of the congregation at "Old Bethel," although they lived

on Poplar. In fact, the people gathered there from miles around and included Methodist families from both Williamsburg and Bethel.

The influence of that little country church starting with the enthusiasm of Rev. John Collins is typical of what was happening at various places in the county, only, that the results have become better known through the shining success of the Grant-Simpson family. Others can be traced through much satisfaction. From that little congregation George P. Jenkins, a grandson of John Jenkins, the pioneer, entered the ministry and became a noted college president, and his son, Oliver, is a leading professor in the Stanford University, the wealthiest many times over of all the educational institutions of America. The example of the first to heed the persuasion of Collins was felt about Tuckerton, in New Jersey, for a generation, as is proved by the coming of the Petersons, the Johnsons, the Beebees, the Homans and other relatives and former neighbors, until lands farther west gained attention.

It is idle for those who would dispute concerning spiritual motives to decry the influence of the pulpit in promoting the early settlements. The theme of spiritual devotion runs all through the story of America from the discovery to the latest missionary appeal. Whether such zeal has conformed to the highest ideals or been soiled by paltry purpose, depends upon whether the questioning mind has been trained to doubt or belief. Without an opposing bias, the social instinct trusts in hope; and so the call of Faith to come to western wilds reached many willing ears. And when they had come to the promised land, a church was a rational, as well as a pious, source of satisfaction.

The first attempt at civilization in Ohio was the Moravian missionary effort on the Tuscarawas. The second was made at Marietta, by soldiers of the Revolution, who largely followed the Congregational methods of Massachusetts. The next at Columbia, which was the second all white attempt in the State, was made by an almost purely Baptist band. "Denhamstown," more religious than commercial in its nature, was a Baptist venture, and must be regarded as the introduction of Christianity into Clermont. The enterprise of Francis McCormick, James Sargent, Hatton Simmons, Philip Gatch, and

John Collins was wrapped and bound with Methodistic faith.

The organization of the Baptist church at Bethel, in 1799, was followed in the Witham Settlement by the formation, on September 2, 1802, of a society known as the Ten Mile Baptist church. The membership included many of the pioneers for miles around. The Rev. William Robb and Rev. Maurice Witham were the preachers and the families of Ridley, Bennett, John, Reeves, Prickett, Donham, Lindsey, Layock, Ferguson, Long, Gray, Gilman, McCord and Behymer—all of long continuance—furnished the members, of whom some were east of Twelve Mile, who in later times formed another society that eventually found a home in New Richmond, while the parent church became fixed in Amelia. While William Robb was promoting the Baptist faith, Alexander Robb having married Barbara Light came, in 1804, from near Pittsburgh, to live north of what was to be New Richmond. His son, James, married Catharine, a daughter of Christian and Catharine Teegarden Husong, who were settled on the East Fork in Batavia township about 1804. The third son among the six children of James and Catharine was Charles Robb, whose literary talent has won a note that deserves lasting memory. His life began January 5, 1826, and went the way of a country boy, through a common district school, until he was old and able enough to be a teacher, where he had been a pupil. He married early with a daughter of the neighboring pioneer Fergusons. Under chance, he was a farmer and, in love with nature, he followed the plough to the end of the furrow. Taught by his own effort he gained the reputation of an earnest and thorough school master. When but twenty-two years old he joined with the progressive spirit that organized the Clermont County Teacher's Institute, of which he was chosen the first secretary. When but thirty-one years old, he was nominated by the then young Republican party as State Senator from Brown and Clermont. Living on the border, he felt that duty called him to cross the river and set an example by enlisting with the First regiment of Kentucky Union volunteers, of which he was appointed commissary sergeant—a course that was patriotic, but not favorable to promotion. After over three years' service, he came back to his farm. Meanwhile, guided by inborn aspirations, he mastered

a fine, pure, graceful command of English expression, and became known as a pleasing speaker and a charming writer of elegant verse.

Long before the time of written speech, bards sang valorous hymns before the waiting battle lines, and lulled leisure with aesthetic song. Thus, as in other climes and ages, when the rude toil of the pioneers had filled their fields with plenty, the pipes of Pan began to please and the dawn of American poetry reached its fairest glow. But more recently, the "ornaments of wreath and rhyme" have had less notice amid "the madding crowd's ignoble strife" for place. Yet none of the time used their talent to better purpose than those who wrote the song that sweetened the life and strengthened the will of the Nation, when millions fought for the sentiment of a Union and Liberty that should be one and forever. The splendid fame achieved by the masters of American poetry during the middle decades of the Nineteenth century inspired their fellow citizens with a peculiar pride in what could be done at home. Outside of a closely associated group of Atlantic writers favored by an older culture, a more special training, and a far larger popular sympathy, no other part of the Nation gave finer proof of the poetic principle than the Land of the Blue Limestone and the Home of the Blue Grass. Without seeking farther cause than may be seen along the waving line of hill tops or in the vales flecked by shadows from sailing clouds, it is enough to remember that the land fostered the philanthropy of Thomas Morris and John Rankin; the piety of William B. Christie, William H. Raper, Randolph Sinks Foster and David Swing; the eloquence of Thomas L. Hamer and Robert Todd Lytle; the fadeless fame of Grant and the lofty rank of Corbin; the gentle worth of John M. Pattison; and the educational merit of John Hancock and Frank B. Dyer.

Among these, conspicuous among many whose endeavor has added luster to the Land of Old Clermont, Charles Robb appeared, not as a bard sublime,

"But as a humble poet  
Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
As showers from the clouds of summer  
Or tears from the eyelids start."

Because of the antique authors at hand, and few at that, of which Pope was read the most, his earlier work was too much encumbered by worn-out mythological illusions. But while in the army, absent from books, mingling with multitudes of men, and sharing in heroic actions, his thought gained a closer and natural touch with the life he wished to make a pleasant thing. He inherited what should have made his rural life independent. Like Burns he was quick to learn and wise to know, with a soul that soared fancy's flights, but he lacked in prudence, and much of his fortune went to pay the debts of misplaced confidence in luckless friends. After leaving the army, until his death, on September 20, 1872, seemingly little was written because of broken fortune and spirit. In 1910, after nearly forty forgetting years, his niece, Mrs. M. L. Robb Hutchinson, has most worthily satisfied her own affection and gratified many by collecting and republishing his works in a neat volume of two hundred and two pages, entitled "Robb's Poems."

With no more fitting place within the scope of this work, it is well to include other literary mention in this connection. In the literary development before the Civil War, a congenial company of people in Southern Brown and Clermont formed a most delightful literary society known as "The Poet's Union." The first president was Dr. Thomas W. Gordon, of Georgetown, where he lived from 1850 as a noted physician, author, lecturer, editor and scientist of National reputation. With him, Robb was secretary. The "Union" promised much influence. But men were soon called to struggle on the tented field for a much larger Union, and the ladies gave their energy to many local soldier's aid societies.

Ten years before Mary E. Fee attained much attention to her poems, published under the pen name of "Eulalie." In 1854 her choicer writings were published in a volume with the pretty name of "Buds, Blossoms, and Leaves." In the same year she was married to John Shannon, of New Richmond. Shortly after, they went to the then "new country," California, where she entered on a prosperous literary career that soon ended in failing health and death.

As Charles Robb retired, a young woman from his neighbor-



hood, Eliza Archard, entered a career of most pronounced success in newspaper work. After achieving National fame with the initials "E. A.," she was married, in 1869, to Dr. George Conner, of Cincinnati. As her reputation as a writer ripened, a prevailing desire to see and hear the gifted woman made her appearance on the platform as a brilliant lecturer on social topics one of the memorable literary events of every circle that secured her presence. In no place was the greeting more appreciated than among the people of her nativity.

While the rustic muse of Brown and Clermont was promoting sweeter thought and kinder manners through the benign influence of the Poet's Union, the line of Lytle was adorning civic achievement with the polish of letters. Robert Todd Lytle, the second son of Major General William Lytle, born in 1804 in the Lytle home at Williamsburg, and a frequent visitor there after becoming a resident of Cincinnati, was not exceeded in distinction by any man of his associated age. In 1828 he was a member of the State House of Representatives. In 1832 he was a member of Congress. He was a Major General of the Ohio Militia. He was made Surveyor-General of Public Lands by President Jackson, who also appointed him to a position akin to that of Comptroller General of the Currency. As a public man he was popularly called "Orator Bob," because of his graceful eloquence; and, in party strife, he was considered the match for Thomas Corwin. When twenty-one he was married to Miss Elizabeth Haines of New Jersey, whence their only son, born November 2, 1826, was named William Haines. In social life, General Robert Todd Lytle was honorable, high minded and sincere, spurning trickery as the meanest of faults. He was generous and self-sacrificing. In fact, he had all the virtues except being true to himself, when over-pressed by the all prevailing custom of his time. When every prospect was otherwise radiant, he was warned, because of failing health, to milder climes, and so died at New Orleans in his thirty-fifth year.

William Haines Lytle accomplished much that was worthy of his brilliant father and nobler grandfather, and also added features peculiar to himself. In the old Cincinnati College, of which his grandfather was a founder, he mastered the course as the youngest and first of his class. In his twenty-second

year he was captain of a company in the Mexican war. In 1852 and '53 he was a member of the State House of Representatives. In 1857 he was the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor. While defeated, his worth was handsomely appreciated by the successful Governor, Salmon P. Chase, who appointed him Major General of Ohio Militia, thus making him the third of the family to hold that high rank in Ohio. The young man, with an ample fortune to gratify a refined taste for simple elegance, had no desire for extravagant luxury or wasteful habits. Scorning all dishonorable association, he lived in sincerity as a quietly merry gentleman, enjoying a classic library with kindred minds, and loving life with rational pleasure. He practiced poetical composition for his own keen delight in obtaining the choicest expression possible for a pleasing thought. When finished, his poems were regarded with diffidence or as a personal affair in which strangers would not and need not be concerned. He did not write for publication. In "Lines to My Sisters," written in camp, and for them only, the motive of his composition truly appears:

"In vain for me the applause of men,  
The laurel won by sword or pen,  
But for the hope, so dear and sweet,  
To lay my trophies at your feet."

In this wise, to answer the promptings of a vastly sympathetic soul, he wrote his "Antony and Cleopatra," beyond all comparison the finest dirge in the English, or any other language. But for the earnest, almost forcible, intervention of his friend, William W. Fosdick, then "The Poet Laureate of the West," the manuscript would have been the only evidence of its authorship which has been strangely misrepresented as something done on the battlefield. But the fortunate publication of the poem in the Cincinnati Commercial, on Thursday, July 29, 1858, settles all such controversy, although the fact has been strangely ignored.

Three years later, William Haines Lytle, as a volunteer for the Union, was winning the proud name of "The Soldier Poet of America," without whom no history of Old Clermont can be written. For though not a resident of the county, his line

is woven into every page of its origin and his own. No adequate mention of his noble service and glorious death can be made within the limits of this work; and a justly curious reader must be referred to the Memoir by Professor Venable in the first edition of General Lytle's Poems, as published in 1894. Out of respect to the author's restraint, that was almost a foible, his poems have no commercial circulation. A limited edition vanished into the libraries of appreciating culture; and even critics of much repute are classing him among the "One Poem Poets." But no one blessed by the wand that gives a love for the beautiful can read the volume without admiration for the exquisite taste that pervades a score of

"Songs such as Grecian phalanx hymned  
When freedom's field was won,  
And Persia's glory with the light  
Faded at Marathon."

The departure of the youthful general from his home, glowing with happy memories and generous wealth, to dare the painful perils of many battles unto the supreme hour when his life paid the price for a brief delay that saved thousands in the dire defeat of Chickamauga, forms a story that none can study without wonder at the grandeur of his soul. If the noblest of chivalry and the purest of minstrelsy had wandered from the realms of romance to be mingled in a mortal design, no fitter type for the purpose could have been found than General William Haines Lytle.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-four also witnessed the collection, reprinting and publication of "Tracadie and Other Writings," by Charles James Harrison, an adopted son of Clermont, from New Brunswick. He soon gained such attention as a thorough select and public school teacher, at Boston, in Stonelick township that he was appointed one of the Board of School Examiners on June 7, 1870, and, on August 8, 1872, he was reappointed for a full term of three years. But in 1874 he was elected Auditor of the county, and, in 1876, he was re-elected, after which he returned to teaching until made to retire because of failing sight and hearing. While otherwise capable, he still lives at great age as the "Last Leaf," where

he can neither hear the voice nor see the tears of sympathy.  
But the metrical tale of Tracadie and other Poems remain

To prove "that in his prime  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,"

Scarcely a better man was found than the once witty Professor Charlie Harrison.

Having digressed from a consideration of the pulpit some pages back for a look at Literature, I will now return to churchly affairs. The settlers on Bullskin and Indian Creek, in a territory now including more than four townships, were first supplied with a Methodist meeting house that stood a mile or more southwest of the site of Felicity, that was called the Hopewell church. That house, made of logs in 1805, was was probably used while the roof lasted, for the Methodists went to a house built at Felicity twenty years later for all denominations—a method then practiced. An exact date has not been found for the building of the Indian Creek meeting house, that was not far from the Wood and Manning "Station," and that was called the Calvary Methodist church, but it was the next after "Hopewell."

While the Methodists and Baptists were possessing points of lasting advantage in the western and central parts, the moral forces of Presbyterianism were advancing on the eastern side of Old Clermont. The minutes of the Transylvania Presbytery of Kentucky mention a meeting held on April 1, 1798, at Cabin Creek, near Maysville, at which a settlement of people living on Eagle Creek, Straight Creek and Red Oak Creek, asked to be taken under the care of the Presbytery, and be known as the Congregation of Gilboa. Over this charge the first minister is said to have been the Rev. John Dunlavy, a brother of Judge Francis Dunlavy, the first presiding judge of the first judicial circuit of Ohio. He served several regular appointments in Kentucky during 1797, after which he came over into Ohio, where he preached more terror than consolation. One of the most remarkable features of the frontier were the great "revivals," which, in some degree, seem to advance as the Indian retreated. In considering that singular

phase of "Muscular Christianity," the devout will find a spiritual explanation, while the skeptical will offer something more material; but both will admit the fitness in the most remarkable of all such manifestations occurring at and about the Cross Creek district, west of Pittsburgh, whence went the fiends that made the horrible massacre at Gnadenhutten. For no other place in America had greater need of an awful repentance than Cross Creek. From that first large "Experience" of the kind in the Ohio valley, the strange custom, for it quickly grew common, spread southward to the upper Valley of the Cumberland, and then northward into Kentucky and across the Ohio. Wherever announced, the crowds gathered beyond the capacity of any building; and so the meetings were held in the open air. In expectation of great things, the people came from far and prepared to stay long, which caused the gatherings to be called "Camp Meetings." Once begun, the plan was continued after the necessity had passed, and till after it had ceased to be regarded as a means of grace. When in full swing, under the sway of a popular preacher, the scenes at those meetings have little place or practice in the present pale of belief. The multitudes present, and the distance from which they came, have no parallel in the churches now. Under the spell of "conviction," the audience often fell prostrate upon the ground, where many passed into trances that lasted for hours. Others, amounting to hundreds at a time, went into convulsions, called "the jerks." The writings of the preachers show that the name of "jerks" was in frequent and solemn use intended to portray an intense form of piety. Others jumped, rolled or danced with a strength that spurned control. Some sang, shouted or yelled and even barked like dogs. Many received nicknames expressing the peculiar nature of their religious enthusiasm, such as "roller," "jumper," or "shaker."

John Dunlavy was a master of the art of exciting that kind of repentance. He was the regular pastor of the Eagle Creek Presbyterian church, and, as such, he held the first full camp meeting in Ohio, beginning Friday, June 5, 1801, and lasting four days. He is mentioned in the History of the Presbyterian Church in Kentucky, as "One of the most gloomy, reserved and saturnine men that ever lived. His soul seemed to be in harmony with not one lively or social feeling. There was no

pleasure in his company." Yet he obtained such influence with honest, well-meaning, conscientious men, that when he became an acknowledged "Shaker" in 1804, and a leader in that ill-fated movement, over twenty families from Eagle Creek and Red Oak followed him to an almost utter extinction. Among these was the earliest of the pioneers of Brown, Belteshazzer Dragoo and his numerous family, except that the sons of age refused to go, and one of the minors refused to stay among the Shakers.

There was much unrest among numerous Presbyterians who stopped short of Dunlavy's example. Among these, most of the Eagle Creek congregation became "New Lights," who finally chose the name of "Christian church," which is elsewhere sketched in this work. The remnant of the Red Oak church refusing to follow the zealot, Dunlavy, retained the distinction of being the oldest church society in what is Brown county. In 1805 the Rev. James Gilliland became the pastor and filled that relation nearly fifty years, during which he maintained a much noted "Latin School," that gave a larger chance for many early students in the county. The Presbyterian settlers between White Oak and Indian Creek were so encouraged by occasional services at their homes, that a congregation, with the name of Smyrna, built a log church house in 1808, about one mile east of Felicity. Rev. Robert B. Dobbins served as pastor and also preached to a small congregation at Williamsburg. The Baptists appear to have organized on Upper Straight Creek in the early days of the State, but no exact date has been found. They also made an attempt on the Adams county side as early as 1806, near the site of Aberdeen. Otherwise than noted, the religious services were held at the homes most convenient for the people and the purpose until later than the war of 1812. Even in Bethel, with dedicated ground from the start, the first subscription for a meeting house was not made until 1816. In Williamsburg the only other town, preaching was made in the taverns, in the log court house or in the school house until 1810, when the new stone court house was available for large occasions.

No inquiry about the past has been more fruitless than a search for the earliest schools. An attempt to gain such information nearly a generation ago, while some of the pioneer pu-

pils could yet be seen, had no general and but little local results. A comprehension of the loneliness that did not afford a pupil of school age to the square mile was a form of comparison slowly obtained. Yet the school enumeration, if one had been made when the State was formed, would have been less. The immigration of children was light and schools were not until the need was increased by the native born. Before that a few were taught at home, or waited without. Effort has failed to find a date or place for the first school in the largest settlement that therefore had the densest population. An upper story or loft of the old log court house was reached by an outside stairway, where tradition tells, or told, that some one kept a "quarter" now and then. In or before 1804, a log building about forty feet square, was built on ground now occupied by the Masonic Hall, on Lot No. 40. The door opened on Main street some fifty feet east of Second street, opposite to a huge fire place, in front of which, the benches were arranged so that the oldest sat next to the walls. That room was the best of its kind until a better came fifteen years later. No account remains of the beginning of the schools at Bethel. Ten years had passed before the little round log school houses began to lift a curling smoke from lonesome points along the muddy roads. The early teachers were mostly non-resident and "boarded round" with their patrons, for all the schools were supported by subscription and the "teacher's keep was part of the pay. The course of study was restricted to the famous fundamental branches known as the "Three R's."

The first physician on the east side of the old county was Dr. Alexander Campbell, near Ripley, whose practice was in Adams and early Clermont, where he came in 1804, after serving a term in the Kentucky Legislature. In 1807, he was elected to the Ohio Legislature from Adams county, and in 1808 and in 1809 he was Speaker of the House. While Speaker he was elected to the United States Senate, in which he served four years. After the formation of Brown county, he was State Senator in 1822 and in 1823. In 1832 he was elected a State Representative for Brown county. In 1820 he was a Presidential elector for Monroe, and in 1836 for Harrison. He was a candidate for Governor in 1826. Through all this polit-

ical action, he was sternly opposed to slavery. His death in Ripley in 1857 closed the career of one of the most notable of the early physicians.

The same year, 1804, brought Dr. Levi Rogers to Williamsburg to act as the first physician in central Clermont. He was Sheriff of Clermont in 1805-6-7 and 8. In 1810 he moved to Bethel and in 1811 he was elected a State Senator. In the War of 1812 he served as Surgeon of the Nineteenth infantry. He was also a lawyer and served in 1809 as Prosecuting Attorney. Beside all his political and legal activity he was a preacher of much note. This brilliant man died in 1815 in his forty-seventh year. But he left a son, Dr. John G. Rogers, who married Julia, a daughter of Senator Thomas Morris, whose bridesmaid was Hannah Simpson, afterwards mother of General Grant. When those who wrote about the "lowly origin of Grant" were busy, they should have mentioned his mother's girlhood friends. Something more than eighteen months later, the medical bridegroom, then lacking but two days of twenty-five years, was the physician at the birth of General Grant; and on the same date was in attendance when the mother of General Corbin was born. On the west side Surgeon General Richard Allison, the first settler at the mouth of Stonelick, as previously stated, lived there parts of several years, and answered calls for his art. In March, 1815, he laid out the elegant plans on his estate, for the town called "Allisonia," of which he had high hopes; but his death, March 22, 1816, stopped the projects. His wife, Rebecca, a daughter of General David Strong, of the Revolution, after three years of widowhood, married the noted Methodist minister, Samuel West, the ancestor of Major S. R. S. West, and his son, Colonel Samuel A. West. The only daughter of Rebecca Strong West, also named Rebecca, married John Kugler, a capitalist of western Clermont. These three, Campbell, Rogers and Allison, were the only regular physicians in the region before the War of 1812. Another three, in as small a compass of space, time and population, with as large a percentage of success, will be hard to find. Yet, from their much varied employment and absence, one can but wonder whether their patients fared best with much faith and few drugs, or with few calls and strong doses.



The time for the specialists had not come. The helpful spirit worked on broad plans. The cure of bodily ills and the care of spiritual trouble were equally assured by some who delighted in prayer and advised physic. The confidence in bitters and barks, in liniments and blisters, in teas and sirups, in herbs and spices, in poultices and plasters, and in many unlovely combinations, was mixed with pious zeal, if not blessed with benediction. As for the science of healing as practiced by college taught men, the first generation of the pioneers was largely born in ignorance, lived without advice and died unvexed. In comparison between the relative merit or mistakes of either nature or art there was much skeptical opinion, of which traces are still visible.

The first merchants were traveling traders and then peddlers, who also gathered the gossip and spread the news with an art that made them welcome to the cheer of the lonely cabins. Their mode of life had perils as well as pleasures, for when one ceased to come, tales were told of dark deeds and tragic fates that had happened somewhere and might happen again where the secret hills were high or the hiding waters were deep. One of these peddlers, James Burleigh by name, having grown too fat for the road, retired in or about 1800 to a cabin in Williamsburg, on Lot 270, on the north side of Main street, between Fourth street and Mulberry Alley, where, nearly midway from that alley, he kept the first store between Newtown and Chillicothe and probably a hundred miles east of Dayton. In a Centennial address on July 4, 1876, to an acre full of people, which, strange to say, is the oldest surviving story of the old county seat, I wrote from what had been witnessed by some then living. To nobody's greater surprise than my own, that address was requested for publication and has been reprinted and quoted almost beyond recognition. Only a carping critic will object to the statement in this relation, that the conversation and correspondence following that address, is the origin of the long and persistent attention to early days in Old Clermont that is embodied in and forms the design of this work. No sufficient reason appears for changing the lines about that store written nearly thirty-seven years ago.

"James Burleigh was so grossly fat that the saying still

heard went common then—‘as big as Burleigh.’ He gave his name to the place where he lived, and to this day it is called the ‘Burleigh Lot,’ though few know the reason, and the young suppose it to come from the burrs to be gathered there. His manner of business would now be unique. Upon a table, or under it, his stock was arranged in reference to the demands of trade—the last article called for being at the top, the rest according to fate.”

Still later, a store was kept by Isaac Lines, across Broadway from the new stone court house. In 1812 the northeast corner at Main and Fourth streets was fitted with a house, of which the frame still stands, in which William Waters and Benjamin Ellis conducted a store in earnest. Waters, from New Jersey, was a relation, probably a younger brother of Josephus Waters, the pioneer at Levanna. Ellis became a noted merchant in Cincinnati, and his son, Washington Ellis, born and schooled in Williamsburg, acquired vast wealth in New York City. He had the confidence of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, when he was Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln’s cabinet. In this wise Washington Ellis suggested and helped Chase to plan the National banking system, without which Grant and his soldiers might have failed to save the Union. As a consequence, Ellis has the distinction of organizing and operating the first of all our National banks. And thus another son of Old Clermont climbed to the pinnacle heading his path.

A liberal student of that time is more willing to believe than to doubt that goods were brought to stated points for trade during the years before the people began to cluster for hamlet and village convenience. The absence of mercantile conditions among the thousands living in a stretch of sixty miles, between the extremes is incredible; but such incidents were so infrequent, so unstable or so unsuccessful that no sufficient account has been preserved and no certain statement can be made. Apparently the staples of food and clothing were produced in each of the lonely homes. And the little they knew or sought from abroad was brought by the ever-welcome talkative traveling traders, of whom none knows a name.

No single condition is more significant of the loneliness of

the pioneers than the paucity of postal affairs. One reason urged before Congress to secure Zane's Trace was a quicker post road to Kentucky. Over this Trace the first mail in Ohio was carried in 1798, and in May, 1799, a post office was established in Chillicothe, through which mail was carried to Maysville, across the southeastern corner of what was to be Brown county, and thence to Cincinnati, but no mail stopped between those places. On October 24, 1799, General Rufus Putnam wrote to Thomas Worthington at Chillicothe for information about "the practicability of a mail being carried through there to Cincinnati, on account of roads, waters, means of subsistence and distance between stages"; all of which was to enable General Putnam to point out to the Post Master General how the service could be improved "without additional expense"—that was, how the mail could go more directly to Cincinnati than by Maysville. That project, hindered by lack of subsistence between Chillicothe and Williamsburg, only became possible when a cabin was built on the site of Newmarket. Then on October 5, 1802, a commission was made out constituting William Lytle, "Deputy Post Master for Clermont County." There was a tradition that the mail was kept in John Lytle's house on the hillside facing the southern end of Front street. But a bill, still preserved, presented by John Charles in August, 1803, has this item: "Building closet and making alphabet case for Post Office, \$8.00." That closet and case, as one piece of work, is still in place at "Harmony Hill." On July 8, 1806, Lytle resigned the office in favor of his brother-in-law, Samuel W. Davies; but on Davies' removal soon after, Nicholas Sinks was appointed and the mail was handled at the Morris tavern, until taken by Benjamin Ellis to his store at the corner of Fourth and Main streets. That post office "for Clermont county, at Williamsburg," served all the people in the old county until post offices were instituted at Ripley, New Richmond and Bethel in 1815-16. Batavia was made a post office in 1818; Neville and New Richmond in 1819; Georgetown in 1822; Felicity and Goshen in 1823; Withamsville, Higginsport and Perin's Mills in 1830 and Owensville in 1833.

The pulpit, the bar, the medicine case, the teacher's desk, the counter, all came before the editor's table. The postal

charge of twenty-five cents for a light letter and other packets in proportion, limited everything by mail. Lytle's account show that while living in Williamsburg, before 1810, he was a subscriber to the Scioto Gazette, United States Gazette, National Intelligencer, and the Cincinnati Liberty Hall. In 1809 he added the Western Spy and Duane's Philadelphia Aurora. But nothing was printed in Old Clermont until Friday, January 15, 1812, when Thomas S. Foote and Andrew Tweed published the first number of The Political Censor, for which the type had been set by Charles D. McNanaman, in a house on Lot No. 40, and between the big log school house and Jessamine alley. The size of the sheet was nine and one-half by fifteen and one-half inches. From all that can be learned that little paper, like all its successors for forty years to come, would now be remarkable for what it did not contain. Whoever searches a file of very old newspapers for local happenings is most likely to be disappointed unless he has learned to expect nothing. The fashion of the old printers was to exclude every local item or name that did not pay the price. The state of Europe was spread for attention, but local names only appeared in advertisements. Except as a relic there was no especial historic loss when "The Censor" ceased, after living about a year. The second newspaper was printed by David Morris and George Ely in a house still standing on Main street, exactly opposite Burleigh's store, heretofore mentioned. The first number of this second paper, named The Western American, appeared Saturday, August 5, 1814. The size of the sheet was twelve by nineteen inches, folded into four pages with four columns to the page. On July 4, 1818, the first number of the Clermont Sentinel was published by Printer-Editor C. D. McNanaman. How long it lived is not known, but in 1820, William A. Cameron started the Farmer's Friend, which probably lived more numbers than any of the other three.

After these four papers, the first paper in Brown county was published in June, 1820, at Levanna, by General James Loudon, William Butt and Daniel Ammen, with the expressive name of The Benefactor. Perhaps no paper of its class had a more distinguished management, and yet few had more trouble. After struggling into the second year The Benefactor

was taken to Georgetown, where from May 16, 1822, till January, 1824, it was partly owned and managed by United States Senator Thomas Morris. After that General Thomas L. Hamer became the editor and Jesse R. Grant a contributor. The first paper printed in Batavia was published May 24, 1824, and named The Western Patriot.

The Political Censor was sold by Foote and Tweed to James Finley, who moved the publication to West Union, where Adams county received the benefits until 1824. Thus for eight and one-half years from the first number in all the big county, no newspaper was printed outside of Williamsburg. One reason for the sale and early removal of The Political Censor may have been its fierce opposition to the war of 1812. And, admitting the truth of the description of the time as herein presented, the most martially inclined must agree that the people of Old Clermont had little use for war.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE ERA OF THE WAR OF 1812.

The Conditions of That Era—Roads—Population—Cities—Effect of Napoleonic Wars—No Leisure Class Then—Renewal of the Long Conflict for Ohio. The Declaration Before the Preparation for War—Clermont's Answer to the First Call—Jacob Huber—Hull's Surrender—Colonel Mills Stephenson—Fort Stephenson—Perry's Victory and Captain Stephen Smith—Officers from Old Clermont—Deplorable Loss of the Muster Rolls—List of Revolutionary Soldiers in Clermont and Brown—Captain Jacob Boerstler's Company—Captain Robert Haines Company—General William Lytle in the War of '12—His Service in Promoting Old Clermont Reviewed and Censure Refuted—Ohio in the War of '12—The Migration from the Sea Board to Old Clermont after the War of '12—Captain Matthew Pease at the Execution of Louis XVI.

After reviewing the civic and social affairs of the people living between the Little Miami and Eagle Creek a hundred years ago, cultured sympathy should seek a wider view of the conditions that disturbed their peaceful purpose. For, without some consideration of these conditions, readers accustomed to think of Ohio as one of the foremost States, and in some respects, the leader, will expect to be delighted with accounts of more than she was able to perform in the second war for independence. Instead of being the center of population, wealth and influence, and having most of the great railroads across the continent tributary to her trade, Ohio, then, was the frontier State, for Indiana was not admitted till 1816, and all to the west was a wilderness. There was not a mile of solid road and scarcely a bridge forty feet long in all that is north of the Ohio. Adding a fair percentage of increase to the census report of 1810, the population was about three hundred thousand souls of both sexes, both old and young; and the total aggregate of the State's revenues about

one hundred thousand dollars. By far the larger part of all that population was along or close to the Ohio river. The fighting power, man to man, was relatively much less then than now, for the scene of conflict was along the Great Lakes. The march of an army across the State, with a wagon train for food and ammunition, and for cannon trucks for which roads had to be cut through the woods, for which swamps had to be made solid with corduroy, and for which ferries had to be provided, was a toilsome task for months. Now twenty railroads, managed under military necessity, each in a single night can whirl a thousand men from the river to the lake and have them in line for breakfast. Of the present list of eighty-eight counties but thirty-six were formed then, and of those, three included all of the territory bordering on Lake Erie and extending southward over several tiers of counties, as now organized. That region now containing Cleveland, Sandusky and a score of lesser cities then numbered a population of about thirteen thousand, only a little more than Old Clermont held at that date. Cincinnati, then holding the paramount position in the Ohio valley, numbered nearly three thousand. The second place that has redeemed its promise to fill the full measure of a city was Dayton, then numbering less than five hundred people. The reason of this slow growth of central and northern Ohio must be sought afar in the Napoleonic wars that made Europe a battlefield and the ocean a graveyard for ships, so that enlistment in the armies was safer than emigration to America. As the receipts of foreign population ceased, the enterprise of the seaboard states languished and the flow of people to the West dwindled, and those who came taking the course of least resistance, scattered along the Ohio rather than take a rougher road to the interior. In the midst of those conditions of unrest provoked by foreign strife, the young nation entered upon the war of 1812 with much disapproval from the peace at any price people.

The sparse population on the frontier was founding homes. Everything was second to the imperious necessity of raising a cabin, clearing a patch and planting a crop. Of the leisure class there was none. Wheelwrights, plowmakers, wool carders, broom-makers, millers, blacksmiths, tailors and shoemakers constituted the range of special callings, and each of those,

when he ceased to be a journeyman, had his clearing, without which no one could claim respectable consideration. Statesmen and preachers were farmers, alike proud of broad acres and long boundaries. Upon such a people the war fell with heavy discomfort. There was no violent interest in the outrages on the distant and almost forgotten ocean. But the Indian outbreaks surely traced to the aggressive and ever hostile spirit of the British toward both the mouth and the source of the Mississippi, roused their vengeance against the threatened and renewed peril in the Northwest, and excited their gravest apprehension for the control of their trade "down the river," which was their sole outlet to the world. A large per cent. of the people had personal memories of the atrocities flowing from Detroit but a few years before, and the belief was common that the aggravating depredations on the Wabash were the result of British intrigue. It was known by all that Tecumseh, the greatest of Indian chiefs, and his brother, the celebrated "Prophet," had lived until 1808 at Greenville, only a two days' heavy march from Williamsburg, after which all their energy had been given to the hostility that went to defeat on November 7, 1911, at Tippecanoe, where William Henry Harrison started on a straight path to the White House. The old "Border Men" knew that the conflict was only a renewal of the struggle for the Ohio that began under Washington sixty years before. At the call to arms there was no faltering among the pioneers of Ohio. But the strife came at a time that did not test the nerve of those born on her soil. There were probably not fifty boys, at that time, born in Ohio, who had reached the age of fourteen years. Therefore, it is not well to boast of the deeds done by the "Sons of Ohio" in the War of '12. Such credit belongs to the States whence the pioneers came. But we can be justly proud of the spirit of the "Fathers of Ohio," who were true to the best traditions of their blood and proved themselves worthy sires of their noblest posterity.

The war was declared June 19, 1812. According to American custom, the declaration came before the preparation, and, as often happens, the onset occurred where little was expected. As seen in history, there were three lines of conflict. The first, and, because of England's great navy, the most exposed, was



the Atlantic coast; the next was the Canadian border; the third and most remote was the mouth of the Mississippi. Which of these was the most important is a fruitless question. The loss of any part would have been a mortal hurt to our Nation. By position, Ohio was most concerned for the Northwest, of which the State was the first born. There were to occur that first most shameful and finally the most brilliant events of the conflict. England's easily seen purpose was to hold the Great Lakes and all the vast tributary basin of the St. Lawrence river. For this scheme Detroit was the indispensable key. For the defense of this position, President Madison called on Ohio for twelve hundred men for six months, who were mustered in at Dayton on April 24, 1812, and started north at once. Then, with the declaration of war on June 19, the President called for fifty thousand, but as they gathered, the army and all the nation except the navy seemed to stand and wait for what would happen at Detroit. The northwestern corner of Ohio, or what is now called the Toledo district, thus became the field of the war, in which the burden of backing up the regulars under General Hull fell upon Ohio and Kentucky. What happened came quick and heavy. On July 16, just one day short of four weeks from the declaration of war, Hull basely surrendered his army and the forts at Detroit. For that cowardice or treason, or both, he was tried and condemned to death, but his execution was not ordered by the President.

Among those answering the "first call" and mustered in at Dayton was the Williamsburg Company of Riflemen, officers and men, fifty-seven strong, who fortunately did not arrive in time to be included in the awful tragedy of the surrender. But they were met and driven back by an overwhelming force of the victorious British and Indians, at the disaster of Brownstown, where they learned that the dreaded Tecumseh was not a myth. For, they lost Captain Jacob Boerstler, Abner Arthur, Watson Stephens, William Wardlow, Daniel Campbell and Daniel McCollum. Mention is made of Captain Boerstler's death on a page with an account of Thomas Foster's heroism in carrying his captain from the field. Captain Boerstler was a brother of Anna Maria, the wife of Jacob Huber, who came in 1806 from a part of Pennsylvania near to Antietam battle-

ground. I have noted with curiosity that the famous historical romance of Katy Catoctin is laid in that celebrated locality, and uses the very rare name of Boerstler with the same pronunciation that was brought to Clermont in the long ago. I have also heard that a substantial family there resented the use of their name in the fiction. Jacob Huber came to buy the pioneer mill of Lytle, which is still standing as a fine example of old-fashioned solid frame work. One of Huber's daughters, Caroline, married Judge Owen T. Fishback and thus became a mother of the notable judicial family of United States Judge Philip B. Swing. Another daughter, Harriet, married Major S. R. S. West, elsewhere mentioned in this work. Captain Boerstler married Sallie Robbins and lived in a house on Main street, on the eastern end of Lot 269, which for sixty years was the home of John Park. The light still gleams through the window to which she came from a bed of sickness to look upon her husband "marching away so brave and grand," while she wept for the never-to-return—the first of many soldier's widows in Old Clermont. While bearing the name of Williamsburg the company represented families scattered from White Oak to Stonelick.

Between Arnold's treason and the fall of Sumter no other event caused such consternation to the people of America as Hull's surrender. Before the slowly carried news of that day could be answered the season was gone. Yet, a winter campaign was undertaken, which met a terrible defeat, on January 22, 1813, just a few miles beyond the Ohio line on the river Raisin in the Territory of Michigan, where Kentuckians and some from Ohio suffered the most terrible massacre in their history. When the tidings went back and forth, it was known that Ohio had offered fifteen thousand troops and that Kentucky was ready to go in a body. Then arms and supplies became the problem, for it was impossible to equip one-fourth of the volunteers. Two armies had been wiped out. Then the soldiers clamored for General Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. With the broken battalions still left, and while awaiting the long weary march of the re-enforcements, he built Fort Meigs, on the Maumee, just above the present town of Perrysburg. At the same time another fort was built about thirty miles to the east, where it now stands restored to per-

fect condition in the center of the city of Fremont. The purpose was to hinder the British, who commanded the Lake, from ascending the Sandusky and thus be able to strike the reinforcing columns on the flank, the strategic importance of the position was vital to the Americans. The construction was entrusted to Colonel Mills Stephenson, the pioneer of Eagle Creek, and so was named for him. The fine restoration ennobled by the memory of Croghan's brilliant victory, on August 2, 1813, and adorned with a splendid soldiers' monument and a beautiful library building is in all respects a most remarkable memorial of one whose name confers honor upon the story of the old county of which he was a part. The attack on Fort Stephenson occurred as a part of the campaign against General Harrison's Army that has come to be called "The Siege of Fort Meigs." For the relief of Fort Meigs a call was made for a mounted force to move forward with all speed. That call was answered by a company of forty-nine mounted volunteers, of whom Captain Robert Haines was the commander. That company recruited from Southern Clermont and was mustered in July 27, and were discharged August 13, when the need for which they were called had passed. After their defeat at Fort Stephenson, the British retreated towards Detroit, to await the result of the impending naval battle for the control of Lake Erie. After Perry's victory, on September 10, 1813, the British army having no support by water, retreated into Canada closely followed by Harrison's re-enforced army. Among those re-enforcements was another company from Clermont, commanded by Captain Stephen Smith. After Perry's victory Captain Smith's company was ordered to march the prisoners under guard to Newport Barracks, at the mouth of the Licking. In that exacting march, because of the sickness of the officers of higher rank, the command fell to Sergeant William H. Raper, then just twenty years old; yet, in spite of a serious mutiny among the prisoners, they were safely brought according to orders. Two of his brothers, Sergeant Holly and Corporal Samuel were in Captain Boerstler's company and so was the old British soldier of the Revolution, John Naylor, which forever answered any criticism of their British service. Daniel Kain, the eldest brother of Captain Thomas Kain, went with

his neighbors as major of the battalion to which they belonged. Both of them were subsequently honored with the rank of colonel in the militia establishment, but Daniel preferred the title borne in the war, and was therefore always designated as "The Major." Henry Zumatt, pioneer in the New Hope section, because of much training in the Indian wars and fine soldierly quality, was commissioned as a colonel and served in the Fourth Ohio brigade until his death, in 1814, at the age of forty-three, was greatly lamented. Captain William McMains, of Miami township, with Lieutenant William Glancy, of Stonelick township, recruited a company that represented that portion of the county, but no account of their service was put on record. Captain John Shaw, with Lieutenant Elijah Nichols, and Ensign Hugh Ferguson, went with a fine company from the riverside that started out too late to overtake an enemy. Captain Abraham Shepherd, on the edge of Adams county, raised a company that probably marched north by the Scioto to General Harrison's headquarters at Franklinton, by the mouth of the Olentangy. A personal appeal to the office of the adjutant-general of the State obtained explicit confirmation of the deplorable statements of former historians that Ohio has, properly speaking, no record of her soldiers in the second war for independence. No adequate expression of contempt for the neglect that wrought this condition is appropriate for this page. The suggestion that the record was suppressed in order to lessen the responsibility for bounty or pension claims is simply infamous.

In fact, there is more satisfactory information obtainable about a greater number of people in Old Clermont who served in the first war for independence than can be easily found about those who were in the second war. While regretting the oblivion that should have been avoided, candor suggests that no chance should be omitted that will help to perpetuate the little still known about our patriot sires. Amid their life of unutterable seclusion, the innate ideality that belongs alike to the untutored child and the lettered sage found expression in forms that made the pioneers intensely patriotic, or deeply religious and generally both. A reader, intent upon amusement, may tire of frequent allusion to their Revolutionary recollections or pious aspirations. Both those happy in reviewing and

revering the memory of thrice honorable forefathers should be pleased with the results of much inquiry that has taken many days of my life, and which should be treasured by many of their descendants. The results of that inquiry were condensed for the pages of Mitchell and Thirey's work on Clermont, published in 1902. After ten years little or no change has been found. No claim was made then or now for absolute accuracy in giving or omitting names obtained from various sources. That more can be added by others is probable, and that a search for the official record of a few will be disappointing is also probable; for the Revolutionary archives have suffered some devastation. Acknowledgment was then made to the late Royal J. Bancroft for aid, found in his "Sketches of Revolutionary Service," published in The Clermont Sun during May, June, and July, 1901, in which he mentioned one hundred and twelve Clermont families having Revolutionary antecedents. A division is made between modern Brown and Clermont and some from Adams county may be found in this

### LIST OF REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

#### In Clermont County.

John Aldridge	Benajah Hill
Lieut. Joseph Alexander	John Hulick
Adam Bricker	James Johnson
David Brannen	Ignatius Knott
Ramoth Bunting	Barton Lowe
Lawrence Byrn	Robert Leeds
James Carter	Hezekiah Lindsey
Andrew Chalmers	Mordecai Love
James Chambers	Absalom Smith
Edward Coen	John Smith
Lieut. William Cowen	Obadiah Smith
Benjamin Davis	Serg. John Stewart
Jeremiah Day	Philip Stoner
John Denine	Jesse Swem
Robert Dickey	Richard Taliafero
Robert English	John Thomas
Christopher Hartman	Okey Vanosdol

Samuel Walburn	Dory Malott
Nehemiah Ward	John Malott
Serg. Samuel Webster	Thomas Manning
John Wheeler	John Miles
Solomon Whidden	John Mitchell
Samuel Wilson	Lieut. Hugh Molloy
Maj. Joseph Shaylor	James Murphy
Stephen Fennell	Neal Murry
James Arthur	John Nelson
Peter Harden	William Owen
Andrew Apple	Christian Plackard
Gov. Othniel Looker	Eli Porter
Rev. Francis McCormick	Josiah Prickett
Col. Thomas Paxton	William Reddick
Andrew McGrew	Nathaniel Reeves
Maj. William Riggs	Joshua Richardson
Enoch Buckingham	Gideon Riggs
Jacob Stroup	Reuben Rose
Daniel Morgan	Elijah Sargent
David Mock	Elnathan Sherwin
Adam Hoy	Ephraim Simpkins
John Logston	William Slye
Edward Salt	Capt. John Ramsey
John Day	William Fitzwater
John Conrey	Nathaniel Barber
Joseph Utter	John Conrad
James Sargent	William McKnight
John Sargent	Adam Snider
Reece Carter	John Niles
Bugler William Sloan	William L. Jones
Jacob Slye	William Malott
George Hunter	Daniel Durham
William Harris	Thomas Davis
Judge James Clarke	Jacob Fox
Rev. John Corbly	William Huling
Zebulon Applegate	John Dennis
James Shaw	David Colglazer
Ensign Cornelius McCollum	Nathan Nichols
James McKay	Jacob Ulrey
John McKnight	Levi Tingley

Jesse Justice	Gen. Presley Neville
Robert Wells	Alexander Buchanan
Mordecai Winters	Thomas Jones
Col. Isaac Ferguson	John Trees
Nathaniel Donham	Benjamin Penn
Capt. James John	John Hare
Daniel Roudebush	Samuel Harlow
Lewis Frybarger	Hughey Dickey
James Kain	Edward Morin
Surg.-Gen. Richard Allison	John Light
Jesse Glancy	Jacob Light
Lemuel Perin	Daniel Light
Captain Richard Hall	Charles Waits
Captain Dennis Smith	John Payne

and ——— Elstum, grandparent of Pioneer Moses Elstum, were both killed in the Revolution. Colonel John Cooley, of the Third New York, was the father of Mary Cooley, wife of Zebina Williams. Abraham Clark, of New Jersey, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His grandchildren include the Clarks of Williamsburg.

#### In Brown County Part.

Jesse Bales	Samuel Ellis
Sergt. Barr	Lieut. James Erwin
Benjamin Beasley	Valentine Fritts
John Blair	Benjamin Gardner
James Bonwell	Joseph Gould
James Cahill	Patrick Grogan
John Clark	John Gunsauld
Ensign John Cooper	Sergt. Richard Harden
Thomas Cotterill	Thomas Hetherly
Michael Cowley	Archibald Hopkins
William Crosby	Richard Spyers
Thomas Cunningham	Robert Stephenson
Ensign Joshua Davidson	Benjamin Sutton
William Dixon	John Thompson
John Dye	James Waits
Gabriel Eakins	Benjamin Wells

William White	Drummer Samuel Pickerill
Nicholas Wood	Joseph Potter
Thomas Wood	William Rains
Fogus McClain	Lawrence Rainey
Nicholas Devore	Thomas Rattan
Samuel Jones	William Reeves
John Laney	Joab Reid
Job Lecroy	James Rice
Benjamin Leeton	James Rounds
Patrick Lemrick	Lemuel Rounds
James Leonard	Joseph Liming
Alexander McCoy	Capt. Daniel Feagins
Valentine McDaniel	Richard Rollison
Walter McDaniel	Jacob Metzger
Charles McManis	Charles Canary
George Marshall	Christian Shinkle
Jacob Middleswart	Christopher Barr
Elijah Moore	Samuel Adkins
Daniel Morford	Moses Leonard
William Newberry	Col. Robert Higgins
John Parke	

Any one attempting to compile a similar list of the War of 1812 will be much helped by the following privately preserved and published roll of the companies commanded by Captain Jacob Boerstler, in 1812, and by Captain Robert Haines in 1813.

Captain Jacob Boerstler, killed at Brownstown, Lieutenant Thomas Kain, promoted to captain, August 13; Ensign Thomas Foster, promoted to lieutenant, August 13; Sergeants Daniel Campbell, Edward Brown, Holly Raper, John Conrey; Corporals, Samuel Raper, John Hankins, Jasper Shotwell (promoted ensign, August 13), Cornelius Treble; Musicians Augustine Munson, Oliver Hays.

Isaac Colthar	John Feight
James Denham	Peter Smith
Daniel McCollum	John W. Feight
Hugh Wardlow	James McCann
James Colthar	George McMillen



William Compton	Jonathan Little
Thomas Williams	Joseph Wood
Richard Dennis	William Davis
Hiram Harris	Simon Kenton
John Davis	William Wardlow (killed)
William Digley	Peter Waits
George Neff	Lewis Davis
James Chambers	George Hunt
Daniel Gould	Charles Waits
John Oakman	John Buchanan
John Frazee	Joseph Brunk
John Reed	Reuben Waits
Michael Ellsberry	John Naylor
Jonas Tolliver	Richard Smallwood
Abner Arthur (killed)	Archibald Gibson
Watson Stephens (killed)	John Losh
Samuel Malott	Joseph Martin
John D. Walker	

Captain Robert Haines, Mounted Volunteers; Captain Robert Haines; Lieutenant Hugh Ferguson; Ensign Jonathan Donham; Sergeants James Robb, Hezekiah Lindsey, Isaac Ferguson, James Arthur; Corporals Thomas Littleton, Nathan Sutton, William Donham, Thomas Welch.

John Whitaker	Philip Nichols
Daniel Snider	John Behymer
Aquilla McCord	Levi Behymer
Nicholas Pritchett	Martin Behymer
Peter Bolander	Jacob Kinsey
John Mattox	James Fitzpatrick
Elijah Malott	Henry Cuppy
Daniel Apple	Francis Ferguson
George Lewis	John Morin
Reuben Lord	Edward Chapman
Samuel Long	Robert Chapman
Hamilton Miller	Edward Roberts
David Rardin	Josiah Bettle
William Nichols	John Dillman

Michael Lane  
David White  
William Bell  
Benj. Morin  
Jacob Short

Horatio G. Cleft  
William Laycock  
Levi Pinkham  
John C. Dial

Among all of his time in the county he founded, the highest military rank was reached by William Lytle. On August 10, 1804, he was commissioned a lieutenant colonel; and on February 20, 1808, he was made a major general of the Ohio militia. As a promoter of settlements his life was full of mental activity. He rode here, there and everywhere within the sphere of his influence to show his own lands or tracts that were entrusted to his management, and that meant nearly every tract that was for sale. His critic has stated that he sold anything a purchaser fancied. In one sense the assertion is truthful; but the inference that he acted without authority, or that he was not particular and surveyed with wanton disregard to future trouble is an insult to a noble memory that should not pass without contradiction and a fairer statement. Few men have been more methodical or left finer proof of the sincerity of a vast volume of business. As his mission in Clermont was accomplishing his ambition went to other scenes and his great earnings were invested in new enterprises farther west. A mansion was built in Cincinnati near the spot where he had landed with his father on April 12, 1780, when not a stick had been disturbed by white hands on the site of Cincinnati. To that mansion, one of the finest of that age west of the mountains he went in 1810 from Williamsburg, feeling that he had waved a transforming wand over the land, and that he was to be the wealthiest man in the Ohio Valley. The papers that had accumulated in the old stone Land Office were carefully assorted, tied with tape and packed in chests that have not to this day been entirely rehandled. Among these papers are carefully filed letters of authority for all that he sold for others along with the notes taken in the field and calculated in the office. Instead of being careless, his work was a marvel of minute method. He was one of the founders and was president of the board of trustees or manager of the Cincinnati College, since developed into the University of Cincin-

nati. His benefactions were large for that time. He was too busy for public office, too earnest in building larger. When he thought his greatness was a ripening, his schemes were crushed in the financial panic that resulted from the War of 1812, and much of his wealth vanished. On May 26, 1830, he was appointed Surveyor-General of public lands by President Jackson. On March 17, 1831, he died in the fine old home that was saved from the wreck of his vast fortune to become still more famous as the home of his distinguished son, Robert T., and of his brilliant grandson, the "Soldier Poet." While regretfully watching the demolition of the historic home for the creation of Lytle Park, I heard one of a passing throng ask, "Who was Lytle, anyhow?" As another answered, "Some old congressman, I guess," there was less wonder about the destruction of Cincinnati's noblest relic.

Although the rolls in proof are not to be found, the report was made that "During the War of 1812, including events immediately before and after, the State of Ohio furnished 23,951 soldiers of all arms, including officers, musicians, rangers, scouts, spies and teamsters, being over thirty-three per cent. of the entire male population of the State, above twenty-one years of age; more than fifty per cent. of those subject to military duty and nearly fifteen per cent. of all the military forces of the United States called out during hostilities." In that record Old Clermont had filled her quota.

When the import of the redemption of their land from Hull's shameful surrender and the awful massacre on the Raisin by Croghan's defense, Perry's victory and Harrison's triumph on the Thames and the battle of New Orleans had dawned on the nation; and when the ocean also had been freed from British tryanny, Americans took heart again and began anew with larger plans. A result of the war was a commercial ruin along the seaboard that caused many sea-faring people to move westward. Of these a number amounting to a small colony came to the vicinity to be called Amelia. Of them, one, Matthew Pease, had been a captain whose life of much adventure had included visits to Paris, where he saw the execution of King Louis XVI. Moved by pity for their misfortunes, he helped a considerable number of the fugitive noblemen to escape by secreting them in his ship, when detection

would have sent him to the guillotine. Captain Pease was remembered as a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, whose appearance gave little suggestion of his connection with affairs as thrilling as any in the pages of romance. The quality of that immigration came into contrast with elements from the south and southeast to the frequent amusement of all, but nothing remains in the fusion to suggest the origin of either.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AFTER THE DIVISION OF OLD CLERMONT.

The Agitation for New Counties—Comparative Population of New Counties—Relative Importance of Old Clermont—Township Histories—New Enterprise—Bridges—New County Seat for Clermont—New Richmond—Batavia—County Seat for Brown—Ripley—Bridgewater—Georgetown—The Woods Family—The Court House for Brown County—Coincidence in the Growth of Brown and Clermont—Better Roads—The Coming of Pikes from the Markets—A Tram Way—The Plank Road Delusion—The Canal Era—Thomas Morris—The Ohio Canal System a Victory for the Union—The Effect of the Canals—Brown and Clermont Classed as Anti-Canal Counties—The Use of Steam for Transportation—The First Railroads—The Prosperity of the Flat Boat Times—Flour, Pork and Whisky—The Temperance Movement—The River Trade and Slavery—The Underground Railroad.

As the tide of immigration grew stronger, the settlements were made farther and farther from the Ohio, until convenience demanded more frequent points for the administration of government. The agitation for new counties became a controlling factor in the elections. Much was made of the charge that Thomas Morris contrived a division of Old Clermont to gratify a spite against people at the old county seat. As a fact, he was not a member of the General Assembly during the six years between 1814 and 1820, when that question was debated and decided; and there is no evidence that his presence would have changed the result. The time had come for fixing the permanent form of other counties, as had been done in Hamilton county. Clermont, next to the east, had a surplus of area and population over the standard. Seven sections were also elsewhere clamoring for county rights. The combined interests passed the Act of December 27, 1817, which partioned the counties of Adams, Clermont and Highland, and

thereby erected the county of Brown. When the census of 1820 was taken two years later, the new Clermont had 15,820 people; Brown had 13,356; four of the other new counties combined had 13,690; the other two new counties combined had 17,962. The total of Brown and Clermont all but equalled the total of the other six counties in question. Moreover, the dividing line between Brown and Clermont is now the longest mutual county line in Ohio, and the distance between the remotest points in Brown exceeds that of any county in the State. The division of Old Clermont was a necessity, but the surveying was very painful to Williamsburg, and forthwith the location of the two new county seats was hotly contested.

Without a study of the population of that period, even thoughtful readers will not comprehend the local significance of the dissolution of Old Clermont. According to the census of 1820, when the intervention of two years could have made but little difference in the comparison, without the division of the county, Old Clermont would have ranked as the second county in Ohio, Hamilton alone being ahead. And with the change, the New Clermont was twelfth and Brown the fourteenth among the thirty-six counties then existing.

Any comprehensive statement of the families then present, like that made for the territorial time, is something far beyond the scope of this history. An attempt carried through several weeks and even months portended such proportions that the undertaking was relinquished as something far beyond any general interest. Every patron of this work has been requested for such work, and others have no greater right to special consideration.

From the proud position of being the logical, central capital of a most important section of the State, Williamsburg was suddenly confronted with a prospective loss of all such prestige by a line passing within sight of her roofs. But with the advantage of sufficient public buildings, attention was taken from the impending removal of the county seat by other schemes, of which a narration will have more general interest than a recital of what has had more or less explicit attention in various township histories prepared by those nearer in time and place than can ever happen again. Whoever has a

copy of such work is earnestly advised to treasure his possession carefully, for the sources of such recitals have failed; and rhetoric must be invoked to retouch the fading tints of tradition.

In 1818, the first year of the new counties, New Clermont appropriated nearly a thousand dollars for road and bridge work, more in fact than all before for that purpose. Alexander Blair was appointed to superintend the construction of a bridge across the East Fork, and men of high standing were placed in charge of the improvement of the leading highways and new roads were laid in every direction. But the bridge at Batavia was not built until 1825, and that was replaced by another for which two thousand eight hundred and thirty-three dollars were appropriated in December, 1829. By authority of the state a toll bridge was built in or about 1818, at Milford, over which all that was tributary to the Anderson State Road and northeast from Little Miami was accommodated. In 1822 a bridge over Twelve Mile was granted, but a bridge westward from central Brown was not authorized until 1838, and finished until 1845. That bridge was built in two sections across the island at the foot of Main street and lasted until swept away by a flood in 1858. The replacing single span bridge burnt by Morgan's Raiders, July 15, 1863, as told in another page, was probably the largest piece of destruction by them suffered in the county. The people of southern and central Clermont and far into Brown regarded the Union Bridge across the Miami, below Newtown, as the greatest local event of that half of the century. The story of that bridge belongs to Hamilton county, and, strange to say, has little mention there, but the importance was much to those who waited for it until 1836. Everywhere else in both Brown and Clermont bridge construction seems to have waited until the building of toll roads started the custom.

The agitation for a new county seat insisted that Williamsburg was on one side of the county, and with fine consistency, urged a removal to New Richmond, where the machinery of county government was taken in August, 1823. The November term, and then the March term of 1824 were also held there in a building donated for the purpose. Although the miracle of navigation by steam had been ex-

emplified on the Ohio in 1811, by the first voyage along western waters by a self-propelling vessel, and although steam boats were coming to be a regular condition, no assertion of the superiority of a location on the river could be made to prevail against the obvious inconvenience of the place for a majority in the county.

In or about 1807, General Lytle succeeded in selling Survey Number 1774 to George Ely, who had come from New Jersey. With an enterprising spirit, he foresaw that his thousand acres occupied a fine position on the Donnell's Trace and that a town at the crossing of the East Fork was needed for the convenience of the valley. Being elected sheriff for 1814 and 1815, he heard much of the expected change in county boundaries, and so planned with John Collins and the County Clerk, David C. Bryan, to be ready for new things. On October 24, 1814, they recorded a plat previously prepared, for a town named Batavia. Ten years later that town was fixed upon as the county seat with fair approval. One hundred and forty-four square rods of land were reserved for the expected county buildings. In the meantime a fine stone church for that day was built by the Methodist people under the leadership of Ezekiel Dimmitt, the earliest pioneer of the vicinity. That house was begun in 1817, and slowly finished. But it was very useful, both as a church and as a school house. When the future of the town came to the turning point, the church house was offered for a court house until a special house could be provided. The proposal was decisive and the courts were held there from May 14, 1824, until the court house still in use was accepted on New Year's Day, 1829. That building cost three thousand four hundred and eighty-three dollars, under contract with Ezekiel Dimmitt, but Dimmitt lost not less than fifteen hundred dollars in the transaction.

While these affairs were occurring in Clermont, the people—in Brown had trouble in gaining stable conditions. As in the mother county, a determined effort was made to locate the county seat on the river. The law creating the county required the courts, before the selection of a permanent seat of justice, to be held in Dr. Alexander Campbell's house in Ripley. At a date not stated, but early, Colonel James Poage made sedate by the loss of much of his former wealth, came from Virginia



to mend his fortunes by the improvement of a thousand-acre tract, whereon he platted a town in the time of the War of 1812, that was first named Staunton, but soon changed to Ripley to honor a popular general of that day. Such was the origin of a town that has prospered exceedingly with the growing trade on the Ohio, and has endured much from the wrath of its waters. The story of the town is enough for a volume; but, like all the sisterhood of towns in which it stood the tallest in all that was Old Clermont, the incidents of that growth are a result rather than a part of the impulses which I have sought and tried to record, before a deeper dust shall have settled over all.

On March 27, 1818, the commissioners for the State reported that they had selected a place on the east side of Straight Creek, near where the state road from West Union to Cincinnati crossed that creek. On February 8, 1819, that report was enacted by the General Assembly. As the time was near for holding a court, the people interested made a "building frolic" and in two days had a log house ready for the court. But the court and all favorable to Ripley made such protest that another report was secured in favor of Dr. Campbell's house. Accordingly, after one and possibly a second term of court, at "Bridgewater," as the Straight Creek site was named, the law was given at Ripley, where a court house was commenced in 1829, that cost three thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. The power of the state was again invoked, and another commission, on May 13, 1821, reported not to the General Assembly, but to the Judges of the court directing them to meet in the previously laid-out town of Georgetown, whither on the next day the court went and has remained; but several years passed before the grumbling at the decision had ceased.

Georgetown was to have far more than village celebrity. Therefore some account of its beginnings that have been obscured, should have a place in this special inquiry into the earliest conditions. James Woods came from Ireland to the frontier, then in Washington county, Pennsylvania. His settlement in that nursery of Scotch Presbyterians is all but positive proof that he belonged with the faith or that he was very fond of contention, for Washington county was not a peace-

ful place for a non-subscriber to the prevailing creed. When others began to move on to Kentucky, James Woods came also and planted a strong family about Cynthiana, among whom Allen, Samuel, Nathaniel and Anna, ultimately settled in Brown county at an early date. But this is certain. Allen, before leaving Kentucky, was the father of a family among whom was a son born at Cynthiana, October 4, 1805, and also named Allen, who was a youthful favorite in Georgetown, until 1832, when he moved to Felicity and then to a beautiful home near Chilo, always respected and successful, and always growing larger and wiser until Dr. Allen Wood was the personification of the ideal, capable, courtly, benevolent healer, with whom fancy loves to linger.

The worth of that family of mingled Brown and Clermont lineage requires a tribute to the memory of his eldest son, First Lieutenant Frank H. Woods, of the Fifty-Ninth Ohio, who was with Company K., that was made up of men from both sides of the county lines. His last work at the university before starting for the tented field was in a crowded display debate on "Emancipation as a Military Necessity," at a time when college boys rushed in where senators feared to speak. By some chance, the opponent to his conservative argument was my much more youthful self, who looked to him as an elder brother, whose love never failed. Brilliant, social, eloquent, he had all to live for, and so was called to die for all. While serving as an aide on the staff of General Durbin Ward and gallantly directing an order on the fatal field of Chickamauga, he fell near to where and when they killed the "Soldier Poet," General William Haines Lytle; so great a cost it was to save the Union.

Allen Wood, Sr., then came to Ohio not before 1806, and settled, where, on December 10, 1819, he completed the formalities of dedicating the site of Georgetown. As the prospect for the county seat grew clear, others came forward to share the expected benefits. On May 15, 1820, James Woods and Henry Newkirk made additions. On September 27, 1821, James Woods made a second addition. On the same day Abel Reese added some lots, and on the next day, Newkirk made his second addition. On July 30, 1822, the plat was increased still more by Andrew Donaldson. On August 1, 1823, the com-

missioners of the county contracted to pay one cent less than four thousand dollars for a court house that was accepted August 2, 1824, and lasted twenty-five years. On May 22, 1849, the commissioners contracted for a new court house that was accepted in 1851 and is still in use. It is tedious and of slight interest to the average reader to follow the story of the various jails, except as special incidents occur to vary the monotony of a repulsive topic that may be passed with the remark that both counties have what are considered secure places of detention, that are in sufficient accord with modern humanities.

In the thirty years from 1820 to 1850, the population of Brown and Clermont with a singular coincidence of growth had all but doubled and lacked but two hundred and thirteen of numbering fifty-eight thousand souls. Judged by the vanquished wilderness and the open fields, a prodigious task had been overcome. Judged by present convenience, a magical transformation was still to be wrought. Among a people intent upon fields and flocks, the change was to drift from abroad. Commercial activity was to furnish the impulse. The immigrant toiling over Zane's Trace to be a farmer soon forgot the inconvenience amid the labor at hand. The trader perplexed with daily delay, fretted for something better.

Thus better roads grew from the market at Cincinnati or the river landings, not toward them. Until 1830 the roads around Cincinnati were all primitive, all what country people call "mud roads," even when the dust is thickest. People of this day are slow to perceive the rapidity of the change. What is called Macadamized roads was not then invented in and about London or in England until 1816. Eleven years later, 1827, the Cincinnati, Columbus and Wooster Turnpike Company was chartered, and by 1835, it had reached Milford. In 1836, the Milford and Chillicothe Turnpike Company was chartered by an Act of the Legislature. The people were very cautious in granting a franchise those days. Then the work proceeded in two directions. By one way Newberry and Goshen obtained notice on the maps. By the other way, Boston, Monterey, Marathon and Fayetteville were brought into plainer view. In 1831 the Ohio Turnpike was chartered to connect Cincinnati and Portsmouth, but the pike part

stopped long at Bethel, while Tobasco, Withamsville, Amelia and Bethel gathered trade from the crossing roads and branching lanes. The Batavia and Maimi Bridge Turnpike was incorporated in 1834 to extend eastward, the prospective advantage of Union Bridge. That pike approached Batavia about the close of the Mexican war and was in full operation. Then the Batavia, Williamsburg and Brown County Turnpike Company continued to work during 1850-51, but plank was tried instead of stone. For a time much was expected of wooden roads. The plan to change the forest of oaks into solid highways was deemed so feasible that saw mills were built every few miles between Batavia and Fincastle for the express purpose, and portions of the way were graded and covered, but as the boards warped and got out of place, such patches soon became the worst of all and the plan proved worse than a failure for the attempt to remove the planks from the mud was often more difficult than successful. The road from Milford to Goshen was first made by stretching thousands of logs end to end in a double track that were hewn to a broad face for the wheels of one side and into a gutter or rut for the wheels of the other side of the vehicles, which all traveled east on one side and west on the other, and at the same rate per hour or day. The new tram way was fine for heavy loads, but as a driver wished to go faster, or when the logs were worn, the inventor was reviled and the failure was worse than folly. The Milford, Edenton and Woodville highway was incorporated in 1851, as a plank road, but the real work was made with stone. About the same date a plank road was started from New Richmond to Amelia and changed to a pike. The river steamboats afforded such convenience that the pike up the river to New Richmond waited until 1865. The Ripley and Hillsboro Turnpike Company, chartered in 1835, completed five miles in four years. The Zanesville and Maysville Turnpike followed Zane's Trace through the southeastern corner.

All these pikes were toll roads under laws that required the bridging of all water ways in their course. Otherwise with the exception of a few bridges here and there the entire region passed through the Civil War. Then the era of free pikes began under varying conditions that have resulted in a net work of solid roads and frequent bridges that once seemed beyond the possible.

People remote by either time or distance cannot easily credit the statement that the agitation for solid roads came later than the once eager strife for water ways. The craze for canals found no favor with those for whom the most sanguine promoter could figure no plan that would help the "Pocket," as they called the region east of the Little Miami. Thomas Morris fully represented his constituents in his opposition; and neither he nor his people submitted without protest to a scheme in which they were to share the cost with only a reflex interest in the doubtful benefits.

But it was different with those under the spell of the popular illusion. The growth of art has been not a discovery of the spiritual, but a conquest of the material. Every step of progress measures a victory of mind over matter. For ages the conflict was with the four elements, earth and air, fire and water. Knowledge came little by little, some through fear, often with gladness. As men grew, many water ways were used to gather grain along the fertile Nile, or from Babylonian plains or amid the bloom of far Cathay. The long stretches required a portage between the levels. The commerce of antiquity was mainly a robbery of the producer who was forced to carry his own fruits from boat to a lower boat. Cycles passed and eras changed before man learned that water will lift as well as carry the boat and its burden. It passes belief that America was discovered long before the simple secret of the canal lock was solved. But once learned, Europe was agog to adjust the routes of travel and some of their lock work was reckoned among the wonders of the world. The canal fashion spread to America, and some of the fathers of the republic were thrilled with enthusiastic prophecies of where the Mississippi and the eastern seaboard would be wedded with water ways by which boats would climb mountains and skip as lambs along the hills. Others viewed the prospect with alarm, and trembled for the freedom which was threatened by a menacing combination that not only defied nature, but also intended to centralize tyranny and strangle liberty. To all Thomas Morris predicted, the utter failure of the "ditches" in Ohio. The final destruction by the flood of 1913 of the little left before is an awful confirmation of his prediction.

The first actual step in the direction of constructing canals

in Ohio was taken in 1817, by the same General Assembly that divided Old Clermont for the formation of Brown. After eight debating years, on February 4, 1825, the legislature by a vote of six to one, resolved to proceed with the construction of the Ohio System of Canals. On July 4, 1825, Governor DeWitt Clinton, the great apostle of the canal period, came out from New York to Licking Summit, in Licking county, and lifted the first shovel full of earth and then Governor Jeremiah Morrow, of Ohio, lifted the second shovel full in the task. On January 22, 1833, the Canal Commissioners reported that their work was completed except some terminal work on the locks at Portsmouth and Cincinnati. At the summit of usefulness in 1850, with 788 miles in full operation the approximate cost of the canals in the state was sixteen million dollars. The cost in human life was fearful. The fierce fevers and distressing chills that lurked along the sluggish waters seized the diggers and boatman with a peculiar violence that far exceeded any previous form of ague. That virulent sickness received the special name of Canal Fever, which numbered its victims with many thousands. Of twenty-three civil engineers employed, six died in the work and others were impaired for life. The mortality among the less intelligent was still greater. Men grew weary, wages became higher and the contractors mostly were ruined financially and forced to quit. In spite of all, the big ditches grew longer with a minimum water top of forty feet, a bottom width of twenty-six feet and a depth of four feet.

There is a disposition to deprecate the Ohio canals as a plan that failed and wasted the cost, while the good that was done could and should have waited. Such opinion is poorly formed or meanly held. Anything good should have all time for its own, and forget that lofty ideals are not all of recent growth. Perry's victory and the Battle of New Orleans closed the long war for the inland North America. Yet these victories in reality opened a new strife for trade. The natural outlet of the Great Lake region destined for one of the mightiest peoples of time is through the St. Lawrence river and beneath the British flag. Foreseeing this calamity and perceiving their opportunity, the people of New York lined under the leadership of DeWitt Clinton and cut the Erie canal. No doubt the prophet was opposed by much honest ignorance. But the

grain and ore and timber and all the accessory exports and imports of the lake region took the direction of least resistance with a result that has made New York City the capital of the world. The state that bravely did the work quickly took the rank and title of the Empire State of the Union. No honest intelligence doubts the source of such supremacy. Incited to great design by that noble example, the thoughtful men of Ohio took early note that as the Hudson and Mohawk offered the shortest lines and gentlest grades between the lakes and the seaboard, so did some of their valleys seen in the relation between the lakes and the vast waters to the south. Many complacent people swollen with pride of our resourceful prosperity smile benignly at the slow times and poky ways of our ancestors, and perhaps of their own lives, of whom in the way of enterprise, they are not fit to tie their shoes. The juster view of more extensive intelligence compels the opinion that the fore fathers living within restrictions not yet relieved by the divinities of invention, fostered projects and cherished designs that would unnerve their progeny quite as much as our work would astonish them. The legislators of Ohio, representing the plain farmers and largely composed of men also tillers of the soil, entered upon the adoption of the project that, to their apprehension, would join the lakes with the south, and in connection with Lake Erie and the Erie canal, would unify the commerce of America. It was one of Ohio's great battles for the Union. As the canal came winding through the fertile plains and was fixed in the lovely landscapes, and as the welcome boats glided slowly but surely through the passes of the hills and entered the locks to climb the grades or sink to lower levels, the useful arts began to multiply and replenish the desires of life. Man took note of a brighter opportunity. Mines were opened. Greater mills were built. Larger homes were seen. With but forty-five thousand people, and from the eighteenth place in 1800, Ohio had reached a population of two millions in fifty years and taken the third place on the roll of the United States.

The freight on goods from the coast to the interior of Ohio was reduced from \$125.00 per ton to \$25.00 per ton. Although the people of Brown and Clermont undoubtedly received a modified share in this production, they were classed

with the "anti-canal counties," which were disposed to look askant at the artificial navigation with a multitude of locks, aqueducts, culverts, dams and reservoirs, that were alternately blocked with ice, threatened with flood, and strangled by drouth. They did not ascribe all the magnificent growth of the state to the canal power which, like the fly on the wheel, assumed control of the movements. And thus, perforce, they labored and waited depending upon the river and the growing power of steam.

The use of steam first for mills and then for transportation is a strange chapter in the story of progress. In the summary of all that nations have done to vanquish time and conquer space, and among all that man has won to broaden life and sweeten hope, there is no more splendid achievement emblemed, even among the other quenchless stars that deck the fadeless field of England's deathless glory than the steam engine. How the great English invention was adopted and extended over the United States is a school-boy's lesson. George Stephenson's road from Liverpool to Manchester, the first rail road of all, after ten intense and often distressing years, was formerly inaugurated September 15, 1830, a date within the memory of a few still living. How recent the event, yet how vast the change. Since the Land of Blue Limestone emerged from Silurian Sea, nothing of greater material importance to humanity has been more rapidly accomplished or thoroughly achieved. On March 11, 1836, the Little Miami railroad was chartered and the first stumbling experiment in railway construction in the Mississippi valley began on the eastern bank of Deer Creek, within a few rods of where the first authentic landing on the site of Cincinnati had been made with the boyish William Lytle, just fifty-six years before. Sometime in 1840 the first locomotive in all the West came to and for some months halted at Covalt's Station, as Milford ought to be called. In 1844, the western side of Clermont had been tracked and the mouth of the O'Bannon had been reached. The foundation of the immense Pennsylvania railway system practically occupies the western division of the Old Round Bottom Road, the first interior white man's road in Ohio. Within ten or twelve years, or by 1856 or 57, the Cincinnati and Marietta railroad was running to Loveland over a track



through Goshen township. That railway used the Little Maimi track to Cincinnati, where transfers were made to the Ohio and Mississippi railroad to St. Louis, whence a road was under construction toward, but still far short of Kansas City before 1860. The Baltimore and Ohio, the Marietta and Cincinnati, the Ohio and Mississippi, and the Missouri Central railroads stretching from Washington through Cincinnati to St. Louis, along the Potomac, north of the Ohio and south of the Missouri river, constituted the main strategic line of the Union in the approaching Civil War. Of that line Cincinnati was the locking place and the junction of the Little Maimi, with the incomplete Marietta & Cincinnati railroad at Loveland, was the key to the mustering and employment of the central forces of the Union. Amid the excitement of the time the condition was accepted without analysis, and amid the surge of armies and clash of battles, little comment was made upon the immense aggregate of soldiers passing to and fro through the Cincinnati region. The nearest available site to the junction for the prodigious mustering was found between Loveland and Milford out on the Hamilton county side of the Maimi, and became famous as a drill ground for hundreds of thousands and then as a vast hospital known as Camp Dennison. While the ceaseless course of time was being ordered for all this busy life and stern array along the western hills of Clermont, other plans as yet noiseless of renown were being accomplished to the eastward.

The fertile hills and teeming plains were working wonders for the people along the river. Before steam had proved its current-defying power, and for a score of succeeding years, the wealth of products was boated to southern markets, just as many of the immigrants had come, in flat bottomed barges that were built for one downward trip and then to be broken. These boats were loaded with flour and meal and the fierce blood of the corn near at hand, at the mouth of the streams or safely up by the little mills that hindered their hurry to the sea. But economy in freight was all important in the long voyages, and many had learned on the western slopes of the mountains that grain and hogs could be reduced many fold into barrels of whisky and pork, both in great demand down the river, the pork for the slaves and the whisky by the drivers.

And thus for awhile distilleries were as numerous as the mills for grinding.

As the evil of the custom came into clearer view, conscience warmed and warned. For no stated reason except that the old practice of meeting there was not forgotten, the first convention in the cause of temperance in the two counties met in Williamsburg, February 17, 1830, and organized with Thomas Poage, of the Ripley family, as president; Major Daniel Kain, vice-president; Rev. Robert B. Dobbins, of Felicity, secretary, and John Foster, treasurer. Though small at first, the association grew numerous and influential. Ten years later the "Washingtonians" thrilled the nation with a call to neither touch, taste, nor handle intoxicating liquors. Then until the Civil War, the topmost heights of platform eloquence trembled with denunciation of the moral delinquency of the drunkard without a remembered recognition of the physical disease of the victim, as now set forth by the most profound students of the evil. The "Washingtonians" were succeeded by the "Sons" and Daughters" of Temperance, and by the "Good Templars," of which scores of "Divisions" and "Lodges" rose, flourished and ceased, as a part of the social scheme of the times when a "Temperance Lecture" by General "Sam Carey" or the Rev. "Young Max Gaddis" was the largest occasion until it happened again. As in all that is human, while many applauded, some refused belief and not a few derided. But the position reached is briefly told in a statement that Brown and Clermont are classed among the "Dry counties" and that "Prohibition" is said to be "Out of politics."

Agitation of the slavery question was largely influenced by the "River trade." With all the inborn propensity to ramble that had brought Europeans to America, their descendants found their only chance in a trip down the river, where they saw the "Peculiar institution" under conditions greatly differing from the patriarchal life in Kentucky. All such visitors to the slave markets were not made bitterly hostile to slavery. Some were lulled by the profits and did not or would not think of the gathering woe. They rejoiced in the friendship that clamored for whisky and were delighted with a system that cheapened cotton and paid a still higher price for pork. The system doubled the wealth of England over and

over, until the smart of Saratoga and the shame of Yorktown were all but forgotten. In the arrogance of that time their sneering wits asked who reads an American book? The produce of the Ohio valley went with the current to the cotton fields and no farther. The cotton went to English mills that sent their muslins and other things that could not be made in America to be delivered by canals to the people by the Ohio, where the circuit began. A couple of years were required to come round back to where the food for the slave was raised. The plan was the best yet tried in Ohio, and was supposed to be the best that could be, and people were warned against any disturbances of the hypothesis.

Others, however, came back with other views. When but nineteen years old, Abraham Lincoln helped to guide a flat boat to New Orleans, and did the same again three years later. Six years later, or in 1837, Thomas Morris saw some trading wagons loaded with slave children in Washington, which so unnerved him that he was not able to do his part in Congress that day. But he became so nerved two years later that he made his famous prophecy in the Senate that the slave would yet go free. About the same time or a little sooner, Boerstler Huber named for his uncle, Captain Jacob Boerstler, killed at the battle of Brownstown, after learning to tan with his father, Jacob, went on a flat boat to New Orleans, where he sought work at his trade, but was met with the answer, "No, I bought a tanner yesterday." Stung by the insult, "Boss" Huber, as he was appropriately called, came back to the tan yard at Williamsburg and assumed the position of General Passenger Agent of the Underground railroad by the Old Boone Trail to or rather from Xenia. For, after Ohio had become populous and the Blue Grass region of Kentucky had grown opulent in slaves who longed for freedom, the fugitives turned north and guided by the same stars that watched over Lytle, took his course to the unknown land of their hope. As sympathy met them and covered their course with a mantle of charity, even as the epic goddess protected her Trojan son, popular fancy combined all hidden paths of light into one comprehensive idea and jocosely named it the "Underground railroad."

How that road passed under or over or around or through the difficult barrier between slavery and freedom was a carefully shared secret. Anyone aiding a fugitive slave was liable to crushing legal penalties, and also much personal violence from the southern masters, who put such opponents in one class as the most pernicious of thieves. Still, to the honor of humanity, there were men for the need, who dared the risks with no possible reward but an approving conscience, at last the finest of all praise. That there were men of superior intelligence who told the shadow fearing men the way to safety is certain. But how the fleeing were taught to find passes here and there throughout the length of the Potomac and the Ohio is still left unrevealed. How friends were known and enemies avoided ; how safety was preserved and perils were shunned ; in short, how the precious directions of freedom were gained and kept sacred by the lowly in spite of all the leagued oppression, has no sufficient explanation. The fugitives and their friends both practiced silence and circumspection. The runaways fled from the Flag of the Free and went, eyes north, to what the white people about them called the Land of Tyranny beyond the lakes.

The lines of flight across the river front of Brown and Clermont apparently did not include the western side of Clermont, but the influence of the Fees and Sargents was felt in the southeastern part of Clermont, whence the travel by night was through or by Felicity, Bethel and Williamsburg, as straight northward as was safe either on the old Xenia road or by parallel paths. The eastern line went from Ripley by Red Oak and Russellville to Sardinia. The terminal of both lines was the Quaker association in Clinton, where safety was quite well assured. Over those two lines much valuable "property" escaped from the benevolent bondage of the Kentucky Blue Grass region. The promoters of such violations of "vested rights" were most heartily hated across the river as innovaters of immemorial, not rights, but wrongs. They were not only hated in Kentucky, where repeated rewards were offered for their capture dead or alive, but they suffered much obloquy at home. In the end, however, no one was more scorned and pitied than the "nigger hounds," the name given to those at home who joined in the pursuit of a fugitive or who gave in-

formation against their neighbors in such relation. And, at last, it is safe to say that no memory has more respect in their sphere than is paid to those who worked on mercy's side. The most widely known was the Rev. John Rankin, of Ripley, whose house on the hill above was a landmark for the fugitives far along the Kentucky shore and served also as a landmark in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to guide the flight of "Eliza." Rankin's nine sons were conductors on the "Underground." He himself was mobbed for daring to question the rights of slavery at Winchester, by an invasion of the room where he was speaking. He was also egged at Williamsburg, after a speech at the first brick school house. It should be told as a mark of a great change that his assailant died of disease in the Union army. James Gilliland, Jesse Lockhart and Robert B. Dobbins, pastors of the Presbyterian churches respectively at Red Oak, Russellville and Sardinia, Dr. Bearce, at Decatur, and Dr. Wm. Beck, of Sardinia, were all actively philanthropic in their influence. The Rev. John B. Mahan was abducted to Mason county, Kentucky, on the charge of aiding the escape of slaves, although he had never been in that State. That trial was one of the arrogant acts of the slave power that angered the north for the utter destruction of slavery. Ex U. S. Senator Dr. Alexander Campbell was also a most determined opponent.

When caution required, the "passengers" were changed from one line to another, for the "agents" of both were in full accord. Robert E. Fee at Moscow, was one of the most alert of the "Directors." A light from one of his windows shone all of every night as a beacon to those wandering on the Kentucky hills. His doors were barred, and his family, girls and all, slept with loaded firearms in ready reach. His house was surrounded again and again by violent slave hunters. But with him as with all others near the river, policy required that no runaways should be found on the premises. Every arrival was hurried back into the interior as far as Bethel, if possible, where a strong resistance could be made. At Bethel the conductors were Isaac H. Brown, Benjamin Rice, Richard Mace and the Rileys, with an obscure but safe hiding place with the Vanosdols looking upon a retreat to the Ellick Hills. Of all, none was bolder or more aggressive than "Boss"

Huber. A guess at the number of fugitives "entertained" has no reliable base. A truthful man told me after the war that he had helped Huber to take food to seventeen at one time who had come in on both lines and had been detained by a storm. Another stated, in a very conservative form, that Huber had forwarded not less but many more than three hundred fugitives. His "engineer" or wagon master was Mark Sims, a mulatto, who was killed in full U. S. uniform at the battle of Sailor's Creek, Virginia. After Huber's death, the burden of the management fell upon Dr. L. T. Pease, for some five or six years. The last excursion over the road, and the only one seen by myself, was in the summer of 1860, when four stalwart young men went north armed with fine double-barreled shot guns, taken on account from their masters for several years' otherwise unrequitted toil. The transaction seemed fair and judicious then, and it seems now that they were smelling the battle, not so far off.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### OTHER FORMS OF SOCIAL EXPANSION.

The Early Days of Masonry in Old Clermont—Clermont Social Lodge No. 29, Free and Accepted Masons—The First Fraternal Organization between the Little Miami and the Scioto—The Lodge now Ranks as No. 9 in all Fraternity North and West of the Ohio—"Refreshments"—The First Two-Story Hall and the First Brick School House Between Cincinnati and Chillicothe—Other Lodges—Early Schools Depended Upon Individual Effort—Subscription Schools—Select Schools—Academies—Seminaries—Presbyterian Schools—The Quail Trap Academy—Union Schools—Teachers' Institutes—Clermont's Share in the Institution of Graduation from the Common Schools—General Lytle's Donation of the Origin of St. Martin's—The Catholic Church—Organization of New Townships—The Founding of Towns—Steam Boats—Stage Lines—Wagon Trains on the Pikes—Droves—Practical Emancipation not Popular—The Early Case.

The people thus advancing in spiritual, material, financial and moral ways were also undertaking a special form of social progress. First allotted by others, and then carried to fuller treatment as a self-imposed task, and whether worth the while or not, that social progress has been the subject of much earnest investigation on my part. The topic was first assigned as a contribution to Rockey and Bancroft's History of Clermont County. Twenty-five years later a request for an anniversary address was answered by what was published in the Clermont Sun in May and June, 1905, under the title of "The Early Days of Masonry in Old Clermont." At first thought, such a title may appear a narrow and even bigoted view of what is now a broad condition. But when the reader reflects that this included all that was known or practiced in fraternal ways by the first and second generations of Brown and Clermont, the facts will widen for the construction of what has followed.

Then at the behest of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Ohio, a history of one of its most ancient Lodges was undertaken, which, after many months, grew into a volume too large for any satisfactory condensation for these pages. That volume contains sketches and memoranda of quite five hundred people, from Milford to Ripley, in which the most notice is appropriately given to those of the most remote times. This indexed work, though unpublished, through a semi-public quality must eventually have some archaeologic interest; and this mention will at least place its existence on record. For the book is kept by the Lodge in a fireproof vault, and is likely to survive many inundations and conflagrations.

It must suffice, then, to say that in all the vast space between the Little Miami and the Scioto the beginning of fraternal societies was planted in the county seat of Old Clermont in the old stone court house on Thursday, June 1, 1815, by the institution of Clermont Social Lodge, No. 29, Free and Accepted Masons. Although the original number, 29, is still retained, through the changes of almost a hundred years, this old Lodge, in point of continuous operation, has reached the rank of No. 9, in all that is north and west of the Ohio river. The Lodge was organized by Amos Haines, Master; William Waters, Senior Warden; Obadiah Smith, Junior Warden; George Ely, Senior Deacon; Robert Haines, Junior Deacon; Jacob Huber, Secretary, and Thomas S. Foote, Treasurer. The first applicant for membership was Colonel Mills Stephenson of Ripley. In four years the roll was adorned with sixty names; and in all the county, another sixty men more superior could not have been found.

The meetings were held in the jury room, or second floor of the court house. Tradition and record both declare that the spirit was in full accord with the name—Social Lodge. "When met after long rides over the lonesome trails, the hours were happier after hunger was appeased. Few regular meetings, or any other kind, happened in the old jury room without 'refreshments,' simple as cakes with a cup-o'-kindness; and, from the charges rendered, often more extensive—rude perhaps, but always a plenty. Jerked venison was even cheaper than beef dried by the big chimneys that imparted a flavor unknown in the days of 'smoke paint.' A wild turkey was



sometimes found on the way and brought to the tavern ovens by those who came to court and 'stayed over.' Genuine country cured ham was always obtainable.

"The beverage, generally, was some water and enough whisky. The water is mentioned with economy, because it came from a long hidden well near the northeast corner of the court house, that may some day be rediscovered, and, in the rarity of such purity, may have its sparkling treasure sold in sanitary bottles at a greater price than was paid for the spirits that flavored the punch sweetened with maple sugar and sprinkled with spices. Or, some other times, the compound was a creamy milk, mixed with beaten eggs and thickening rum made seductive with tree sugar, the most delicious of all regaling sweets. It is idle to deny or ignore that such things were. It was the custom of that time. Pleasure lulled wisdom into silence; but, after awhile, the discerning sensed the danger, and seeing that their liberty was a stumbling block to the weak, they resolutely resolved to refrain from what made their brothers to offend. This became manifest in frequent motions to dispense with refreshments for the occasion; and finally it was resolved that henceforth no beverage but water should be brought into the Lodge. And thus, so far as found, Clermont Social Lodge became the first abstaining society in Brown and Clermont counties. But the name of Social continues and should last as long as the blood in the heart and the sap in the tree retain their energy."

Delighted with prosperity they resolved to have a home. That resolution resulted in a two-story brick building oddly located on an alley at the east or back of In Lot No. 265, that once held Adam Snider's home. The building was the combined enterprise of the Masonic fraternity and a popular subscription for a school house.

The first floor was for the school and the upper room for the Masonic Hall, which was "consecrated" by "Brother Rev. William Burke," Monday, December 27, 1819. About the same date the school left the log room made notable by William B. Christie, and the people at the county seat rejoiced in the possession of the first brick school house between Cincinnati and Chillicothe, and also the first brick hall. But such success inspired emulation. One year later, Lodge No. 54 was organ-

ized at Milford, and in another year Lodge No. 61 was organized at Bethel. These were followed in the next year, 1822 by No. 71; and No. 72 at Ripley and Georgetown. And thus, Free Masonry, as the model, was established where the Lodges, Chapters, Camps and Councils of many orders have prospered with much harmony and in large degree.

The school below the first Masonic Hall, and in fact, the first hall of any sort except the court house, was a "subscription school." There was no other kind until the State gave some aid in 1826. In some five years from that start, public opinion had so advanced that women could be employed as teachers receiving public money for pay. With the schools of our time, so largely taught by women, people are slow to believe that the condition has such recent origin. Yet, our boastful public schools have grown almost within memory. The fostering legislation seemed slow to gain, but in the end, the total has far exceeded the utmost expectation at the beginning. While more general advantage was slowly coming, the schools were a question of individual effort. The teaching was rudimentary and little of that. The log school house was replaced with frame and brick structures as the villages gained importance, but the oldest type was to be seen on the country roads after the Mexican war, and a few lasted into the dates of the Civil War. The impulse to build larger has resulted in our present convenience through gradual changes. The methods of instruction have also changed to conform to plans that promise the greatest benefit to the largest number. Still there are a few that kindly remember the more personal teaching that prevailed in the "Select Schools," the "Latin Schools," the Academies," and the "Seminaries," that lived wherever an impressive, earnest and generally competent person could gather a class and find a vacant room. The most noted of these for long continuance, large attendance and excellent instruction was founded at Clermontville in 1839 by Rev. Daniel Parker and wife, and continued by their lovable and accomplished son, Professor James K. Parker, and his wife, until closed on account of their age, in 1892. The story of that fine institution includes names that have become a part of our national history, but nothing in the relation would be more persuasive of its merit than the deep and abiding respect that

those worthy teachers have in the memory of their students. The Rev. John Rankin long conducted a most notable school at Ripley, on what was then deemed very radical plans. The Latin School, under Rev. James Gilliland, has been noted on another page. The Presbyterian preachers of that time were generally expected to furnish instruction, as well as doctrine. At one time, Rev. Ludwell Gaines, in a log house that was popularly known as "The Quail Trap Academy," in Goshen township, taught a class of seventeen young men, who each and all reached fine legal, medical and clerical distinction. That instruction was not accidental, but continued through several terms. For several years after 1849, Rev. Luke Ainsworth Spofford, aided by his daughter Lizzie, taught one of those "Presbyterian Schools" in Williamsburg, of which the quality may be judged from the fact that one of his sons became a supreme judge of Tennessee, another a United States Senator from Louisiana, and another was the world famous Ainsworth Spofford, Librarian of the Congressional Library. But all that class of schools was gradually but surely set aside by the State on February 21, 1849, by the act known as the Akron Law, which instituted the "Union Schools," that with slight change of legislation have passed into the "High Schools" of today.

The school room in the first Masonic Hall at Williamsburg was the scene of the early school life of the famous Professor David Swing, whence he went to a college course at Oxford that fitted him for a distinguished part in liberal movements. Although not understood then, as seen now, the time was ripe for more method in educational affairs. The chief direction of the movement fell to the teachers, of whom some met in 1848 in the home of Dr. A. V. Hopkins at Amelia. After several not quite successful attempts, the first real Instituté was held on April 10, 1850, at Bantam. The names of those who brought about this happy meeting form a list of singular merit. They were Professor and Mrs. J. K. Parker, of Clermont Academy; John Hancock, later State School Commissioner; Henry V. Kerr, later State Librarian; George P. Jenkins, then conducting May Seminary at Bantam and, later, president of Moores College; Charles Robb, the Poet; L. French, J. C. Morris, John Ferguson, Ira McCollum, C. W. Page, Harris Smethurst,

Miss Carrie Dudley, Miss Mary E. Bannister, and Miss Fairfield, all exceptionally successful teachers, who not only put their work in high favor at home, but also furnished an example for the teachers in Brown, that has had similar felicity.

To my mind, the proudest day in the history of the Clermont County Teachers' Institute and of the Clermont County Board of School Examiners, all combined in harmonious action, yet reached and not likely to be exceeded, was attained on Saturday, June 4, 1892, when the as yet experimental scheme of graduation from the Common Schools was forever settled by the example of Clermont county, which on that day gave a well earned diploma to each of one hundred seventy-four pupils who had been encouraged to strive for the reward. It is to be hoped that no one will grudge the place in this history to record that those diplomas were given from my hand with a deep and abiding conviction that the ceremony was the logical, but long needed completion of the scheme of public instruction, from the first step to the kindergarten, to the last day in the university. And all the pride cherished in the performance was brightened, when reports confirmed that Clermont county alone had furnished quite one-seventh of the pupils graduated in all Ohio, on that crucial day. The story of that Revolution in Clermont was told and commented upon in the educational journals of the time and talked of as a new departure. Now, twenty years later, the plan is all but universally approved and adopted.

While the social qualities of fraternal organizations were coming into action, the moral influence of the Catholic faith appeared upon the scene. And that appearance was due to the ever recurring interposition of General William Lytle, in the affairs of Old Clermont. Those for the first time learning his share in early events of lasting importance to the region, may question the choice of incidents or be disposed to think that his work has been unduly magnified. The narration of events should include their reason as well as their effects. While living in Cincinnati with the high esteem of all, Lytle met his neighbors with open hands for every call that promised a better citizenship. His gifts abroad do not belong to this work, except that in 1823, he deeded a tract of two hundred acres of land to the authorities of the Catholic Church in Cincinnati

for educational purposes. That tract of great natural beauty is now the site of the widely admired institution known as St. Martin's in Brown county. How St. Martin's came to be the chosen home of the Ursuline Convent, how a seminary had prospered and ceased, how the present magnificent academy for girls and young women has grown in beauty and reputation is far too long a story for this page. It is all better told in descriptions of the institution that can be had for the asking. For those of the faith, much is learned from the fact that Archbishop Purcell chose the place for his peaceful age. St. Aloysius' Academy for small boys is also a part of a general educational plan. Around this educational center is a population in a sympathy that sustains several churches and the influence extends to various churches in both Brown and Clermont. While admiring the scenic effects, one cannot refrain from wondering at the results wrought from the generosity of the man who brought the locality into such wonderful prominence.

Every sub-division of the ancient domain, whether for towns or townships, is significant of the increasing demands of the civilization that was subjecting the forest to the plow. Huntington, Byrd and Eagle townships, with much larger limits than now had been taken from Adams to give ample form to the much larger part taken from Old Clermont for the creation of Brown county. But the demand for a more restricted local government came first in Clermont, where the new townships organized were: Franklin, May 5, 1818; Wayne, March 15, 1819, and Goshen on the next day. Then the new authorities of Brown granted the townships of Franklin and Washington on December 2, 1822, and the townships of Jackson and Pike in June, 1823, and Sterling in 1824. Monroe was instituted June 9, 1825. Then Scott followed in 1828, and Jackson in Clermont, June 3, 1834, and Green, December 2, 1834. The last township laid in Clermont was Pierce, on December 8, 1852, and the finish in Brown was made in June, 1853, by the formation of Jefferson. Each of the modern townships was formed from some of the adjoining and sometimes protesting older organizations. But the custom of sixty years has reconciled all difference of opinion about conditions that promise to last always.

Few rural sections remote from over mastering municipal control have a better convenience of village and hamlet centers that have grown according to the needs of the country around. No other places in the region have the quality of adventure that pertains to young Lytle's determination to fix a place for settlers, rather than trust settlers to fix a place for him. And no other settlement was undertaken in the lofty spirit that brought Obed Denham to Bethel. Elsewhere, with few exceptions, the paper towns were seemingly commercial plans that often went "aglee." After Williamsburg and Bethel, and within the limits of Brown county, the next town was Decatur, in 1802, intended to profit by the travel between Maysville and Chillicothe, but the travel failed, and Decatur or "St. Clairsville," as it was first named, languished. The fine water power and ford at Broad Ripple induced the platting of Milford in 1806, but it was nothing but a milling station, until the State bridge and the turnpikes and then the railroad and then the traction lines brought the supremacy that, after a hundred years, now seems assured. A hope was seen for a town at Neville as far back as 1808, that a hundred years have not redeemed. Farther east, White Haven was laid out in a double sense in 1804, to be succeeded a dozen years later by Higginsport. The stir of the War of '12 seems to have incited a general desire for towns. Neville was revived in 1812, and Point Pleasant was announced, and Ripley took form. New Richmond was projected in 1814, and "Beautiful Allisonia," a year later. 1816 was the beginning of Aberdeen, Moscow, Chilo, and Goshen. Russellville and Felicity were started in 1817, Palestine in 1818, and Georgetown in 1819. Woodville was considered in 1828, Sardinia in 1833, Carlisle in 1834, Boston in 1836, Arnheim and Edenton in 1837, with Newtonville and Hamersville in 1838. In 1850, Mt. Orab began to be mentioned, and Paxton's was changed to Loveland. Amelia, Withamsville, Mt. Carmel and Fayetteville grew without a date, and most of the smaller places also had the same tranquil lot. The history of these towns has been detailed for other pages by actual residents, and from the talk of the actual, but no longer active pioneers. It is futile to search for more.

No regular steamboat went to and fro for passengers along the riverside till about 1830, and then the calls were not fre-

quent. Most of such service was done by what would now be called tramp boats. The public conveyance of passengers through the interior was by stages. From a time unknown to a date not determined, a stage passed to and from Chillicothe to Cincinnati through Williamsburg. After Georgetown had gained importance, the travel turned in that direction to West Union and so continued well up to, if not through, the Mexican War. The line advertised by Joshua B. Davis came from West Union through Decatur, Russellville, Georgetown, Hamersville, Bethel, Bantam, Perinsmills, Milford and Madisonville to Cincinnati. The stage was the kind with the body hung upon broad straps of leather to swing along after two or four horses, according to the state of the roads, or the size of the loads. When the pikes came, the uncertain tri-weekly stage gave place to the daily omnibus, and then travel so increased that daily trips were made down the river road and from Bethel down the Ohio Pike, and from Williamsburg through Batavia and by Newtown, and from Fayetteville through Boston to Milford, and from far up the Wooster Pike down through Goshen to the trains at Milford. That was a time of bi-daily excitement along those pikes, for the 'Bus never passed either way without large attention to the speed and minute speculation at every stop, as to the number and quality of the passengers. The period also included the passing of four and even six horses to a wagon loaded with produce for the city market. At times such wagons in sight on the great Wooster Pike could be counted by the score. And the droves that caused Cincinnati to be nicknamed "Porkopolis," were fabulous in number. One of the novel sights about holiday times was the droves of turkeys stalking along to a fate both certain and helpless. Such were the scenes along the wonderful Wooster Pike, "Before the War," then the greatest commercial highway for displaying the inner wealth of Ohio. But the railroads have changed all that, and now the grass has grown towards the center until the narrow track on the broad way, despite the deep grades, looks like a country lane. Except for a local use, hardly more than a township needs, that once stupendous work of the State is almost as obsolete as the canals.

The course of the road from Milford to Todd's Fork, that

became a part of that pike was crossed a hundred years ago by the "Upper road from Williamsburg by the John Charles Mill and on to Lebanon. That cross roads became the center of 'East Goshen,' " which was the scene of some incidents that present a view not quite like the ordinary northern conception of the Underground Railroad times. At that crossing in 1834, Dr. Samuel G. Meeks built a fine two-story brick house on a full basement story of smooth dressed, blue lime stone, making three stories in all. In its prime that house was the show place for many scores of miles on the then famous Wooster Pike. About 1837, the property passed to Captain Tubal Early, a relative of General Jubal Early, noted as one of Lee's greatest generals, until his crushing defeat by Sheridan at Winchester. Captain Early, a fine specimen of the tall and stately Virginia cavalier, came to Ohio to emancipate some two score slaves. While the theory was beautiful the practice, speaking with caution, was offensive to many otherwise philanthropic men of Goshen. A somewhat patriarchal disposition of the proud captain to advise and even direct some vagrant ex-bondsman, for whose good conduct the Ohio law had required his former master to become a bondman, afforded a pretext for criticism that soon become anything but mild. The fine home was made unhappy by a personal and then furious legal contention about a worthless scalawag, whose idea of freedom was a state of utter idleness. In the midst of the controversy, the bewildered emancipator passed to a peculiar tomb in the Goshen cemetery and left the case of Prejudice vs. Philanthropy to perplex his widow, Charlotte, until the depreciated house was brought to sale and she was driven south of the Ohio in search of sympathy for her folly in believing that truth alone will pay the price. One of the manumitted women died, leaving two little boys also fatherless. They were at once taken into the "Big Early House," until large enough to do some simple chores, requisite for both physical and moral health. Then sympathy for the enslaved and antipathy for their misunderstood guardian had a busy time taking downtrodden boys from where they were learning civility, in order to bind them out to the lowest bidders. One was fixed to learn the saving service of cleaning a tavern stable and the other was sent to the tender task of grubbing stubs in a



clearing. Of such freedom they were finally deprived by their Virginia mistress and taught to read and write much better than was common at that time. And when Mrs. Early went to Kentucky, one of the youths went with her into voluntary slavery in order that he might serve the good angel of his life. Verily, not many in the South knew the North, and few in the North could understand any of the South, and so both went stumbling on to dreadful strife.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MEXICAN WAR AND THE GOLD FEVER.

The Mexican War a Preliminary Campaign in a Greater Struggle--The Volunteers from Brown--The Company from Clermont and Brown--General Thomas L. Hamer, His Youth, Political Success, Oratory and Death in Mexico--Discovery of Gold in California--The Light Family--Dr. William Wayland Light, One of the Argonauts--A Deadly Fight.

While Brown and Clermont were rapidly increasing in population, and while the people were clearing larger fields, making smoother ways, building better homes, contriving more convenience, seeking more trade, turning from canals, wondering at railroads, planting villages and shuddering at the thought of abolition, the country was moving steadily toward the Mexican War. In the light thrown back from what followed, the Mexican War takes the importance of a preliminary campaign in the greater struggle of a still longer strife to decide the supremacy between the systems of free and slave labor that had threatened the stability of the Union from the beginning. No premise of history is clearer than that war was waged with Mexico for the extension of slavery; and no result is more conclusive than the utter confusion of the plans that overwhelmed the designs of its promoters. Measured by our standards it was still a time of inconceivable inconvenience. The country entered the strife with a spirit that was largely a question of distance. Those near gained a reputation for "eating fire," that did not extend to the more distant northerners, and thus the boastings of the promoters of slavery were assumed as evidence of superior courage. The correction of that mistake was a bitter lesson for the South. Although there was so little to urge and so much to repress the aspirations of free labor, Ohio answered the call of the President with more troops than went from any other northern State, for it was the first chance for the native born to test the mettle of their hearts.

The volunteers from Brown county were mustered in for one year at Cincinnati, June 22, 1846, as Company G, of the First Ohio Regiment. Their captain was Sanders W. Johnston; but there is no need to use space in this work to perpetuate the names or particulars of each one of the company, for all that is to be found in the fine Roster, that Ohio has published in honor of her splendid soldiering. The same is true of a second company enlisted from both Brown and Clermont, which was mustered in eighty-five strong, under Captain John W. Lowe, at Cincinnati, on September 11, 1847, for one year, as Company C., of the reorganized Second Ohio Regiment. Besides the State Roster, Lieutenant Milton Jamieson of that company, published a fine story of its service and his personal experience. The Major of the Second Ohio, William Wall, who had been a cadet at West Point, was a citizen of Brown county.

The hero of his town and county and region and State in the Mexican War, and one honored and lamented by the nation was Thomas Lyon Hamer. A detailed account of a life so full of incidents as his cannot be combined within the scope of this history, where only lines can be given while pages would be a pleasant task. Born in July, 1800, and obtaining a fair schooling under parental care in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania, he came with the family, then moving to Butler county, Ohio. But the boy stopped at the mouth of Nine Mile and took his first employment as the slender, red headed teacher of a school in the fall of 1817, at Withamsville. While there he borrowed some books on law of Hezekiah Lindsey, and some general books from Dr. William Porter, who were among the foremost men of that region. He came then to Bethel as a teacher of subscription schools. By one paper signed for seventeen pupils, on October 16, 1820, he agreed to teach reading, writing and arithmetic to each pupil for \$2.00 for thirteen weeks. If grammar was taught, \$1.00 more was to be paid, and the subscribers were to furnish a room and fuel. While thus employed, he became an inmate of the home of Thomas Morris then established as one of the foremost lawyers. Morris liked the youth and took all but parental charge of his studies. As compared with this day, Hamer's lot was tough. As compared with other boys of his

day, his chance was very fine. In 1821, when lacking four months of twenty-one years he went with Morris to the old stone court house in Williamsburg, where, after examination and with the certifying statement of Morris, he was admitted to the bar, although he had never been in a court house before. Six months later he went to live in Georgetown, where he practiced law, wrote editorials for *The Benefactor* and became deeply interested in politics as a study. He was a member of the General Assembly of the State, became Speaker of the House, and then three times a Member of Congress, where he ranked with the first. After achieving all this before the age of forty, he avowed the duty of securing comfort for his family, rather than fame for himself.

He had a magical sway over men as an orator, and his aid on the stump was eagerly sought by the most distinguished men of his party. Before the age of forty, all that ambition craved was deemed possible, and his friends were only waiting his sanction to urge his name for the highest honors of State. He was in accord with what seemed the popular trend. He urged the Mexican War. The readiness of his county for the service was ascribed to his influence. He volunteered as a private and modestly consented to act as Major of his regiment. Within a week he was appointed a Brigadier-General by President Polk. He shared in the fine success of General Taylor's army at Monterey, September 23, 1846. On October 13, 1846, he was, without opposition, elected to Congress for the fourth time. But a constitution not strong was yielding to the unfamiliar service in a trying climate, and he died December 3, 1846, in what should have been the prime of his life, and was the dawn of his fame. For he had won fame abroad, and place beyond rivalry at home. After while all that was mortal of the boyish teacher, the skillful lawyer, the popular politician, the fascinating orator, the able statesman, the heroic general—the brilliant Hamer was brought from Mexico by the proudly sorrowful State and given to his people at home as a precious charge forever.

Whatever any man may have planned, the immediate influence of the Mexican War was far beyond the wildest flight of fancy and something most confusing in all political calculations. For, judged by the acid test of financial gain, the most

important event of that period in American history was the discovery of gold in California. The immediate result in Brown and Clermont was a rearrangement of the plans of scores and scores of the most ardent youths, who at once went farther than any had dared before. As soon as the lands had been taken and the price had increased, immigration sought the "new countries." Soon after the War of '12, many crowded to the Wabash. Late in the '30s, Illinois was the cause of much interest. Ten years later, hundreds were starting for Iowa. But after 1849, the bolder were resolving to go where gold could be gained more quickly than by raising grain or herding flocks. No estimate is obtainable of the number who went from Brown and Clermont to California, some by the "Isthmus," and some across the "Plains," some to return, and not a few to stay. For lack of modern comparison the first to go were given the classical name of "Argonauts." Among these was one from Clermont and of a family with a story of more than ordinary adventure. John Light, a Revolutionary soldier, was the father of Jacob, Daniel and Peter, who had share in the border warfare of western Pennsylvania, that in full sense was a part of the Revolution. Jacob went with his wife to Detroit from which, after four anxious years, they retreated. Then in 1791, the three sons came to Columbia, where in July, 1792, Jacob was one in the party from which resulted the famous narrative of "Spencer's Captivity." Having come to the site in 1797, he platted the first part of New Richmond in 1813, to which Thomas Ashburn added the upper part in 1816. Daniel Light was shot through the body in an Indian fight, but recovered and raised a large family on Twelve Mile. Peter Light, previously mentioned as a territorial pioneer on Clover Creek, was County Surveyor for ten years and also the Sheriff ordered to imprison Thomas Morris for debt. His son, George C. Light, was County Surveyor for five years, and then a member of the State House of Representatives. He then acquired national reputation as a Methodist minister, and died in Vicksburg, on his birthday, February 27, 1860, aged seventy-five years. Peter Light's son, David, married Sarah Strickland in 1812, and their son, William Wayland Light, born July 29, 1817, was one of the "Argonauts," having gone to California with the first onset of the "gold seekers" in 1849.

He had studied pharmacy with an older brother, George S. Light, but later, was finely successful in dentistry.

But no ordinary employment could restrain his adventurous disposition from undertaking many hazards of fortune. He sent for his brother, Hopkins Light and for Julian, a son of their brother, George S., and gathering all his means into the venture, went into prospecting and mining schemes among the mountains of Sonora, in Old Mexico. That was amid the restless conditions following the French invasion of Mexico, and our Civil War. While seeking a richer place in the elusive lode, the three men with a Mexican chore boy, built a remote camping shack by a stream in which on June 25, 1868, Hopkins and Julian, while taking a bath were ambushed and killed by a party of eight lurking Indians, who took the moment that left their victims most defenseless. Flushed with success, the band rushed upon the hut, where Dr. Light was taking a much-needed rest, from which with no aid but the boy to load and hand out guns, he met the assailants with a fire that killed four and wounded others before they gave up the fight and left the white man victorious, but also badly wounded with a shot through one foot and several arrows sticking in his body. The rifle, powder horn and wounding arrows, with other pioneer relics of the family, are now among the priceless treasures of Dr. Wayland Light's niece, Mrs. Georgie Girardey Strickland, who holds the ancestral lands of Peter Light. The fierce fight is in column with the bravest deeds of pioneer times from ocean to ocean. The story is not complete without stating that the mining interests were sold for an immense sum obtained and paid to a trusted agent, who fled and left the adventurous Dr. Light to gather another fortune in Sacramento and become president of the Sacramento Pioneers' Association, at his death, June 14, 1895. There is peculiar satisfaction in pondering this story of one of a large connection in Brown and Clermont as typical of their vast traditions both at home and in both East and West, and in the romance of the Pacific coast.

## CHAPTER XX.

### IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Change in Fashion and Custom—The Note of Preparation—The Roster of Ohio in the War—Those Who Heard the Call—The Terror of the First Tidings—The Fall of Sumter—A General Statement of the Organizations from Brown and Clermont—The Nearest Battle—The Morgan Raid—The Course of the Longest Single March on Record—The Conduct of the Raiders—A Fight for a Horse—The Story of Captain George Harris of Morgan's Artillery—The Reception of the Union Army in Pursuit of Morgan—The Difference Between the Armies—The General Service of the Troops from Brown and Clermont—When the Boys Came Marching Home.

A wide, evident result of the discovery of gold in California was the impulse to the building of railroads. For, coolly considered, the Little Miami and the Marietta railroads were not built by the people of Clermont, but by foreign capital; and the work was managed by non-residents and to connect distant points. Before the merit of travel by steam was made familiar to the mass of population, the Civil War overwhelmed all other intention and absorbed every interest. As that awful political, moral and social revolution went by, and when its marvelous heroism had passed into history, the people had put on new fashions and adopted a new mode of living. Men ceased to wear long hair combed into a huge roll on top with ends rolled under and made stable with pasty pomatums and glossy with perfumed oils. For some years the loveliest maidens approved the sensible change of the men by cutting off their braids and by looking their best in loose locks, which was only a phase in an experimental period in which everyone was testing the effect of something new. The brim of the outre "stove pipe hat" was narrowed to the proportions of the head, and the roofs that before barely edged the walls, were projected for a needed protection to the building. Sixty years ago the

floors, now polished and rugged, had rag carpets or none, except one in a hundred had a three-ply ingrain. The pretentious had a dozen silver teaspoons, a half dozen silver tablespoons and a Brittannia tea pot. The next in the social scale were provided, if not satisfied, with German silver or pewter spoons. Much of the cloth was homespun, and even the factory goods was cut and made at home. The bleaching of factory muslin helped to keep women busy. Those who deplore woman's present extensive occupation as wage earners are forgetful that invention has invaded and utterly destroyed the ancient custom where she was spinner, weaver and garment maker. This change was largely invoked and surely hastened by the American conflict, which was the most costly in tears and treasure that the white race has yet endured. The prodigious Asiatic slaughters of which there is no certain estimate, cannot be brought into a just comparison, for the annihilation of many millions more or less of them often wrote no change in a glorious progress. But the vast destructive energy of the war for the Union called forth the finest constructive ability that man has ever shown in both war and agriculture. It was the first real test of steam in war, and that test involved problems of which Napoleon never dreamed and which vastly modified the art of war that he practiced. All the world feels the change in navies that was inaugurated by the Monitor and the Merrimac. But popular intelligence has not yet sufficiently recognized the special strategy of war by railroads that was solved by Grant.

A just review of the patriotic service of any considerable community should include the note of preparation, the tented field and the desolated homes. The scenes in Brown and Clermont during the strife for the Union were such as history proudly records of the whole wide Northland. There were hurryings to and fro, and gathering tears; there was trembling distress and cheeks all pale and choking sighs; there was mounting in hot haste, and mustering squadrons swiftly rushed to the ranks of war. And then there was grief for the unreturning brave, for there was none but had some friend or brother there.

The insolent enemy professed equal contempt for the home-grown and scorn for the foreign born of the North. A mere



roll of the brave men who went forth to defend their chosen flag from such insult is beyond the limit of this work, which in no sense is a reprint of what can be found elsewhere. Ohio's proudly published Roster of her soldiers and sailors sets forth their service beyond the power of private enterprise. And yet, it must be regretfully admitted that ample credit has not been attained in every instance. The reason for this is found in the character of the volunteer service in which each individual attached himself to whatever organization seemed best. In this manner many crossed local lines in ways that cannot be followed by neighborhoods or even counties or states. But the State Roster, as far as the facts were stated on the company and regimental rolls, will keep the general enlistments as long as the book can be made to last. Yet whoever looks at any muster roll must remember that individuals and groups of volunteers often went far or came a long distance to be with special commands or chosen friends. And so remembering, the best that can be done is a general statement of such organizations as will guide a search of the most exact official sources.

The eventful scenes of 61 are of such vivid personal memory for many, that a writer may well ponder long in selecting thoughts to give younger readers an adequate impression of the conditions that inspired the golden age of our heroism. Yet, many of the homes remain in which the Union soldiers were bred and taught a love of country that has peculiar example. For they fought, not for their own homes alone, but for an ideal of human rights that included another race with whom they did not live and would not mingle.

The call for such extraordinary service from Brown and Clermont counties came to a population with the peaceful purpose of farming, and to the tradesman connected with that occupation before it was complicated with the infinite divisions of today. There was little or no corporate direction, and each one largely followed an independent course not easily realized when almost every branch of living is controlled by a company, directed by a union, or managed by a trust. The young men thus grown to glory in the utmost limit of personal freedom had no training in the value of the strict discipline that is an imperative requisite for military success. For many

years the greatest excitement of their happy lives had been found on the school boys' play ground, or in hunting and fishing within sight of their homes. The greatest public enthusiasm they had shared was the torch-light political processions that marked the presidential campaign of 1860. Unto a generation that otherwise might have organized peace societies and have given endless energy to every useful art, the fall of Sumter's flag was a signal for a strife that changed the course of time. Again the waiting fates struck the choicest hour for mortal hopes. The careful students of the unrolling charts for the ships of state across the troubled seas of international politics know that the Union Army fought for more than Grant dreamed, or Lincoln planned. Meanwhile the masters of invention, after providing railroads for the rapid transportation of the freedom-giving armies, also made haste to furnish the locomotive with a guiding spirit. For without the telegraph the railroad engine would be a blind and destructive giant. The most momentous message that had traversed those all but celestial wires was the call to rescue Sumter. A pious mind may delight in believing that a gracious Providence was still directing the preparation of material and spiritual means so that both should be ready at the appointed time that combined mortal good and divine design.

Ah, who was living then that can forget those rural homes, piled with plenty, blest with the bounty of fruity orchard, decked with bloom and clad with clambering vine, amid waving harvests bordered with daisied pastures, where the lazy herds wore winding paths to spicy groves o'erspread with sunny flecks on heaven's serenest blue?

Who but those who heard can tell the terror of the first tidings of the war for ears that rarely knew a chiding voice? And who but those who felt can guess the ruin that marked the rush of raging wrath? For those who saw that wondrous time, memory peoples the past with visions more real than the throng of daily life; for we know whence the phantoms come and why they beckon us back to view the race that won the goal of deathless fame. Again we hear the pealing bells, the shrilling fifes and the boding drums, while glowing speech is answered with fervent pledge of volunteering bands. Again we see the bustling preparation, the quivering farewells and

the solemn departings. Again we see the growing camp, the irksome drill, the steady tramp, the hasty march to the front with all the pomp of fine array and waving flags. Again we see the shrouding dust and the weary bivouac of shelterless ranks and watch the sick go stumbling from the line. Again the fires of battle flash, and again we hear the piteous tales of prison life and see the countless dead entrenched in shallow graves.

The threatened destruction of the Union suddenly assumed the direst form of war as the clocks in the towers of Charleston struck four on the morning of Friday, April 12, 1861, which was the carefully preconcerted moment for the bombardment of Fort Sumter. All day the finest cannon that a treacherous Secretary of War could find and order there from the national arsenals, hurled the most destructive missiles of that date against one of the important forts that had been built to defend the integrity of the Union against foreign aggression, and not as a menace to the ungrateful people that grew proud and rebellious under the protection. The hot hail of over two thousand bursting shells ceased with night fall, but began again with the dawn of Saturday. One by one the guns of the few defenders were dismounted or buried beneath the toppling walls and soon the inmates were forced to cease resisting and fight the fires that were consuming their quarters and stores. For the rebellious artillery was served by men who knew the range and had the skill. The flagstaff was shot away and the colors fell without a helping hand.

When Major Anderson and his little band had fought their fight to a finish, it was an unconditional surrender, for there was no authority that he would recognize beyond the conditions that forced them away. On Sunday morning, April 14, when the news came to Washington City, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand men to help him repossess the ruined fort and restore the fallen flag. And then with brief and simple pathos, he warned all offenders to cease their evil plottings against the Union within twenty days. The infatuated South mocked his call and jeered his advice with equal scorn. Without Sunday papers and with only evening mails, the news that confirmed vague rumors came mainly in the Cincinnati daily papers printed on Monday morning. On

Tuesday morning, April 16, the mournful tidings went about the village streets and began to stream along the country lanes.

The first call for defenders of the Union was bravely answered in Brown and Clermont counties. Ripley gained the honor of making the first response. While the citizens had gathered at the Third Street Methodist Church of that day and were discussing the exciting conditions, a telegram was read announcing the fall of Fort Sumter. The meeting adjourned at once to Armstrong's Hall, where a company volunteered for the Union, under Captain Jacob Ammen, who started the next day to Columbus to report the action to the governor and obtain orders. They were mustered in as Company H of the Twelfth Ohio, and Captain Ammen was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-fourth Ohio. The ardent youth of Williamsburg assembled in the "Middle Hall" or school room of the Masonic Hall, and joining those who had answered the larum of the court house bell in Batavia, formed the "Clermont Guards," that was mustered in under Captain, later Major, Julius Penn, Sr., as Company E of the Twenty-second Ohio. The "Felicity Guards," previously organized at Felicity, was quickly recruited to the limit along the county line from Bethel southward and mustered into the Twenty-Second Ohio, as Company I, under Captain Farron Olmstead, who later on was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-ninth Ohio. The "Union Guards," another organization at New Richmond, was filled from the river side and mustered into the Twelfth Ohio, as Company C, under Captain Watts McMurchy. A force of thirty from Georgetown went to the Twelfth Ohio under Carr B. White, who was made Colonel of that regiment. These companies were obliged to decline volunteers from other localities, of whom some found a place in other companies, so that nearly five hundred from the region of Old Clermont answered the "First Call." This can be safely calculated, as several times the quota for the population of the district.

Under the call for men to serve three years, Company C, under Captain William T. Beatty, was mustered in the Second Ohio Infantry from northwestern Clermont. Company I of that regiment also included many Clermont men. The Twelfth Ohio, reorganized for three years, included Company C, under Captain Watts McMurchy and Captain Liggett's

company from Brown. The next considerable number was the full Company K of the Twenty-seventh Ohio, from both Brown and Clermont, about Williamsburg. The Thirty-Fourth Ohio was organized on the Olive Branch Fair Ground and largely recruited from both counties; Captain S. R. S. West's Company A, being from central Clermont. While another company was being recruited at Ripley by Captain C. W. Boyd. Captain J. B. Hopkins recruited Company A of the Thirty-sixth Ohio. The Thirty-ninth, although a Cincinnati regiment, obtained many from the counties to the east. The Forty-eighth Ohio was recruited largely in northern Brown, and many in Clermont who did not secure officers at home. Company G of the Fiftieth was from Clermont. The Fifty-ninth was organized at Ripley, and was distinctly from Brown and Clermont counties, with a record second to none for long marching and hard fighting. There is no need to locate the companies for those who are familiar with the pioneer names. The Seventieth Ohio was largely from Brown county. Clermont furnished a company of sharpshooters, C, for the Seventy-ninth Ohio. Clermont gave three and Brown two companies of a hundred men each to the glorious but ill-fated Eighty-ninth Ohio. Glorious because that regiment held Snodgrass Hill, the key to Rosecrans' retreat on the fatal Sunday of his failure at Chickamauga, held that forlorn hope from eight in the morning until night came, ill-fated, because when the work was done for which the sacrifice was ordered, and when the retreat was safe, then, in the fullness of so much suffered for others, the lines of gray that had vainly charged again and again against the steady boys in blue, at last flanked the position and made them prisoners. Eight full companies of the One Hundred Fifty-third Ohio for a hundred days were from Clermont. Brown sent a company to the One Hundred Eighty-ninth Ohio, and Clermont had Company I in the One Hundred Eighty-fourth Ohio. Numerous detachments were credited to both counties as the recipients of bounties, but whether residents or not was uncertain then, and still more so now.

Major C. G. McGrew and Captain H. B. Teetor recruited many men in northern Clermont for the Fourth Ohio Cavalry. Still later, Captain W. H. Ulrey took a large detachment to

Company M, Second Ohio Cavalry, that was commanded by Colonel, afterwards General, A. V. Kautz, of Brown county. Company A, Captain E. G. Ricker; Company I, Captain W. H. Fagaly; Company M, Captain John Henry, and Captain Trounstein's company, and a large portion of another company, all of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, were enlisted in Clermont and Brown. The Seventh Ohio Cavalry was organized at Ripley, and besides many from Brown, took Captain Ira Ferguson's company from Clermont. The Fourth Ohio Independent Cavalry company, with John S. Foster, was almost entirely a Brown county organization. Company L of the Ninth Ohio Cavalry, under Captain Asbury P. Gatch, was mainly recruited in Clermont. Several detachments were recruited for the Artillery service, and a goodly number went in the Naval service on the river gun boats. No pretense is made that this exhibit of organizations is complete, for it is not. County Rosters were not made when such might have been fairly successful, and now the task is impossible.

Although the river patrolled by gun boats was a defense against hostile incursions, it was also regarded as a possible scene of battle. And so it was in 1862, when Bragg's invasion of Kentucky included Kirby Smith's demonstration against Cincinnati. That movement comprised attacks along the river from Foster's to Maysville, in the first weeks of September. Of those attacks, the most serious was that of Colonel Bazil Duke, on Augusta, with three hundred fifty men of the Second Kentucky Confederate Cavalry. Duke records a loss of twenty-one killed and eighteen wounded in that battle, which was the severest that came near the region of our story. The excitement of those September days in 1862 brought the militia of northern Brown to a short, uneventful camping on the Ripley Fair Ground.

But the unexpected and most exciting stroke of all fell nearly a year later, and, for reasons not appreciated at the time, is still remarkable as "Morgan's raid through the North." A few analyzed facts will help one to read other accounts of that famous march with better perception of the distorted details published at the time. John Morgan's cavalry force was organized soon after the terrible Confederate defeat at Shiloh, which was so little understood at the time, that nearly

all the North except Lincoln, thought that Grant's army was destroyed. But Lincoln and all the South knew that a grim, strong, resolute power had suddenly, boldly and successfully been thrust into the vitals of the Confederacy, across two States and over two hundred miles deep. It was the perception of such strategy that made Grant, and the lack of it that said there was no general but Lee. To harass Grant's lines of supply was Morgan's duty, that was performed with skill and daring for a year or more, until at last the forces gathered for his destruction, made a march north seem better than a return southward. Morgan accepted the chances of the game, and all but won by crossing the Ohio on July 8, 1863, at Brandenburg, whence he went "Horse trading" through Indiana, until he went into camp late on Sunday night, July 12, at Sunmam, in Ripley county. From Sunmam, he started at 5 a. m., on Monday, July 13, with what he considered the most difficult problem of all the expedition at hand, which was to pass Cincinnati, guarded by a force much superior in number and in position, with the railroads to the city for bringing more troops. To pass this danger, he marched all day Monday threatening in various directions to deceive and to conceal his main march, which was forced with no rest all through Monday night and Tuesday morning and through the day, until Williamsburg was reached by the vanguard about 4 p. m., and by the main army, through several hours later.

The main route was by Harrison, and thence by roads that touched Glendale on the north, and the outskirts of Cincinnati on the south, and finally converged above Camp Dennison, and thence went by Miami ville, Mt. Repose, Williams Corners and Boston. At Williamsburg, part of the force camped on the Bethel road from the bridge to the hill, part in the town and part on the roads to Boston and Batavia. The reveille sounded at 3 a. m., Wednesday, July 15, and by a little after 8 o'clock in the morning the rear guard had passed. Because the bridge had just been burned in memory of Boerstler Huber's record in the Underground Railroad, they went down to the ford by the "Old Dug Way," mentioned many pages back, and galloped over the hill on the road to Mt. Orab, whence the route went by Sardinia and Winchester to Jack

Town or Dunbarton, in Adams county. From there on Thursday, they marched to Piketown; on Friday they went on through Jackson to Wilkesville, in Vinton county. From there they went fighting by Pomeroy to Chester by 1 p. m., where a fatal stop of an hour and a half caused them to reach the ford on the Ohio at Portland at 8 p. m., of Saturday "In solid darkness." But for that stop, or with a clear night, they would have crossed the Ohio and found sympathy. From Mt. Repose, a battalion detoured by Batavia and came back to the army at Williamsburg, where another detachment went southeastward by Georgetown, with intent to make the impression that they were trying to cross the river. But Buffington Island, or Lee's army was Morgan's objective from the start.

A generous and successful foe must admire the audacity, and wonder at the narrow margin between the failure and the success of the expedition. Such thoughts will grow respectful after learning that the march of ninety-five miles from Sunman to Williamsburg ranks as the longest, the most continuous, the most prodigious march ever made by so large a body of troops, of which history has any account. Small companies or individuals have gone farther in less time, but small companies march more easily, for the speed is much impeded by larger numbers. The condition of the men at the end of that hot, dusty ride of thirty-five hours without sleep or rest was one of intense weariness or their conduct might have been more boisterous. With few exceptions, the men were quiet and civil. Some irrepressibles broke into the stores and wasted the goods with little apparent purpose, except to destroy. Bolts of calico and cloth were taken by some who held one end while his horse was urged to make the bolt into a trail in the dust. In this way thousands of yards were wantonly ruined, other articles were carried a little while and then thrown away. The destruction of the stock was ruinous in some instances and in other places the disturbance was little or none. But the most wasteful soon stopped the game, and, after finding something to eat and feed their horses, sank into deep sleep with little talk with each other and still less with the citizens. The chief effort was to find a better horse for the next day's march. Protection for the inmates was very



generally granted to homes that would furnish a reasonable number of meals; and the contract was kept so that it was common to hear families say we had such and so many at our house. My father's home escaped all molestation by entertaining Captains Ray and Hines and "Parson" Moore, who asked a blessing at the table—such was the introduction given—and the treatment rendered. But the stable and mow and crib did not escape so well.

After fifty smoothing years, the events do not appear so very terrible. Some things were laughed at then and may be now. Solomon Mershon, a farmer, having lost his horses, came into the camp, southeast of town, and finding one, asserted rights, which were as earnestly denied by a stalwart man in gray or something said to be gray when new. The dispute soon became quite personal, and, with some suggestion from others, it was agreed that the rights of property should be decided by an honorable, fair fight between the claimants. A space was cleared among hundreds of admiring Confederates, into which the two took their place, and at the word, pounded each other, according to the rules agreed upon, until the Confederate was forced to quit, whereupon the victor was mounted on his rightful prize, which he rode away through round after round of "Rebel yells." And, protected by a strong sense of American humor, the horse was not taken again.

One of the strange incidents without any known parallel in those most eventful times, occurred in Williamsburg on that night, when Captain George Harris, in command of General Morgan's artillery, renounced the Confederate service, and through my personal assistance, was enabled to reach General Burnside and be restored to his father, who was a notable officer in the Union service. The story has been told all over the English-speaking world as "A Romantic Tale of Morgan's Raid," which was first published on July 12, 1892, in the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, and then reprinted times without number. How the fine-looking youth had been schooled in the State University at Nashville and became a Lieutenant of the cadet corps, that was ordered to guard the State buildings; how he went with his corps to Corinth, in the wild retreat before Grant, and then turned back to deal heavy blows at Shiloh;

how his battery went with Morgan through his fierce destruction of Union wealth and strength; how his college friends were seldom seen; how in lonely thoughts or amid the roar of battle, the question, "If father is there?" would rise; how he determined to quit it all and tell his tale to General Burnside, his father's friend, and how fate appointed me to help his need—all that was a tale too complex for credence in those doubtful days. And so the story was kept unknown to all but a chosen few at home. Yet it was true in every particular stated, and many more. Captain Harris was permitted to atone his Confederate service, and after taking the oath of allegiance to his father's flag, was sent abroad because of failing health that was not restored; for he died at sea in sight of land a few months after the great "Raid," and was buried in a church yard pertaining to London.

A soldier of the Union, whose name seems lost, while in the act of getting a cup of coffee, was entangled in the double tree and dragged under the wheels of a heavy ammunition wagon somewhat above and in front of the John Kain Tavern, which Morgan had used for his headquarters during his stay. The injured soldier was carried into the office room on Third and Main, where he died that night, being, so far as known, the only fatal casualty of the war that occurred in Brown and Clermont.

No just account, however brief, should fail to mention the joyful reception of the pursuing Union Army. As the last Confederates went up the hill toward Mt. Orab, Sergeant, afterwards First Lieutenant John Quincy Park, of the Second Ohio Cavalry, rode down the old court house hill with the glad tidings that Hobson's men, ten thousand strong, would pass through in the afternoon and would want something to eat, after which he greeted his parents and sisters and fell to sleep, for he had been riding two nights and the day between—so strenuous was the flight and pursuit around Cincinnati. With no telephones and automobiles and with all the horses taken, no one knows how they spread the news that "The Army" was coming, and wanted anything and everything to eat. But the response came early and kept coming all the afternoon from miles and miles around. Everyone counted it a shame to do nothing for "Our boys." Ham was



**JOHN KAIN'S TAVERN.**

**Built in 1816. Gen. John Morgan's Headquarters July 14 and 15, 1863. Torn Down in 1907.  
Williamsburg, Ohio.**

boiled and bacon fried, or either way with haste, while ovens were redolent with beef and poultry butchered to make a Union holiday. Pies and cakes were baked in every home and also biscuits by the bushel, for there was no time for salt rising loaves or yeast rolls. Boards were lifted into tables stretched on barrels or boxes along the curb on either side of Main street for squares. Buckets of coffee and pitchers of milk kept coming from here and there. The miracle of the loaves and fishes was seemingly repeated as the orderly ranks of the Defenders came riding by with lifted caps and dipping flags, while groups of gaily ribboned girls gathered and sang the rally calls and battle hymns of freedom. Some dismounted and ate at tables, kings of the feast. But except these few, the many scarcely more than swerving from the column, took what was extended by eager hands and rode on with no perceptible halt in the precise array of the fine review. The pageant was rare to northern eyes, for, fortunately, few places there were so visited. Those who saw the difference in the two armies, one in the full panoply of war, and the other scant of all but their arms, must have seen the shadow of the coming surrender. One impression then remembered now is that with all the difference in purpose they were Americans with a full share in the common heritage of courage and humor. The large majority of the invaders behaved with a civility that was only marred by their skill in trading horses and now and then in swapping hats or boots. And even in that, the difference was sometimes gravely balanced with confederate currency, which on minute examination was found to be a northern reprint.

As the natural line of attack took the northern troops by the shortest distance toward the enemy, the volunteers from Brown and Clermont were generally marched by way of Cincinnati and thence by Chattanooga, with occasional divergence to the great battle scenes on either hand. Out of such service, certain great battles may obtain a familiarity that obscures perception of the importance of the immense movements and terrific conflicts in other regions of the prodigious strife between the States. While the majority went straight to the South, only a few comparatively were drawn to the more severely contested and yet more doubtful eastern battles. The war for the Union not only involved the most momentous

question of government but it also exacted the utmost exertion of the people whose energy accomplished more in a generation than had been done in ages for the refinement of mankind. The battlefields of that vast revolution were many and are famous, and it should be a grandly solemn memory that most of them have been consecrated by their blood. In spite of dismay at the long lists of youth untimely withered or dead, the grim purpose of the North grew stronger and stronger to float the flag forever.

While Lee was pondering surrender, recruiting was continued through the winter with increasing resolution. But when Spring came to green the graves of the slain, "The Cruel War Was Over," and the "Boys came marching home"—home where wondering children would watch their coming and lead the shouting throng—home where the proud citizens would voice the joy of their victory—home where the dimpling shadows would fall by paths that led from winding roads to the open doors of the holy rooms of sinless boyhood—home where rosy sisters would stretch their welcome arms—home to meet the rapture of a father's gladness and the bliss of a mother's love—home perchance to bear the message spoken by somebody's darling, when the flag glimmered in dying eyes—home to cheer the mourner with tales of valiant duty nobly done—home to saunter along leafy lanes with whispered vows to sweetest hearts. But who can tell the price of the tears and the cost of the blood?

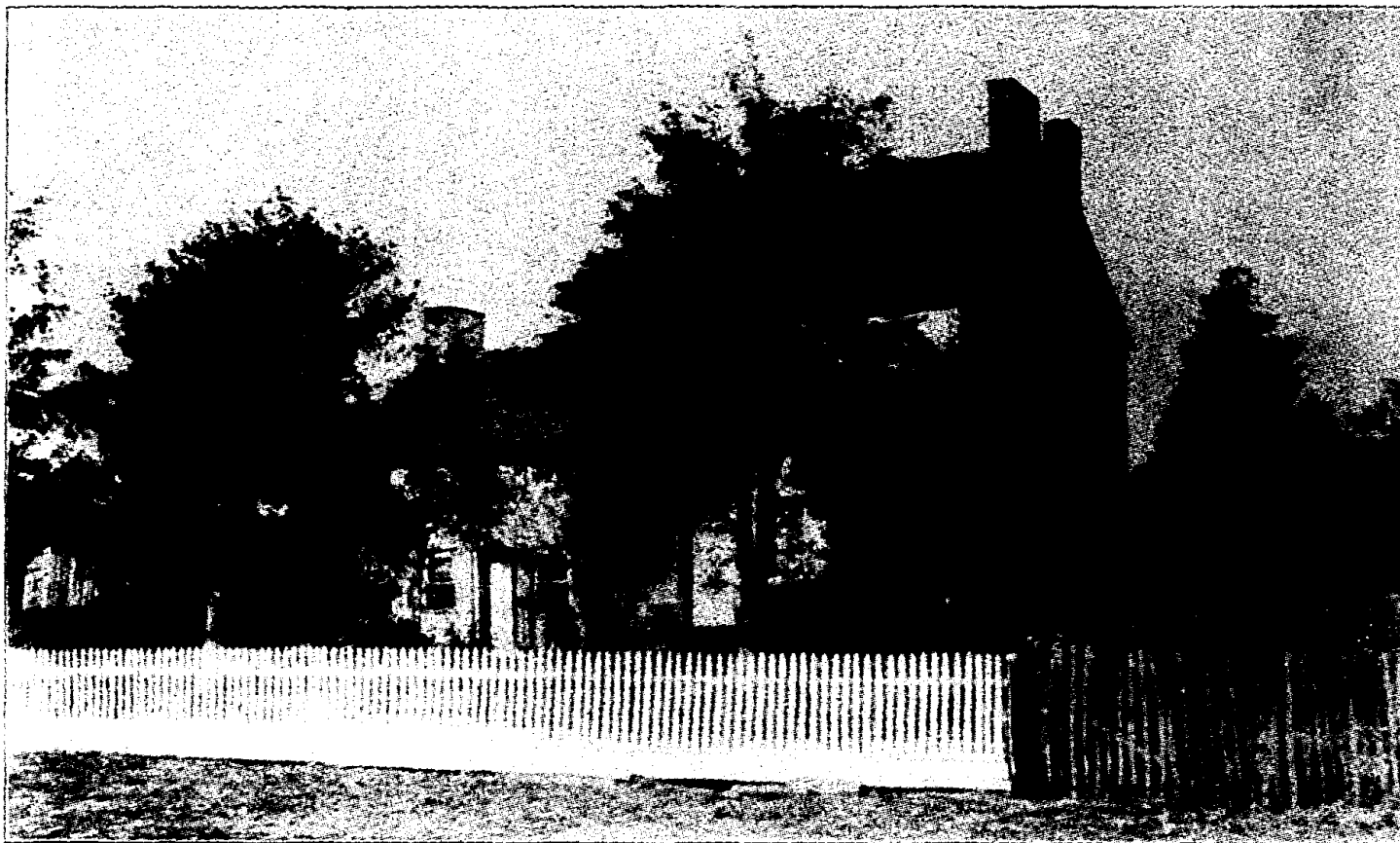
## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE WONDERFUL STORY OF GRANT.

The John Simpson Home—The House at Point Pleasant—Jesse Grant Clears Eleven Hundred Dollars in Twenty-two Months—The Home in Georgetown—Jesse Grant—The First Brick School House in Georgetown—Boyhood—Fondness for Horses—A Daring Rider—A Fine Example of a Well Raised American Boy—Attracts the Attention of Teacher John D. White, General Hamer and Senator Morris—At West Point—Excels all in Horsemanship—Hazed at Home—His Remarkable Reserve—The Teaching of Solitude—His Vision of War—His Patient Courtesy—The Simplicity of His Sincerity—The Gentle Quality of the Man—His Kindness in Victory. His World-wide Triumph—How He Rendered Good for Evil—His Tomb in the Center of the World—Lieut.-Gen. Henry C. Corbin.

As the past recedes into a vanishing vista, and as actions of vivid instant interest seize attention, a broad historic view of the successive scenes blends the stir for free soil, the answering opposition of the Mexican War for the extension of bondage, the discovery of American gold, the War for the Union, and the extinction of slavery, into one prodigious era of progress. The truly great actors in that progress in the region of Brown and Clermont played their parts so well that the leading man of each scene held the stage with rare continuity, until his successor was required. William Lytle, the explorer, founder and promoter of Old Clermont, only relinquished his task when it was ready for the master political builder, Thomas Morris. Morris in turn trained and inspired Thomas L. Hamer to the ambition that made him a hero in the strife where his life was the costliest payment for the victory that rounded out the southwestern frontier and won the gold of California. Then, as if to give perpetuity to his influence, Hamer's last signature as a member of Congress confirmed the nomination of Ulysses Simpson Grant as a cadet at West Point.

In 1805, Thomas Page came from Burlington, New Jersey, to be a part of the Jersey Settlement, founded by Rev. John Collins. In 1807, on the west Fork of Poplar Creek in Tate township, he began a brick house that was enlarged in 1811, so as to be one of the most substantial houses in all the country for many miles around. In 1815, Page went to Point Pleasant, where he built the third house, opened the first store, and established a tannery. In the fall of 1818, John and Sarah Simpson came from Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, to Tate township with a well grown family, and made their home in the house built by Page. Meanwhile, Jesse R. Grant came from Ravenna, Ohio, to work at his trade in a tannery at Bethel. There were no foolish frills on those people who expected to succeed with labor on the farm or in the shop. Nor were they low spirited, for they were associates of the first and took part in the best that was doing. On June 24, 1821, Jesse R. Grant and Hannah Simpson were married in her father's home, which has thus become famous as the John Simpson home, where Hannah had grown as a lovely, unpretending country girl, who never lost the sweet simplicity of her ways. Yet, she was not unknown, for only six months before, she was the bridesmaid of Julia, the daughter of Senator Thomas Morris, at her marriage to the brilliant Dr. John G. Rogers, where the noted and eloquent Rev. George S. Light was the minister. These young people rated as simply good with none better. When housekeeping quickly began, the young couple went down to the mouth of Indian Creek and rented the tannery, built by Page, and not a log hut as often told, but a strong frame house, covered with good full inch Alleghany pine, and containing two nice rooms with a cellar, where none of their simple needs were stinted. The wife came from a home a few miles away, teeming with pioneer abundance. The husband overflowed with a sagacious energy that cleared fifty dollars a month. There, on April 27, 1822, a boy was born, whose main name was Ulysses. The other name was much discussed then and long after. After twenty-two months at Point Pleasant, Jesse Grant found that he had cleared eleven hundred dollars, of which one thousand was in silver, which proves that he was one in a thousand. He then left the mouth of Indian Creek and went across to White Oak, where the new



JOHN SIMPSON HOME.

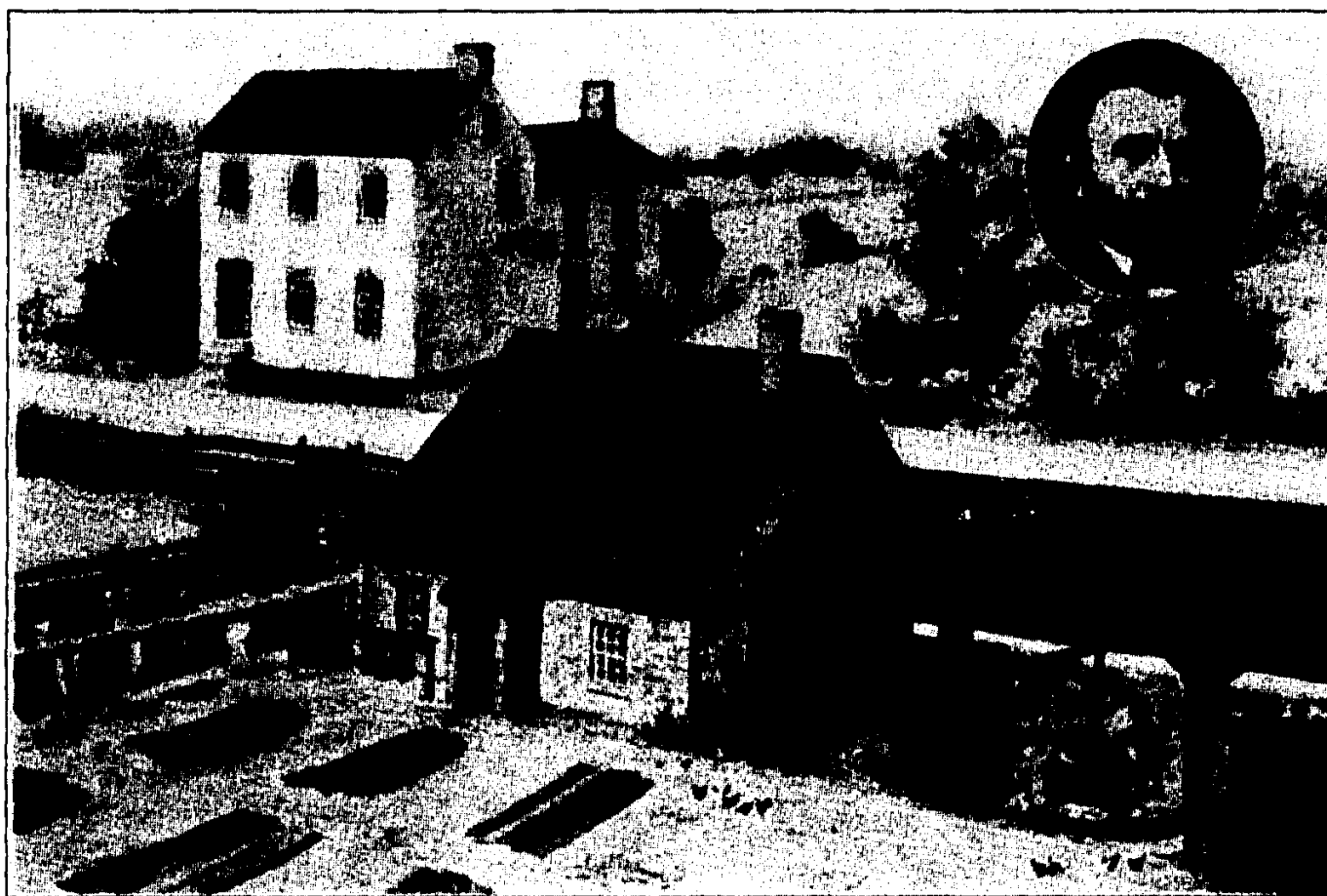
Where General Grant's Mother Lived and Was Married, Near Bantam, Ohio. Burned Down  
in 1896.





**BIRTHPLACE OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.**

Old Gentleman at the Gate is Dr. Levi Rogers, Attending Physician at General Grant's Birth.



GEN. U. S. GRANT, HIS BOYHOOD HOME AND THE TANNERY,  
GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

By Permission.

county seat of Brown was to be. There he started with the beginnings of Georgetown and grew with its growth. From his coming in the Spring of 1823, until his return to Bethel, in 1840, little of any business consequence in Georgetown escaped Jesse Grant's critical attention. For seventeen years were to pass in Brown county, before the Grant family returned to Clermont.

Of the eleven hundred dollars taken to Georgetown, a part was used to build a small two-story brick house, one of the first brick houses in the place. With a hope of expansion it was set well back from the street. A brick tan house was built. Still later a farm was bought, and the horses for its use were the constant companions of the growing boy, who rode and broke the colts. He drove them single and double, and as soon as he could hold the plow handles, he followed in the furrow. He hauled bark for the tannery, and wood for the many fires, and delivered the products of the farm and shop. From ten to seventeen he did all that a man would have done in the same duties. He detested the tan yard, but was obedient to its requirements. But all work afield or with team was cheerfully done. His father's carriage was in frequent request for the travellers, and this afforded not only the most pleasing of all service, but developed an intuitive sense of topography that in after life was one of his rarest gifts.

Ulysses Grant was constantly taught by a careful father that industry guided by brains is the key to success. Yet, it was not all work and no play. It was common to see "Lyss" standing on his horse galloping to and from the farm. While the boy grew, the father prospered. The house was soon built out to the original plan, and when finished, was so far above the average that it brought envy upon the owner. Injustice has been done to Jesse Grant by those who never took the trouble to learn the truth. He has been called unstable, because he moved from town to town, yet, every change was profitable. He was called illiterate, yet, he read everything with prodigious memory from Pope's Homer to the Messages of the Presidents, which were the limits of human inquiry in the Georgetown of his day. He was a master of vigorous correspondence, and his penmanship is marvelously like that of his son. His virtues were integrity, industry, firmness, frugali-

ty and a boundless confidence in his family. No one doubted his word or liked to oppose his iron will. Once in an official meeting of his church, he found himself in a minority of one, that no discussion could change. "Very well," he said, "you take your way and I'll go mine." Then picking up his hat, he walked out with the appearance of having received a vote of thanks. Still, he was generous, when his way was not in question. His chief defect was a loquacious vanity that often exceeded the approval of his neighbors. Ulysses saw this defect and went to the opposite in cultivating his chief and beautiful inheritance from his mother, than whom no rarer flower of modesty has ever bloomed. In most other respects, father and son were much alike. Everyone in Georgetown loved Aunt Hannah and liked Lyss; but there were many crows to pick with the boss of the tan yard.

Some hundred rods away on the brow of the hill south of the Grant home was a little red brick school house of a once common type. But of them all, not another can show such ample fruits. For it not only trained Grant, but also another Major-General of the regular army, an Admiral and a Commodore of the navy, two Brigadier-Generals, and more fine officers, judges and members of Congress than could have stood together on its platform. It can not be said that these men owed promotion to their illustrious school mate, for some gained place sooner than he. That school house was once the kindgom of Teacher John D. White, the father of General Carr B. White and Member of Congress, Chilton A. White. Under Teacher White, and with his sons, Ulysses Grant spent seven or eight winters in an unrelenting struggle with the rudiments, for his father was not careless about those things.

He was not studious; horse boys never are. But he excelled in mental arithmetic, of which his perception seemed intuitive. He filled the slates of the smaller boys with pictures of wonderful horses—running, leaping, neighing horses—and flowers and pretty things. He was best with pen or pencil of any in the school. He also studied grammar until he almost believed that "a noun is a name of a thing." Hannah Grant so trained her boy that he could truthfully write near the close of his tumultuous life that he never uttered a profane word. He is one of three West Pointers of whom that can be told.

Stonewall Jackson was the second. The name of the third is not handy.

He was a quiet, amiable, shrinking, yet well possessed boy, who never did much that was wrong, because he was kept very busy doing that which was right. After his team and colt were fed and groomed, and wood was sawed and carried in, and supper was over, there was just time enough before early breakfast for hearty sleep. Running around at night was not forbidden, because it was not a question in his busy home. He was sent to spend his fifteenth winter in a boarding school at Maysville and his sixteenth winter in another school at Ripley, where he thumbed the books already learned by heart, while he longed to be with his horses. The real benefits of a fine practical example for American boys have been marred by the published bosh about Grant's meager opportunities. His physical, moral, mental and business training was that of an excellent, comfortable family of the great common people, where nothing useful was beneath his attention and nothing worthy above his ambition.

Thomas Morris fostered a debating society in Bethel in which Thomas L. Hamer and Jesse R. Grant were ardent members and actors. In a similiar society at Georgetown, the debates between the Jacksonian Hamer and the Whiggish Grant became too personal for close friendship. The Free Soil democracy of Morris formed another angle of difference in which there was little political hope for the Whigs. After this condition had grown more strenuous, Mrs. Bailey tearfully told Mrs. Grant, across the garden fence between their homes, that her son had failed at West Point. Mrs. Grant sorrowfully mentioned the confidential news to her husband, who took a much less sympathetic and far more personal interest, for the next mail took a request to Senator Morris for the appointment of Ulysses to the vacancy so opportunely discovered. Morris replied that the appointment belonged to Hamer to whom the request must be made. With characteristic determination to follow any earnest purpose, Jesse Grant reluctantly but resolutely wrote to Hamer for the appointment. Meanwhile, with earlier information of young Bailey's failure, Hamer wrote to Teacher John D. White, asking him to suggest a boy for the vacancy, and the name returned by Teacher White

was Ulysses Grant. Senator Morris, mindful of the worth of John Simpson, the excellence of Hannah, and the forceful nature of Jesse Grant and remembering the bright, modest lad, went to Hamer to urge the appointment, saying that he rarely failed in sizing boys, of which Hamer himself was a proof. Thus influenced by real affection for his old patron and law perceptor, by Teacher White, and by the chance of making the independent tanner a suppliant, Hamer consented, but required, as was just, that an application should be made directly to him. Grant's application was not received by Hamer until the closing hours of his Congressional duties, of which the last was to sign the nominating papers which were sent to Grant at Georgetown. Hamer traveled home faster than his letter, and, as neither knew how the other stood, both were chagrined and stood apart. Grant thought his request refused, while Hamer considered the father ungrateful. The arrival of the letter put the affairs straight. But in making out the appointment, instead of Hiram Ulysses, Hamer forgetfully wrote Ulysses Simpson, which the War Department refused to correct, and so it was accepted.

The boy born in Clermont, who went from Georgetown after sixteen years of happy, wholesome, vigorous, innocent growth there, and who thus entered the door of eternal fame, was a full-set and healthy body with shoulders that drooped beneath a large head with a heavy suit of reddish brown hair framing a round face of fair, but slightly freckled, complexion. The height over all was hardly more than five feet, and the effect was that of an undersized but independent country lad. There was much strength in the full chin, but the blue eyes, with a shade of hazel, had a sad, appealing, almost pathetic expression that easily changed to one of amiable interest which revealed how much he obtained from that pure, gentle, serene person, whom all but her own children called "Aunt Hannah," because they could not call her mother.

He showed neither enthusiasm nor indifference. What he had to do was done. At school he had much of the abstracted manner of later life. After "sums were worked or pictures were done, he would fold arms over the slate upon his bosom and sit with bowed head for an hour unless called to action. This was so absurd to the restless boys around that they hit

upon the fatally alliterative nickname of "Lazy Lysses," which he heard with silent contempt; for daily and yearly, he was doing more hard work than any two of them; and in that musing brain was growing the fiber of the most amazing energy. Yet, the boys all liked this warrior who never quarreled. When school was out they crowded to feed the bark mill, while he reclined upon the sweep behind the circling horse, a model of careless unconcern. He did not want to go to West Point, for he doubted his preparation, and only yielded to parental authority. But he wished to travel.

A course at college is the guiding hope of all aspiring youth, but the chivalrous romance of American boyhood is to have a place at West Point or Annapolis. None but those who have tested realize the fierce competition. Every class contains boys whose swaddling clothes were marked "M. A." or "N. A.," and who were bred for the Military or Naval Academy. Their education under experts is intended not only to get them in, but also for the much more difficult part of keeping them there. Many, previous to admission, have been taught through much of the course. In theory, all cadets have an equal chance; but for a boy without special training there is much disadvantage.

The twelve thousand writers of All Gull have heightened their contrasts by recording that Grant was a mediocre at West Point. He had not an hour of special training. He had not seen an algebra in Georgetown, and he knew not a word of French. Yet these were the first branches in which he had to contend in the first year with one hundred and six classmates. Of that number, one-third were collegians and two-thirds were of much broader study than his own. Like many before and since, he quickly saw that he could not stand high in his class. He wasted no time in useless repining. He asked no favors, but accepted every event with the complacency of a fatalist. He conned every lesson once through and let it go. In this way much time was found for permitted hours in the library, where a hoard of utmost value was gained that did not count on the merit roll. For that general course of reading, he deliberately, knowingly sacrificed several possible numbers in his class. At last it was seen that the little cadet with a big head and shy ways was doing his work without much apparent effort. If this be mediocrity, it is not the common

kind. Still the exquisite nettings of his mental fibre were not discovered. He soon wrote home: "This is the most beautiful place I have seen. I mean to stay, if I can—if not, the world is wide."

In the summer of 1841, the regular mid-course cadet's furlough of ten weeks was joyfully spent at home, where his friends saw that he had grown six inches taller in two years, and that he was as straight as a cadet should be. In the year before, after gathering a property that had a cash value of about fifteen thousand dollars, Jesse Grant had moved to Bethel, where he did not try to hide his prosperity. For, as the chance came, he bought the house which Senator Morris left in order to practice law in Cincinnati, after leaving the Senate. That house was not only the finest in Bethel but the best in all central Clermont. Such exaltation of the Grants was more envied than neglected. Witless of all but the pleasant life, the cadet went back to routine and to his graduation, which could not be brilliant, but should be respectable.

One incident was to happen that would have made him a prince in the days of chivalry. The horse alone of animals is the companion of man in war, and the sympathy between the steed and his rider is not born of art. All the superiority gained over him by hard study or long training, vanished on the parade ground in the charge of squadrons or the rush of batteries, where he charmed them all with grace and skill. There was no possibility suggested by the riding masters that was beyond Cadet Grant's execution. He was the best rider in his class, most likely the best ever at West Point, and probably had no superior in the armies he ordered or vanquished. There was a horse at West Point then called York, and shunned by all other men. At the graduating exercises the last act of the diffident Cadet Grant, before all the dignitaries, as if to seal the mutual sympathy of steed and rider, was to make a running leap with the famous horse over a bar that marked six feet and two inches above the level, which stands the unsurpassed record of West Point, and, so far as is certain, of the world.

When the "Class of '43" went to the chapel for their graduating address it was known that only thirty-nine were left out of the hundred and six who started, and of these, Uncle Sam Grant, as he was called, was No. 21, with a reputation of hav-



ing been indolent in class work and somewhat addicted to idle reveries. But no account was taken of the general reading accomplished, which was not equalled by any of the class and which was of priceless value in the wide compass of his after-life, in which nothing that could have been learned from the school books was omitted. As seen under the fierce light that shone around the summit of his fame as a soldier, as a peace-maker, and as an author, Grant appeared successively as a man finely equipped for the duty. Beyond doubt much of this was due to the library at West Point and a sketchy reading habit there formed.

The appearance of Lieutenant U. S. Grant of the Fourth Infantry in the fine uniform of a regular officer was a sensation too profound for the comfort of a portion of Bethel. The young man had worthily won his honors, and was wearing the uniform of their liberties, and was heir to the titles and glories of Washington and Jackson. A like incident had not been seen there before or since. Morris was absent, but the occasion was not neglected. Through his modesty and common sense Grant escaped hazing at West Point, as scarcely no other cadet. That mortification came at home. His shy way with strangers was construed into haughtiness. The committee "to take him down" procured some nankeen to match the sky blue of his trousers and the darker blue of his coat, and had the stuff shaped after the military fashion, and duly braided with strips of white muslin. The stalwart hostler of the tavern across the street from the Grant home was induced to wear the costume, that was embellished with a lofty stovepipe hat, and bare feet. The fact that he was five years older and fifty pounds heavier made the affair seem safer, as he tied a sheepskin on a horse bridled with ropes, and began the racket which called the Grants from the table to the door to find a yelling rabble lining the street, over which the fellow was making mock parade. The Lieutenant found temporary relief in calming his furious father. His life shows no finer instance of self-control than during this insult to the man and his uniform. His own account says, "I spent the rest of my leave elsewhere." The full meaning of the line does not occur to one reader in a thousand. After that he so disliked personal display that he wore a private's overcoat all the way to Appo-

mattox. The incident forms the principal mention of his native county in his "Memoirs."

But he does not tell all. Upon any return to the Bethel home, the miserable travesty went through such variations as foolish envy could invent, and never was there a more innocent object. On returning from the Mexican War with a promotion and two brevets for gallantry, he brought a Mexican boy, whom he was kindly teaching. Once, in a playful mood, the boy leaped up and stood behind the Captain, riding along, for the boy was also an expert rider. As soon after as possible, the hostler mounted and rode the street with a dog swung at his back. Captain Grant grew still more reserved in a habit that no tumult could provoke, that no gaze could pass. For this, baffled curiosity sought revenge by calling him apathetic—a chip in a resistless current—a spiller of blood where he had more lives in the balance of trade. But beneath this mask was a man so kind and gentle, so honest and truthful, so modest and deferential, that he bound his friends with cables of steel. And with this, he was as sweet of thought and pure of speech as women think their lovers are.

In a life so minutely scanned by eager writers, no part has been more obscured than his visits home, and yet they had much significance. In 1852 he came to secure the help of Philip B. Swing, afterwards United States Judge, in an effort to be a teacher in the Hillsboro Seminary, for which he was anxious to resign. Lawyer Swing rated him roundly for such folly and declined to help. After that no visit is of mention, until June 10 to 15, 1861, when he contemplated a partnership in a bakery at Camp Denison. On June 16, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry. Although he had served with distinction, that service had been so distant and his life so modestly reserved and unpretentious, that a personal search through every accessible file of the newspapers of Brown and Clermont failed to find a mention of his name before that. After that, for twenty years, the story of his life is largely a history of America for the time.

That obscurity was not lost time for him. For all that is sublimest comes out of solitude. Grant's seclusion at that time is not so wonderful as it was necessary for his evolution. Whether in the crumbly furrow, the lonely road or the crowded

street, he gained the teaching of visions. For the plain man who eschewed poetry lived in a realm of shadows, where he saw the gathering of squadrons and dusty trains of massing columns or watched the creeping lines of deploying divisions, or traced the ebb and flow of battle, as if it were all one vast field of observation. He knew the nomenclature of war and the technic of maneuvers, as Morphy knew the cabalistic symbols of chess without board or men. He could make people feel that they saw the battles which he described. He had the heritage of energy from a tireless father, and benevolence from an angelic mother. He had no politics but patriotism, no idol but duty. All others were trammelled by a record or dazzled by a future. Above and beyond all, he had the imagination of battle, that flew to decisions for which others groped. After three years of mighty war had lifted him to the command of all, he had no false fancies about the superior bravery of sections. His wonderful vision of war comprehended the prodigious forces engaged in a single purpose that must go on to the end without ceasing. In the first week of May, 1864, twenty-four army corps moved their lines forward. Sherman climbed the mountains and started for the sea. Mead forded the Rappahannock and began an all summer battle. There is no need to tell how or what they did. The result is known. Although he must have felt that every step was toward the pinnacles of lasting fame, Our Hero from Clermont and Brown never rode for show—never ordered troops or trains aside for the passage of his escort, but went here, there and everywhere, dressed according to the weather, in a fatigue blouse or common overcoat of a private, often alone, seldom with more than one orderly, and courting silence rather than applause. The lesson from the Bethel hostler made one full dress uniform last through most of the war. Yet he was not careless of his rank, which was protected with dignity and composure. The patient courtesy was only less remarkable than the face that concealed every emotion he did not choose to reveal. But the gentle pleading eyes that lived in the cold set features told that he dreaded war. When the stately Lee, in fine full dress, was asking for terms, the victor, in common clothes, soiled by a long, muddy ride to the scene, glanced at his opponent's cherished sword, a splendid trophy, and wrote,

"Your men will keep their side arms"; and then, with another dash he said, "Your men will need their horses to put in a crop, they can keep them." The world has known no greater victory, and time has seen no finer terms of peace.

He had vanquished the Confederates with arms and then captured their honor with kindness. When no longer so much needed in the lofty rank of General of the United States, which was instituted as a special testimonial of national love and respect, he was elected President because the people would have no other before him. As President his policy was tersely stated in one of those laconic phrases for which he was noted: "Let us have peace." The eight years' service in the White House was followed by a trip around the world, which became the triumph of the nations.

Through twenty years his life was through such throngs as never gathered around the thrones of earth. In East or West, in North or South, and round the world, men forsook all other mirth, and mothers held their babes aloft to see the hero pass. Of all that is told of the most romantic of actual careers, few are so wonderful for brilliant victories and diverse fortunes as Grant of Clermont and Brown. And when he was dead the Nation buried him in the center of the world, where the Hudson meets the sea and where gratitude for his service has built the finest of American tombs.

The sentiment that would ignore and forget the unpleasant objects to any attention to the mocking horseplay at Bethel. But the great General thought otherwise and gave immortality to the incidents by a circumstantial account in the second chapter of his "Personal Memoirs," where he explicitly states that he never recovered from the impressions made by the affair. Justic to him and to many personal friends about Bethel requires that still farther mention should be made in proof of his fine nature in both giving and taking a joke.

Amid all the complexities when he came to Chattanooga to change the reverse at Chickamauga into the wonderful victories of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Grant's all but intuitive grasp of detail soon included the Fifty-ninth Ohio, with many familiar Brown and Clermont names. Among these was the sounding combination of William Harrison Scott, which caused the successor to the suggested glories of the

name to take thought. An orderly was sent with an extra horse to bring the said Scott to headquarters, forthwith and without explanation. When the mysteriously arrested and badly bothered Scott was ushered before the famous General, the ex-hostler found himself alone with the victim of his fooleries, that ceased to seem funny as the majesty of the change was realized. But the amiable officer doffed the iron mask, renewed an old acquaintance, asked questions about comrades, and the folks at home, and incidentally heard a private's opinion of the situation in general, and the particular lack of rations, that had put the regiment on half allowance and even less. "Where is your haversack?" said Grant. "Haversack!" said the private. "Yes, haversack; where is it?" sternly spoken as if something was wrong. "Oh, I never wear that when I call on the Commander-in-Chief," was the ready answer; for, as stated in the "Memoirs," the hostler was "possessed of some humor."

"Well, you'll wear one when you leave," and so, one was filled with what could be furnished at headquarters and proudly worn away as he was taken back to the regiment. Having noted that the man was failing, the General ordered an examination that resulted in an honorable discharge on November 20, 1863, which sent Scott back to Bethel to do penance for his pranks and alternately hymn the praise of Grant the rest of his days.

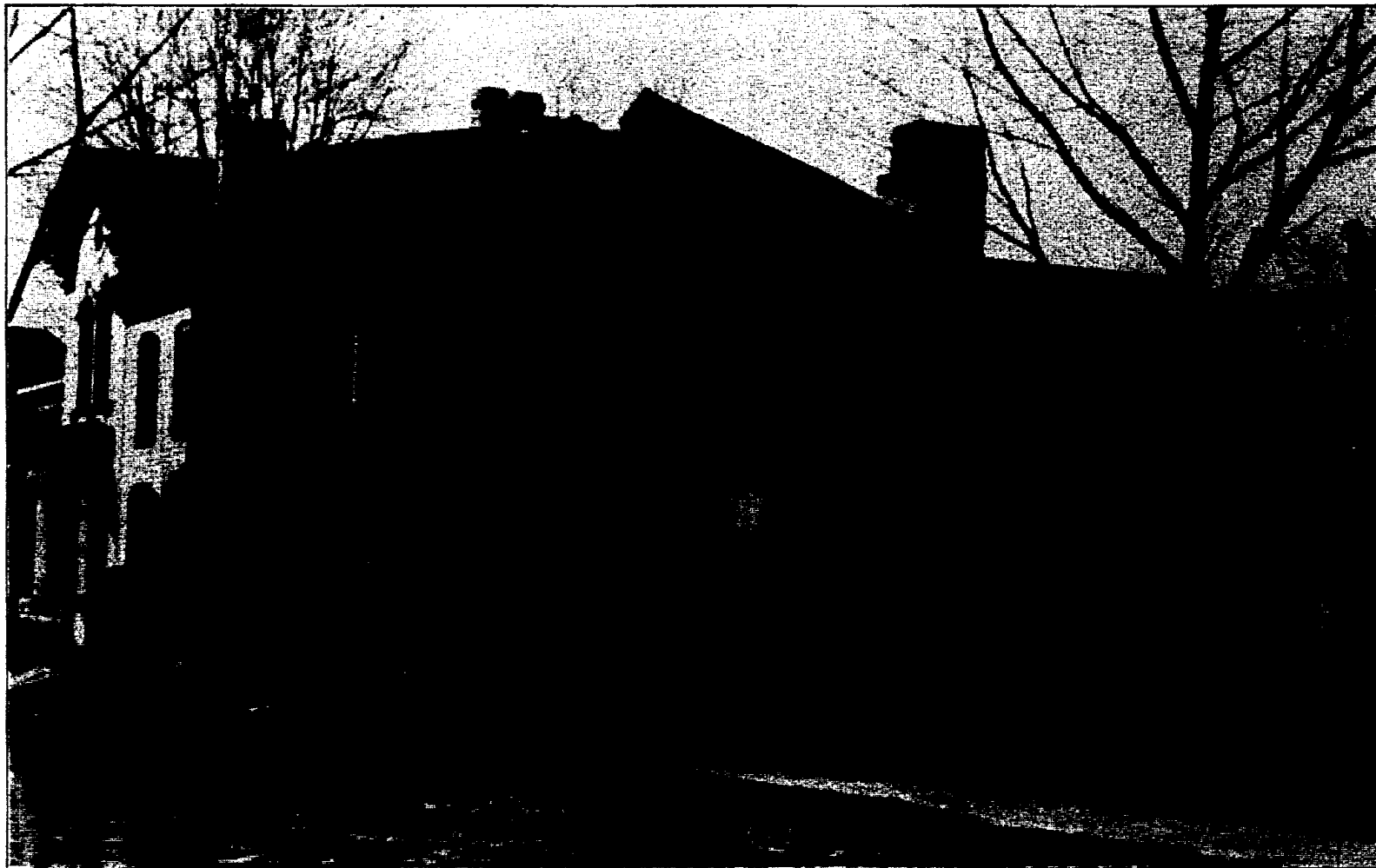
As he came to power, Grant was neither remiss nor lavish, but judicious in remembering his Brown and Clermont friends. His most notable appointment from the region, and one beyond reproach, was that of his father's attorney, Philip B. Swing, as a judge of the United States Court at Cincinnati.

As long as men are curious about those who achieve greatness, travelers will come to the Pleasant Point by the mouth of Indian Creek and muse upon the fascinating story of Grant. But intelligent interest will change to wonder at the bounty of fate in adding more to the historic note of the rustic locality. From attendance at the birth of General Grant, Dr. Rogers was called directly before returning home to attend the birth of Mary Ann Clark, of Irish ancestry, who married Shadrach Corbin, born April 4, 1816, and a son of Nicholas and Nancy Corbin. Nicholas Corbin, born in 1784, came with his parents,

John and Mary Inlow Corbin, from Wales to Maryland in 1790, and in 1800 to Monroe township. On September 15, 1842, and somewhat back among the farms near Point Pleasant, a son was born to Shadrach and Mary Corbin and named Henry Clark Corbin. Henry grew up as a farmer boy, went to the district school and then to Parker's Academy. Needing money for the study of law, he taught school and, while so employed at Newtown, in Hamilton county, enlisted thirty men for the Eighty-third Ohio, but, in the muster of the regiment, he was rejected to make room for a favorite of other officers. Thus put upon his mettle, he recruited another detachment, with which he entered the Seventy-ninth Ohio as a second lieutenant, and did such service that, on March 13, 1865, when but twenty-two and a half years old, he was breveted a brigadier-general. Upon the disbandment of the Union Army, the young general entered the regular army, on May 11, 1866, as a second lieutenant of the Eighteenth infantry, and by hard won promotion through forty years, on April 14, 1906, was appointed lieutenant-general—the highest rank in the military service of America. Thus is one township and in what was one rural school district of Clermont county, two commanders in chief of our army were born.



SCENE IN NEW RICHMOND, OHIO, DURING THE FLOOD OF 1913.



SCENE IN NEW RICHMOND, OHIO, AFTER THE FLOOD OF 1913 HAD RECEDED.



## CHAPTER XXII.

### AFTER THE GREAT WAR.

The Care of the Unfortunate—The World is Growing Kinder—The Progress of Charity—The Old Poor Houses—The Modern Infirmary—The Children's Home—Free Pikes—The Toll Gates a Fading Memory—Agitation for a Central Railroad—The Gore Route—The Stimulating Effect of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad—The Narrow Gauge Era—Samuel Woodward—Two Roads or None—The Cincinnati and Eastern—The Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth—Branch Roads and Traction Lines—The Telegraph and Telephone—Men Careless in Pursuit of Pleasure—Peace and Plenty Accepted Without Wonder—Disaster Causes Amazement—The Circuit of the Rain—Water in Geologic Times—Floods Avoided by the Mound Builders—Shanook Town—The Flood of 1773—Modern Floods—The Flood of 1913—The Ohio Hundred Year Book—U. S. Senators and Members of Congress from Brown and Clermont—Cemeteries—The Highest Value of History—Our Absent Population.

Since men began to plan, power has provided palaces for the mighty, religion has pierced the skies with airy spires, and selfish wealth has lolled in soft array. Greed still guides the way of empire. But true philanthropy brings gladness where hope has ceased to smile. No feature of our age is more indicative of worthy progress than the care of the unfortunate. Whoever has read history with profit knows that the world is growing kinder. The kindness of the performance measures the progress of society. There may have been a state of original happiness, when all loved each other as themselves, but, if so, it did not last into historic time. The emergence of every race from the obscurity of savagery is a disheartening story of pitiless neglect for the weak. In the swift chase for food, the feeble were left to perish, and in the fierce strife of hunger only the strong could get a gorge. There was no law but force.

In the forecast from dire experience, even maternal instinct shrank from the hateful future and gave a puny child a quick relief from a hopeless life. In dim belief it seemed better to die quick than starve long. The bloom of charity is found on a plant of slow growth that is still budding with promise.

A few of the oldest can remember when the unfortunates, regardless of age or sex, were sold at public auction. If there was a prospect of profit from the victim, the bidder paid the price for a chance. But if the case was helpless and hopeless, the charge was given to the one who would or could bid the lowest. It was a species of slavery, and the system was so scandalous that only the neediest or greediest would bid. The anti-slavery agitation growing out of the discussion of the Missouri Compromise of 1820 caused comparison between the black slaves of the South and the "white slaves" of the North. Meanwhile, the laws that made a debtor liable to imprisonment were made odious and swept away in Ohio, by a movement largely urged by Thomas Morris. At last on March 5, 1842, Ohio took a long step forward by authorizing a board of directors to look after a "poor house." The first decided move in Clermont was made in 1854 by the purchase of a farm about a mile out from Batavia on the pike to Williamsburg, which was exchanged for the present farm of one hundred and twenty acres, where a house was built in 1857 and another for the insane in 1867, which were lost by fire in 1877. Then in 1883, at a cost of forty thousand dollars, the county completed the present building, which is a credit to the State. The movement for a permanent provision for the unfortunate in Brown county began as far back as 1828 and has continued with increasing comfort. While the buildings are not so elaborate as in the sister county, the individual receives the essentials of food, warmth and clothing, with liberal judgment. But in the provision of a "Children's Home," Brown has so much to her credit, that Clermont has contracted there for the care of her needy children, rather than try to give them equal care within her own borders. In that home the weak and deserted are revived and restored for the march of life, and society is doubly blessed in the mercy that is learned and the good that is gained.

As the Civil War passed by, civic advance required better roads, and the era of free pikes began. Once, when few in

number and short in extent, such improvements could be easily named as notable examples of public enterprise. They have at last become so numerous that the subject can be more readily presented by telling where other pikes are needed; and a period has been reached when maintenance is a larger problem than construction. Free pikes probably had a larger development at first in Brown than in Clermont, where the toll pikes had the priority, and controlled the important bridges. The toll roads, with few exceptions, were in the direction most convenient for markets. That was mostly to and from the river in southern Brown, or north and south. But in Clermont the trend was to and from Cincinnati, or east and west. In the decade of 1870 this was bettered here and there. During the next decade the pikes from the Clermont towns were extended eastward to the county line, which united the systems of the two counties into a gratifying convenience. The cross pikes in both counties have been added year by year and every stream and water bridged until an enumeration of the various improvements, however brief, would fill pages, and not conform to this work. At last not a toll gate can be found in the region, and the full meaning of the word will soon be obscure.

Agitation for a railroad through, instead of along or by, Brown and Clermont, began before the Civil War. Much was expected from the direction of Hillsboro, when that town was seeking a way to Cincinnati. An elaborate preliminary survey was made that came down through Williamsburg, but could not be bent to include Batavia. The plan was called the "Gore Route," from the name of the engineer in charge, and was much discussed until the Hillsboro road took a line of less resistance and went by Lynchburg to the Marietta road at Blanchester. After that, even hope offered no relief to the "pocket," which was the term sometimes used to describe the position of Adams, Brown and Clermont counties. Now and then a rumor started talk about the Gore Route, but no one did or could do more than talk. Hope looked eastward, but the resolution in 1869 of that city to build the Cincinnati Southern, and the progress of the work, fixed much attention and made the thought of building railroads familiar. One of the popular fashions of that time was the construction of

narrow gauge roads, by which steam transportation could be obtained in smaller degree at much reduced rates. Other things had been cheapened. People were willing to believe that a previous failure to get a high priced road was fortunate, when something good enough could be had much cheaper. After that theory had started and before it had been tried out, the trackless region east of Cincinnati was chosen for an experiment. In the fall of 1875 the field was inspected. The visit may have been sooner. In late November and through December, 1875, the people in Clermont were given a fine course of instruction on the merits and cheapness of narrow gauge construction as compared with the demerits and great cost of the broad gauge plan. The teachers of the opportunity were Samuel Woodward of Morrow, Ohio, and George Wilbur; and all that they said and more was told to willing believers. A meeting was called for New Year's, 1876, at the court house in Batavia. That meeting comprised citizens from the Round Bottom road, from Donnell's Trace east and west, and from the old State road, by Clough Creek. No, the people of those localities would not have known what was meant by a railroad meeting or by broad or narrow gauge. And the real difference between the two systems was not much plainer to those who came from Perintown, Mt. Carmel, Amelia and Mt. Washington, with Batavia in suspense and Williamsburg in wonder. There was no lack of spirit, but much need of harmony, for each and all of the scattered points wanted a narrow gauge through their place and by their door. When the fact developed that some must do without, the hills of Discord almost fell and filled the valley of Progress. The fact soon appeared that the question was not one railroad, but whether there should be two roads or none.

Mr. Woodward stated that he would have nothing to do with a road feeding into the Little Miami road, his road must go into the city, with wheels on its own track. Then the hill people said they would have nothing to do with him, and the meeting dissolved into two. The difference between no railroad and two was long and apparently fatal, but Clermont reached the decisive step on that afternoon.

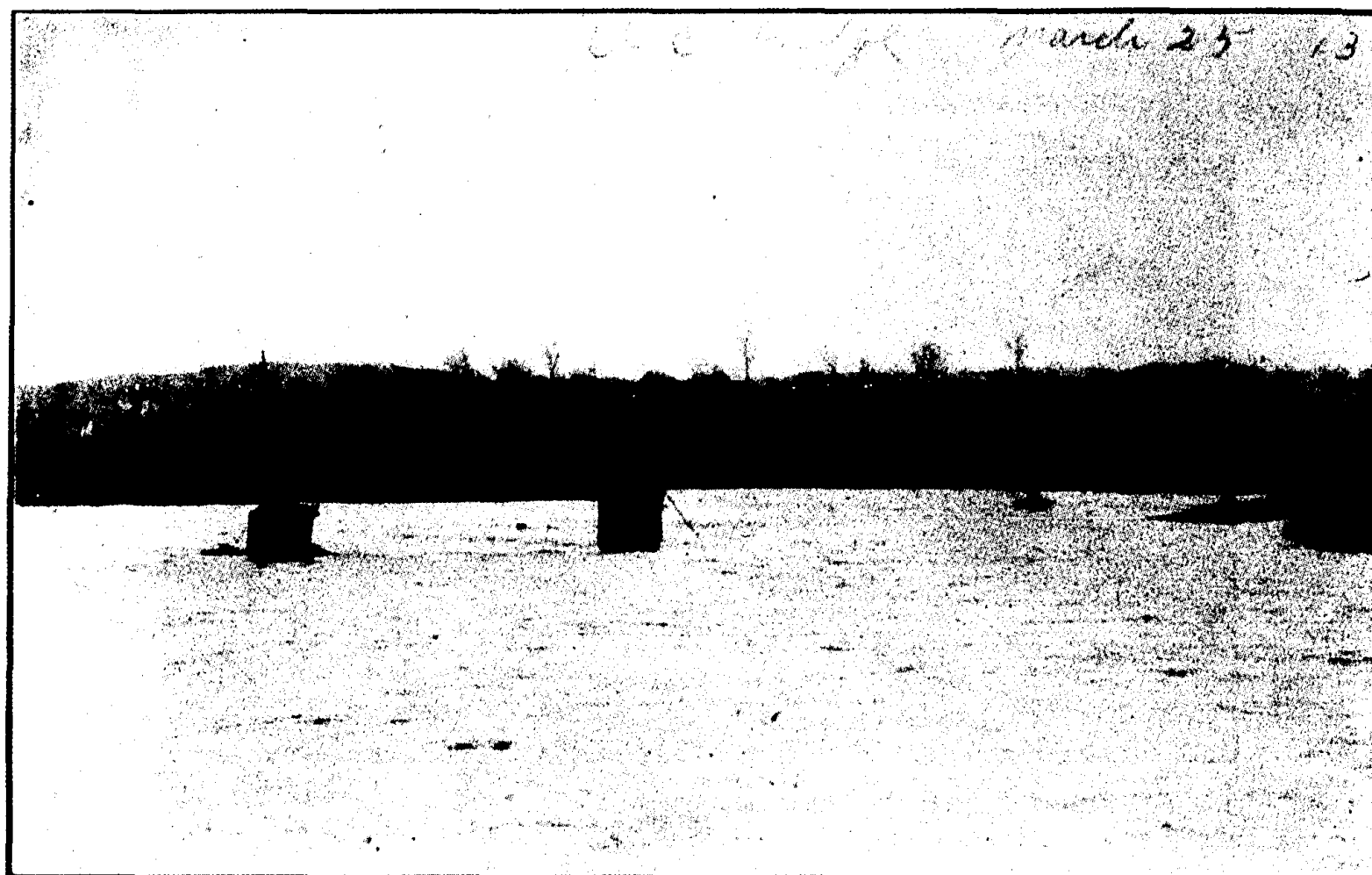
The first company was formally begun on January 10, 1876, by Samuel Woodward, Milton Jamieson, George W. Hulick.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



IN LOVELAND, OHIO, AFTER WATERS HAD RECEDED. FLOOD OF  
MARCH 25 AND 26, 1913.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



TRACTION BRIDGE, MARCH 26, 1913. LITTLE MIAMI AT MILFORD, OHIO.

William Mansfield, George H. Wilbur, W. B. C. Sterling, George W. Gregg, Peter F. Swing, Charles H. Thomas, Byron Williams and W. A. Kain, who incorporated to build the Cincinnati, Batavia & Williamsburg Railroad, along the East Fork route. Soon after the charter was extended to Portsmouth, and the name changed to the Cincinnati & Eastern. The construction was so energetic by this rural company, with a subscription secured along the line that the narrow gauge trains were brought from the junction with the Little Miami road to Batavia on October 18, 1876, and to Williamsburg on March 1, 1877. Moving steadily eastward the track approached the Brown county line on Saturday, March 24, 1877, and at about four p. m. Charles H. Thomas and Henry C. Kain laid the first rail and I drove the first spike of the first railroad in Brown county. With the mutations of such enterprise, that road is now the Cincinnati division of the Norfolk & Western, one of the great railway systems of America, which is fully redeeming Brown and Clermont from the old reproach of not being on the railroad maps.

The second Trans-County Railroad Company was incorporated in the winter of 1876 by Thomas Donaldson, Benneville Kline, John Carlisle, Chilton A. White, Henry W. Kimball, Joseph Clare, Paul Mohr, J. D. Kyle, Josiah Kirby, and H. W. Wellman, for the purpose of building a railroad from Cincinnati, through Mt. Washington, Mt. Carmel, Amelia, Bethel, Hamersville, Georgetown and Russellville. After changes, this road is known as the Cincinnati, Georgetown & Portsmouth Railroad. While of immense local advantage, the importance of through connections is delayed. The Old Cincinnati & Eastern Company built a branch to New Richmond, that after a few years was abandoned. Another branch was projected between Hillsboro and Georgetown through Sardinia that has been extended to Ripley. During the narrow gauge fever of 1876, a road was projected from Milford through Newtonville to Fayetteville and Hillsboro, that brought a locomotive to the Goshen Pike crossing, and then failed. Ten years later, the Chesapeake & Ohio brought their great railway along the Ohio on the Kentucky side.

All this convenience of steam railways was supplemented during the first decade of the twentieth century, by the exten-

sion or completion of electric traction lines, of which the most western runs through Milford to Blanchester; another through Milford by Fayetteville to Hillsboro; a third from Cincinnati through Mt. Washington and Amelia to Bethel; a fourth over the Cincinnati, Georgetown and Portsmouth track to Russellville, with one branch to Batavia and another from Bethel to Felicity; and still another from Cincinnati to New Richmond. With the probable extension of the lines eastward along the Ohio, and from the present terminals at Batavia and Russellville, no other rail tracks within reason are left to be imagined for either county. The telegraph has followed and even preceded the railroads and every desiring home with the price can have the accommodation of the telephone.

While individuals are prone to repine at personal prospects, the great throng of mankind is intent upon pleasure though the path goes by the brinks of danger. The most mirth provoking wine gains its flavor from volcanic dust and the richest food is gathered where the waters return after the rain. Geology teaches that torrents have surged where rivulets only murmur now. All life is blessed or blasted as the shifting currents mass the clouds for rain or scatter them for drouth—so much and we are glad—a little more or less and we perish. A generation is passed in peace and plenty without wonder. The disaster of a day causes amazement. Yet the trouble flows from only a waver in the balancings of a ceaseless change. The creative force that lifted the Laurentian land and smoothed its gentle slopes for the happiest clime between torrid heat and frigid cold, also fashioned those fruitful slopes with the finest circuit of life sustaining vapors that blesses any equal area of our wind swept world. The waters rising from the steaming sea and floating away to refresh the thirsty land, when touched by the condensing wand that scatters the pearly drops of plenty on the smiling plain have only reached the turn in the appointed journey whence they must go back through soaking fields and trickling springs, and be gathered by the babbling brooks for a flow to the sea.

The circuit without which all design must fail begins with a flight through the measureless fields of upper air and closes with a fall to an all engulfing deep. Where so much must be done so soon, experience knows that the flight of the clouds



must often swirl in tempests, and the return of the rains must be piled in floods. Still, with each repetition, men wonder and make comparison and prophesy more evil. For many resent "The sweet influences of the Pleiades" and lift up a voice to the clouds against the abundance or lack of waters. All such opinion is as futile now as when Job darkened counsel by words without knowledge. Science and history agree in teaching that a lack of water is more probable than the reverse. Geologic investigation is rife with evidence of the once terrific flow of floods. Every wave worn hill or bed of gravel tells a tale of primeval floods. The Mound Builders kept well above the modern limit. Among those on the lowest level known are two or three on the rim by Newtown, which seem to have been outposts of the much higher village at Red Bank.

Among modern Indians, the first and only known occupation of the Ohio river below the vicinity of Pittsburgh was made by the wandering Shawnees and Delawares, near the mouth of the Scioto, where Gist came in 1751 and named their recent settlement Shanoah Town. Fourteen years later, Shanoah was swept away and the Shawnees went up the Scioto to the safety of the Pickaway Plains. In June, 1773, the McAfee brothers, James, George and John, of Botetourt county, Virginia, came on an exploring expedition down the Ohio, then in flood that reached from hill to hill. They had intended to explore the Miami country, but the wild waste of water changed their purpose and they eventually went back into Kentucky from Louisville. By tradition that flood exceeded all that is known of the Ohio by some three or four feet. The settlement of Columbia and the plans of John Cleves Symmes at North Bend were changed by a "freshet" in January, 1789. After that only the lower lands were much disturbed until February, 1832, brought a flood of sixty-four feet and three inches. That was approached in December, 1847, by another of sixty-three feet and seven inches. No great difficulty was met for thirty-two years. Then the trouble began in February, 1882, with a little flood that was followed in February, 1883, by one that rose to sixty-six feet and four inches, and then on February 14, 1884, by seventy-one feet and three-fourths of an inch, the highest yet accurately measured at Cincinnati.

A study of the reports from other localities showed variations that resulted from different tributaries. What was greatest in one time or place was not so in another. People learned that the trouble of one region passed on to become the sorrow of another, as the floods of the Ohio joined others from the North and from the West and formed the vast volumes of the Mississippi, which is being leveed as a National necessity. The subsequent almost annual repetition of the annoyance here or there in widely distant regions has much apparently inconsequential attention. Men will not desert their richest fields because of occasional disaster. Such suggestion is not creditable to American enterprise, and all discussion that is not comprehensive is apt to be disappointing. Meanwhile, a most recent experience has added much to local disquietude.

On Easter Sunday, March 23, 1913, and in the equinoctial season, as was noted by some who believe that nature suffers then, a week of fine weather gave place to a heavy and lengthy fall of rain that in westward regions, especially in Omaha, was ushered by a fearfully fatal cyclone. The people of the old Clermont region were glad with the possession of an almost hourly steam and traction service for most of the townships, and the expectation of a speedy extension of the convenience to all. The rural neighborhoods were rejoicing in the promised improvement of the two main central highways east and west under the fostering care of the State, and all were pleased with the general prospect of better things for the public. Amid such felicity the pitiless rain fell upon all Ohio in a sheet of water that reached a depth in many gauges of eight and a half inches. By Tuesday the word went that cities along the smaller rivers were being ruined by torrents, and that thousands of lives were lost or in danger. Then the State was wrapped in the silence and suspense of no trains, no mails, no newspapers, no telegraphs, no telephones and bridgeless roads.

Locally the disaster fell upon the Miami Valley from Loveland to the mouth of the East Fork, where the damage from the rushing current included bridges and homes that had been free from any previous danger. As the water receded from the tributaries, the flood in the Ohio began and all but

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



MILFORD, OHIO, ON "THE ISLAND" WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 26, 1913. FLOOD AT ITS HEIGHT.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



CATHOLIC CHURCH, CORNER OF MILL AND ELM STREETS, MILFORD, OHIO, DURING HEIGHT OF FLOOD, MARCH 26, 1913.



SCENE IN LOVELAND DURING FLOOD, MARCH 26, 1913.



DEBRIS ON "THE ISLAND" AFTER FLOOD OF 1913, MILFORD, OHIO.



ON "THE ISLAND" AFTER WATERS RECEDED, MARCH 26, 1913.



ON "THE ISLAND" AFTER WATERS HAD RECEDED AT MILFORD, OHIO, FLOOD OF 1913.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



DEBRIS ON "THE ISLAND," MILFORD, OHIO, AFTER WATER RECEDED, MARCH 26, 1913.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



**REAR OF BARN AND HOTEL AT MILFORD, OHIO, AFTER WATERS HAD RECEDED.**

Water came on floor above basement of barn and flowed out of front doors like a river. Water was about five feet in basement of hotel. Current was about twenty-five miles per hour. Guests staid up all night March 25, 1913.



reached the record height of 1884. At some points the former marks were exceeded, and all insist that the damage along the Ohio was greater than ever before, because of the waves from untimely winds. The one thing to be remembered with pleasure is the fine sympathy which hastened to help the people that suffered all along the river front from Loveland to Aberdeen.

Besides the Military Roster, Ohio has published an exhibit of those who have served the State in civil positions. That work, known as the Ohio Hundred Year Book, is so ample and elaborate as to preclude the need of such tabulation in these pages. But a look through the rolls of Congress will furnish names that have been familiar, and should be remembered. Much mention has been made of United States Senators, Alexander Campbell and Thomas Morris. They are the only citizens of Brown or Clermont who have held that exalted dignity.

The first member of Congress from Brown was Thomas L. Hamer, also frequently mentioned. He was followed in 1839-40-41-42 by William Doane, of Clermont. Jonathan D. Morris, a son of Senator Morris, was a member in 1847-48-49-50. Andrew Ellison, of Brown, served in 1853-54. William Howard, of Clermont, served in 1859-60. The next was Chilton A. White, of Brown, in 1861-62-63-64. R. W. Clark, of Clermont, followed in 1865-66-67-68. Twenty years later W. W. Ellsberry was a member in 1885-86. The next was John M. Pattison, of Clermont, in 1891-92, and the last was George W. Hulick, of Clermont, in 1893-94-95-96. Their united service in Congress amounted to nineteen terms, or thirty-eight years in all. All of those honorable men served both counties as one, except Dr. Ellsberry, of Brown, then in another district, and all have ceased from effort.

The care of the departed, as well as the homes of the living, is a test of the means and taste of a time. When the people were few and lonely, and before a denser settlement gathered them in groups, the graves were made near by where sorrow could keep a constant vigil. As others came, mourning was healed with the thought that those who had lived in love should be together in death, so family burial places were set apart. As churches were fixed, grief brought its dead to rest where piety had taught eternal hope. As communities grew

stronger, society combined in selecting desirable cemeteries for which, and for all graves, benign laws have provided care and continuance. Thus spots consecrated by long-gone sorrow have become the scenes of much monumental attention. An example of such development is found where Green Lawn Cemetery has succeeded the pioneer Gatch burial ground, which in turn before was a part of a stupendous scene in the Mound Builders' age—a scene which is eloquent with warning that we are as shadows in a sweeping whirl of change.

Milford has much but not a monopoly of such suggestion. The highway along the valley by Stonelick, Marathon and Fayetteville to Chillicothe, and the course by the Ohio have similar spots replete with reflection upon the heedless waste of natural wealth—the waste that is extirpating instead of cherishing the Blue Grass, which was and should be the natural, bountiful and fittest food for flesh in the Land of the Blue Limestone. Adverse critics rehearse the ravage of floods, deplore diminished crops, and cite that population does not increase. They arraign nature. They wail ills that can be cured. They distort truth.

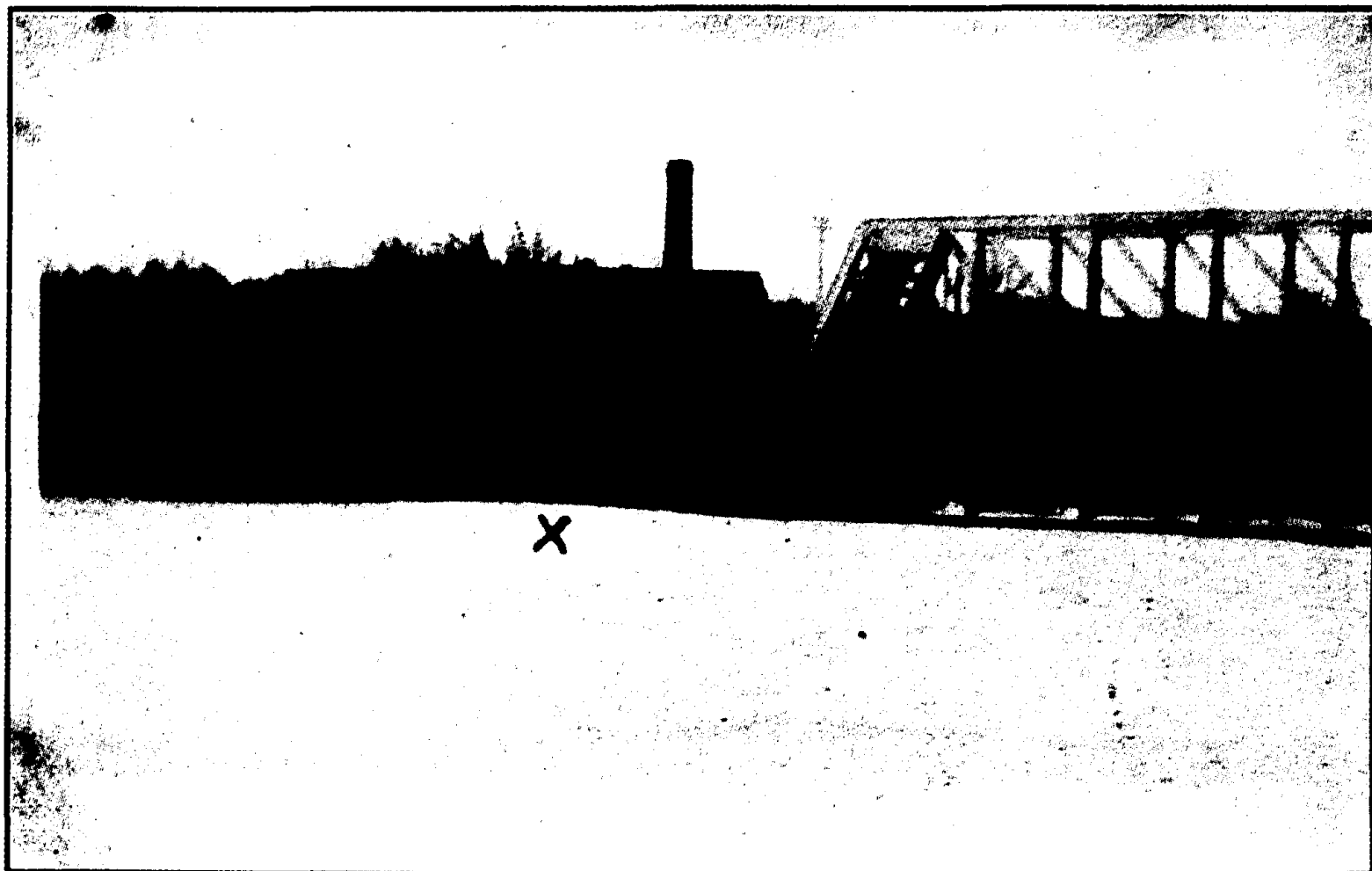
The highest value of history depends upon the lesson learned. All pride in the past, however glorious, is vain that does not incite to noble purpose. The floods come from rain. And rain is the divinest blessing that has made the Ohio Valley a garden of the earth. With floods unused Egypt could not have been. With floods controlled the valley of the Nile was the cradle of civilization. No doubt the damage was great at first and many perished. But man learned and conquered. And man must learn again. Strife is the inexorable condition of progress. In the scramble for fickle coin instead of the stable wealth of fertilizing herds, the verdure has been withered in cruel crops of baleful hay, and the richest loam has fled from the blasting blight of tobacco in order to feed the teams and solace the fatigue of an all-devouring and little returning city. Wisdom warns man to love the future and cease to waste the land for selfish gain. Those sated with the lust of the city must be coaxed to bring their gain and revel on fruited hills and along clover bordered paths. The population of Brown and Clermont is not at a standstill, but growing wide and far. The tens of thousands born and bred

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



REAR END OF HICKEY'S LIVERY BARN AFTER ALL THE NEW ADDITION HAD BEEN  
WASHED AWAY, MARCH 26, 1913.

Courtesy of Booso & Green, Milford, Ohio.



**Cross shows where three-story livery and undertaking building of Mr. Motsinger stood. It was washed away at midnight of March 25 and 26, 1913. It hit the bridge across Little Miami.**

but not counted there are not lost but only away—some at a desk or pulpit, some ranching or mining, some marking new ways for commerce or bearing the Flag, some ruling a school or queening a home, but all turning at morn, noon and night to look from mountains or peer through clouds toward the Land of their Youth.