INTRODUCTORY

Our Bible record, written by my father in bold, print-like characters gives my birthday as May 7, 1847. This was 70 years ago. As I look back over this period of three score and ten years- aperiod of great length when considered by youthful minds, but very short as I look at it now- I feel in clined to jot down some of the events of my life which might be of interest to my children and grandchildren, especially the latter who are just now very elert and inquisitive. In doing this I shall write in the simplest manner possible with slight regard for literary style or finish.

As we become older we are inclined to look backward and to call to mind the happenings of our childhood. Then we wonder how it was with our parents in youth; where did they live? what amusements did they have? what work did they do as helpers in the family? where did they go to school? advantages and disadvantages of schooling at that particular period? Sunday school and church? neighbors and neighborhood amusements?- in fact, everything that went to make up the every day experience of boys and girls in early life.

Each individual knows his own history but not enough care is taken to give his descendants the benefit of it. How much I would appreciate a knowledge of just a few facts relating to the family home-life of my father during his childhood in Botertourt county, Virginia. No doubt he freely talked to the older members of our family when home topics of early life were fresh in mind, but nothing was recorded and memory is treacherous.

The busy life of our parents, their interest in new and, at the time, more important events, crowded out of mind thoughts of the old. The questioner and informer alike are silent until death deprives us of the sources of much valuable personal history.

J.P.M.

EARLY HISTORY

The early høstory of my father's family has been briefly stated in tha genealogy of the Millers published in the year 1913. This was necessarily brief as the work was chiefly genealogical, not biographical.

My grandparents on my father's side died before I was born, and as photography was not yet discovered and portrait painting seldom resorted to by those who gained a lively hood by the sweat of the brow, I am deprived of the pleasure of knowing them by their pictures. My maternal grandmother, Elizabeth(McCleave)Smith, died Nov.13,1849, leaving no photograph of herself. My impressions of her are such as a child would receive from the few incidental remarks of my mother in referring to incidents of her early life. For many reasons, not easily explained, I imagine she looked and acted like my mother, being physically vigorous and active and possessed a mild and winning disposition.. I was only only two and one-half years old at the time of grandmother Smith's death, therefore too young to retain personal impressions of this sad event, though I have been told that it was my mother's custom to take me with her on horse-back when she made her frequent visits to her old home in the interest of her parents.

I remember grandfather Smith quite well as his death did not occur until Aug.12,1856. I was then nine years old. I am glad to present a photograph of this grand old man, which was taken from an original daguerreotype, a process of picture-taking just then coming into general use. I should judge that the original daguerreotype picture was taken about the year 1854.

The pathway for footmen or horsemen from our home to grandfather Smith's followed Donnels creek south. A glance at the map of Bethel School district, Clark Co., O., herein attached(pg.), shows the course of this creek as it winds its way through our farm(John Miller's),

crossing the Springfield and New Carlisle pike near the Bethel cemetery, then south-west through the woods on the Wallace farm, thence across a corner of uncle David Miller's farm, thence across Uncle Henry Miller's to Samuel Smith's place of 209 acres. This last was my grandfather's home where my mother, Joanna Smith, was born, December 27, 1806. (For a brief account of the early life and migrations of my mother's grandparents, Rev. Peter Smith and his wife, see "Early Settlers and Early Times on Donnels Creek and Vacinity", written by my brother, Samuel S. Miller, and published in the year 1887; also General J. Warren Keifer's ancestral history in appendix to his 2nd volume of "Slavery and Four Years of War", G.P.Putnam's Sons, 1900). Brother Samuel mentioned the fact that grandfather built a new hewed log house on this place in the year 1811, hence I infer that my mother was born in a primitive cabin located near by. At five years of age she could have witnessed the building of the new "commodious story and a half log" structure which accommodated this branch of the Smith family until prosperity enabled them to build an up-to-date brick residence twenty two years later (1833). In a dilapidated condition the brick building is still standing (1916), though for many years unoccupied as a residence. (See kodak snapshots, p,). Here is where I used to see grandfather Smith in the days of his old age and decrepitude. After his wife's death in the year 1849 grandfather lived with my mother's brother Samuel, who occupied the house and farmed the home place.

Mother made frequent visits to uncle Samuel's to help in caring for her father in his declining years. Being less trouble to care for if taken along than if left at home, I frequently shared these trips with her, and many were the good times I had in this house playing with the numerous children of uncle Samuel's family a list of whom I will give later on.

Memory does not very accurately recall events of our childhood of a period earlier than four or five years of age, yet impressions remain of how I toddled around the house and yard, innocently amusing myself as children do at that age. A particular style of dress for boys of an early age I distinctly remember. I wish I could fittingly describe it. It consisted of a waist and pants combined with buttons in the back, made of some homespun material- woolen for winter wear and linen or cotton for summer. Not style but comfort was the thought of our mothers sixty years ago. In my youth the spinning wheel and loom as a family industry had been discarded, but the fruits of this primitive machinery were still apparent. Pieces of flannel previously woven from the wool of the sheep raised on the farm, or linen made from flax of our own raising, had been stored away for future use. Some of this cloth, perhaps, had already seen service as blankets or garments, and now as thoroughly renevated second-hand material, not badly worn, under mother's skillful hands was made into clothing for the later born. This was all right. All good mothers did this. All the country boys of our neighborhood were treated alike in this respect. I do not remember of ever uttering a protest against wearing clothes made from cloth of garments previously worn by other members of the family. The suits were new to me, and as mother had made them, of course, they were all right.

Later in the 50's woolen cloth was purchased direct from the Springfield woolen mill, generally in exchange for the annual wool-clip of our own sheep. Now we boys were sure of having our suits made from brand new cloth, but the tailoring was still done by mother, or by her direction.

In father's account book for the year 1861 is this item:

	-Mr. Stephen Phillips-	Dr.
1861		
Jan. 3	To 12 bushels of corn at 25cts per bu.	$3.00
June 5,	Mr Stephen Phillips	Cr.
	By one coat for Peery J.	$3.00

This was my first store-made coat. Twelve bushels of corn paid for it.

The child picture of myself is a photograph of a daguerreotype taken when I was either six or seven years old. My brother Milton was attending School at Antioch college during this period. On one of his vacation or week-end visits,he decided that I ought to have my picture taken. Whether this decision was prompted by a worthy desire to possess a likeness of his little brother or for the purpose of testing the artist's ability to indelibly stamp my expressions of pride in my personal attire, is still an unanswered question. This much I do know- the fact having been substantially authenticated by statements of interested parties later in life:- That little coat with seven buttons,six of which shine out so prominently in the picture, was once the property of my beloved cousin, N. Delmont McReynolds. Cousin Delmont had outgrown this beautiful blue velvet garment,and his mother,my aunt Mary, like all good aunt Marys, kindly handed it over to her sister,my mother,for further service in the family. Delmont's loss was my gain.

A little retouching by mother's skillful hands and the addition of a nice white frill around the collar made the old look new- a perfect fit for me. With clean face and hands(!) and richly adorned with this new outfit I was ready to go with brother Milton to the daguerreotype office. A trip to town was much enjoyed as it gave opportunity to see city sights of great interest to a country boy. This particular trip was especially noteworthy because I was to have my picture taken by that wonderful process of Daguerre at the most impressionable age. The artist was J.Coss, East Main street,Springfield,O. The price of the picture and case was one-dollar,which amount Milton paid with a single one-dollar silver piece.

The case containing the original daguerreotype I gave to my daughter Elsie Palmer. The photographs of this original were taken by Baumgardner, S.Fountain Ave.,Springfield,O.,in the year 1914.(See p.)

BUILDINGS AND HOME SURROUNDINGS AT BETHEL FARM HOME

It is stated that when my grandfather, Frederick Miller, purchased the quarter section of land (1817 or 1818) which after his death in 1822, soon became the property of my father, John Miller, there was a log cabin on the land which served as the family abode until the more commodious house ~~was~~, built in the year 1822, was ready for occupancy. Not a vestige of this primitive structure remained in my time. It is hardly probable that it occupied the space needed for the new building, making its removal necessary. There were plenty of building spots, and, besides, the cabin was needed as a residence while the new house was in process of erection. What does it matter now, nearly one-hundred years after its destruction, where it stood, how it looked or what became of it? However, to my mind a picture of that primitive cabin, real or imaginative, is needed as a starting point in the associated interests of my ancestors during that early period. No one is now living that can give me a rough memory sketch of it sufficiently accurate to enable an artist to reproduce its size, shape and general appearance. I am left to imagine that it looked like hundreds of other back-woods log cabins still standing in Clark ~~county~~ and adjoining counties of Ohio during my boyhood days.

On page 12 of the Miller genealogy brief mention is made of the new log house built in 1822. I attach to this writing (page) a print of same reprodused by Herbert B. Judy from a description given by brother Samuel, who well remembered the building as it appeared before the pride of the family demanded weather-boarding to conceal the logs and mortar. This improvement with a one-story addition to the rear, and later a porch in front, marks the appearance of our homestead as it was in my time- 1847 to 1868. In the year 1868 the farm was sold to its present (1917) owner, Christian Hiestan. During this latter period of nearly 50 years since the sale several modern features have been

added to the house and its surroundings which the accompanying kodak snap-shots will show, but the same old log structure built by grand-father Freerick Miller in 1822 still supports these modern features with its enduring strength.

The barn seen in these late photographs was built by my father in the year 1848. It took the place of an old log barn of primitive type. Here again imagination must be drawn upon to restore to mind the old building Much of the timber of the old barn was utelized in building the new frame, but many of the old logs lay heaped up in one corner of the barn yard there to rot if not used to meet special needs on the place. These logs would serve a good purpose as bridge material across ditiches in marshy localities; or if cut in short lengths(two or three feet) they made lasty ground-chunks under the corners of rail fences. The purpose of the ground-chunk was to prevent the lower rail of the fence from set-ling in the ground too far,thereby absorbing moister which would soon cause the bottom rail to rot. It was a part of the farmer's work,as soon as the spring weather would permit,to repair the fences,pry up the corners and replace the rotten ground-chunks with new ones. Here was work for a ten or twelve year old boy to assist, and I had plenty of it to do.

One of these log heaps(relics of the old barn) lay under a walnut tree which stood in the barnyard not far from the water-trough which was supplied with spring water after it had passed through the milk-house trough,the depository for milk and butter. Here was a delightful shady place to play,much enjoyed in my youth. In the fall of the year when the walnuts were dropping, one-half of the labor of hulling was saved by their striking these logs as they came rattling down from the top of this tall tree. My reccollection of the happy hours spent in hulling and drying for winter use these delicious nuts is quite vivid. I say delicious advisedly, for I feel and speak as a boy of nine or ten years.

The new barn was a frame and stood on a hill but a short distance southwest of the dwelling (see photographs). It stands today(1917)as built in 1848 with no change except a small shed addition at the nobth-eastcorner to give more stable room. Being a bank-barn the lower story was devoted entirely to stabling stock. The uper story contained room a for a threshing floor inthe center and a large mow on each side for hay or grain. A loft space over the threshing floor was also used for mowing purposses. A granary occupied apart of the space of the westside mow. It was a tight room entered by a special door off the threshing floor and contained bins to receive the different grains when threshed and cleaned. From the northeast corner of the threshing floor a narrow stairway led to the basement story. Down this stairway-opening hay and other feed was pitched to the hall-way below to be parcelled out to the horses in their separate feed troughs and hay-racks(mangers). Sometimes a boy would pitch himself down this gang-way along with the feed. We always had to guard against a misstep or a slip.

All the necessary out-buildings found on farms of an early date were located on spots convenient to the central home,- viz., bake-oven, built of stone or brick under a shed roof; wood-house, smoke-house, carriage-house, Spring-house, hog-pen, sheep-pen, wagon-house with corn-crib at one side, a dry-house,heated by means of a wood stove, for drying fruit- the only means of preserving the surplus stock of fruit then known.

In the evening after the regular work of the day was finished, paring and coring apples preparitory for drying was a part of the duty of the whole family. Several bushes of drop apples were brought from the orchard to the house during the day. This labor was generally performed by the women and children, the men being too busy at field work to stop to pick up a few bushels of apples.

After the supper dishes were cleared away the kitchen table was surrounded by all hands able to aid in the important work of saving the

the fallen apples and adding to the winter supply of edibles.

The paring was usually done by a paring machine- a home made affair-consisting of a wooden frame containing a band-wheel six or eight inches in diameter, turned by a crank. By means of a leather belt the power was conveyed to a spool wheel of inchand and a-half diameter immediately above the crank wheel. The axis of the spool-wheel wasan iron spindle the left end of which had two prongs like a fork. On this fork an apple was stuck and a modern turn of the crank gave a rapid revolution to the apple. As the apple spun around a short knife blade fitted into a woode case with a short handle, was held against it, paring the skin thick or thin according to the setting of the knife in its wooden frame. Any good carpenter could make this machine. The spindle on which the apple revolved was shaped by a blacksmith. I think ours was made by brother Milton, who was skillful in the use of carpenter tools. An expert hand with this machine could keep four or five persons slicing and coring to keep up with him.

The modern metal parers are fastened firmly to the edge or table by means of a set screw, but the one above described was framed to the end of a board about two feet long, which, when in use, was placed on a bench or kitchen chair and held firmly by the operator's own weight as he sat astride it.

Personally, I must confess that I did not always take kindly to these family apple-cutting bees. They came at the time when the average farmer boy would rather sleep than work, and frequently I tried to persuade the managers that, in my particular case, the former was more necessary than the latter. Looking at it from the standpoint of youth doubtles my parents sympathized with me, but there was a question of duty to be considered. Children should help in providing for the needs of the family and dried apples were certainly a necessity. So with visions of dried applesauce and dried apple pies in the future , I applied my knife

in quartering and coring the luscious fruit as vigorously as conditions would permit until the end of the session, which was announced by the machine man when he reached for the last unpared apple.

Machine paring was not very satisfactory with bruised or imperfect fruit as the knife would fail to catch all the rind,leaving much for the hand knife to finish. However,much labor was saved by its use.

After the fruit was prepared for drying it was spread out in thin layers on hurdles(commonly called hartels) and these were placed on a scaffold built for this purpose,located in a convenient , sun-shiny spot. The dryhouse with stove heat could be used in all kinds of weather

The use to which the other out-buildings were put is indicated by their names. Each was located so as to be easily approached from the house or barn. The dryhouse,bakeoven,woodhouse,smokehouse,carriagehouse, and springhouse stood in a row at regular distances from each other,east of the residence and the front yard. The other buildings,being more particularly associated with stock and field work, were placed nearer the barn.

A large apple orchard was planted just north of our house. Father purchased the trees from one John Boswell in the year 1823, as is evidenced by his book account of the transaction. There were 100 seedling trees in all,and the price for the lot was $5.87. Being seedlings the fruit produced was just what each tree happened to bear, but much of it was good. There were many varieties,large and small- some sweet,some sour; some neither sweet nor sour. In later years grafting was resorted to as a means of improving the quality of the fruit and increasing the variety. Grafting was done by cutting a scion from a tree bearing the fruit of the variety desired and inserting it in a branch of a limb of the seedling tree.(The process of grafting is fully explained in Webster's unabridged dictionary) When a boy at home I did a great amount of this work-. I thoroughly enjoyed watching the scions grow from year to year

until they became branches large enough to blossom and produce fruit. By means of grafting a tree could be made to produce several varieties of fruit. I especially remember one tree in our old orchard which bore Siberian crabs,belleflower and a worthless seedling without name, the latter always in evidence to show its primitive right of possession. Some grafting was done in the spring of each year so that in my time the original stock of one-hundred hit and miss seedling trees were made to produce some of the best varieties of fruit on the market, namely, fall pippin,telpehawkin,belleflower, smith cider,winesap &c.

In later years root-grafted fruit trees were purchased from regular nurserymen,thus insuring trees that would produce the variety of fruit desired without regrafting. Now the youngster gets the benefit of the early harvest variety,an apple much appreciated when he has a craving for the forbiden green fruit. The early harvest apple was ready for the average boy's chompers just as soon as a little shade of yellow on one side indicated approaching ripeness. In fact,the tasting process began much earlier - soon after the apple was out of the blossom,and was kept up at regular intervals until the "yaller" test gave full proof that it was surely ripe and ready to be eaten with impunity.

Of the seedling fruit of our old orchard I recall three varieties that no modern apple can duplicate in richness or delicacy of flavor. One was a small,sweet russet,which,when fully ripe,had a most delicious honey-like taste altogether different from the modern sweet russet. Another was a medium sized apple,pale red and green- the green starting from the stem as though it would form a stripe,but it soon merged into a moderately redish color on the body. this apple we called the wine apple(not the winesap,which is altogether different). Surely it was rightly named,for no wine,however sweet,could surpass it in delicacy of flavor. The third variety I have in mind we named "Neither sweet nor sour",-these qualities being so harmoniously blended in juicy composition as to form a delightful compromise between the two extremes

A cider mill, erected by my father in the year 1835, stood in the orchard about one-hundred yards from the house. (Brother Samuel gave a brief description of this mill in his printed pamphlet on "Early Setlers and Early Times", page 11). Being of a primitive type its use was abandoned in the late 50's, but the frame work stood as a relic of the old style mill until the farm was sold to its present owner (1868).

The accompanying cut(pg.) shows the crude machine for mashing the apples by means of wooden-fluted rollers turned by horse power. The press with its heavy beam is more difficult to reproduce from memory, but the method of working it is still clear to my mind. I was too young to be of service in the heavy work of cider making but not too young to watch the others do it and to enjoy drinking the cider as it ~~ca~~ came fresh from the press. A tincup was ready at hand to catch a drink as it ran from the press-board through a gutter surrounding the four sides of the immence pomace cheese under the heavy press-beam. The inclination of the gutter carried the cider the cider from all sides of the pomace cheese to the center of the lowest side where it met a V shaped spout. under this spout was placed a large wooden tub holding one or two barrels. From this tub the cider was conveyed to barrels by hand, using a large dipper and a two-gallon wooden funnel. The latter was made by a cooper, using oak for staves, the bottom ends of which were cut to fit the curviture of the barrel when placed over the bunghole.

The boy who stood near the press when the men were filling the barrels was always welcome to a drink of cider if he could get his tincup under the spout, but when the beam pressure was accelorated by the men at the sword-lever he was liable to get splashed by the overflow as the result of the sudden squeeze. I well remember that with my eagerness to satisfy my thurst for a drink I would get a shower bath instead, much to the amusement of the by-stander.

Our cider mill accommodated the Bethel neighborhood from the year

1835 until the new cylinder grinder and screw press came into general use. Father's account book mentions sale of cider by the barrel commencing October 1835, at $1.00 to $1.25 per barrel. The last sales mentioned were in the year 1850, which indicates that from that time on the neighbors were taking their apples to the new mills of improved machinery, which could produce more cider from a given amount of apples with far less labor. After a few more years of private use of the old mill we,too,abandoned its use an became patrons of the new.

Two or three wagons with large box-beds,holding from 25 to 40 bushels each,were drawn into the orchard to be filled with cider apples the day before starting to the mill. It was necessary to start early in the morning to insure an early turn at the mill. First come,first served was the rule. At nine or ten years of age I was delighted to be permitted to go with this outfit. Of course,it took stalwart men like my father and older brothers to do the heavy work,but there was so much to be seen that a boy could enjoy that to him the occasion was one of great expectation. The early rising was invigorating; the jolty ride seated on top of the loaded wagon was said to aid digestion; the meeting of neighbor boys at the mill,who came with their parents in a similar manner, gave opportunity to improve our social qualities and enlarge our circle of boyhood acquaintances. In boyish manner and language we could discuss the wonderful improvement of the rapid whirling cylinder for grinding apples over the slow motion of the fluted nut-masher now discarded; also the merit of the screw press over the dangerous beam in hastening the pressing process. Give boys a chance to talk unhampered by conventualities and they will find plenty to say.

The cider made,the barrels filled and rolled into the wagon bed over skids placed at the rear end, we were ready to start home. If successful in getting an early turn at the mill, we might get home in time to get a good start at boiling down the cider for apple-butter in the afternoon

The apple-butter boiling was done outdoors in a large copper kettle * suspended to a pole, the two ends of which rested on forked limbs set firmly in the ground (See cut, pg.   ).

By boiling the cider was decreased in quantity and increased in strength until the proper consistency was obtained for thickening with apples. For thickening the largest copper kettle was selected and the choicest fruit prepared; then another long process of boiling and stirring until a practiced taster pronounced the mixture to be real cider apple-butter, done to a finish- sweet our sour according to the quality of the apples ~~used~~ and the amount of sugar used. The latter, being expensive, was used very sparingly, if used at all.

Before canning in hermetically sealed jars became prevalent all fruit butters were boiled down to a consistency sufficient to preserve them in open top jars or crocks. When filled these were covered with wooden lids over heavy cotten cloth tied down to the top rim with wrapping twine. No parafine was used as a top-covering as is done today.

* I wish to note that the large copper kettle that did service at our old home at Bethel during the 40's, 50's and 60's of the last century, was purchased by brother Harrison at the sale of personal property after father's death. He took this kettle with him to Illinois~~s~~ when he moved to that state. It is now ~~89~~ (1927) in the possession of his grandson Roy W. Miller, who lives on a farm in Tazewell Co., Illinois, near the village of Armington. Roy is preserving this kettle as a relic of "Ye olden times".

EARLY SCHOOL DAYS.

My first school-teacher was John Keifer who taught in the old log school-house described by brother Samuel in his pamphlet on "Early Settlers and Early Times", chapter ~~8~~ 1V. Samuel's list of scholars who attended school in this building was confined to the 20's,30's and 40's of the 19th century,hence my name does not appear in his list. My opportunity to be classed as a pupil in this famous old log school-house came in the year 1852-3,as near as I can fix the date by circumstantial evidence.

At that time it was not necessary for a pupil to be six years old before starting to school. If he had an older brother or sister to guard his foot steps going and coming he might enter at the age of four or five. I was old enough to be thoroughly impressed with much that transpired in that primitive school-room during the sessions I attended. Benches without backs with wooden pins for legs,graded in hight to suit the size of the pupils,furnished seats for all. A desk for a book-rest was not necessary. At least none was provided. While studying books were held in your hands,and,toprevent soiling the leaves by a too vigorous grip of the thumb, a thumb-paper was used. This consisted of several thickness of paper,folded in a two-inch square,fastened to the bottom edge of the book-binding with a short string. Thus it was always ready for use- a thumb rest when the book was open and a book-mark when it was closed.

When learning to write a slate and slate-pencil constituted the necessary equipment for beginners. The small boy then as now would only make a muss with ink. The older pupils who were required to practice with pen and ink were seated on a high bench in front of a desk made of a board eighteen or twenty inches wide running the whole length of one side of the room. This make-shift writing shelf was placed immediately under a long window made by the omission of one log in the side of the building,the space being filled with a row of one-pane window glass

probably 10x12 inches in size. Formerly oiled glazed paper served the purpose of window glass.

I suppose I did not acquire much book knowledge my first year at school. In fact I do not remember of having a book of my own. I did not need one, for when my teacher,Mr.Heifer,got time to give me a little mental exercise,which custom did not require him to do until the lessons assigned to the older scholars were attended to, he either called me to his side or he came and sat down beside me,having with him a spelling book containing the alphabet nicely arranged in columns in the following order: Big A, little a, big B, little b, big C, little c, and so on down the list to big Z, little z. I do not remember whether I knew my letters by sight before I started to school or not, but whether I did or not I was expected to satisfy the teacher by saying them over after him as he pointed to them with his pen-knife or lead pencil or whatever pointing instrument he possessed suitable for the purpose. By this process of repetition we in time were supposed to learn the names of the twenty-six letters and recognize them at sight. Their sound and use in spelling words would come later as the second step in the road to knowledge. The spelling book was the pupil's daily companion until he learned the sounds of letters combined in words of two or three letters each.

It was common in speaking of a childs progress at school to say that he had just begun his "a,b,abs, or that he had finished them. This means the drill in spelling words of one sylable especially arranged to acquire the sounds of the vowels as given on page 19 of McGuffey's Eclectic Speller(which book see). By combining consonants with the vowels a,e,i,o,u, we spelled and pronounced as follows: a,b-ab;e,b- eb; i,b-ib; o,b- ob; u,b,-ub. The process of memorizing was varied by the use of a consonant before the vowel,thus: ba,be,bi,bo,bu. As we progressed a final consonant was added,thus: b,a,t- bat; c,a,t - cat: h,a,t,hat &c.

Day after day and week after week we were drilled in a monotonous manner through the various combinations of letters in words of one sylable; then, as an encouragement, we were advanced to words two or more sylables, studying and pronouncing to ourselves as best we could; then in class recitation we repeated the process aloud from the book. After this the books were closed and the teacher pronounced the words and we spelled them from memory. No one was supposed to be able to read until he had become fairly proficient in spelling, after the manner described, all the words in McGuffey's speller or its equivalent. I remember quite well of my standing with a long row of spellers with my book open, watching carefully with finger in place for my word when it came my turn to spell. It was a crime not to be on the alert when it came your turn to perform. A crack on the head from the muscular force of the teacher's thumb and finger was sometimes the penalty for inattention. So the timid pupil studied promptnes as a matter of prudence as well as a virtue.

I was not put in the first reader class until the regular drill lessons in the speller were discarded, which was after I could rattle off with accuracy words of four or five syllables, pronouncing each syllable after naming its letters, thus: R,e-re; s,p,o,n- spon, respon; s,i- si-responsi; b,i,l- bil- responsibil; i, responsibili; t,y,-ty--responsibility. O what a responsibility was off when the finished product was delivered! Note that each syllable was pronounced separately, and each part of the word must be pronounced as the syllables are added, and so on until the entire word was built up. All this seems to be nonsense to the modern teacher, never-the-less, good spellers and good readers were produced by these primitive methods.

I think I had a little paper back primer with pictures and easy reading but I do not remember of using it in school. I learned it at home and was cocked and primed for the first reader when that spelling class was promoted. It must be remembered that the first reader in use at that time contained as difficult reading as the revised 2nd readers of today. I regret that I have not an old copy of McGuffey's 1st for comparison.

By Watching the 2nd hand book stores I fortunately obtained ~~obtained~~ copies of the 2nd an 3rd readers used in the Bethel school while I was a pupil. I still possess my own copies of the 4th and 5th of this series which are on file for consultation and comparison. In the early 70's the McGuffey series of readers was revised to meet the more modern methods of up-to-date teaching.

In the 1853 a new brick school-house was built on the north side of the lot which was given for school purposes by my grandfather in the year 1821. Later (1831) my father enlarged the original lot to include one acre and five poles. On this plat ground was reserved for a church and neighborhood burying ground. (See copy of deed for same on file)

This new school building was of the same convential type of all country school-houses throughout the state. There has been but little change in architectural design from that day to this. A glance at the Kodak views on separate page gives an idea of the outside appearance common to all of them - a one-room building of sufficient size to accommodate single seats with desks for 50 or 60 pupils.

The Bethel school-house had no belfry for the reason that bells for school calls were not used at that date. The scholars were called to book at the opening of school and at the close of recesses by the teacher's vigorous rapping on the window sash. Later on the school board was prevailed on to furnish a small hand-bell for the teacher's use and the sash rattling ceased.

I distinctly remember my first day in school in the new building. It was late in the season- perhaps in the month of November of 1853. The teacher was William Tennant, a tall, muscular man of Irish descent. My father was one of the school directures at this time and had borne a large share of the management of building the new building. As we lived but a short distance from the school-house I frequently went with him on his inspecting visits. I therefore received a fair idea of the inside arrangements, especially the plan for seating. The teacher's platform was a one-step rise from the level of the main floor, being about five feet wide and extended clear across the room. Around this platform ~~the~~ next to the wall the carpenters had permanently fastened a low bench-seat, about eight or ten inches high and twelve inches wide. From some

remarks that I overheard I got the impression that this bench was intended for the children, so I picked my place before school commenced.

On the opening day I was placed under the care of Miss Margaret Wise, a sister of brother Harrison's wife, who was spending the winter with her sister and had elected to take advantage of a new school in a new school-house during her visit. I well remember how I was dressed on this occasion. I wore a new wamms (coat) made of red wool cloth, with brass buttons. I was particularly proud of this coat, especially of the brass buttons. When we arrived at the school-house, school had already commenced. After disposing of my hat and dinner bucket I suddenly left my escort and made a bee-line for the low bench on the teacher's platform. I knew where to go without furthur instruction. When I got seated I found that I was the only one occupying that place of distinction. The teacher smiled at my attitude of self assurance but said nothing. Some of the scholars tittered which was certainly impolite if not impudent. I reallized that I had made a mistake but I held my ground.

Pretty soon the teacher came to me and asked if I did not want to take a seat nearer the stove where it would be more comfortable. I consented and he gave me a seat with the small boys in the main section of the room.

This big Irish teacher was a kind hearted man, though a vigorous disciplinarian. He could wield the rod on the back of a rebellious pupil with a vengence when occasion demanded it. In those days teachers were employed partly for their physical ability to govern. This being a qualification as essential as scholarship. In fact, in many sections the former was considered the most importent.

From the year 1854 to the spring of 1864 I attended the whole or a part of each yearly session. This was Bethel sub-district, No.6, Bethel township, Clark county, Ohio.

Generally a winter session of four months, commencing the first or middle of November, was taught by a man, and, if public funds held out,

a lady was hired to teach a spring or summer term.at a much reduced salary. During my attendance I recall the following men teachers: William Tennant,Samuel S.Miller(my brother) Kemp Gaines, Harrison Hardacre, Harvey Wallace, Mr.Tolbert from Springfield, Ira B.MIller. The lady teachers were Catherine Shellabarger, Malissa Gaines, Fannie Harris and my sister Catherine Miller. The latter was employed to teach both the winter and spring terms- an experiment which was considered rather hazardous by the old school disciplinarians. It was thought that a lady would be unable to manage the big boys who attended the winter session. But their alarm was not necessary as her discipline was as good,if not better,than that of her men predecessors. A special preparation for teaching gained by attending school at Antioch College enabled her to adopt new methods of teaching which created a new interest in school work.

But little attention was paid to grading and classifying pupils in the country schools at this period. Uniformity of text-books was requested but not always insisted upon. Ray's Practical arithmetic for ciphering and Colburn's or Stoddard's for mental exercises were in general use. Two classes in geography- one primary and one advanced- were heard daily. This subject required much memory work for one to be able to repeat the names and locations of the capital cities,chief towns, rivers,bays, seas,mountains, &c., after the routine method of reciting then in vogue. As history was not taught as a special subject in the elementary sghools at this period,much depended on the knowledge and willingness of the teacher to enlarge our ideas in this important branch of knowledge when teaching geography. I must confess,however, that I got very little knowledge of general history from this source.

Kirkham's English grammar was the text-book used by the older pupils, none receiving any special language drill until he was mentally strong enough to master the rules and regulations laid down by this author. Only a

small percentage of the pupils studied grammar, especially of the boys. The boys could see no use in the subject. Arithmetic was the essential subject for young men as a knowledge of it could be of more practical use.

With no incentive to advance beyond the curriculum of the district school much time was wasted in going over and over the same ground year after year. Some of the young men, eighteen or twenty years old, were perfectly contented with a knowledge of the three R's,- 'rithmetic, 'riting and reading, the latter being eliminated if deficiency in that branch became so apparrent as to become embarrassing to the reader if paraded before the whole school.

In the early days School-houses in O hio, were not equipped with black-boards for class work as now. A small board frame, about 4ft x 8ft, painted black, was placed back of the teacher's desk for his use only. I remember that our teacher printed the punctuation marks at the top of this board; also the Roman letters used as numerals. This copy stood in plain view of the whole school and was always ready for memory drill in name and use.

For practical work in arithmetic slates were used at our seats. No classes were formed in this subject. During the period assigned to this work each pupil ciphered until he got the answer to the problem. The teacher would incidentally keep tract of our work and offer suggestions now and then. In our school it was the custom of the teacher to make the round of the school-room, perhaps the half-hour before the noon recess or the evening dismissal, to ask the arithmetic pupils if they had any difficulty. Especially was this the custom of Harrison Hardacre, one of the most proficient teachers of that subject. I always found him willing and ready to lead me through the difficulties of a problem by a system of judicious questioning, the answers to which helped to develope the reasoning faculties. I have great reason to be thankful for the systematic drill received in the study of Stoddard's mental arithmetic under his

teaching. As I remember, order among the pupils in the school-room was as good as that which prevails now-a-days. Occassionally a scholar would need punishing for violating the rules of conduct on the play-ground, or for going beyond the prescribed distance from the school-house during the recess periods. Sometimes a fight between two hotheaded boys would result in both receiving a threshing from the teacher as the best method of discouraging fighting without showing partiality to either of the participants.

GAMES AND SPORTS.

Town-ball, the fore runner of the modern base-ball, was quite popular, though not very scientific as played by the country boys. The play-ground was laid out with corner basses somewhat after the plan of base-ball but the number of bases was not limited to four. There might be five or six as we played the game. Captains were chosen and the players were divided into opposing sides by the alternate choice of these respective heads. The captains would determine by lot which side would bat first. I never saw any printed rules of this game if there ever were any. In fact, I think the rules varied in accordance with the wishes of the individual players of each community. One point I do remember which would make the modern base-ball player smile. The basemen need not stand on his base to catch the batted ball or touch the runner with ball in hand in order to put him out. The runner was out if the ball was thrown across the path between him and the base he was trying to reach. We called this "crossing out".

No special one acted as umpire to decide points in the game. If a player was "out", the opposing side would soon proclaim the fact vociferously- the louder the outcry the more convincing that the decision was correct. Sometimes, in cases of legitimate doubt, a vigorous protest might

be offered by the loser, which, if backed up by his side, gave threat of mob-like vengeance. But generally disputes were settled in a spirit of democratic fairness.

Bull-pen was a game in which no batting was done. The players were divided as in the case of town-ball, one side playing from the bases and the other side promiscuously occupying the space within the ring formed by an imaginary line connecting the bases(we called them corners)

In commencing the game the ball must be passed from base to base aroun the circle before it could be considered in play. This process was called getting the ball "hot". After the ball was "hot", any baseman catching the ball when thrown to him by one of his side,could throw it with all his might to hit a man in the the ring. If he missed hitting any one he was out, and some other one from his side took his place at his base. Then the ball must be put in play again by making it hot by the above mentioned process before the hitting process can be resumed.

In case a baseman hit a ringman(a man in the"soup",as he was called)th next play is for the latter or any one in the ring(soup)to pick up the ball and hit a baseman, the most covenient one at hand. To prevent being hit all the baseman run from their bases in any direction,keeping a sharp lookout for the man with the ball so as to dodge it at the prope moment if he should be selected as the mark. The distance that the ringmen might chase the baseman from the ring was limited by rule- probably fifty or one-hundred feet. If in the chase the baseman is hit, he is out and must vacate his base in the same manner as if he had thrown the ball at a ringman and missed; but if he is missed he holds his base and the ring man that got "soaked" must retire and the game continues with one less in the ring. After this manner the game continues until one side or the other is all out. Athletically the importance of this game consists in acquiring skill in throwing the ball so as to hit on the part of one side, and the ability to dodge a swiftly thrown ball by the other side.

The balls we used were generally home-made. The material was obtaine from old worn-out stockings tops which we boys would unravel and then wind tightly into a ball. Sometimes a few strips of an old rubber shoe was used in the center to give both solidity and elasticity- the former an essential quality in the game of bull-pen, the latter in town-ball.

The ball was covered with leather from an old, worn-out boot top. It required much practice to acquire the skill necessary to out a leather cover the proper shape to make a perfect ball after the parts were sewed together over the rounded surface. I spoiled many pieces of leather in trying to learn the art. But I finally succeeded in making some fairly good balls. When I was a boy and wanted play things I made them myself or did without.

Ante-over was the name of another game played with a ball that furnish great amusement. In this game the whole school could take part if they desired. One half of those playing would form on one side of a building, the other half on the other side. (At bethel school the Baptist church which stood near by was used) At the command "ante-over"the ball was tossed over the roof of the building to be caught by the other side. Whoever catches the ball must run around the building to hit someone of the other side and claim him as his victim. When the person who has caught the ball starts to run to the opposite side, all on his side follows suit but not necessarily around the same end of the building. This division of the runners confuses the opposite side so that it is difficult to determine who has the ball and which way to run to avoid being hit. In changing sides of the building in this manner it is "no fair"to hit any one after he passes the corner of the building on the run. So the catcher has to make quick work of it to get around in time to catch a victim. The smaller children were placed near the corners to watch and give the cry "Here they come",when the rush commences,but they are not sure which fellow has the ball. The excitement is intense and the fun most enjoyable.

The well known games of "Blackman", Prisoner's base","Drop the handkerchief" and"Buttoner,buttoner, who's got the button"? gave variety and choice to suit the weather.

Sometimes in the absence of the teacher during the noon hour the scholars would keep a rough house, having little regard for the sacredness of the furniture or the building.

Schools were seldom opened with singing as is the custom now-a-days. A period of fifteen or twenty minutes study by the whole school generally prececeded recitations at the opening of the morning and afternoon sessions. When the teacher so ordered,we studied our reading or spelling lessons aloud. Then there was noise enough surely. It was expected that each pupil would pay strict attention to his own lesson and that the vocal practice would be benificial. Later on this noisy method of study was discarded for obvious pedagogical reasons and the silent mental process prevailed. Aside from the questionable benefit of the outloud study,there was too great a tendency on the part of the frivilous,funmaking to take advantage of the inharmonious din to play some mischievous trick, viz., stick his neighbor with a pin, or flip a paper wad in the face of some unsuspecting victim. Personally I rather enjoyed the outloud study. It had the merit of exercising the vocal chords and in some way lessening the mental strain which which might result from the sudden change of outdoor play to indoor study. This I mention as an after thought- a long way after. I seriously doubt that at the time either the teacher or his pupils were much concerned about any over-mental strain.

Names of scholars attending Bethel school (sub-district, No.6) Bethel Township, Clark County, Ohio, from 1850 to 1865.

Samuel Smith, Jr. family:

Harrison,
Ozias,
Oscar,
Minerva,
Israel,
Mary,
Dunreath,
Jasper,
Albert,
Amanda,
Scott,
Irving.

David Miller family:

Smith,
George,
Ira. (later a teacher)

Daniel Miller family:

Tyler,
Eliza,
Clara,
Kemp James.

John Miller family:

Samuel, as teacher,
Catharine, teacher and pupil,
Charity,
John Peery,
George Clinton,
William Donnel.

Harrison Miller family:

John W.,
David Warren,
Annie Mary,
William H.

Samuel S. Miller family:

Orion P.,
Cyrus I.

Smith Wallace family:
Malissa,
Ellen,
Hugh,
Charley,
Emma, William.

Hardacre family:-George, Milton, Elizabeth, Harrison as teacher, Blair, Ellen.

Babb family:- John, Jacob, Jane, Joanna.

Neff family:- Joseph, Rosetta.

Kerns family:- Levy, William, Mary.

Trumbo family:- Rebecca, Elizabeth, Silas H., Wesley.

Jerry Leffel family:- Andrew D., Lida Jane, Elizabeth.

Shellabarger family:- Samuel and Catherine as teachers and probably pupils in log school hous

David Roller family:- Lizzie, George, David.

Keplinger family:- James, Rebecca.

Peter Ebersole family:- Daniel, Phoebe, Sophia, Salome.

John Ebersole family:- Martha, Sabina, Clark.

Michael Quyott family:-(names forgotten)

McMann family:- Pat, John, Mary, Sarah.

Abraham Martin family:- Scott, Cassius, Minerva, Mary.

David Gordon family:- Price, Mary.

Aaron Gaines family:- Edward.

Kemp Gaines family:-

Others:- Margaret Wise, J.M.Knote, Lewis Myers, Peter Huffman ~~Kaufman~~, James Young, Harriet Mussleman, Sylvenus Snyder, Hannah Corwin, Laura Corwin, Eddie Perrine.

SINGING SCHOOLS AND SPELLING MATCHES.

Singing as a day-school exercise was not considered, but regular singing schools were much in vogue during my country school experience. A winter seldomed passed without a night singing class being organized at Bethel. The teacher best remembered by me was one Jacob Athy, who lived in Madriver township about four miles east of Enon. He was an excellent teacher as music was taught those days. Being a skilled violinist he was ready to entertain the class with an occasional instrumental solo as well as to accompany the class singing.

No public money was appropriated to pay the singing teacher. He must look to individual subscriptions for his pay. Generally $1.50 to $2.00 per pupil was charged for, perhaps, ten or twelve lessons. If a sufficient number of pupils could be obtained at the obove rates to justify, a class was formed and one night per week was selected for practice. This gave the teacher an opportunity to organize classes in other districts throughout the county to fill in the remaining nights of the week.

The principles of music were taught then as now, but more attention was paid to singing by syllables- do, re, me, fa, sol, la, se, do. While the round note system was taught, the square or patent notes were thought best adapted to large classes of country scholars. Each note had a different shape and their names could be learned as you would learn the abc's. Fortunately I still have in my possession my old song book, "The Ohio Harmony", used over sixty years ago. This will give my grandchildren an idea of the patent or buck-wheat note characters as they were called.

Spelling schools or contests were a part of the winter's entertainment. An evening spent at one of these contests was an event long to be remembered. Bethel School possessed some noted spellers, and when these were properly divided according to talent an exciting match was sure to follow. The teacher named two persons familiar with the spelling ability

of the school as captains, their duty being to divide the scholars for the spelling contest. The right of first choice was determined by lot, usually by handling a three-foot rule or stick in this manner:- One captain would toss the stick in a perpendicular position to his opponent who would catch it as near the bottom end as possible; then the stick was measured off by each alternately grasping it, hand over hand, until the top end was reached. The captain getting the last grip with closed fist sufficiently tight to hold the weight of the stick perpendicularly suspended, won the first pass. But the rule required that the stick be passed three times if necessary. The captain securing the top two times out of the three tosses secured the right of first choice of the good spellers.

This was an exciting time for us youngsters, for the captain that got first choice of the good spellers was the hero of the evening. If good judgment was exercised by the leaders in alternately selecting the spelling talent an exciting match was sure to follow.

Those deserving special mention as good spellers were Harrison Smith, Ozias Smith and their sister Minerva; John Babb, Eliza and Clara Miller. It is not modesty alone that prevents me from adding my name to this list. There are other reasons sufficiently valid to debar me from honorable mention.

McGuffey's Speller was generally used, commencing with the common words easily spelled. When the poor and moderately good spellers were spelled down, the real contest among the first chosen began. Then the teacher was privileged to turn the pages rapidly in search of more difficult words- keeping in reserve a few of the real hard ones for the final test. Sometimes, for the sake of variety, a selection from the Sixth reader would be chosen as a spelling test. The teacher would read such portion of a sentence as could be easily retained in mind and the pupil would spell the words just read. I favored this method of pronunciation as the use of the words in a sentence aided me in spelling them.

Spelling matches were frequently held between chosen spellers of different districts in response to challenges. This widened the scope of the contest and created a spirit of friendly rivalry in the community similar to that of base-ball and basket-ball games of today.

The social features of these country school meetings must not be ignored. Here the young people got together for a good time, and I can testify to the fact that we had it.

An intermission of fifteen or twenty minutes between singing or spelling periods was always given. This period gave opportunity to the young men of proper age to chat with the young girls of of ditto age. If chances were favorable and courage not lacking, the young man might get permission to accompany home the girl of his choice. If arrangements to that effect were not made at recess the chances were that some other fellow would head you off at the time of final dismissal.

TAFFY PULLINGS AND SLEIGH RIDING.

Social circles were formed of congenial sprits and friendly parties were given at the homes of those prepared to entertain. These were most enjoyable events. In the maple suger season taffy pullings were quite common among the young people. It was the custom for the boys to arrange conveyances to bring together the young people invited to these functions.

We had at our home a large two-horse spring-wagon with seating capacity to accommodate three or four couples if properly arranged. Price Gordon, a neighbor boy about my age,with whom I was pretty chummy, could persuade his parents to let him use a team of horses,and I,by use of my persuasive power,with promises to use great care to prevent accident, could get permission of my parents to use this famous old spring-wagon. Thus, Price furnished the team and I furnished the coveyance, which arrangement enabled us to do our part in bringing the young people together. Being proprietors of the carrying outfit we assumed the right of seating the couples in a manner most congenial to friendship, taking care that the ladies of our choice occupied seats next to us.

At times the roads were bad, mudholes terrific, but our horses were strong, the driver skillful, and mud-splashing helped to contribute to the amusement of the journey.

Now-a-days attempts are sometimes made to reproduce an old fashion taffy-pulling party,but to my mind they fall far short of the old-timers. The modern young people are too self-concious, too fettered by so called rules of propriety. Great freedom of action must be allowed during the taffy-pulling process. He was a poor puller who could not stretch his mass of golden wak into a rope extending from hand to hand stretched at arms length from shoulder to shoulder, During this process much fun was evoked by an accidental(?) stroke in the face of an ungarded participant by the be-smeared hands of a very careless(?) puller. Sometimes a well formed rope of taffy,with all its sweetnes,suddenly encircled the

neck of feminine beauty no less sweet,the work of a mischievous performer. When this sport began revengeon the part of the supposedly injured party,aided by her friends,began in earnest. The way this sweetend compound was sacrificed in a tit for tat battle was frightful to behold! Finally order was restored and good humor prevailed due to the general sweetness of the contest. After this melee taffy,popcorn and apples were served in proper form to all and the merry making still went on, the company being seated around the room on chairs,benches and foot-stools, with all of which furniture the old-time kitchen and dining-room was well stocked. General conversation was the rule, but many affectionate couples found opportunity to converse in whispers on subjects sacred to themselves alone.

Good taste dictated adjournment at reasonable early hour, seldom later than midnight. The home going was after the manner of the coming, party dropping out at the road or gate most covenient to his or her home. The coveyance was then returned to the home of the owner, and the driver,mounting one horse and leading the other, lonely takes his team back to its starting place, which is freqently several miles distant.

Sleighing was a popular sport much enjoyed by the young people. Nearly every farmer had some kind of an outfit on runners prepared for the snowy season. I recall three at our home. These were not all intended for sport,however. A log-sled was made from two heavy pieces of timber about five feet long and six inches thick, selected from a tree twelve or fifteen inches in diameter. Sometimes a tree could be found that had a natural bend that would serve for the front turn-up of the runners when hewed into shape with an ax. If a tree with a natural curve could not be obtained the farmer or his mechanic beveled the front end of a straight piece of timber into sled-runner shape. The two runners were held in their proper places by cross ties or bents about three and one-half or

four feet in length pinned firmly into mortised out cuts in the tops of the runners. The pins were made of hicory or oak driven into inch and one-half auger holes. The front was arranged to attach a tongue with double-trees to which two horses could be hitched as to a wagon. If more power was needed additional horses could be hitched to a chain with double-trees at the end of the sled pole or tongue. This bob-sled was used for sledding heavy saw-logs either directly to the sawmill or to a level place outside the woods where,at the farmer's convenience,they could be easily loaded on a log wagon and hauled to the mill in warm weather. In loading, one end of the log was rolled on the back bent of the sled and firmly chained fast. Thus connected the log was dragged sled like to its destination. When I was too small to be of service as a helper I well remember the thrill enjoyed when I was permitted to ride astride the log when every thig was ready for the start and the slipping was good.

For gaity and speedy motion something lighter and of better finish must be contrived, My brother Milton was ingenious and quite skillful in the use of tools. He fashioned the woodwork of a regular sleigh patterned after the best in use in our neighborhood in the early 50's of the 19th century. The Connelsville village blacksmith did the iron work, after which it was brought home to be painted and varnished in reguler shop-work style. The threshing floor of the barn was swept and dusted as the best place to display artistic ability in painting. I can now say without fear of contradiction,that this vehicle,with its shiny,yellow coat of paint and dashing red and white stripes, out classed every thing in the sleigh line in our neighbor hood. Its lasting qualities were scaresly surpassed those of the the deacon's "One horse shay" of historic fame. In fact it was in use every winter with favorable snows from my earliest recollection until the final break-up by sale of all our personal property after the death of my father(1863). I remember that its strength was tested inseveral horse run-a-way fracases,coming out unscathed save a few minor breaks and scratches,

A hastily made run-about on runners which could quickly constructed with little or no expence was sometimes used by the men and big boys. It consisted of two runners obtained by splitting a small hicory or dogwood sapling og sufficient length to serve as both side runners and shafts for the horse. The runner section was about four or five feet long from the rear end to the front at which point the timber was shaved thin enough to permit it to be bent up to form the shaft not detached from the runner. The bod of this run-about was nothing more than a cut of a round piece of timber about eight or ten inches in diameter and three or four feet long, held in place in the center of the vehicle, by four up-right stanards two and one-half or three feet long anchored to the runners at the lower ends and to the center log at the other, or top ends, being pinned at the points of insertion in auger holes of sufficient size to insure strength. This arrangement served to hold the runners in their proper places and support the center log at a proper height to be used as a seat for the driver and one or two other fun desiring pasbengers. In case the rider's legs were too short to reach the runners as he sat astride this log seat, his ability to stay put would depend greatly on the grip his hands could sustain. Thus it is plain to see that this style of joy riding was principally confined to men or long-legged boys

For milling and general farm hauling a sled of suitable of suitable length to accommodate our two-horse wagon bed or box was constructed. The wagon bed, with tight floor and broad sides, made a suitable rig for the family to take long distant rides in very cold weather, if the snow was of sufficient depth and well packed. My Sister, Elizabeth Mance, lived near Casstown, Miami county, O., and used to visit the old homestead in a sled of this kind in bitter cold weather. Plenty of straw or hay in the bottom of the box, warmed with well wrapped heated stones or bricks, and warm comforts for lap robes, insured a nice comfortable ride of twenty or or thirty miles in the most bitter cold. A return visit in a like vehicle was a delight to me in my early childhood.

During my time my father's farm was well equipped with all the necessary wagons and carriages used at that period. A two-horse carriage and a one-horse rock-a-awgy were housed in a special building called the carriage house. Special carriage and buggie harness were hung up in this building as they were to be used for these purposses only, and under no condition were they to be confused with the plow and wagon gears(harness) that were hung in the barn at the rear of the horse stalls.

One heavy four-horse wagon was termed the log-wagon because it was made with low hind wheels,only a little higher than the front wheels. The front and back bolsters were built up to the height of the wheels so that a log could be rolled on these bolsters on a level,over skids about 12 or 15 feet long. These skids were made the proper length from hicory or oak sapplings of sufficient thickness to sustain the weight of the logs to be loaded. One end of the skid was placed on the top rim or tire of the front wheel and another in the same manner on the rear wheel of the wagon,being anchored to the wheel by resting in a half-rounded iron ring, of horse-shoe shape, clampped over the tire. The other ends of the skids were placed on the ground under the log to be loaded by being rolled up the inclined plane thus formed. A log chain was now hooked to the coupling pole of the wagon midway between the front and rear axels, and then passed back and under the log,thense over and back to the other side of the wagon. To the end of this chain a singletree was attached to which was hitched a steady pulling horse. As the chain was pulled the log would commence to roll. Of course it would take the direction of the skids,up the incline plane and over the the wheels, on top of the log bolsters.

Strong standard were placed through staples driven into the sides of the bolsters to prevent the log from going clear over the wagon, if, perchance the pull was too vigorous at the time the log reached the bolsters,its supposed stopping place.

This was the method of loading saw-logs in my time. I learned it well when a small boy as I watched my father engineer the job. Later on I went to the woods by myself with a trusty team and successfully performed this work unaded. This was an achievement of which I was very proud.

Much depended on the steadiness of the horse when rolling the log up the skids. Stops must be made at times to adjust the direction of the movement if one end of the log should be of much greater diameter than the other. Any school boy knows that the big end would would gain distance over the little end in its progress up the incline,which,if not corrected by sliding it back on the skid once or twice on its upward journey,disasterous results would follow. Both ends of the log must meet the wagon bolsters at the same time,therefore it was necessary for the loader to stand behind the log in order to watch the rolling, and the horse must be driven carefully and stopped suddenly at the loader's call of "get up"or "whoa".

An industrious farmer always found plenty of work to do at all season of the year,and his children were trained to be helpers in accordance with age and ability. But my youth was not overburdened with tasks. I found time for play and rest in the midst of a busy life. Our family relatives on both sides of the house were many, and they lived within visiting distances,mostly in Clark or adjoining counties. At intervals,when the farm work was not pressing,a visiting trip to the home of an uncle or an aunt which would require an absence of several days was not uncommon. These visits are bright spots in my memory for there were many cousins of my age,or nearly so,whose companionship I greatly enjoyed.

I recall a trip made with father,mother and my youngest brother,Clinton, to Midway(now Sedalia)Madison county,Ohio. It require an early start and a steady drive to cover this distance in a day. Lunch and horse feed must be prepared to be served at noon somewhere on the roadside. This trip is memorable because of an unseasonable frost that occured at this time.

The date of starting was Saturday, June 4, 1859. While the early morning was quite cool, we thought little of it. At Springfield we made a short stop at the home of my brother Samuel, who, at that time, lived in West Main street. Here we obtained extra lap-robes for additional comfort and then pursued our journey as speedily as our lumbering farm horse could be induced to travel. I remember that in spite of the extra wraps I got cold and got out of the buggy and warmed myself by running until I puffed like a race horse. We arrived at our destination, Dr. Milton Lemen's, late in the afternoon and were welcomed with a good, warm fire just as acceptable for our comfort in this June afternoon as the same would have been in the month of January. That night came the famous killing frost that history relates, and is still remembered by the very few old-timers now living in this vacinity. It is called the "Big frost of June 5, 1859".

After an enjoyable Sunday visit and a second nights rest we started homeward. It was pityful to witness the condition of the crops along the roadside! Wheat, which was now near the blooming stage in growth was lying flat on the ground as if it had been run over with a heavy two-horse roller. Corn, much of which before the frost, was knee high, lay flat on the ground. It is needless to say that the wheat crop for this year was an entire failure throughout this section of the state; fruit also. Much of the corn was replanted and, though late, a fair crop was raised.

On our return home we thought to aid nature and encourage root growth by clipping off the wilted corn-blades with sheep-shears, but this did little good. In spite of the frost the up-ground corn on our farm was but little injured, being protected by the deep furrows in which it was planted and the nature of the soil. From one wheat field of twenty acres we cut two shocks, which, when thrashed, should have produced one bushel, but the chickens took possession and saved us further trouble. Seed wheat for the next crop had to be purchased abroad. Also flour for home use unless the farmer was fortunate enough to have a supply of old wheat in the mill for that purpose.

Similar visiting trips were made to the homes of my mother's brothers and sisters all of which gave pleasure to parents and children. To me the expectancy of going was cheering; the journey, thrilling, and the companionship of my cousins at their homes created a deep friendship among us, lasting from youth to old age. In this connection I would mention the families of my aunt Catherine Johnson, near Urbana, Champaign Co., O., Uncle Ira Smith, near Cable in the same county, and aunt Mary (Smith) McReynolds, whose home was at one time in Waynesville, Warren Co. and later in Miami county; also aunt Sarah (Smith) Lemen in Madison county. These names and their descendants are all properly recorded in the "Smith Family Genealogy (1922)."

Our nearest postoffice was in the village of Donnelsville, about two and one half miles south of our home. At the age of eight or nine years it was a treat to me to be trusted to go alone to this burg occasionly to mail a letter or make some trifling purchase. Springfield, six miles east, was our regular trading place and postoffice address. In the busy working season a horse could not be spared from work to be driven to Springfield, but a boy like myself could walk the short distance to the village. To save time I would take the short cut through the woods following the creek, and then across fields. After transacting the business required of me a little time was spent in looking around the village to see the sights, especially the window display of goods attractive to youngsters. On one of these occassions I very much admired an assortment of boys' apparel displayed in the window of a tailor shop kept by one Andy Glace. Here was a boy's cap which to my mind was a daisy. I had no money with me or authority to buy, but I thought it would do no harm to step inside the shop, look over Mr. Glace's stock and ask prices, especially of the cap of my fancy. Mr. Glace received me very kindly, asked my name and that of my father. He showed me the cap and let me try it on, assuring me that it was a perfect fit. Then he graciously

agreed, since I was the son of John Miller, to let me have it for 75 cents, a great reduction from the regular price. I told him that I was not prepared to purchase it then but I would speak to my parents about it and, if permitted, I would return. Of course, my parents were amused at my story, especially of the promised reduction in price because I was the son of John Miller, but I was not sent back to take advantage of the enticing offer of Mr. Glace. A cash outlay was not a necessity while my supply of homemade caps were decent and wearable.

A boy's life on a farm has much to do with domestic animals. He knows them all by name and is familiar with their speial characteristics. While mention of small details may not be of much interest to my children or grandchildren who care to read this writing, respect to the memory of some of these faithful animals that contributed much to our happiness and comfort (sometimes discomfort) impells me to record the names and good and bad traits of our work horses.

One black mare was named Nance. She was a trusty worker in most any capacity- safe for women to drive. Salem, an iron grey, was a splendid saddle horse, trained to take his place on the near side by word of command from the driver. He was a reliable puller- always to be depended upon to start the load and hold on in critical places where a let-up in his important position as wheel-horse would cause a stall. As a riding horse his loaping gait and sensible behavior made him useful to me in playing circus after the manner of the circus riders seen in the shows in Springfield. With a long bridle rein as a guide and a nice level spot of ground for a ring display, I could stand up on his back and reproduce quite a few circus stunts, much to my glorification, in the presence of other boys of less agility.

Flora, a black mare, was generally a willing worker but not always dependable with other horses if the load was heavy. If pressed too hard she might refuse to co-operate with the rest of the team. She worked well in shafts and was perfectly safe for the women to drive.

Prince,afine bay horse, was full of life and energy. My brother claimed him as his own- agift from father when he became of age(21yrs). This was in accordance with the custom of the times. Milton broke this fractious animal to work,a hazardous task because of his strength and wild disposition. I well remember seeing Milton mount this steed for the first time in order to train him as a riding horse. All went well for a short time, when suddenly Prince realized that his liberty of actio was being too greatly restrained. He quickly reared up on his hind feet and in some manner Milton was struck on the forehead. The contact knock-ed Milton senseless for a time. I witnessed this accident from the gate quite a distance from where it occurred. Brother Samuel,who happen-ed to be not far off,hurriedly brought water from the spring and Milton was soon restored to consciousness. The work of traing̸ing the colt was abandoned for the time being, but was successfully accomplished later on. This fine spirited horse was afterwards sold by Milton to obtain funds to contin-ue his college education at Antioch College under Horace Mann.

Pete was the name of a large bay horse of many good qualities. He served well as a lead horse at plow or wagon. Seldom were lines needed to guide him so willingly would he respond to the request,"Go on Pete", "Gee","Haw"and "Whoh", terms easily learned by a horse of good breed. All went well with this much beloved animal until a sudden fright almost ruined him for family use. One Sunday morning Pete was the buggy horse chosen to take the family to the Christian church at Enon,O. Mother, Sisters Kate and Charity and myself were the passengers. When within a half-mile of the town it began to rain, and as it dashed in from the front Sister Charity raised an umbrella,pointing it over the dash-board. Pete caught a glimpse of this unusual performance so close to his back misinterpreted the motive, and,becoming frightened,started to run. Of course,the umbrella followed with equal velocity and Pete's fright increased accordingly,resulting in a complete run-a-way. I think that I

was doing the driving when the start commenced but when the women realized the situation every body wanted to help pull on the lines. Great confusion ensued. I was crowded out of the game. Mugh hollowing of "whoa,Pete,whoe" only served to increase his speed instead of checking it.

A sudden turn to the left of the road brought the front buggy wheel in contact with the out side corner of a stake and rider fence which stopped the vehicle but not the horse. The harness broke and Pete slipped out of the shafts like a flash of lightning and continued his run with excellorated speed, being relieved of any burdensome attachment. Urged on by the flapping ~~of the flapping~~ of loose lines and traces that still hung to his back,he continued to run until completely exhausted. He stopped in the village not far from the Christian church. A man in the street realizing the situation and fearing that some of us might be seariously hurt,gently led the much humiliated animal back to learn the cause and result. None of us was hurt. The horse and buggy simply parted company. We stayed with the buggy fast in the fence corner,being very willing to let old Pete continue the race alone if he so desired.

Fortunately a house stood close to the road not far from the place of our misfortune. We stayed there until some of our friends returning from church took us home. Pete was stabled for the time being.

Later in the afternoon Father hitched a team to the big two-horse carriage and went after the buggy,which was anchored to a fence stake, and the bad acting Pete, who had forgotten the morning escapade and was now enjoying a good feed of hay from a strange manger. Father took me with him to guide him to the place and be of service in returning Pete,who by that time was completely over his scare. The buggy,somewhat wrecked,was towed to the Donnelsville carriage-shop for repairs.

I still remember how I felt when father,with one sweep of his strong arms,placed me astride old Pete's back assuring me that he was perfectly safe , that he would not run away from the other horses. I was game,

but the morning's experience was fresh in mind and I was not ~~and I was not~~ very anxious to risk repeating it. Father was right, however, as he generally was in matters pertaining to the conduct of our horses.

Old Pete never got over the result of this scare. He was perfectly safe while working by the side of other horses, but he became absolutely untrustworthy in shafts. If he could not free himself by running, he resorted to kicking, a detestable habit. Father finally sold him to a government agent for use in the U.S. army.

A heavy set sorrel mare, named Mark, was the most servicable as an all-round farm horse. She was reliable wherever placed. This was the animal I referred to as so trustworthy in loading sawlogs.

Mike, a dark bay horse, belonged to brother Harrison ~~and~~ was noted throughout the neighborhood for his dashing disposition and physical strength. Move quickly and keep going was his motto when hitched to a heavy load, Many times I saw him perform marvelous fetes of strength in pulling heavy wagon-loads of wood or grain through bad places in the road and up steep hills. It was up to the driver to keep the other horses moving when Mike was one of the team. He would set the pace and his companions must follow. "Never stall" was his motto.

In my boyhood but little labor saving machinery was in use on the farm, therefore much hand work was done that the modern boy knows nothing about. Although the hand sickle as a tool for cutting grain was discarded in favor of the grain cradle there was still much use for that ancient instrument in reaping the lodged grain that the cradle was not adapted to, Sickles were kept on hand and we boys were taught to use them. It required much practice to become skillful in the use of this simple instrument and many cuts of the hand accompanied the cuts of the grain until the art of handling it was mastered. Notwith-standing these drawbacks, I learned to be a pretty fair reaper after the manner of my forefathers.

The use of the grain-cradle was more str[illegible] uous and required grown-ups

to swing,cut and lay the golden grain in a level swath, heads to the left and buts to the right. However,later on,I,too,acquired this ability and took my place in line with the grown-ups, but not until the first horse-drawn reaping machines were on the market.

The first real reaping machines were crude affairs compared with the finished product of today. Nevertheless,they did the work after a fashion,saved much hand labor and made it possible to increase the acreage of the wheat crop. My father and uncle David Miller,whose farm joined ours on the west,together bought one of the first make. It was manufactured by Warder and Brokaw and sold in Springfield,O.

The date of this purchase was probably in the year 1854 or 1855. I was a very small boy at that time, but I remember well the great number of people who came from far and near to see this wonderful invention set up by the sailsmen and given a real trial in the wheatfield just west of our barn, It surely was an interesting occasion.

This machine,drawn by two horses,cut the grain as it was forced back by a four-armed reel in front and over the sickle bar. On this sickle bar were attached iron guards, some six or eight inches apart, through which V shaped sickles rivetted to a flat bar of iron were given a rapid back and forth motion by machinery,thus cutting the straw as machine moved forward. The grain fell on the platform at therear of the sickle-bar and was raked off in bunches of sufficient size to be bound in sheaves. The raker stood in a box frame at the rear of the platform,using a fork with wooden prongs. In light wheat this was not very hard work, but if the grain was tangled and heavy the raker had a hard task.

The sheaves were bound by aset of binders following the machine, each stationed so as to bind an equal share before the machine would make the round of the field. This was necessary in order that the horses would not run over and scatter the unbound grain. Generally four or five men were required to do this work. The binding was done with a handful of straw from the sheaf ~~and~~ made into a double band. To make a double band and tie a sheaf with neatness and dispatch was an achievto be proud of. It is now a lost art. The modern self binder uses twine.

In the early 60's the old Warder & Brokaw was discarded and father and brother Harrison bought the new Whitely reaper made in Springfield, O. This machine was far superior to the old one, being of lighter draught. It was equipped with an automatic rake to bunch the grain in sheaves. This was a great improvement over the man power rake of the old machine and had the merit of eliminating one man from the working force.

During this decade I was old enough and strong enough to attempt and accomplish a man's work in nearly all lines of farm work, and I willingly did all I could do. To take one's place as a binder after this new reaper was praise-worthy and we farm boys liked to be commended for displaying manly ability.

The modern self-binding machine was not a complete success until fifteen or twenty years later (1875 or 1880). The sheaves are now automatically bound with twine by attached machinery and held on the platform until a half-dozen have accumulated when all are dropped on the ground in a bunch. This machine bunching disposes of the boy's work of gathering sheaves together for the shockers. In fact the modern harvester has eliminated the boy almost entirely. However, he may be utilized as a water carrier for the driver and two shockers- all the men now needed in the field to reap, bind and shock.

Plowing and Planting

Country boys of eleven or twelve years of age seldom attended the spring term of school, being needed at home to help with the spring work. The winter term, taught by a man, generally ended the last week in March, after which a women was employed to teach the children during the months of April and May. Boys of the above ages and older could be of much service at home for this is the season for righting-up the fences and preparing the ground for spring planting, viz., early potatoes, oats, flax and corn. Improvement of implements for doing this work went through the same evolutionary processes as did the reaping machine. It is interesting to note the steps of development. My life witnessed all of them.

In the 40's and 50's of the 19th century corn was dropped on the ground by hand and then covered up by the use of a hoe. The former was the work of boys, thelatter, requiring a little more strength and skill, was done by men or the older boys. First the field, after being plowed and harrowed level, was listed one way in furrows with a single-shovel plow drawn by one horse. The furrows were 3 1/2 or 4 ft. apart. Then, by the same process, these were crossed ~~crossed~~ with furrows the same distance apart, thus giving a checker board appearance to the field.
In planting the boy(the dropper)walks ahead of the man with the hoe and drops four or five grains of corn in the center where the furrows cross each other. If he should drop before reaching the mark he would be repremanded by the wise coverer for"dropping too close to his toes". Correct dropping in the check-mark insured straight rows both ways across the field, an important factor to the cultivator later on.

With us the order of cultivation was thus: First use a one-horse triangular shaped harrow with small teeth when the corn was just comming through the ground. This leveled the ground and put in good shape for general cultivation when the corn was two or three inches abowe the ground. Then a single shovel-plow with a small, narrow shovel attached was used for the first plowing, following this with a larger shovel as the corn grew, finishing, after the third or fourth cultivation, with a shovel sufficiently large to form a banked-up ridge of dirt around the roots. All this required many trips back and forth across the field. With the single shovel plow it took three trips to finish plowing the space between the rows.

A double-shovel plow was envented later which would finish the cultivating of a row in one round of the field. At first my father looked upon it with many misgivings as a new fangled contrivance to save time at the expense of having the work well done. However, he was persuaded by my older brothers to try a home made one. Milton made the wooden frame and the village blacksmith furnished the iron work and soon we had a real double shovel plow ready for use which proved a great success.

This simple invention led the way to further improvement, resulting in a two-horse cultivator with two double shovel plows arranged to straddle the corn row, thus finishing its cultivation in one trip across the field My, but this was a glorious achievement! My labor on the farm ceased at this period of advancement in corn culture.

The old-timer now living(1927)notes with great interest the marvelous improvent in all kinds of farm machinery over that used in his youth but the boys of today naturally take modern methods as a matter of course with little concern, and no worry at all, as to how his ancestors performed their tasks.

CHANGES AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD AND MY SOLDIER EXPERIENCE.

The death of my father in the month of April, 1863, brought about many changes in our home life at the old homestead. In the interest of his heirs all his property, both real and personal, must be appraised, then sold or divided that each might receive his proper share of the estate in accordance with the law. Of course, my mother retained the homestead and enough land surrounding it to equal in value one-third of all- her legal right. Brother Clinton and I were minors and the county court appointed brother Milton our guardian to look after our interests until we became of age(21 yrs.). Our shares of the real estate were set off in separate tracts in a just and equitable manner, seeing that each of us was provided with a strip of the wooded part that we might have timber for lumber and fuel.

The details of the divide relating to to the other heirs(there were eight children)have passed out of mind, but it is sufficient to say that the affairs of the estate were settled strictly in accordance with ~~an eqi~~ law and all concerned were perfectly satisfied.

I was fifteen years old at this time and the responsibility of the farm work for mother and myself was largely on me. My experience under

my father's direction well fitted me to assume this responsibility, but there were many times when I missed his guiding hand and friendly advice.

My two older brothers, Harrison and Samuel, had each bought portions of the place and built homes thereon some years before father's death. They now increased their acreage by purchasing the shares of my three sisters, Elizabeth, Catharine and Charity. As they lived near mother they were supposed to exercise a general oversight of her interests and that of the minors, but in general they were too busy with their own affairs to be of much help in a practical way except in times of emergency.

Brother Clinton was now (1863) ten years old, a vigorous youth, always willing to lend a hand to the extent of his ability.

Note that in the year 1863 our country was in the midst of the Civil War the history of which is fully recorded and need not be made a part of this writing. Suffice it to say that the Bethel community was loyal to the core and responded liberally to Lincoln's calls for troops. The boys as well as the men were fired with patriotism and military zeal. School boys formed companies for drill like the enlisted soldiers at the near by military camps. If we were too young to fight we were not too young to prepare. We were thrilled by the music of the fife and drum, and inspired to imitate the grown-ups in every thing pertaining to war.

The Bethel schoolboys, with few exceptions, were exceedingly patriotic. A company was formed for regular military drill. I was distinguished by being elected Captain, a position of great honor, but I was poorly fitted to carry out its functions as I knew nothing of military tactics save what I remembered hearing of the commands of the officers at the few military camps I had visited. I got busy, however, and secured a copy of Casey's Infantry Tactics" from which I learned the the Company movements and the manual of arms. Having acquired this knowledge my authority as commander was better respected. With this book as a guide all disputes as to right command and manner of execution were quickly settled. We learned quite a little of military tactics and had lots of fun besides

years of war just past was full of sad events. Scarcely a week passed but a skirmish or a battle somewhere within the vast field of the war was reported wherein Ohio troops were engaged. The list of casualities was eagerly scanned to see if any of our near relatives or friends were there. I was not too young to appreciate the awfulness of war and the constant suspense of the homefolks for the fate of their loved ones engaged therein.

It was plain to be seen that when I said good-bye to mother the morning we started that her suppressed manifestations of grief were for my sake. She would not weaken my courage on this momentous occassion. The period of service was to be short and she hoped for the best.

The trip to Springfield was made in an open springwagon in a snow storm--one of those unseasonable squalls that sometimes befall us.Howeve the snow soon succumbed to the direct rays of bright sunshine, and the green grass and leaves were all the brighter and refreshing for the whit washing received.

On the night of May 2nd,we were ~~quarted~~ quartered in the town hall, the upper story of Springfield's old market house, which stood on the ground now occupied by the Arcade stores. Military disipline was not yet vigorously enforced and the noise and racket of a gang of irresponsible men and boys were not at all conducive to sleep; also a bed on a bench or the hard floor without a mattress was a source of discomfort to which we were not yet accustomed.

The next day(May 3rd,1864) we marched to the Little Miami depot wher we took passage in freight cars to Camp Dennison. Here we were quartered in huge barracks,our home until the regiment could be reorganized and consolidated. Our organization(the 35th O.N.G.)was far below the regulation number to form a regiment of U.S.troops,therefore it was divided an attached to other organizations comming from different parts of the State. Our Donnelsville company was divided-- one half assigned to the Enon company under Capt.Harry C.Cross and one-half to the Medway company

under the command of Capt. James L.McKinney. These two companies were then placed with an aggregation from Clearmont county which had been consolidated into eight companies. This organization of ten companies was then mustered-in to the United States service and denominated the 153rd Regiment,Ohio Volunteer Infantry(O.V.I.). Col. Israel Stough of Clark county was appointed commander of the regiment,which pleased the Clark county boys immensely,but the Clearmont county contingent was sadly disappointed that their O.N.G. Colonel was not retained. It took some time to overcome the bitterness engendered over these changes,but the orders of the superior officers were final and had to be obeyed.

While in Camp Dennison 10,000 of these recruits were formed in mass to listen to Governor Brough speak. I remember that he expatiated over the condition of the armies in the field,- their successes and failures, the special need of taking advantage of the gains made by the Union forces just at that time and following them up at once under the command of our distinguished commander,General Grant; closing with very complimentary remarks as to our patriotic response to his recent call for our assistance, which, he assured us, would redound to our everlasting glory,&c.,&c.

Within ten days from the first call our regiment was reorganized, consolidated and ready for marching orders. The following statements taken from the diary of comrade L.W.Pemberton,a member of Co.C,written at this time,gives the route taken from Camp Dennison to Paw Paw Station W.Va.:

May 12,1864- Left Camp Dennison over the B.& O. R.R. Passed through Loveland,Blanchester,Chillicothe and Athens, arriving at Parkersburg Ferry about seven o'clock,May 13;Crossed the river to Parkersburg,W.Va. at 9.00 a.m.; stayed at Parkersburg all that day and night; received arms and clothing; were quartered in a freight depot; Started east on train(B.& O.) May 14th at two o'clock; arrived in Cumberland,Md.,Sunday the 15th;slept in the cars that night at Cumberland; arrived at Paw Paw Station at noon,May 16th".

I vividly recall this trip as one of the most thrilling events I had ever experienced. There were no Pullmans or even plain passenger coaches provided for the able bodied Civil War soldiers. Plain freight cars(sometimes the open,flat variety)were good enough. Not a murmur of complaint was heard. In the southland our soldiers were compelled to march hundred of miles on foot,constantly subjected to attacks by the enemy,why should we complain of a ride in a respectable box car in Ohio,out of danger of the enemy's rifle shots.

But when we crossed the Ohio river into West Virginia we were nearing the seat of war. In fact both Virginias in 1864 were pract-battle grounds. Raiding parties from both sides of the contest were liable to clash one knew not when or where. There was always danger of surprise attacks,and prudence dictated watchful care at all times.

Paw Paw station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was of little consequence in itself save that it was located near the Potomac river at the end of a much traveled road leading south into Virginia.
In the afternoon of May 18th,we pitched our little dog-tents in this valley in camp-like order and prepared to live after the manner of veterans long endured to service. This camp,however, was soon abandoned for a much more commanding position situated on a high elevation about one-half mile south. This position was named Camp Kelley after the name of the 8th corp commander to which our Regt. (153rd O.V.I.) was assigned. General Kelley's headquarters was at Cumberland,Md.,about thirty-five miles of this point.

Camp Kelley was supposed to be the head-quarters of our regiment for the entire period of our service,but our duty consisted in guarding the B.& O. railroad from Green Springs east to Martinsburg, hence entire companies were detailed to perform this service and located at advantageous points along the line. This broke up the unity of our organization but did not in the least decrease our activities.
Before separating the regiment,as above indicated,thorough training was given us in company and regimental drill,especially in the manual of arms. The latter was much needed because as National Guards at home we were not completely armed,our drill being confined principally to company and regimental movements. However,our marksmanship was good. There were but few of us that could not bring down a squirrel from the top of the tallest tree with a shot from our old-fashioned rifles.
Volume IX,Roster of Ohio Soldiers,1861-1866,pp.184-189, contains a complete list of officers and privates of the 153rd Regt.,O.V.I. This Vol. is in my possession. My children will note that my name, John H.Miller,appears in both Co. E and Co. F,as transferred from the former to the latter. This transfer was made on the request of my brothers Harrison and Samuel that I might be in the same company organization with themselves. If I remember correctly,I traded places with George Frantz,who wished to change from Co.F to Co.E in order to be with his two brothers,Daniel and Israel.

Out of the ten companies composing our regiment,four or five remained at Camp Kelley,Co.F among them. Co. E, the other Clark Co. company,commanded by Capt. McKinney,was ordered to guard the R.R. bridge over the South Branch of the Potomac river,about twelve miles west of Camp Kelley.

While stationed at Camp Kelley Company F was by no means inactive. Scouting parties made up of details from the different companies here located were kept busy raiding the enemy's country to the east and south of us.

As I was physically strong and light on foot I could endure these rapid marches as well, if not better, than those much older than I. In fact, this activity suited me better than the dull monotony of camp duty. Brother Harrison's rheumatic tendencies gave me opportunity to double work by volunteering to take his place on the detail. He might start well, but I knew from experience that he could not hold out. To be compelled to fall by the wayside from exhaustion and be left to the uncertain care of rebel sympathizers was not at all desirable.

The object of these scouting parties was to surprise and capture isolated Confederates off their guard and restore government property found in the possession of the citizens, - especially cavalry horses that had been disabled and left behind by the Union forces. Many of these horses had recuperated after rest and care and were now fit for further service. We had no trouble in recognizing property of this class as every animal had been branded with the letters U.S.

An amusing incident occurred one Sunday morning as our scouting party passed a country church. A number of ladies on horse-back were congregating for service. Of course, we stopped up to search for the well known U.S. brand on their well groomed steeds, and, if found, the rider was requested to dismount and give us possession of the animal. Several very good looking ladies protested to our course of action and resisted with much determation. They called us all kinds of names strongly emphasized by terms not expected of well bred ladies attending dvine services on Sunday morning. However, our orders explicit and dismount they must, even if force should be necessary to accomplish it. One noticable feature of event was that not a single man of the church congregation volunteered assistance to the ladies. Their intentions may have been good but they had learned at this stage of the war to have respect for soldiers' loaded guns.

These scouting parties were composed of 50 or 100 men who were expected to move quickly and quietly with some special object in view. They were commanded by one of the line officers of military experience an ability. Our Lieut. Colonel Leeds was generally in command. The expedition was always accompanied by a Government scout or guide in citizen's clothes who was familiar with the locality, knew all the roads and by-ways and was pretty well informed as to the movements of the enemy. The men provided themselves with rations(bacon, hardtack, sugar and coffee)sufficient to last several days. If the supply ran low, foraging was resorted to.

The expedition would start from camp in the afternoon or early evening and march all night, following our trusty guide often along narrow, unfrequented paths through the woods, over the mountains, thus avoiding the publicity of the highways and shortening the distance to our destination(knÿwn only to the officials). These quiet night marches were not without myrthful incidents on occasion. I still have in mind a joke on myself which might have proved serious but happily noharm came of it. While marching single file along one of those narrow by-paths on the sloping side of the mountain my left foot slipped, and, in my effort to right myself, I fell sprawling at full length. That would have been of little consequence

had not the incline started me to rolling down the hill. Many turns were made before my progress downward was checked by a friendly bush. Quick work was required to get myself back into line before it passed and left me alone far in the rear. I held on to my gun with a tenacious grip. My other accoutrements were firmly strapped to my body. My gun was loaded but not primed, the latter a precaution taken under strict orders in order to prevent accident due to careless handling while marching.

Luckily, after much scrambling, I fell in line well to the rear and marched along naturally, pretending that nothing of any consequence had happened. Daylight revealed some slight scratches and bruses but nothing serious.

It is not my purpose to write at length concerning the military movements of the armies of Virginia at this period. My children and grandchildren have access to scores of books covering the entire subject. They should read them extensively and understandingly. My personal contribution was very small compared to the magnitude of the whole, or even of the work done by the separate units of long time veterans. I wish simply to place myself where I belonged as a part of the great machine without ostentation, naming a few facts of personal interest as I would any other events of my life's history.

With this in view I shall pass rapidly over my army experience. The months of June and July, 1864, were full of interesting and daring adventures in which Company F participated. Aside from actual combat with the enemy, many variations of the prescribed rules of conduct and the results thereof are retained in memory to this day- now sixty-four years after. I would mention one nightly raid on a well-to-do home not far from Winchester, Va., where our guide had information that several Confederates were lodging. A charge on the premises was well planned and nicely executed, but low and behold the birds had flown. Not a Reb could be found. I was one of the guards at the back door until this fact was announced, then in company with two or three other hungry boys, I explored the garden in search of fresh vegetables. I remember that it was so dark that we could not tell a raddish from a turnip but we were positively sure of the onions. We filled our haversacks with whatever we supposed was good to eat. Every thing in the vegetable line was relished by the soldier.

At one time we haulted at noon for rest and dinner. Our rations of meat (salt bacon) were low. Why not supplement with fresh beef? A fat steer was seen in a field near by. An expert rifleman brought him to the ground and it was but the work of a few minutes until our little force was abundantly supplied with fresh meat. The best cuts were used, the rest remained for the buzzards. Take a slice, boys, rub it well with salt, if you have any; run a sharp stick through it for a handle, then broil it over a smoky fire. I tryed it, but for the love of Mike! I could not eat it. The animal heat was not exhausted. It looked very inviting but the taste was sickening to my palate. Smoked bacon, cooked or raw, eaten with hardtack softened in a cup of black coffee, was the correct food for a tired and hungry soldier. No more fresh beef hastily prepared under a noon-day sun for me.

I herein give a copy of a letter which I wrote to my sister Charity describing my experience with a scouting party which encountered Confederate General Imboden July 3, 1864. This engagement is

historically mentioned as the battle of Hammack's Mills, on North river, W. Va.

Detachments of fifteen or twenty men from each of Copanies A, C, H, and F composed this scouting party of seventy men under the command of our Lieut. Colonel Leeds. Confederate General Imboden was in command of a brigade of possibly 1500 or 2000 men. This engagement, almost a perfect surprise to our officers, was too one-sided to last long.

My letter written home soon after the battle gives reliable information from a much interested participant. (Copy of letter filed between pages 54 and 55) All that saved me from being captured and becoming an inmate of Andersonville prison down in Georgia was the fact that Lieut. Hanes from Co. F was ordered to the front as a skirmish line. This position, though dangerous at first, gave opportunity for freedom of action when our real situation was discovered. Under the wise direction of Lieut. Hanes we fell back, after the first attack, toward our main line, the proper thing to do when was discovered the real force of the enemy. But in doing this he put the river between us and the enemy, the mountain side across the stream being unguarded by the rebels.

Out of our little force of seventy men engaged thirty-six were taken prisoners. Of this number sixteen died in prison or lost their lives in trying to escape. (See Roster of Ohio Soldiers, Vol. IX. Official Report).

-A day later (July 4th) this same rebel force under Genl. Imboden attacked Co. E of the 153rd Regt. at South Branch with the intention of destroying the B. & O. railroad bridge at that place. In this endeavor they were unsuccessful. Capt. J. L. McKinney, occupying an advantagious position in a blockhouse manned skilled riflemen, defended his position so well that the rebels desisted from making the charge that would enable them to capture and burn the bridge. The Clark county boys composing Co. E were highly elated over this victory.

Life at camp Kelley after the battle at Hammack's Mills soon became normal. Scouting parties were again ordered to dash here and there, bent on annoying the enemy and inflicting as much damage as possible. I seldom missed being detailed for this duty.

On one of these expeditions we made night marches in the region of Winchester, Va., then occupied by the cofederates. The location of one of their picket posts was so well defined by our Govt. guide that its capture was a possibility worth attempting. We marched rapidly but cautiously, but on arrival at the proper location, we found that the place had been evacuated and the pickets removed. We were disappointed, of course, but war is full of disappointments.

The march and excitement connected with this undertaking was all a seventeen-year old boy needed to produce sound sleep just as soon as an opportunity was given. I remember we were marched to a secluded spot off the main road where we haulted for the night. I cannot forget how quickly I dropped to the ground the instant we haulted and fell asleep instantly. I did not need to select a soft spot for comfort. Any place on the solid ground was good enough. I even forgot to unwrap my puncho (rubber blanket we called it) which was rolled the long way, the two ends tied together and hung over my shoulder. The night was cold, the woods damp, and, when I awoke the next morning, I was so chilled that my teeth chattered like one afflicted with ague. This could have been avoided to some extent if I had used my rubber blanket to keep out the damp.

A copy of a letter written to my sister Charity fro camp Kelley, Paw Paw Station, W.Va., Jyly 10, 1864.

Paw Paw Station, Va.,
July 10, 1864.

My dear sister Charity:

This is Sunday morning. I just came off picket duty and can enjoy this Sunday in reading and writing letters. This day last week I was quite differently situated.

In my brief note to you, written a few days ago, I promised to write again and give a more detailed account of the scouting party which met with such an unfortunate experience on July 3rd. I will now endeavor to fulfill that promise.

On Friday evening July 1st, about six o'clock, a force of about seventy men, detailed from the different companies of the 153rd regiment stationed at this place, started from camp under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Leeds. Of this force I was one of the sixteen men detailed from Co.F, our company. We marched south until nearly midnight and then camped in a barn, sleeping soundly until morning. We then made coffee and ate a hearty breakfast of hardtack and fat bacon. We were soon on the march again, confiscating rebel horses wherever they could be found. Thus we kept on the go all day Saturday and then went into camp for the night. I stood on picket that night.

Sunday morning (July 3rd) at daybreak, we were on the move again. The detachment of sixteen men from our company, under the command of Lieut. Hanes, split out on the double-quick across a field to surround a house where we were informed some rebel soldiers were staying at that time. But we were mistaken. At least, after careful search, no rebs could be found. The proprietor of this plantation had taken the oath of allegiance which is supposed to clear him of any suspicion of disloyalty. However, Col. Leeds ordered him to prepare breakfast for about twenty of us. This by way of proving the sincerity of his oath, I suppose. O, what an excellent breakfast we had!- fried ham, good bread, corn fritters, honey and many other things so tempting to a soldier. It was altogether the best meal I have had since we left Ohio.

After breakfast we were ordered to join the rest of the scouts in the main road not far distant. At this time we had two rebel prisoners and a dozen or more horses previously captured. We had not moved up the road more than two or three hundred yards until our advance guard, consisting of the Colonel and those mounted on the captured horses, were fired on by a rebel cavalry picket. About a half dozen shots were fired in return, the boys after him as fast as their horses could take them. This was the last I saw of Col. Leeds and those that went with him. They ran into a full force of rebels and were taken prisoners.

The remainder of our party, unmounted, followed the advance about a mile when we fell under the fire of rebel pickets. We drove them back on the double-quick, but soon found that we were completely trapped. Our little scouting party of seventy men were surrounded by General Imboden's forces of twelve or fifteen hundred.

Col. Leeds and nearly one-third of our force were already captured

or killed,we knew not which. Capt. Rathbone of Co. A was next in command. "e ordered Lieut. Hanes to deploy the detachment of our company as skirmishers and move to the front on the right of the road. We were in a narrow valley,the rebels on the side of the mountain to our left as well as in front.

Hanes's detachment took position some distance to the front and right of the main body commanded by Capt.Rathbone. A rail fence running at right angles to the road was a good place for Co. F to halt and contemplate. It was also a good place for me to get my first shot from a position of rest at the advancing rebel column.

It was soon apparent that resistance was useless for we were greatly out numbered and practically surrounded by the enemy. We were ordered to fall back and make our escape if possible. The boys of Co.F and six of Co.H and two of Co.C fell back to the river bank on the right of our first position. This stream is called North river and flows along very close to the foot of the mountain at this place. We crossed this stream to the mountain side.

On account of my diminutive size the water reached to my waist. By precation I kept my cartridge-box from the water,but the fat meat and suger in my haversack took water enough to form a sweetened compound.

The side of the mountain before us was nearly perpendicular at this place. The slatestone surface under our wet,slippery feet made climbing very difficult. However, The whiz of a minnie ball past your head has a very inspiring effect on occasion,and this was one of the occasions when that effect was very pronounced. Well, we got on top of that mountain,but I must confess that there was never a time within my recollection when I more seriously felt the need of rest than I did after the fete was accomplished. At this juncture we supposed that the rest of our forces were captured and this supposition proved to be correct.

We advanced about a hundred yards on top of the mountain and then halted to await developments. It hardly seemed possible that we could escape capture for we could hear the enemy firing all around us. Finally firing ceased except an occasional shot after a command to halt. This firing we knew to be at stragglers who were trying to escape capture.

For the present it was plain to us that our greatest security consisted inremaining quiet for a time. Later we changed our position to one of better concealment,a short distance further on,where we rested quietly until about noon. It was then decided that our little force of twenty-four men should move. We formed single file as best adapted to mountain travel. Lieut. Hanes was in command and in front Capt.Stephens of Co. H next, followed by the rest of us.

It seemed to be the intention of the officers to march north a short distance and then recross the river and enter a range of Mts. to the east of the valley,and then follow this ridge in the direction of camp Kelley. After marching north a short distance,we crossed a by-road leading from the main road to the west. About a hundred yards from this point we heard talking before us. On a signal from Lieut.Hanes we dropped flat on the ground and let a company of rebel cavalry pass in front along the main road. This was abundant proof that there was plenty of danger in that vacinity yet. We kept our our position at this location until about seven o'clock in the

evening and then and then we crossed the main road,towhich,fortunately,was clear of the enemy at this time. We were soon out of the range of Imboden's cavalry in the mountains at the east side of the valley and it would take sharp work on the part the enemy to follow us in that place.

We marched in what we supposed to be the direction of camp Kelley until about ten o'clock,p.m. By this time it was so dark and so hard gettingalong through the underbrush that further progress was impossible. We lay down in our wet clothes and slept soundly until morning. This was the 4th of July which we celebrated by marching all day on the mountain range. Tired and foot-sore,we camped in the bushes again as we did the previous night.

Rising early on the morning of the 5th,we started lively for camp,which,if we were not lost by following an unknown mountain course,we reasoned could not be many miles distant. Soon familiar land marks in the vacinity of Paw Paw station were recognized and by eight o'clock we were back in camp.

We were joyously received by the rest of the boys in camp, who had been greatly excited by all sorts of rumers respecting our fate.

We are now (July 10) back in our old quarters enjoying the peace and quiet of camp life after the fashion of army regulations.

John P. Miller,
Co.F, 153rd O.V.I.

On July 26,1864,our company,commanded by Capt. H.C.Gross,was ordered to leave Camp Kelley and march to South Branch Bridge, twelve miles west. As this was the place where Co.E (Capt.McKinney's company) was stationed,we were much elated at the prospect of joining our home comrades from Clark county.

We packed our knapsacks to be conveyed in an army wagon and,in light marching order,crossed the Potomac river to the Maryland side and then followed the toe-path of the Chesapeak and Ohio canal to our destination,arriving late in the afternoon of that day. Being on the Maryland side,we recrossed the the river on a shallow flatboat which made several trips back and forth to complete the transfer.

The object of this move may have been known to Capt.Gross,but the rank and file knew nothing. Some supposed that we were being given an opportunity to visit our friends before the expiration of our time of service which was drawing near. Of this their minds were soon disabused; for after enjoying the hospitality of Co.E in common camp life for three days,the order came (Aug.1st) from Col. Stough,for both Company E. and Company F to proceed by train west to Green Springs together with that portion of our regiment that had been stationed at other points along the B.& O. R.R. to the east of Camp Kelley.

Green Springs station,W.Virginia,is opposite Old Town,Md., The Potomac river flows between them,and in times of low water, is easily forded at this point. Brigadier General John McClausalin,the famous or infamous Confederate general,according to the view point of his friends or enemies,had succeeded in invading Pennsylvania, burning the city of Chambersburg and marching west as far as Cumberland,Maryland. He was now(Aug.1st) at the latter place demanding the surrender of the city,the headquarters of our corps commander, Genl. Kelley. Genl.Kelley was sufficiently strong in men and fortifications to defend Cumberland,but he desired to cut off McCausland's retreating forces when he would be compelled to recross the Potomac at Old Town,Md. in order to get back into W.VA.

Col. Stough was ordered to place as many companies of the 153rd Regt. at the ford as were available in order to intercept McCausland at this point. Reinforcement from Genl.Kelley with troops from Cumberland was promised,but for some reason or other none arrived.

Our forces all told could not have exceeded 450 men. During the night of August 1st we lay on our arms on the Maryland side of the river to the north-east side of the village of Old Town. In the early morning of Aug.2nd the regiment was ordered to a position along a high ridge immediately south of the village. Here in battle line we waited the enemy's approach. From this position the advance of the enemy was checked by several successive volleys fired by our troops. So sudden and unexpected was this firing that the rebel advance troops were thrown into great confusion. But Genl.McCausland had under his command two or three brigades and a battery of several guns. So it was only a question of time,if reinforcements did not arrive,until we would be swept aside,as our left flank was were seriously exposed. However, we held our position for several hours under constant firing from the enemy's sharpshooters advantageously placed in an about the village. One two-story brick house immediately in my front seemed to be a rendezvouis for a firing squad of this class. I took occasion to put a ball or two from my rifle in one of the windows from which smoke from a gun was seen. (This house was still standing in 1924,showing many bullet scars as the result of

this battle, which the present occupants point out to tourests as relics of the Civil War. I passed that way in the summer of that year(1924) and cofessed to the people then living there that I was one of the culprits that, 60 years ago, helped to do the marring).

Finally our left flank was attacked making it necessary for us to shift our line to another position. We crossed the river at the ford and took another stand paraleling the railroad near Green Springs station. From this position we held the enemy back several hours, all this time, as I was afterwards told, Colonel Stough was expecting a regiment from Genl. Kelley to come to his aid. The distance from Green Springs to Cumberland, Md. was only twenty-five miles and the railroad was clear and perfectly safe, yet the promised reinforcements did not arrive.

Col. Stough with eighty men held the block-house, the only fortification our position afforded. An iron-clad railroad car, with a locomotive attached, manned with a couple of small howitzers, did a little service for us, but the guns were too small to be effective against the twelve pound field artillery of the enemy.

I speak of this iron-clad car in particular because my position in line gave me opportunity to select the tender attached to the locotive as a shield from the rifle fire of the enemy. From this point of advantage a number of company F boys fired until the rebel artillery-men sighted the broad side of the locomotive and were able to put a solid shot into its boiler. The steam rushed out in a perfect cloud with a whizzing noise frightful to see and hear.

I thought surely the locomotive had exploded and I would soon be enveloped in the wreck. My speed in getting away from that spot is not recorded but I can assure you it was rapid. (This shot onthe part of the rebel battery is officially noted in the "Union and Confederate Reports of the Battles of the War", published by the U.S. government).

It was now plain that the enemy had control of the field with their artillery and further resistance with loss of life would be futile. Colonel Stough ordered his command to retreat to the west while he covered our movement fromhis protected position in the block-house. This was safely accomplished by the majority of the regiment occupying the battle line well to the west, who were at no great distance from a train of empty cars attached to a steaming locomotive, ready to receive them. I was one of the minority that did not make that train. Having no orders to do so, and being somewhat confused on account of the supposed explosion of the iron-clad car locomotive, I fell in with a squad that took a course bearing to the southwest. This made our approach to the waiting train too difficult to undertake. As I now remember there were six or eight in this squad. We took our own course to Cumberland, selected our own camping place for the night and reported to our regiment in that place the next day.

Colonel Stough and eighty men held the block-house until the Confederate battery threatened its complete distruction. Finally McClauslin, under a flag of truce, demanded its unconditional surrender. Stough flatly refused the unconditional term. The rebel officer bearing the flag of truce returned, and later returned to accept Stough's condition of surrender, which was that his men should be parolled at once, be permitted to keep all their private property and that he be permitted to remove his dead and wounded by railroad to Cumberland.

These terms were observed save the private property clause. Most of the boys lost their watches and other trinkets of personal value. Company F had twoø men killed,- Arthur Coffield and Watson Taylor. The latter was standing by my side when he was struck by a minnie ball. Ten or twelve Company F boys surrendered with the eighty that were in the block-house.

This battle, though not a complete victory for the 153rd Regt., was of great importance because it resulted in delaying Genl. McCausland's movements to the south twenty four hours, there-by giving Genl. Averell's Union cavalry, which was rapidly pursuing him from Martinsburg, W.Va., time and opportunity to overtake him, a few days later, at or near Moorefield, where he completely routed McCausland's force and captured the major part of them. McCausland himself escaped but never again had an opportunity to attempt another northern invasion.

After the battle at Green Springs our regiment resumed the work of guard duty as before save that Co.F was stationed with CO,E at South ~~Bridge~~ Branch Bridge. Here we remained until the expiration of our time of enlistment. At this time our places were taken by other troops and we returned by train to Camp Dennison, O. where we were paid off and mustered out, September 9. Four month's pay at $16 a month was our cash remuneration for this ~~work~~ summer's work. We responded to our country's call as a patriotic duty. Money was little thought of as a consideration.

I would note that the location of our camp at South Branch was in the valley where the North and South branches of the Potomac river unite to form the main stream. The conditions at this season of the year were coducive to malaria(old fashioned ague). Practically every body was sick with chills and fever. The week before we were ordered home I, too, succummed to this malarious infection. A severe chill followed by a burning fever was the order. I remember that I fell-in for company ~~roll~~-call one morning and Capt. Cross noticed my shivering condition. He said, "My God, Peery, have you got it, too?". He ordered me with a bunch of others similary effected to take the next train to Cumberland for treatment, as he had neither physician nor medicine nearer. Brother Harrison, also sick, went with me, and, for a hospital, we struck our dog-tents with others on the side of a hill not far from the B.&O. depot at that place. Quinine a-plenty was given us on application to an army physician to whom we reported as ordered. We had our usual rations of hard-tack and coffee. Nothing more appetizing was suggested. Our appetites were not vigorous.

I think we were here three days and nights. One night it rained a perfect torrent, and as our bed was simply a blanket spread on the ground and our tent was pitched on the side of the hill, we got the full effect of the flowing current. We tried to deflect its course to the sides of the tent by digging a little ditch with our knives, using our hands for shovels, but our labor was of little avail.

The next morning brother Harrison, being the oldest and, at this time, the least sick, made coffee for two. We had plenty of brown sugar and he used it bountifully. So sweet was my cup that from some cause or other I formed a dislike for sweetened coffee, and from that day to this I drank my coffee without sugar.

Our three days on the hillside at Cumberland must not be considered hospital experience. We were not sick enough to be considered patients. We were sent here to get quinine to recuperate our strength for the ride home. Those members of Cos. E and F who were now at Cumberland were put in an old passenger coach at this point and were attached to a regular train bound for Pittsburgh and the West. Trains ran slowly in war times. If I remember correctly we were on the train two days and nights. We passed through Columbus and Xenia, Ohio, enrouttfor Camp Dennison, but when we got to Xenia, about midnight of the second day, several of the Bethel neighborhood boys decided to stop off at that place without orders, go home first and report at Camp Dennison later. We did so but had to wait in the depot until eight o'clock the next day to get a train to Springfield.

We took possession of the gentlemen's waiting room and spread ourselves on the floor for a comfortable sleep. The incoming and out going passengers either walked around us or over us. We slept soundly until daylight without a disturbing thought of being aroused by an officer of the guard to take our place in line preparitory to performing some unwelcomed military duty. Sweet sleep in the land of peace!

That old Little Miami depot stands today(1927) just as it did then(Sept. 1864) with but little change inside and none at all outside. I never pass through that waiting room without being sensably reminded of our home coming from the scenes of war.

At eight o'clock, a.m. our neighborhood bunch took the train for Springfield, arriving about nine o'clock. Here we separated, each going to his own home by whatever method was available. Brother Harrison and I were fortunate in finding our cousin and neighbor, Amos James, in town with his spring-wagon. He was only too glad to give us a boost to save us a six-mile walk which we were preparing to make. Amos was very talkative and very ready with questions about our army experience. The time soon passed and we were now back home. My arriving was a complete surprise to our homefolks. I met mother at the kitchen door. In a dirty soldier uniform I looked so different from the boy that left home in the early spring that mother did not know me at first, but a smile and an extended hand on my part told the tale. The news, "Perry is home", soon spread. Every body at home hastened to give me welcome. I am quite sure that the reception given the famous prodigal son of Biblical fame was no heartier or genuine than that given me. One advantage I possessed over the scriptural adventurer was that I had no confession of wrong doing to make.

SCHOOL LIFE AT ANTIOCH COLLEGE, YELLOW SPRINGS, OHIO.

On my return from the army my sister Catharine had plans for our future living fully developed. She had bought property in the village of Yellow Springs with the intention of persuading mother to move off the farm and free herself of the hard work and drudgery which was too great a strain on her vitality. And, too, she had in mind the education of her two minor brothers, Clinton and myself.

The public schools of Yellow Springs and the preparitory school of Antioch College offered elementary advantages far superior to those of our old time district schools and their surroundings, and sister Catharine thought that the time was now ripe for a change that would put our young minds in touch with college life and thought.

While I was somewhat averse to this movement at first because ofmy close attachment to our old home and neighborhood associates, I soon was convinced of its wisdom and heartily lent a hand to accomplish it.

Mother had no trouble in renting the house and my brothers, Harrison and Samuel, enlarged their farming operations in behalf of mother and us minors.

One early morning in November, 1864, our household equipments were loaded on our farm wagons and, after a drive of twelve miles south, were deposited in our new home, corner of Philip and Pennel streets, Yellow Springs, Greene county, O.

Sister Kate was soon chosen teacher of one of the grades in the public schools of the village, a position she was well fitted to fill because of her many year's experience as teacher in the district schools of Clark county. Brother Clinton found his place as a pupil in one of the grade schools and I entered the first year of the Antioch Preparatory Department.

My country school training was not well arranged to meet the systematic requirements of a first class high school, but by close application and persistent effort, I made passing grades. I finished the three year's preparitory course then prescribed and received a certificate of admission to Antioch College freshman class at the end of the school year 1866-1867, signed by Rev. George W. Hosmer, President. I was very proud of this achievement for it represented something commenced and finnished, a necessary stepping stone to further advancement.

It is well to note that at this period Ohio had no high schools as a part of the public school system. If one wished to enter college he must complete his high school course at a private academy at his own expense. Most colleges provided a preparatory school under the college management, the courses of study being arranged to meet the entrance requirements of the college freshman class. The teaching was done by or under the immediate direction of an efficient Principal, a member of the college faculty, thus assuring a high standard of proficiency on the part of the Preparitory school graduates.

I continued in college until I reached the Junior year when I thought it would be advisable to stop a year and earn some money before completing the other two years. I later completed the equivalent of the full college course in private study and teaching but did not avail myself of the privilege of securing a college diploma. Success in teaching because of interest in the profession was of more value to one in

in those days
securing a position, then the mere possession of a diploma.

My school life at Antioch College was full of enjoyment. Class work was hard but very inspiring. First-class instruction was assured from such men as Dr. Edward Orton in science, Prof. [illegible].B.Weston in Latin and Greek, Prof. James K.Hosmer in the Modern Languages and Literature, Prof. John E. Clark in Mathematics, Prof. Francis Tiffany in English Language and Rhetoric and a corps of able assistants. It was up to the student to make good in his daily tasks. Careless indifference was not tolerated. Lack of ability to comprehend soon relegated the student to work better adapted to his mental capacity.

Rules and regulations for study and general conduct were printed and copies given each student to ponder over that he might not plead ignorance if he should chance to violate them.

(These "Laws and Regulations" can be found in the bound volumn of Antioch catalogues for 1853-1881 among the early numbers. They were largely in force during my period as a student. Horace Mann's address to the students, giving his ideas on the so-called "Code of Honor" prevailing among students in the colleges of that period, is printed with the catalogue for 1855-1856. Everybody should read it.)

During my college days base-ball as an athletic sport was in its infancy, but the game was more generally participated in by all the boys than now. It had not yet reached that professional stage that thrills the young people of today. It is my belief that the student body as a whole got more benefit from the game because more of them participated in the sport.

A series of 9's were organized- 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, &c.- in one of which a student could find his place according to his physical fitness and playing ability. This gave opportunity for many local match games in which the down organizations could challenge the higher ups in friendly rivalry. On these occasions the special merit of individual players could be noted and his services be rewarded by promotion to a higher ranking in one of the other nines.

I remember that it was a high honor to be a member of the 2nd nine for your chances of being called upon to fill a vacancy in the 1st nine during an important game with a rival team from a neighboring college were greatly increased.

I took kindly to the sport but I cannot say that I possessed any startling ability. I played short-stop on the 2nd Nine and was occasionally honored with a call to fill that important position with the 1st aggregation. I enjoyed the sport immencely and was greatly benefited physically- the prime object to be obtained from all forms of athletics.

Foot-ball was played at that time simply as a kick game, utterly void of science. The players were equally divided, each half facing the other from opposite sides of the grounds, or playing place. The foot-ball was placed half way between these lines, and, at a signal from the leader, chosen players from each side rushed forward for a kick, the goals being the starting lines of the contestants. The bulk of the players took positions along their respective lines at will in order to get a counter kick at the ball in case it came in his direction as the result of the first contest. No halt was called. Both sides kept kicking until one side or the other got the ball across the goal line. There may have been some unwritten rules governing the conduct of the players during the game, but if there were any, I have forgotten them. It was purely a game of kick, and

woe be to the timid boy who engaged in this contest.

My regular class work was after the order required in all colleges of that day. When a student was called on to recite he was expected to rise and stand while doing so. This was very embarrassing to the timid student, especially if his lesson was poorly prepared, but a splendid training in self-reliance.

Literary societies, organized and directed by the students, supplimented the regular college curriculum, giving practical work in composition and oratory which was of great benefit to the earnest student. They also served as social centers of incalculable value, taking the place of fraternities and sororities, which organizations Antioch never encouraged.

Three literary societies were in operation during the 60's and 70's, viz.- the Star, the Cresent and the Adelphian. The Cresent was for ladies only. They joined the Stars in all public meetings, had joint ownership of the same room and its furnishings, but their regular weekly meetings were held in the afternoons and those of their co-partner, the Stars, at night. It was not yet thought proper for the young gentlemen and ladies to hold literary meetings together unless in the presence of the open public. Later (in the 70's) this rule was abrogated by the faculty and the societies were reorganized. The Adelphians and the Cresents united, and under the name of the "Antioch Union Literary Society", soon proved the wisdom of the mixed organization. The Stars also admitted ladies to membership and entered the field as a strong competitor of the Antioch Union. I joined the "Stars" in my Senior Preparatory year. Preps of lower ranking were not eligible to membership.

A TRIP TO ILLINOIS AND MY FIRST EXPERIENCE AS A SCHOOL TEACHER.

In the year 1867 my brother Harrison sold his farm, which was originally a part of our old homestead at Bethel, and purchased a new home in McLain county, Illinois. Sale was made of such personal property as he did not care to move by freight, but his trusty team of horses were too precious to be intrusted to the precarious care of railroaders. He decided to transfer them in the good old-fashioned way of his ancestors, have them driven across the country. The question was, would I stop school long enough to play the part of driver in company with his oldest boy, John W.? My answer was "Yes".

Our neighbor, Amos James, was moving in like manner to the same region at the same time. By journeying with him a company of four men, six horses and two dogs would constitute the expedition.

My brother's request I could not decline. It appealed to me as an opportunity to renew a feature of my army experience in time of peace, viz., camping out.

It was in the month of October, four weeks after the opening of the fall term of college, and to stop school work at this period meant practically the loss of a whole term's schooling, if not the entire year. But, boy like, I wanted to see the country- especially the Illinois prairies. I immediately prepared for the trip.

Of course we had no use for the historical Conestoga wagons.

Two-horse covered spring-wagons were well adapted to our use as our baggage was reduced to the minimum. We bunked in our wagons at night, and after our our supply of cooked rations was exhausted we, very unsoldierly-like, patronized the village or city restaurants along the way,- at lest for one meal a day. When a suitable place along the road side could be found we would build a fire and make coffee, fry eggs and bacon. Fresh bread could be obtained enroute. We discarded the convential hard-tack of 1861-'65, not from choice, but because it was not on the market.

From Donnelsville, Ohio we followed the National Road west to Richmond, Ind., thence to Indianapolis and Terre Haute, Ind. From the latter we took a northeasterly course through the cities of Urbana and Champaign to Bloomington, Illinois.

Soon after arriving in the state of Illinois we obtained our first view of the great prairie region, so strikingly different from the densely wooded country to which we had always been accustomed in our Ohio homes. This great level expanse, stretching for miles and miles without any obstruction to our vision, was thrilling to behold. I remember that John W. Miller and I were so facinated with this change of view that we changed our sitting position from the inside of the carriage to the roof of the same that our vision might not be obstructed.

Thus we drove hour after hour intensely enjoying this marvelous view of the surrounding country. Small farm houses here and there were mere specks on the level expanse, scarcely recognizable as such. In the far distance along the horizon a streak of smoke might be seen, which, on closer approach, would prove to be the smoke from a locomotive attached to a passenger or freight train, the latter not recognizable at first sight.

A few of the early settlers had already begun to plant shrubbery and quick growing soft maples for shade near the buildings, but at this time (1867) the verdure served only as yard ornamentation. Much of the land was still in its native state-covered with a thick growth of prairie grass which the plow had not disturbed as yet. The newness of these conditions to the farm boys of Ohio, born and raised in a thickly timbered country, made deep and lasting impressions Here were no stumps to contend with in plowing, a grievance the Ohio farmer boy at this period had always in mind.

On reaching Bloomington, Ill. our journey was practically ended. This city, the county seat of McLean county, is beautifully located in the central part of the state, and, at this time, had less than 20000 population. In many respects it resembled Springfield, Ohio, our home town. This was the railroad point to which brother Harrison had shipped a specially chartered freight car containing household goods and farm equipment needed to quickly start housekeeping and farm work at his new home, located nearly twenty miles southwest, not far from the present village of Armington, Tazewell county. We did not tarry long in Bloomington, being desirous of delivering our charge of horses and dogs on their new farm homes as early in the day as possible. But the distance (20 miles) and the condition of the roads, which were rutty and little traveled, made our arrival after darkness had set in. I well remember our joyful reception by the home folks who had preceded us by R.R. and were anxiously awaiting our arrival. Twenty-four hours was sufficient time to transport the family by passenger train, while we with our camping outfit and slow going motive power required nearly two weeks.

My duty being performed the proper thing for me to have done would have been to return speedily to Antioch and resumed my studies. But the country school district in which my brother's home was located was without a teacher due to sickness and resignation of the person previously employed. I was induced to make application to fill this vacancy.

This was a situation that I had not contemplated and I felt somewhat doubtful of my ability to secure a teacher's certificate on so short notice. However, I accepted the offer of $45 per month to teach the fall and winter sessions and then sought the county superintendant to secure, if possible, the necessary teacher's certificate. I ascertained that this official lived on a farm twenty or twenty-five miles distant from our home. I borrowed one of my brother's horses and started on horseback to locate him.

After a long, tedious ride across the prairie, along roads not very well defined, intersected frequently by crossroads which would leave me very much in doubt whether I should turn to the right or to the left, I finally located my man. I made my business known, stating that I desired an examination to test my fitness to obtain a teacher's certificate immediately, if at all possible, that I might commence work on the following Monday. He seriously demurred at first, stating that his regular time for holding examinations would be at a future date, that he was too busy just then to take time off for a separate examination, &c.

Insisting on the importance of my request owing to the conditions prevailing in the district where I was employed, he finally relented on condition that I take an oral examination in his potato patch which would not interfere with his continuation at work. This proposition suited me all right. I followed him as he dug potatoes, and he fired questions at me as he worked. I answered his ~~quest~~ questions as best I could, and when he had tested my running knowledge of the branches required to be taught in this very unusual manner, he invited me to the house where he wrote me a certificate to teach for one year from date, this being the limit of time granted to those who had never taught before.

I must say that I was highly elated over my success. I rode back to my brother's new home with a joyful heart. Think of my chagrin had I failed to pass!

I learned in course of my conversation with this county superintendent after my examination, that he was an Ohioan from Clark Co., and that he was a graduate of Wittenburg college, Springfield, O. He had gone West to try his hand at farming the rich prairie soil, and, as a side line, he had sought and obtained the office of county superintendant of the public schools. His name was Hatfield. During my term of teaching he visited the school in his official capacity and complimented my scholars on their good behavior and scholarly ability and accomplishments, in which compliment I shared as their teacher.

This winter (1867-1868) passed quickly and very pleasantly. By the first of April I was ready and quite willing to resume class work again at Antioch. The teaching experience was excellent training and the money received for it was much needed to pay term bills and other college expenses.

Fifty-five years later (1923), on a visiting trip back to the scenes here described, I passed by this school house which is still in use. I secured a kodak snap-shot to commemorate the spot of my first teaching endeavor(See pg.).

ANOTHER CHANGE OF OCCUPATION.

As previously stated, I continued my college course of study to the junior year when circumstances advised another stop. I again returned to McLean county, Illinois, and labored as a farm hand with Elias Garst, who had moved from our Bethel, O., neighborhood to that county about the same time that brother Harrison vacated his Ohio home. Mr. Garst had been one of our neighbors and also a soldier comrade in the Civil war.

I agreed to work for Mr. Garst, for a few months only, at twenty dollars per month, the top price for farm hands at that time. I had in mind something more remunerative as soon as that something turned up. In the meantime I must not be idle. Twenty dollars a month and board was not bad pay. No certificate of competency was demanded, a relief to be appreciated. My experience in farm work at Bethel under my father's competent tuterage was sufficient guarantee that I could do the work unless my five years at Antioch had made me lazy. Mr. Garst was very willing to give me the job.

In the middle of the summer 1869, I went from Mr. Garst's to Sumner, Ill. to investigate a proposition to join my brother-in-law, Bolivar Judy, in the tinning and stoveware business. Mr. Judy had been in this business in Sumner several years before his marriage to my sister Catharine, December 24, 1868. He now thought that a location somewhere in eastern Kansas offered a better field for money making. I went with him to this region for the purpose of investigating future prospects.

We found the country wild for speculation, rents enormously high, - too high for us with our limited capital. Prudence dictated that we return to Sumner and study a plan to increase facilities for a larger business at that point. Sumner was then a lively, growing town of five or six-hundred inhabitants, situated on what was then the Ohio and Mississippi railroad (Broad guage from Cincinnati to St. Louis). Olney, the county seat of Richland county, was twelve miles west of Sumner. I joined with Mr. Judy in establishing a branch store at this point simply as a try-out. If it did not prove profitable, the stock and fixtures could be shipped back to the Sumner House.

After a few months' trial we decided to unite all business at Sumner again. In the early spring of 1870 we sold out our entire stock and interest in the business to a local firm at a fair profit, having decided to move back to Yellow Springs, O.

The superior advantage of living in a college town with its excellent school and church privileges, in the midst of our relatives and old friends, were strong factors in inducing us to make this change. Then, too, an opening for a stove and tinware store in Yellow Springs looked attractive, especially if a line of household furniture could be added to the business. This last was the thought of B. Judy, who was an excellent cabinet mechanic. I did not much approve of the furniture addition because of the location of the, place, it being so near Springfield and Xenia, both cities of competitive strength.

However, the experiment was worth trying, but many things contributed to its failure. It was now five years after the close of the

Civil war. Prices slumped until goods bought at wholesale war prices, as in our case, soon dropped on the market and could not be sold at retail for the first cost. Our losses were heavy and in two years' time we found it necessary to close out our entire stock at a great loss. This left me in a serious condition financially. However, I still possessed my home on Xenia avenue, which I had purchased soon after my return to Yellow Springs.

Now it is necessary for me to go back to the period which I spent in Olney, Ill., as manager of our branch store at that place, in order to relate a few facts connected with the most important event of my life. Olney was then a beautiful little town of about three-thousand ~~[illegible]~~ inhabitants. The people were busily engaged in life's pursuits along ~~along~~ all lines with earnest endeavor to do their best. Society functions in church and civic organizations gave the young people opportunity to meet and enjoy those social features so necessary in all well regulated communities. Naturally I soon found myself in association with friends and I made many acquaintances among the good people of the city.

On one of these pleasurable occasions I met and coversed with a young lady whose manners and common sense view of conduct appealed to my understanding of a true lady. Renewed acquaintanship with this lady ripened into mutual friendship, love and our marriage, -the latter on the evening of March 15, 1870. My wife, Elizabeth Ellen Stone, was a daughter of Robert Sanford Stone, Brownsville, Pa. Our marriage took place at the home of my wife's brother, Thomas J. Stone, where she was temporarily residing.

Our wedding trip consisted of a parlor-car ride via the Ohio and Mississippi railroad to Cincinnati, Ohio. After visiting the many points of interest in this city, we went directly to Yellow Springs via the Little Miami R.R., where we were hospitably entertaind for two weeks at the home of my brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wise. During this interval I purchased property on south Xenia avenue for our future home. Thus in two weeks' time after our marriage we were happily settled in a home of our own.

Our house was plainly furnished with the principal necessities for housekeeping. Elaborate and expensive equipment with people of moderate means fifty or sixty-years ago was not common. Pay at once for what you purchase and add to your stock as you are able to pay was the rule. Buy and pay on the istallment plan is a modern idea not in vogue fifty years ago.

As above stated, after settling up the Judy and Miller business affair, my principal financial asset was this little home occupied by myself, wife and two children, Elsie and Della. It was now plain to me that a business career was not for me. at least for a time. An ordinary clerkship. though highly respectable, was not remunerative enough to meet my expenses. Naturally I turned my mind to school teaching as an employment best suited to my attainments, especially at this critical turn in my financial career. My experience in country school teaching in Illinois was encouraging, and the district schools near by Yellow Springs were numerous and the work inviting, especially to teachers with college training.

I had no trouble in securing a school to teach. The salary was small but payments were regular. Ella and I confined our expenditures to our income and the wolf was kept far from the door by strict economy and close application to business.

Our small cottage of five rooms was cosy and well kept. My wife was an adept in arranging furniture and wall decorations. Under her skillful directions neatness and beauty of design prevailed both indoors and out. Her love of flowers and skill in growing them was an inspiration to all of us. Our front yard in the summer was one of the attractive features of the neighborhood, admired by all lovers of the beautiful. A spacious bay-window off the dining room, facing the south, was built with necessary shelves and draining facilities for keeping a large supply of pot plants through the winter, care being taken to select blooming varieties in order that their fragrance might contribute to our pleasure in winter as well as summer. Thus our home was made beautiful and enjoyable by the aesthetic taste and energy of the mother, the source of the highest and best that is sacred in memory.

A well cultivated garden supplied our needs with vegetables. We also had apples, peaches, pears, grapes, plums, and berries of all kinds in season. Here was plenty of work for a man trained to apply his mind to a variety of occupations. I planted and cultivated during the mornings and evenings before and after school hours. Saturdays were always reserved for extra long shifts. Sometimes I was aided by a boy if one could be secured that was competent and willing to work. It was my policy, however, not to hire any one to do work that I could possibly do myself.

The school vacations gave opportunity for me to do much needed carpenter work on the buildings. The old worn-out floors were replaced with new hard pine flooring, the windows newly cased, a chimney mantel of my own design and workmanship ornamented a space that needed to be utilized, &c. Wherever paint or varnish was needed I wielded the brush.

As our family increased an extra room for a kitchen was a necessity. The building of this addition to our home I assigned to myself during the long summer vacation. To facilitate the work I employed a carpenter for a few days to assist in laying the foundation and putting up the frame. I then finished the rest of the carpenter work myself, doing a very satisfactory piece of work-- at least so according to my judgement. Of course, I had to let out the job of brick-laying and plastering,- trades that do not well combine with school teaching.

We kept a horse and carriage, both of which must be well housed when not in use. The building of a larger and better building for this purpose occupied my time during another summer vacation. So the time passed during the period of my country school teaching.

It might be well to add that I also tried canvassing as a side line. I took an agency to sell books one summer, but a few discouraging days at that business convinced me that it would be more profitable for me to stay at home and work in the garden. I did, however, make a fair success of manufacturing and selling a black writing-ink from a recipe used by my father-in-law, Robert S. Stone, Pittsburgh, Pa., who had carried on a successful business in this line for many years. He gave me all the information needed to make, bottle, label and sell this useful article, and, as a side line, I took in many dollars selling it to retailers in Greene and adjoining counties. The public schools bought it by the gallon for desk use.

However, no side-line business deflected my mind from the main course,- that of teaching,of which I was becoming more fond year after year. I studied to give the best service possible. The schools were ungraded,but this fact gave opportunity to manifest skill in classification to suit the requirements of the individual pupils that each might receive his proper share of instruction.

I early found that good dicipline could better be attained by creating an interest in the lessons assigned than by attempting to force application. Being a country boy with country district school experience, I could readily understand my pupils' needs,personal interests and mode of thought. If at all possible I would persuade the older boys and girls to take advanced work beyond the prescribed elementary branches. I created an interest in study of higher arithmetic and algebra instead of monotonously going over mathematical books previously studied. To create a desire for advancement among the older boys who came to school a few months in the winter session largely for the purpose of putting in the time when the weather was unfavorable doing outdoor work at home,was a task not always easy to accomplish. Many prefered to review their elementary work,not so much for the purpose of increasing their proficiency there-in,as to avoid the necessity of hard study required in doing advance work.

To promote an interest in the study of algebra I would select simple problems in arithmetic that were susceptable of being solved by algebraic methods and work them out on the blackboard,calling particular attention to the wizard-like power of the X representing the unknown quantity to assert itself following a course of simple reasoning.

Generally boys are interested in the laws of physics. I tried them out by teaching them the advantage of the use of a handspike over a lift by main strength and awkwardness. This tool was familiar to all farm boys,especially to those living in a wooded country, where there is much lifting and rolling of logs.

An explanation of the mechanism and working of an ordinary water pump in wells of different depths furnished problems intensely interesting to my boys because pumps were common place articles.

These occasional blackboard illustrations of physical laws relating to subjects familiar to my wide-awake pupils soon made them desirous of knowing more,and then they would willingly take up the study as a regular daily task.

A few of the advanced young ladies might be persuaded to study Latin,but very seldom could a boy be thus persuaded. The latter did not take kindly to the study of the languages, not even English,their native tongue. They were satisfied with their ability to talk,they could understand and express ideas fairly well, and why waste time studying the rules and regulations of grammar?

The state of Ohio did not provide for highschool instruction at public expense untillate in the 70's of the last century. Hence all work of this grade was gratuitous on the part of the country school teacher. The teacher who was prepared and willing to teach high school branches was at a premium, and if he possessed the numerous other qualifications,hehad no trouble in securing a position.

I herein insert a statement relative to my teaching service in Miami township, Greene county, O., which the committee in charge of the one-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the public schools of this township requested me to submit. By it the reader will notice the mention of my transfer to Antioch College at the opening of the school year of 1882. *

My work at the College as a member of its faculty for thirty-three years is well known to my children, so a detailed account of it need not be written. The Antioch College catalogues and bulletins covering that period (1882-1915) mention all that is necessary in regard to the work assigned and its classification.

This renewed association with Antioch gave me an opportunity to work and study toward the completion of my college course, which had been so abruptly cut short-- first, by my own careless disregard of the importance of continued attendance; secondly, because of business misfortune. The A.B. degree was earned though not formally conferred because I did not insist. Early a full professorship was granted me by vote of the board of trustees. Later (1902) I received the degree of A.M. from the same source on the basis of scholarship and professional success. This recognition of my services was highly gratifying to me as well as to my friends.

---

*

To the Committee in Charge of the
Miami Tp., Greene County Schools Reunion.

Gentlemen:

It is certainly a pleasure to recall my experience as teacher during the 70's and 80's of the last century- now over fifty years ago. Like many other students of Antioch College, I took advantage of the Hyde school district as the most convenient and otherwise desirable school in which to get my start. Experience must be acquired by all pedagogues aspiring to a professional career, and some body must tolerate the beginner and suffer the consequences. The Hyde district, charitably disposed, willingly lent a hand. The salaries paid were not large- in fact, they were astonishingly small when compared with modern pay for like service, but the pittance was cheerfully received and many an Antioch student replenish his depleted funds, met his college expenses and graduated because of the aid received by teaching in the Miami township public schools.

The "Boarding around" custom on the part of the teacher as a part of his compensation, prevalent during the first half of the 19th century, was abolished and monthly cash salaries were paid. These ranged from $20 to $40 per month during and for a short time after the Civil war period. In some districts a higher price might be paid to secure a man whose physical development insured ability to govern the unruly scholars. In many places this qualification on the part of the teacher was at a premium.

Occasionally a local school-director would take the stand that all work should be placed on a common basis. A teacher as an employee, like a farm hand, deserved no greater compensation for his labor than that paid for farm labor, especially since he worked fewer hours per day. I was told flatly by one school committee that their district had never paid a teacher more than $1.50 per day

($7.50per week),and,what was more,it never would pay more.

I taught the Hyde school several terms in the 70's- a school famous for having among its early teachers Hon. Isaac Sherwood,distinguished as a General in the Civil war and as a member of the National House of Representatives since the War; Dr. William A. Bell, editor of the Indiana State School Journal, Superintendent of the the Indianapolis city schools, and later(1899-1902)President of Antioch College; Dr.Amos R.Wells,Editor of the Christian Endeavor World,Boston,Mass.; Mrs.Charlotte Pursell Moore(Lottie Pursell), an enthusiattic Christian missionary to India,losing her life in this service at Tika,Assam,May 3,1909; Marion Lawrance,the great Sunday school teacher and organizer. As General Secretaty of the International Sunday School Association Mr.Lawrance is known all over the world.

In this same decade(the 70's) I was employed five years in succession as teacher of the Confar district of this township(Miami), following which I served the Beehive district for three years in the same capacity. It is well to remember that the country schools at this period were ungraded and it was a perplexing problem for the teacher to know how to care best for the needs of forty or fifty pupils of all sizes and grades and do effective work. A few of the older scholars could be interested in advanced work of high school grade,viz.,higher arithmetic,algebra,physics and beginning Latin. This range added interest to the teacher but consumed time which required extra recitations out of school hours. Generally the older boys refused flatly to study English grammar. They "couldn't see no use in grammar no how" and they did care to bother with it.

After two years' service in the Union schools of the village of Yellow Springs I was chosen a member of the Faculty of Antioch College. My term of service at this institution lasted from 1882 until the end of the school year 1914-1915,thirty-three years in all. This time added to the eleven ~~years~~ years of public school work makes forty-four years of continuous teaching ~~teaching~~ in Miami township, Greene county, Ohio.

Respectfully yours,

J. Perry Miller.

In the fall of ~~1894~~ 1892 we decided to take rooms on the first floor of the south dormitory on the college campus. Other professors with their families availed themselves of this privilege. This location gave us the advantage of nearness to the college and its benefits socially and otherwise. We found life here most ~~enjoyabl~~ enjoyable indeed. The rent of our old home on Xenia avenue increased our financial income- always a matter of concern with a family of six,-mother,father and four daughters(See Miller family genealogy,pg. 67).

At this home,April 3,~~190~~ 1896, occurred the sadest event of our family career-- the passing away of the wife and mother of this happy group of co-workers. For several years the insidious encroachment of disease was gradually weakening the cords of life. Her heart weakened under each successive attack until the final stroke came and we were forever deprived of her cheerful presence and helpful advice. Fortunately my children were all well trained under their mother's efficient care and were ready and willing to assume the responsibilities of all household duties. Mutual regard for the interest of us all prevailed, and sadly but courageously we continued ~~we continued~~ our work, ever cherishing the memory of mother-the loved one,whose example in all that is best in home life is today a living inspiration.

We made the college dormitory our home until the summer of 1899 when we moved into the Patterson house on the corner of Livermore and south College streets. We resided here until September, 1904. In the mean time our family had been depleted by the marriage of my three oldest daughters,- Elsie in 1897, Bella in 1900 and Hazel in 1903(Miller Family genealogy,pg.67). Dean,who was nine years old at the time of her mother's death, now became house manager in addition to carrying on her school duties.

In the summer of 1904 we moved from Livermore street to the property belonging to Kitty(Gilmore)Nichols on Limestone street. This property was our home at the time of Dean's marriage in 1913. Since then my abiding place has been with my son-in-law and daughter, John and Dean Birch. I have followed them in their various shifts about town to our present residence, 204 Dayton street, which property John purchased in the year 1920.

During all this time I still kept my original homestead on Xenia avenue,partly for prudential reasons but more largely on account of sentimental attachment which my children fully appreciate. However, I put its value into cash in the year 1920 to relieve myself of the care of its up-keep and to try out the thrill I might receive from clipping interest coupons from its investment in U.S. Liberty bonds.

As a matter of record I should state that I resigned my professorship in Antioch College at the end of the school year 1915. After enjoying a much needed rest in reading,writing and visiting, I compiled,and had printed,the genealogy of my mother's people- the Smiths-- as a part of my recreation activity. This I did for the special benefit of my children and their descendants.

From time to time I have jotted down these somewhat incoherent statements of my life's experience,hoping that it may be of some value as a connecting link in our family history.