

ILLUSTRATED

THE

STORY

OF

BUCKEYE

LAKE

A. H. SAWYER, CO.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS LITTLE FRIEND, LAURA FISHER.
Earl Fullerton Photo

The Story of Buckeye Lake

HISTORICAL

By JOSEPH SIMPSON

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The Story of Buckeye Lake

Introduction.

The writing of this little Volume has been truly a work of pleasure. It has been in course of construction, off and on, for more than two years, and as time goes forward the disposition to add more does not diminish. It is to youthful memories we turn for stories worth telling. The things we said or did a week ago seem of little importance and are soon forgotten, but the happenings of our youth are always at hand, and its details, if fairly told, can always find listeners, and they seem of greater importance as they become older.

Who is there that does not brighten up at the mention of Buckeye Lake? It is the one spot in central Ohio where everybody wants to go. The scenes presented there are beautiful and of interest, and only exceeded by Long Branch, Atlantic City, Cape May, and a few other boasted resorts in the east.

The Glacial Period.

Our story begins with the Glacial Period. It is generally accepted as a fact that at one time a great field of ice came down from the north covering much of North America as well as Northern Europe. In its descent it seems to have picked up great quantities of boulders, (nigger heads).

And while coursing down, the ice, at places, pushed and plowed out great holes in the earth, some of which now form the beds of our great lakes besides the many smaller ones, including our own little **Buckeye Lake or pond**, as indicated in Schofield's Map of Survey.

Then after a cold spell lasting for centuries the ice melted away, leaving a long straggling path of these niggerheads behind, many of which still linger in the fields to the great annoyance of the farmers. Beginning at the coast of New Jersey, this path can be traced, zig-zag, across the middle states, then northwesterly reaching away beyond the Mississippi valley.

Recent discoveries in England find a human skeleton buried deep in the clay beneath the boulders that were deposited there. British scientists are greatly excited over it. It is thought also that these bones prove that the life of man upon this planet began at a much more distant period of time than scientific men have hitherto believed, possibly hundreds of thousands of years instead of the meager twenty or thirty thousands, as at present conjectured.

The writer is pleased to introduce a few subjects seemingly a bit foreign but characteristic of the time when Buckeye Lake assumed its present importance.

Original Lake or Pond.

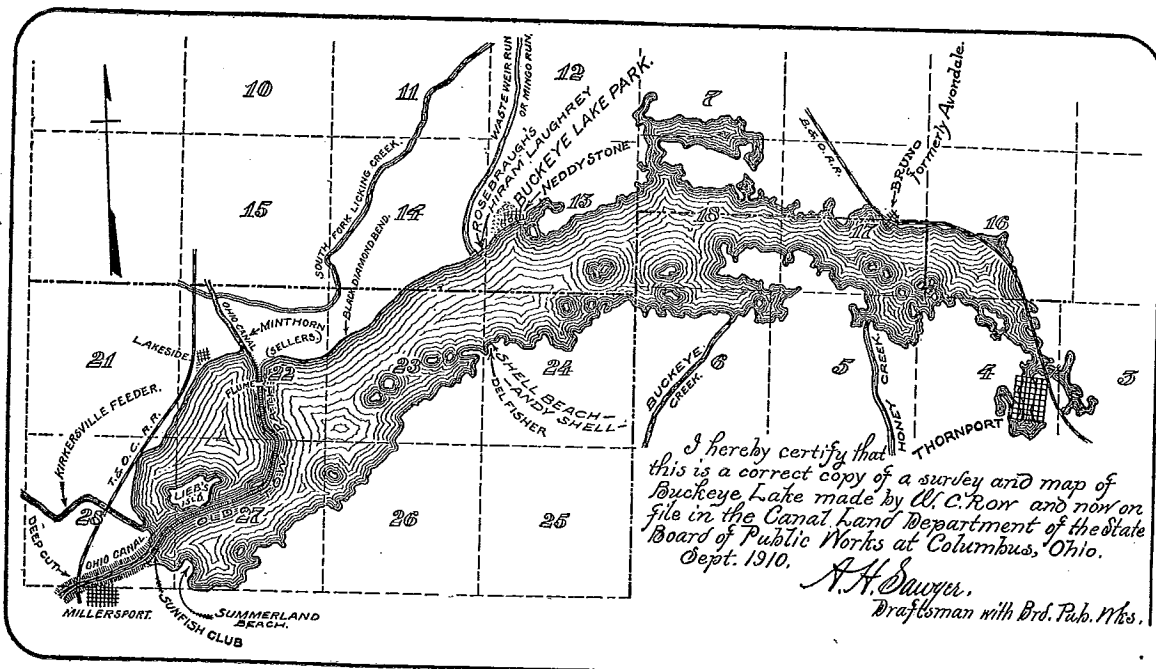
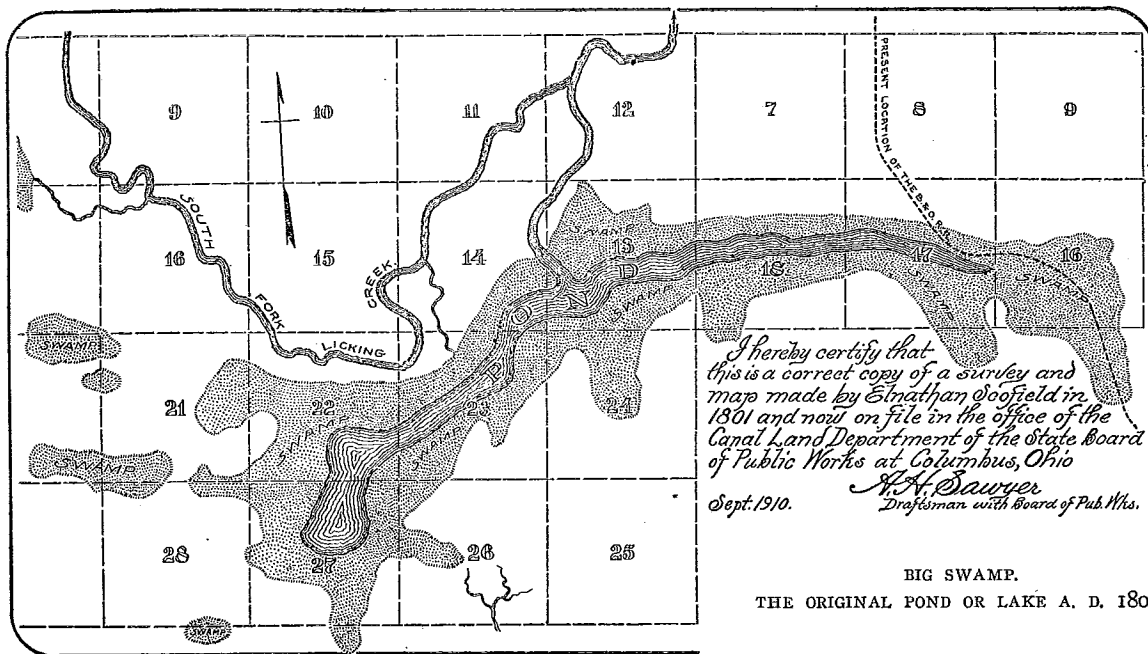
Attention is called to the original engraving illustrating for the first time in history and for publication a true and comprehensive view of the territory as it existed before the introduction of its present waters. Also to a new and true map of the lake as it appears at the present day, with the names of persons and places referred to in the narrative for reference and convenience of the reader.

The building of the Ohio Canal, of which the Licking Summit Reservoir (Buckeye Lake) was an important feature, has been taken into consideration. It was truly a wonder at that time, when an avenue was needed for the disposal of valuable products that were a drug on the market and of little value before. The Canal was a necessity at the time, and without it there would have been no Buckeye Lake.

Christopher Gist was the first white man known to have visited the shores of the Lake. He encamped, fished and trapped here in 1751.

Errors in History.

There has always been a scarcity of facts relative to the early history of the Lake, and much is based on hearsay. In two different books accepted as history it is stated that "three or four little lakes" occupied the territory at first, when in reality



there was but one, and that is designated on the old map referred to as a pond.

Twelve or more years ago an ancient document was found that had been carelessly relegated along with some other papers to the basement of the State House in Columbus. It proved to be a map illustrating a governmental survey of the refugee tract and signed by Elnathan Schofield, surveyor, and bears the date 1801. The tract embraces the present site of Buckeye Lake. The date 1801 was two years before Ohio was admitted into the Union and thirty years before the construction of the Ohio Canal.

The Two Maps.

It will be observed that each of the map engravings, the original pond and the present Buckeye Lake, are crossed by sectional lines both ways, and within their squares are reference numbers. These squares measure a mile on each side and contain a lawful section of land, 640 acres. With these numbered squares for reference it becomes easy to compare one map with the other or compute distances between given points.

THE REFUGEE TRACT.

In the year 1801 Congress provided for the survey of a strip of land four and one-half miles wide and reaching eastward from the Scioto River through the present counties of Franklin, Licking

and into Muskingum. The strip was to contain one hundred thousand acres or more.

The land was intended as a reward for the refugees who voluntarily left their homes in Canada and Nova Scotia to aid in the fight against the mother country during the Revolutionary War.

A few words in detail may be of interest to the reader. The long lost map of survey proved to be a work of art in construction. There were at the time (1801) settlers for about one-third of the territory listed. The names were beautifully written in as if printed from copper plate. Among the entries made at the time were three ladies. Martha Walker modestly chose six lots (3,840 acres), Martha Bozart and Cloe Shannon were satisfied with 640 acres each. Some of the male refugees helped themselves freely, while others were more modest in their choice. The east end of the strip was thought the most desirable although the least fertile, being hilly. This can be accounted for because Zanesville had gotten a start and the Muskingum river, in time, would be made navigable, and with its water power in prospect, coal and clay deposits, and that some day it might become the state capital, all had an influence in inducing settlements here. It was a generous thought, was this donation. Uncle Sam was never stingy or ungrateful towards his adopted patriotic sons and daughters.

Elnathan Schofield—Surveyor.

A few words of praise may be said of Elnathan Schofield, Surveyor of the Refugee Lands, which gives us our first glimpse of Buckeye Lake, or pond, as he puts it on his map. The pond had a length of about five miles and an average width of about four or five hundred yards. It was curved in form and was surrounded by broad marshy conditions, and known to the first explorers and Indians as the Big Swamp. Schofield was a man of courage and learning or he never would have undertaken the job at that early date (1801), for the country was still one vast wilderness and inhabited by the roving red man. He chose Lancaster as his future home, where he soon became trusted and popular among his townsmen. He was honored by being elected senator at various times, besides filling many other honorable positions.

Henry Clay

Was his friend. In a letter dated 1825 to a committee of Lancaster citizens Mr. Clay took occasion to add the following postscript: "Be pleased to offer my respectful compliments to Messrs. Schofield and Ewing."

Thomas Ewing.

At about the year 1820 the lower part of the state reaching from the Ohio River up into Fairfield County became infested with a villainous gang of

horse thieves and counterfeiters. In numbers they were too great to attack by the few scattered settlers. Among the villagers of Lancaster was a studious young man of large and athletic build and with unquestioned courage. He was a leader, and at the time had become Fairfield's prosecuting attorney. This was Thomas Ewing.

A Battle Royal.

By a careful estimate ten or a dozen of the rogues mentioned made a cabin in Sleepy Hollow, some distance south of Lancaster, their meeting place. They were a bad lot and their extermination or capture was a necessity. Thomas Ewing was sworn in as special constable, and with a posse of courageous companions made preparations to chastise (if necessary) and capture these Sleepy Hollow gentlemen.

Elnathan Schofield was among the first chosen for the onset. They decided the attack should be made by night. The cabin was carefully surrounded and the rascals were found making jolly in the upper story. The door was quickly broken in and a hurried descent of the desperadoes down a ladder ensued, when a battle royal began. A faint light from above was enough to tell friend from foe as the conflict raged. They had thoughtlessly left their weapons below, which rendered capture more certain, for it resolved itself into a sudden hand to hand conflict, which finally ended in the thorough thrashing and surrender of the bandits.

During the melee Schofield was seen to be overpowered though doing his best. His friend Ewing observing this, hastily finished his man, the leader, and hurriedly, with a shower of right and left sledge hammer blows, relieved Schofield from further anxiety.

With torn garments and bruised faces the victors in triumph returned with the equally disfigured gang as prisoners, the Lancaster friends meeting and greeting their champions with an ovation.

Under Ewing's able and vigorous prosecution the rogues were speedily tried and landed in the Ohio Penitentiary.

John A. Murrell.

The writer in his youth treasured a pamphlet containing the blood curdling record of one John A. Murrell, the noted "Great Western Land Pirate."

To enhance and encourage the sale of the book it was provided with a yellow cover and embellished with a picture of the tall and somewhat slender but villainous looking John A. in a meditative mood standing by a table intently watching the action of an acid upon a bank note in an attempt to alter its value.

John A. was a most consummate villain and merciless, and did not hesitate to take a man's life on suspicion that he, the man, knew too much.

"Dead men tell no tales," was his boasted motto. He had more than a thousand sworn followers.

Among his dupes could be found men of all classes. Justices, the tavern keeper and the hostler kept watch for him. The unwary traveler often met death in their taverns and were secretly buried. The horses of murdered guests were disguised and ridden away and sold. There was scarcely a crime in the calendar but could be laid at his door, even to negro stealing.

To gain his ends, at times, he practiced preaching. He was an orator, and his dramatic manner of delivery was new and entertaining.

Arriving early Sunday morning at the place of gathering, the log church in the woods, Murrell would busily ingratiate himself with the brethren in his simple winning orthodox way, upon which the presiding elder would cordially invite him to address a few remarks to the congregation, which he would immediately proceed to do. He would earnestly call their attention to the sinful ways of the world, and in contrast would point to that blissful region to be found only within the walls of the new Jerusalem.

On this subject he was an adept, having given it much thought. He could recite the old, old story with zeal and fervor, and while thus engaged his cohorts, who had more recently arrived, could be found in the woods near by busily selecting the finest horses hitched there, and at a given signal would suddenly mount and gallop away to parts

unknown, except to Murrell, who in crocodile tears bemoaned the loss of his favorite animal also.

It is natural to believe that Murrell's men could be found at work among the Ohio Valley thieves, a portion of whom met their fate so beautifully at the hands of Captain Tom Ewing and his fighters at Sleepy Hollow.

Formerly from the deck of an Ohio River steamer a cave or place could be seen that was said to have been a place of refuge for Murrell and his murderous gang.

A CELEBRATION.

On the fourth day of July, in the year 1825, at a point four miles south of Newark, Licking County, Ohio, on the Licking Summit, since known as Taylor's Locks, the building of the Ohio Canal began.

Governor DeWitt Clinton.

Governor Clinton, of New York, an earnest advocate of Canals, had been invited to begin the task by throwing out the first shovel full of earth. He and his staff had arrived at Cleveland by steamboat from Buffalo, where they received great honors and a hearty reception. A few days afterwards they were met at Newark by a committee composed of Judge Wm. Wilson and Associate Judge Alexander Holmes, of Licking County, and Judge Elnathan Schofield and Col. John Noble, of Fairfield County. The ceremony proper began with Gover-

nor Clinton spading out a good shovel full of Ohio's fertile black soil accompanied with great cheering from the thousands gathered. Governor Morrow, of Ohio, then tried his hand with the spade.

Capt. Ned King.

Then the popular Ned King, of the Chillicothe Volunteers, threw out the third. Others applied themselves, and when the barrow was full Capt. Ned spat on his hands, and bracing himself for a push wheeled it away amid another outburst. Thomas Ewing, noted for his eloquence, was orator of the day.

Fifty years ago Daniel Forry, a highly respected citizen farmer of Newark, who was present at the celebration, told the writer that the crowd attending was so great that "Licking County would never see the likes again." Col. Wm. W. Gault and Isaac Cool, both prominent citizens of Newark, furnished the dinner for the occasion, after which the digging of the Ohio Canal proceeded.

MADE A PUBLIC PARK.

The General Assembly of the State of Ohio in the year 1894 passed an act dedicating the Licking Summit Reservoir a public park, to be known in future by the name of Buckeye Lake.

Its waters cover about 4,000 acres. It is seven and one-fourth miles long and about one and one-fourth miles across at the widest point. Between

Buckeye Park and Shell Beach it is three quarters of a mile wide. From the park to Lakeside, (the T. & O. C. Railway Station), it is two miles. From the park to Avondale it is two and three-fourths miles, and from the park to Thornport it is four and one-fourth miles.

The railroad facilities to the Lake are good. Its east end is reached at Bruno (Avondale) and Thornport, from Newark, Shawnee, Somerset and Junction City by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The west end, Millersport and Lakeside are reached by the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, and Buckeye Lake Park is a terminus of the Ohio Electric Interurban Railway, via Hebron from Columbus, Newark and Zanesville. Patrons from Columbus, Newark, Zanesville, Lancaster, and a score of adjacent villages in surrounding territory flock to its shores for rest and recreation.

BUCKEYE LAKE PARK.

At the Park every amusement consistent with good morals and behavior can be indulged in, nothing else permitted. Every year brings with it more beauty along with valid improvements. Just now, (May, 1912), a most substantial stone and cement promenade is being finished, reaching from the park westward, adding greatly to its beauty and usefulness and completing the work begun by the late lamented George H. Watkins. Summerland Beach, with its Hotel and Chautauquan Auditorium, a mile

away across the lake, is easily reached by the accommodating Del Fisher Boat Line. Summerland Beach can also be reached by the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad at Millersport, a thriving village near by. Along the banks of the lake well finished homelike dwellings and cottages have been built.

Gas and Water.

Artesian wells with excellent flowing water are reached at a depth to insure a healthful supply. Natural gas for lighting and cooking purposes is in abundance, and can be had at a nominal price.

Gas wells of three and four million capacities have been drilled in along the south shore.

LICKING SUMMIT RESERVOIR.

The construction of the Lake began with the building of the Ohio Canal. When finished it was known as the Licking Summit Reservoir. It was intended as a feeder for the canal both north and south from this point. It was completed between the years 1825 and 1837.

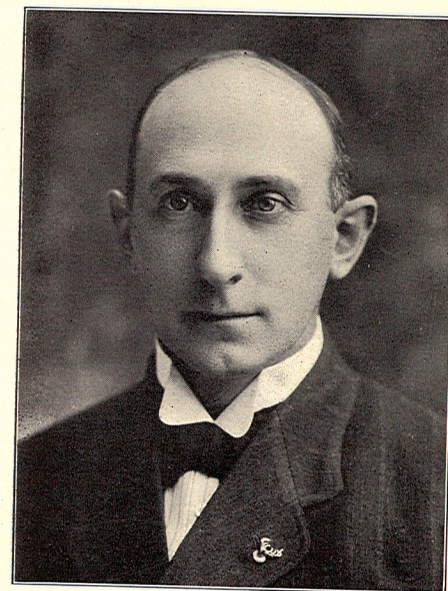
The Reservoir's construction consisted in building a long earth dam reaching westward, two miles from Buckeye Park, then turning southward two miles to the entrance of what is known as the Deep Cut. This southern portion of the dam was made stronger, and is now known as the Old Tow Path.

A forest existed within the banks when the water was first turned in. It could not have been

long until the trees began dying and taking on the appearance of a deadening so commonly seen throughout the country at that period. Giant trees soon stood leafless and twigless, with their bodies and outstretched arms smooth from the loss of their bark through decay. They rotted at the water's surface and fell and drifted shoreward. They formed what might be termed a corduroy platform, a dozen or more yards in width, around the edge of the lake. This condition lasted up into the seventies, ending in their complete decay.

A Deadening.

Deadening a tree is effected with an axe by girdling or cutting a notch through the bark and sap entirely around the trunk, stump high from the ground. Thousands of acres of valuable timber were wantonly destroyed in this manner throughout the land in order to hasten their decay and fall that the ground might be more easily gotten ready for cultivation. It was here that the festive log rollings took place, when neighbors gathered to have a good time wielding the axe, log chain and cant-hook, slashing and rolling the logs into huge heaps to be burned. Some of the better quality of trees—the white oak and black walnut—actually refused to join their companions in their fall. Then the vandals would ruthlessly apply the torch to their seasoned trunks, and the fire would leap and climb to their lofty dry tops. At night this would present



CAPTAIN DEL FISHER
"YE ANCIENT MARINER."

a wierd spectacle. The falling of the burned limbs and often the tree trunks made it extremely dangerous to be near.

Thomas Minthorn.

Thomas Minthorn was a pioneer in the Big Swamp district. He built a log cabin there in the year 1820. At that period a dense forest covered the land, and any person with a limited knowledge of pioneer life can easily imagine the hard work necessary to get a start in the production of something to eat, outside of the game at hand.

He killed deer in the woods where now exists Buckeye Lake. From his cabin door he shot wild turkeys while they were in the act of robbing his newly planted corn patch.

Paper currency, of which there was some, was of trifling value, and gold and silver was exceedingly scarce. A system of barter, and of "lending a hand" prevailed. Everything that could be grown or manufactured was cheap. Potatoes twelve and a half cents a bushel. Dressed pork \$1.25 per hundred. Beef \$1.50, coffee, out of the question, no one could afford it. Whiskey twelve and a half cents a gallon by the barrel, or six and a fourth cents per pint. On horse back Mr. Minthorn transported wheat to Zanesville, twenty-six miles away, over a faintly blazed trail through a dense forest, and there exchanged it for salt and other articles much needed at home. In the year 1825 the build-

ing of the Ohio Canal and reservoir commenced which made times better. Mr. Minthorn was present at the big celebration and barbecue where Gov. Clinton, of New York, spoke and broke ground for the canal's beginning.

He was intrusted with the contract for boarding the many hands employed in the reservoir's construction. He kept what might be termed an outdoor hotel. His front yard (weather permitting) supplied the place of kitchen and dining room. The cooking utensils consisted chiefly of three huge iron kettles strung on a strong pole which rested in crotches planted firmly in the ground.

In these kettles were cooked meat, potatoes, dumplings, green corn and anything else of a savory character. For lack of baking facilities there was no bread. The men employed were Irish Catholics chiefly, and true to their faith they dispatched an envoy with an appeal to the church dignitaries at Somerset for permission to eat meat on Friday because of the absence of bread. Board and lodging at this hotel could be had at one dollar and six and one-fourth cents per week. Single meals six and one-fourth cents.

The state furnished a log cabin for sleeping quarters, supplied plentifully with what they termed "Jersey feathers" (straw). Each lodger furnished his own covering. A single door provided the means of entry and exit. It was amusing to

see the great line of lodgers come filing through the low doorway in the early morning.

Paddy's Eye Water.

The workmen were refreshed several times during the day with jiggers of whiskey. The Irish are proverbial lovers of the "rale ould sthuff," sometimes mentioned as "Paddy's eye water."

It must have been at this period that Jim wrote to his friend Pat to come over on the next ship. "Petaties a shilling a bushel and fwhisky the same, and there is no hangin' for sthalin. Come quick."

Mr. Minthorn fully lived the life of a pioneer and dwelt in a rude cabin up to the year 1840, when he built and occupied what has since been known as the Minthorn house at the junction of the reservoir and canal. (North side).

Packet Station.

The house was a regular packet station where horses were relayed, so that the boats might proceed without delay. The horses were driven at a trot. The packet always took precedence over a freight boat in passing or possession of locks. A strict law governed canal affairs.

The Drowning of Pat Malone.

Pat Malone helped to build the reservoir. He was a humorous character, and his trite sayings created much fun and made him popular with his

fellow workmen. One day while feeling exceedingly exuberant he banteringly attempted to walk a log reaching out over the water near where he worked, when he lost his balance and fell and was drowned. His death was greatly deplored by his fellow shovelers. His wit and repartee was keen and much relished.

He had no relatives to mourn him, and it was left to his companions to care for his remains. Following an old and established custom among his countrymen a "wake" was held. A commodious cabin that stood where the "Sellers" hotel now stands was used for the purpose.

Four dollars was due Pat as wages, which was placed in the hands of those in charge that his obsequies might be properly celebrated. For want of something better, a coffin was provided by nailing up a box made of stray boards that were found on the premises, lumber then being scarce.

At the wake Pat was placed in a sitting position in one corner of the cabin. His cap was properly adjusted so that he might seem as natural as possible. Refreshments were in order, and when passed around Pat was refreshed also, or pretended to be. A holiday was given a delegation that they might attend his burial.

The Burial.

At eight o'clock the next morning the coffin was placed in an ox cart and the cortege proceeded. At

a rough place in the road the cart bed suddenly tipped and the box containing poor Pat gently slid to the ground.

He was soon replaced and the slow oxen were again urged forward. The straggling crowd of rough clad workmen with the heavy wheeled cart in front presented a wierd scene as they picked their way through the woods, for the road was little better than a trail, and at times the great wheels would go bumping over the projecting roots as if in an attempt to wake Pat from his last sleep. They had fully a mile to go before reaching the burial place which years before had been used for the same purpose. After arriving, and while preparing to lower the coffin into the grave a portion of the bank caved in, carrying with it two of the attendants.

They were speedily helped out and the interment concluded with no further mishaps, and without the benefit of priest, prayer or benediction.

Like Yorick.

The death and burial of Pat Malone to the builders of the reservoir was an incident of importance. Like Yorick, he was "A fellow of infinite jest" and the life of the camp.

For more than half a century the spot that holds his remains has been a plot of level grass, unused, except for pasture.

The writer remembers it well, for it was here

with two companions, many years ago, they pitched their tent for a week's pleasure, an account of which is given on another page.

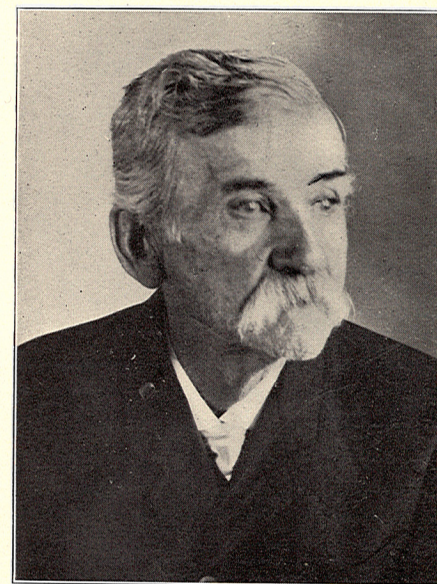
There are few persons living today that remember it as a grave yard. Cottages now occupy this once sacred spot.

Bruno Station.

Opposite Avondale or Bruno R. R. Station on Buckeye Lake there is a beautiful broad stretch of very deep water, and at its greatest depth the water is ice cold. In 1850, and earlier, those living near had a novel way of securing it, which was as follows: An empty jug (weighted), with a long clothes line attached to the handle and a long cord fastened to the cork, would be lowered from a boat to the bottom of the lake, when the cork would be jerked out and the jug allowed to fill with the cold water and be drawn up for enjoyment during a hot day. Forgetting this old time pleasure, at this late date, sufferers quietly retire within Bruno's Anti-local Option precincts and there enjoy a social glass of the foaming—Near Beer—a non-intoxicant, which is so much more social and satisfying to a thirsty soul than cold water on a sweltering day.

Thorn Township.

A learned gentleman says, that when the great ice field that came down from the north, thirty thousand or more years ago, in its journey south-



HENRY MINTHORN

Earl Fullerton Photo

ward, after scooping out Lake Erie, plowed and scooped out much of the original accumulation of swamp muck here, dumping it over into Thorn Township, giving the soil there its noted fertility. For more than a hundred years Thorn Township, Perry County, Ohio, has been proverbial for its heavy crops of grain.

Marshy Conditions.

The eastern section of the lake presents excessive marshy conditions, with an occasional stretch of deep clear water. Midway of the lake numerous floating or tussocked islands are met. Reedy bays along the lake's side exist where myriads of chattering black birds spend their nights during the summer. The middle and eastern half of the lake is the habitual haunt of the wild water fowl, where the huntsman spends most of his time. The western half presents a beautiful mile wide surface with a few scattering fine dwellings with corresponding grounds, while the north bank or shore where might exist a beautiful promenade is handicapped by a long row of habitations hardly in accord with the outlook with few exceptions.

Mingo Run.

At the east end Buckeye Lake is fed by a number of small streams and springs. It is also supposed that springs exist at the bottom of the "pond" as indicated by the coolness and constant flow of the water formerly at its outlet. By comparison of the

old and new map engravings, it will be seen that their outlets have always been the same. This has been disputed, but there seems to be no doubt of it. A fine concrete balustrade has recently taken the place of the long wooden covered structure, that had done service so long at this spot. The stream leading from the outlet to the South Fork was known and spoken of by old settlers as "Mingo Run."

FOREST ROSE.

In a large illustrated Atlas of Licking County published in the year 1875 by L. H. Evert, on page ninety-five, he says "Immediately in front of Avondale (now Bruno) is the lovely and picturesque True Lovers Lake, made memorable by the tradition of Albert Sherwood having swam it with Forest Rose on his back in company with Lewis Wetzel in their flight from the Indians." This indeed would have been a wonderful addition to our story of Buckeye Lake had it contained a vestige of truth.

Mr. Evert, after reading Emerson Bennett's novel "Forest Rose," written sixty years ago, presumably altered this part of the story to suit his own convenience, and takes the unpardonable liberty of substituting the name Albert Sherwood for that of the real hero, Albert Maywood. The Albert Sherwood mentioned, seemingly, was intended to represent a gentleman that lived in Newark many years ago. He was a representative citizen, quiet and

orderly, and one not likely to have ever taken part in such an affair, and it is doubtful whether the adventure was ever heard of before the date of Mr. Evert's record.

When the Atlas was new in 1875 the writer was thirty-five years younger than at present. He frequently referred to it, for it had a touch of romance that made it of interest.

Thinking the Story of Buckeye Lake would be incomplete without it, it occurred to him that it might also be well to investigate as to its truthfulness.

After much inquiry and disappointment among the older people in Newark he turned to his friend—Newark's most respected citizen, the present venerable Judge Charles H. Kibler—believing he could impart some truths relative to this improbable aquatic feat laid at the door of his old friend and townsman, Albert Sherwood. In answer, his honor shook his head, saying "I never heard of it."

The novel "Forest Rose" is exclusively an Ohio romance, and has been long out of print, and to obtain a copy of the book required a long hunt. After much research and inquiry the writer was finally rewarded through a gentle Columbus friend in receiving a file of ancient newspapers containing the story before appearing in book form.

Its author was Emerson Bennett, a noted writer of early western romances.

Upon reading Bennett's story it is discovered

that the nearest point reached by the trio, Forest Rose, Albert Maywood and Lewis Wetzel to the Lake at Avondale was "standing stone" (Lancaster), then an Indian village fifteen or twenty miles away, where they were besieged. They discovered that Forest Rose was held a captive in the village, and during the darkness of night the three met and made their escape, and instead of going north toward Buckeye Lake they took a southerly direction down the Hocking Valley, finally arriving at the mouth of the Muskingum—Camp Martius—where they were met by and introduced to Governor Arthur St. Clair, who received them with kindness and honor, presenting them to his family. He also tendered Wetzel and Maywood commissions in the territorial militia. Forest Rose, through the kindness of Mrs. St. Clair, was able to discard her buckskin habiliments and be robed in garments befitting a bride, when she and Maywood were made man and wife, Governor St. Clair officiating.

After the treaty of Greenville (1795) they left for their old home in Belmont County, where Maywood became prominent, and in after years was elected to the Ohio legislature. The novelist obtained his cue for the story from a narrative contained in Henry Howe's old (1847) Historical Collection of Ohio (see Belmont County).

What next? Just as the writer had settled the "True Lover's Lake" myth a prominent physician of Columbus comes forward with the following

story: "For time indefinite the people of Lancaster and vicinity have believed that Forest Rose, in order to facilitate her escape from the Delawares and join her lover Maywood, actually jumped from the top of "standing stone" to the ground below. The inflation of her ample buckskin skirts and trousering, parachute-like, saving her from destruction." And as if nothing extraordinary had happened, in the dead of night, she took up a line of march with her rescuers down the Hocking Valley, passing the present sites of Sugar Grove, Nelsonville and Athens, at a good four mile gait.

THE DEEP CUT.

Believing the deep cut, which begins at the southwest corner of Buckeye Lake, has not received the attention it deserves in the Canal's history, it is thought proper to give it further consideration.

Mr. E. E. Booton, of the canal land office in Columbus was consulted, who kindly suggested the name of Mr. G. C. Miller, of Millersport, who might be able to tell all about it, besides furnish other valuable data.

Mr. Miller is a son of the late Mathias Miller, Sr., founder of the present town of Millersport. He is hale and hearty, bears his age well, and is most excellent company.

When a boy he spent many hours watching the men and teams at work on the Cut. Mr. Miller said it took seven years of hard labor to complete it. It

is a wide deep ditch through the divide that separated the head waters of the Hocking from those of the Licking river. Its greatest depth was sixty-eight feet, which is increased by the great quantity of earth brought up from below. To remove the earth from the cut to the plain above was the problem. They had neither excavators, conveyors, nor derricks for the purpose, and to forcibly haul the earth up the steep bank could hardly be considered. To use the expensive horse was out of the question. To meet the problem a novel and ingenious plan was put into effect. The patient and inexpensive ox was the prime mover, attached to the machine, for machine it was. Oxen those days could be purchased for \$20.00 a pair, or less.

A Contrivance.

To begin with, a row of good strong posts was planted deep and firm in the ground at the crest—say twenty-five yards apart—and to these posts were attached, large pulley blocks with a long strong rope running through and reaching the bottom of the cut. Here it was hitched to a loaded cart. The other end of the rope, after being passed through the pulley block, was hitched to an extra team, which was driven down the slope, when the cart was drawn upward and unloaded. The team was then driven to the top again preparatory to another pull downward, thereby bringing up another load, and so on, the oxen being given in-

creased power by having advantage of the hill, in pulling downward. Certainly a most humane contrivance. A young man straight from Tipperary, upon seeing the numerous oxen at work exclaimed "Mon; Mon; isn't it a quare country this, to be seein' the cows a drawing the cars." It is said there are no work oxen in Ireland. The ropes, which were very strong to begin with, through continued wear would at times break, allowing the cart and oxen to go plunging to the bottom with disastrous results, and great consternation and shouting among the workmen.

Jiggers of Whiskey.

The laborers received \$7.00 a month and board, a price paid uniformly over all public works in the state. Boiled foods and soups, including dumplings and potatoes with their jackets on, constituted the bill of fare, morning, noon and night. No bread or pies. Jiggers of whiskey were offered at intervals during the day.

A jigger meant a drink of whiskey. The number of jiggers per day were often the cause of men engaging to work, or quitting their jobs.

(Overheard)

"Moike, ye better come down to our job. We're gitting six jiggers a day and the will o' the keg ivery Saturday noight."

The men employed were mostly foreigners, Irishmen generally, and as is usual, they had to be

entertained. There were singers and speakers among them, and wrestlers and fighters.

Mr. Miller, pointing to the roadway between where formerly stood two boarding shanties, said it was the spot where their wrestling and boxing matches and fights took place.

Their chief encounters were generally of partisan character, between "Tips and Fardowns" (Tipperary and the north of Ireland men) and at times they would become so violent that the native residents were obliged to take part in quelling them.

Colorado Canyon.

At the present day the cut, with its high banks, presents a wild and picturesque scene. The utter stillness, the dark shadows cast by the tall trees and undergrowth would surely furnish material for an artist. It has been so long out of use that with its trees and clustering vines it looks wierd and dark, and but for the farm house high on the opposite bank, one might enjoy all the solitude his heart would wish for. With its broad curving sides and water below one could easily picture to himself another Colorado Canyon. It is a pleasureable trip to pass through it by boat. It might be mentioned, at the time of the visit, that the stillness and gloom spoken of was enhanced by a threatening storm from the west, and before the writer and his friend got half way home they were caught in a drenching rain and forced to take shelter in a friendly shed

hard by. This portion of the Ohio Canal should be preserved and taken care of as part of Buckeye Lake.

Channel to Thornport.

Before turning the water within the banks a well defined channel from the west end of the reservoir to Thornport had been hewn through the forest to secure navigation. From in front of Neddy Stone's tavern (recently burned and which occupied the present site of the new hotel at Buckeye Park) canal boats could be seen slowly moving along, being propelled by pushing with long poles, keel boat fashion. Going west they would be loaded with flour and grain for Cleveland. Returning, they brought pine lumber, salt, saltfish, and other commodities. A pilot was really necessary, but was not always employed. There were boys living in Thornport, fourteen years old, that could with confidence steer a canal boat safely through these

Seven miles of devious turns and bumps,
'Mid tussock'd islands, logs and stumps.

At times, when without a pilot, the canal boatmen would lose the channel and land upon a stump. A line would then be run out, and with a couple of half hitches thrown around another stump or tree, they would pull themselves off by a simple arrangement called a "Spanish Windlass."

The Horse Power Boat.

The uncertainty of travel by poling canal boats up and down the lake was sought to be overcome by the building of a tow boat, to be driven by horse power. Steam was out of the question. Two horses were to circulate the deck of the boat, which was made broad and short. When put to the test it lacked the speed that was necessary for steerage. It was unsteady and would go sideways "like a hog going to war" (a local expression). It failed and was afterwards beached at Thornport, where it rested until destroyed. In the year 1850, the writer boarded the wreck and examined it with the curiosity of a boy. It was broad and short, as described, and provided with two paddle wheels that were fast to a revolving shaft that crossed the boat in the middle and was driven by a master wheel and bevel pinion like those used on the old fashioned threshing machine. This large wheel was provided with two long wooden arms, to which horses could be hitched to produce power while circling the deck. The mechanism was fair, and the craft might have been a success had it been better proportioned and with more power.

A native Thornporter said that "the thing was a d—n nuisance, and that you couldn't catch a fish within a mile of it for the fuss it made."

Abraham and David.

There are two Hebrons we know of. The first is the one we pass through when going to Buckeye

Lake. The other is located in the Holy Land, and is still doing business there after an existence of more than four thousand years. It was the former home of Abraham. David lived there also. We always admired David for his musical qualities, and no doubt he often electrified his many listeners with his skillful executions upon the harp and by the songs he sang, for he was the sweet singer of Israel. About the time of first turning the water into the canal a large boat was being built at Hebron. It was lengthy and wide, and supposed to be fit for future canal uses.

THE LADY JANE.

Much controversy resulted as to what name the boat should bear. Many thought it should be called Hebron, when, with great opposition (the ladies included), and in accordance with the esthetic taste that always prevailed in Hebron, it was generously decided to name it the Lady Jane, in honor of the eldest daughter of Elnathan Schofield, then a popular member of the canal commission. Miss Schofield became the wife of Hon. John T. Brazee, of Lancaster, a man of great legal ability and distinction. The following notice was posted:

Attention Washington Volunteers.

You are hereby ordered to parade in front of Reed's Tavern in Hebron on July the fourth at 9 o'clock, 1836, for the purpose of saluting the Canal

Boat—Lady Jane—which will be the first to run on the Ohio Canal.

By order of the Captain.

Jacob Bope, Orderly Sergeant.

The Launching.

The builders of this great vessel took plenty of time for its completion, and set the time for its launching for the morning of the fourth, when great crowds gathered to see what a launching looked like. It was a gala day for Hebron. The people flocked to its shores from all quarters. Men came in home spun tow shirts and pants and home made platted straw hats, with no affected style whatever. Men came bare footed and on horse back. The only thought was to have a good time. The simple life was the fashion then.

At a signal the props holding the Lady Jane were knocked away, when she slid down the well greased ways and took the water like a duck and sent an unexpected swell clean over the tow path, much to the inconvenience of the crowd that stood watching from that point, and laughter and great merriment among those that stood farther away. The boat had been provided with fore and aft cabins, with a wide and roomy midship, too wide in fact, as will be seen farther on. It was the nation's birthday. The old 1812 musket was brought into

use early on this auspicious morn. And at times a louder boom rent the air, not unlike

"The cannon's opening roar."

It was Hebron's patriotic blacksmith's contribution of noise, in front of his shop, using his anvil and plenty of gun powder for the purpose.

The Excursion.

An excursion had been planned, to take place after the launching. The boat had been appropriately decorated. The steersman was the admiral of the hour. His authority no one could question. He busied himself preparing for the voyage. A gaudily trimmed paper soldier hat bedecked the head of the driver, and upon its sides it bore the legend

"Give me liberty, or give me death."

He felt proud of his job, and wore his hat with a smile and a rakish tilt. He also seemed confident of his ability to manage the motive power with the aid of a black snake whip and a long tow line.

Ladies and children were helped aboard first, with the order that room be reserved for a committee of men, to insure safety. It was a royal occasion.

Loaded to the guards almost, the joyful and impatient excursionists were anxious to be off for a ride on the first craft that rode the then turbid waters of the Ohio Canal. They were turbid from the fact that through the decay of the great quan-

tity of vegetation that existed within the banks of the reservoir the water had almost assumed the color of ink. This condition, with a gradual improvement, lasted many years.

Wished for Event.

This excursion was the culmination of a long wished for event. Amid hearty cheers, with flags waving and drums beating, the Lady Jane stood ready. With lines cast off and tiller in hand the steersman shouted "let her go, Durb." Durbin was the nickname applied to boat drivers. The team straightened up, and with a false pull or two the Lady Jane cleared for Taylor's Locks.

One object in going north was to witness the intense force of the water while filling and emptying the locks. Another object was to visit the spot where Governor Clinton and others shoveled and wheeled out the first barrowful of earth, it being then the anniversary of that event. The big culvert was passed in safety. In places where the water widened the driver was able to increase the speed, which was greatly enjoyed.

Bumped.

All went well up to the time of nearing the Locks, when without warning and with poor steering the Lady Jane bumped against one of those tall tender posts usually found in front of canal locks. The impact was sufficient to create some consterna-

tion among the passengers, but followed afterward with much laughter at the expense of the band who were quartered up on the bow deck, when all, including fife, fiddles and drums, in one scramble, nearly went overboard. The boat's speed was lessened, and upon attempting to enter the lock the Lady Jane "wedged," and to their dismay they discovered that her breadth was too great to enter. With force she was pulled back, when they all went ashore, and after exploring the region and witnessing the rush of waters through the locks they embarked and set sail for Hebron's port again, after which the day's festivities ended.

The Lady Jane never got beyond the Hebron level.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Robinson Crusoe once built an over-sized boat, of the "dug out" class, using the body of a very large tree in its construction. After working many months he discovered to his dismay that it was too large and heavy for removal to the water's edge, one hundred yards away. He gave it up as a bad job, with the following comment: "This grieves me heartily, and now I see, though too late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost."

There were many dug-out canoes in the early days of the reservoir. They could be seen along its shores as late as 1852. Like Crusoe's, they were made from logs, because of the scarcity of sawed

lumber. After the construction of the canal Thomas Minthorn used one in ferrying his farm implements across the canal for use in his field while his horse and oxen followed, swimming.

The Band.

A band made up of fife, fiddles and drums is mentioned. Think of such a combination! The writer when a boy remembers just such a band hailing from Jackson Township, Perry County, which on special occasions would visit Somerset. When the fiddles played, the fife and drums went softly and with expression. Among their selections were the "White Cockade," "St. Patrick's Day," "The Campbells are Coming," and other lively and tuneful airs that were popular then, but when they lit into "Hail Columbia," "Jay Bird Quickstep" or "Fisher's Hornpipe" in one grand fortissimo, it was different. It was worth a mile's walk to hear them, and yet this Jackson Township band was ridiculed chiefly by those who did not know good music when they heard it.

The Embankment Gives Way.

Shortly after turning the water into the old reservoir (1832) the unsettled bank gave way at the identical spot where, sixteen years later, the coal boat "Black Diamond" went down. The waters went teeming out into the South Fork Valley, doing great damage and creating widespread excitement.



THE OLD SLUICE WAY.

Through kindness of H. W. Meacham.

The bursting of the bank made it certain that protection from the wave washings was necessary, and no other plan was thought so good as placing broken stone systematically against the sloping sides. This was put into effect. The enormous quantity of over ten thousand wagon loads was used for the purpose. The stone was secured by robbing one of the finest prehistoric mound structures in the state. Our archaeological friends look upon their removal as a flagrant and inexcusable piece of vandalism. The stones were wagoned over the National Road from a point some six miles eastward. At Hebron, they were loaded on boats and conveyed to the reservoir's banks. At first they were thrown overboard against the banks indiscriminately, but it was soon found that this did not work well and it was abandoned. The better plan was adopted.

To the visitor at Buckeye Lake it may be of interest to consider that the weathered and water-rounded rocks that line its banks were formerly handled and used for a purpose by numerous people that lived here many centuries, or may be a thousand years ago.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

Marvelous stories resulted from this break in the embankment. One whopper went as follows: After the water had all run out an enormous black bass was found lodged behind a log. "It had a

mouth large enough to receive the head of a flour barrel." As late as 1850 this story went current and was believed by many. The natives at that period must have marveled at the size of the fish found in the pond, and imagined there was no limit to their growth. "What an opportunity for a modern Jonah," remarked a Hebron lady upon hearing the story of the gigantic bass.

There are Jonahs around now. "What luck?" asks one fishing party of another, while passing. A small string of fish is held up by those questioned, with the answer "these are all; but we would have caught more except that we have a 'joner' aboard."

There was no "New Reservoir" then; nothing but the "Old Reservoir" existed. There was no canal lock at the north side, as at present. The canal's level from the north continued along the breast of the old tow-path to Millersport, and into the "Deep Cut." It was eight feet (the depth of the lock) below the level of the old reservoir. The berme bank (heel path) has been hidden below the water's surface since the New Reservoir's construction. It is in plain view, however, when the water is drawn off. The canal's supply of water was drawn through the present flume. A heavy wooden bulkhead dammed the flume, and two cast iron paddles such as are used in canal lock gates were used for discharging the water into the canal below.

Water Scarce.

Not long after the completion of the canal and old reservoir it became evident that the water storage was insufficient for the canal's supply, especially as business increased and the season's drouth came on, and to remedy this, in the year 1839 it was decided to introduce the South Fork's waters from the west into the old reservoir through what has been known since as the Kirkersville feeder.

An aqueduct for the conveyance of the water across the canal was made, of sufficient height above the canal to admit the passage of boats beneath.

A BLUNDER.

After the feeder and aqueduct was completed and the water turned in, it was discovered that a serious blunder had been made, for there was not sufficient fall for the water to flow through freely because of the height necessary to place the aqueduct to permit boats to pass beneath. In other words, the water obstinately refused to run up hill.

The incident was the occasion of much comment and ridicule at the expense of those in charge. They were rudely quoted as men "way up in civil engineering, but awfully low in hydraulics."

Upon this failure and to carry forward the idea of more water, it was decided by the state to enclose five hundred additional acres at this point.

THE NEW RESERVOIR.

The aqueduct was torn away and the banks enclosing the five hundred acres were constructed, and profiting by their former experience in the construction of the Old Reservoir, they set to and cleared the space of its timber and undergrowth by the use of the axe and fire. Thousands of bushels of prime ashes in heaps covered the ground. One "Pussie" Vance, and his name did not belie him, turned these ashes to good purpose, in the manufacture of potash, after which the waters of the South Fork were turned in and the New Reservoir had an existence.

IMMIGRANTS.

In the spring of 1841 my family disembarked from aboard the canal packet boat "Rob Roy" at L. K. Warner's dock in Newark. We had left Liverpool eight weeks before on the sailing ship "Britannia." I was a very small boy then and remember but little of what occurred on these voyages.

Removal to Somerset.

It was in the fall of 1842 that my father, after living eighteen months in Newark, decided to locate in a more healthful clime than that of the Licking Valley. Every family there, after a residence of three months or sometimes less, was taken down and suffered with that early day scourge, the

fever and ague. We had heard of Somerset, a town twenty miles distant, among the hills, where people died only from old age, and where joy and happiness reigned in contrast to the lurking foe to be found in the broad Licking Valley, where deep rich black soil prevailed and where there were bounteous crops of the "tall yaller corn" and much "ager". Newark, Lancaster and Logan were branded as aguish. The whole state of Indiana was a supposed hot bed of the disease. Occasionally a citizen would "go west", which meant to the state of Indiana. Their stay was brief, and they returned all "broke up", and with the "Injiana tan".

There is no more fever and ague because of the impoverishment of the soil through constant cultivation.

The Lake in View.

Somerset is situated in the hills south of Newark and ten miles south of the Reservoir, in Perry County. There were three boys of us. Father had told us of a large body of water that we would pass in our journey, and at a bridge we would cross, many fish could be seen from the roadside; so we were in great expectancy. After several miles of travel we arrived at the top of a hill, near a school house. At our right, over the tops and through the foliage of the trees, at a long distance, we could see a large straggling body of water. It was the present Buckeye Lake. The scene was

beautiful and we gazed upon it in wonder. We wished we could live there. After feasting our eyes, not long enough but as long as father would permit, we moved on, descending the hill into the woods below. At openings through the trees, as we went along, we caught glimpses of water, which to us indicated that there was an open sea beyond—such were our fancies.

At the Bridge.

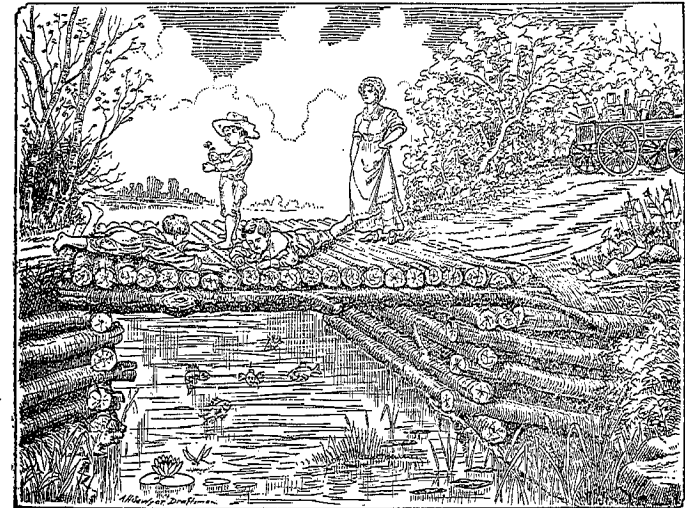
We jogged along a mile or so, when we arrived at the bridge father had told us of; and joy! There were the identical fish! We all got down and while the team waited we peeped through the cracks in the log floor at the saucy "sun dabbers" which leisurely floated around and occasionally darted at one another, just for fun, at times glancing upwards as if they suspected spies were near. It was an interesting sight to us and we longed for poles and lines to try our luck. Father held the team patiently; our mother was watching also and shared our curiosity.

The bridge crossed a narrow arm of the lake that extended into the woods at our left.

The Ager.

The ground around the lake was black and rich and consequently aguish. To combat it, morning bitters were resorted to. Whiskey with wild cherry bark, dog wood bark, yellow pecoon, tanzy, boneset,

ARRIVAL AT THE BRIDGE.



WATCHING SUNDABBERS.

may apple, snake root and rattle weed were all supposed preventives and according to their choices each member of the family partook. There was one remedy however, that capped all others but which required a man of nerve to swallow, namely a spider web pill, i. e., cobwebs deftly rolled between the finger and thumb into good sized pellets. They were to be taken between "shakes." There were many "sure cures" that failed, all vile; but when all others failed the "spider web" was administered,

and when that fell short the master physician was called.

After passing through this end of the swamp we journeyed on to Thornville and in due time arrived at Somerset. We found it indeed a haven of health and there we spent eight happy years.

Doctor Turner.

The master physician has been referred to. This was Doctor Turner, who lived in Thornville. He was a character in his way. He was a short and heavy, gruff Scotchman—and he covered much territory in his practice. He was known chiefly through his ministrations of heavy doses of blue mass and castor oil. A few words about Dr. Turner and his ways may be of interest to the reader. He was invariably called when other physicians failed. My father once, after unusual exposure, fell sick with pleurisy. His condition became critical and the case was given up by the chief physician of the town. My eldest brother mounted a horse and galloped away over the hills nine miles to Thornville for Dr. Turner. In four hours they were back and treatment began, with almost immediate improvement. The patient was soon well. When asked for his bill the Doctor studied a moment and then, in his strong Scotch dialect, answered "Ye may gie me a pleu (plow)." My father made plows.

A lady severely ill was given up by her own physician and Dr. Turner was hastily called. After a glance he remarked "Ye need nae ha sent for me; she'll dee before an hour," and it so happened.

Once he had a quarrel with a delinquent patient over his bill; with a dissatisfied smile he said, "Ye need nae pay it. Ye'll be sen'in for me some day again, an' then I may gie ye a pill."

He was viewed with a certain degree of fear and respectful awe, and people generally avoided his displeasure. He always traveled on horse back and carried a full line of drugs in his ponderous saddle bags.

Transmutation of Liquors.

The doctor was a skilled practitioner. Among his accomplishments as set forth was the transmutation of liquors. He could be found in the bar-room of the village tavern, entertaining its frequent visitors in the art of producing spirituous liquors without the use of a still or the glow of a midnight moon. He had before him a number of empty glasses, with as many powders on bits of white paper. In each glass he would put one of the powders with a small quantity of water. After stirring them, with a glass in each hand he would carefully decant them backward and forward several times. Then after tasting he would hand it to some one in the crowd whom he thought might be "a good judge of liquor," who would after smacking his lips

pronounce it an excellent quality of French brandy. The Doctor would then mix and decant another decoction and pass it to some one else of equal qualifications who would solemnly declare it to be fine Holland gin, or may be Jamaica rum. Sacred history reports the changing of water into wine, but who ever heard of Doctor Turner's parallel in the act of producing different brands of spirituous liquors on such short notice. While the Doctor was known to be partial to a drop of the "ardent," it is safe to say that he never drank much of his own brew.

Notwithstanding the fact that we were happy and successful in securing this world's goods in Somerset, my father, who was changeful in his disposition, headed north again, sojourned at Thornville for a period, and finally landed in Newark where our old enemy the ague awaited us, but with abated strength. We again suffered from occasional attacks, but finally outwinded the old rascal.

Spring Excursions.

It was an old time custom for farmers and their sons and neighbors to make annual spring fishing trips to the reservoir, when the weather became warm enough for camping. To guard against bad weather a covered wagon was provided, not only for shelter but to contain sufficient hay for the horses and soft bedding for themselves. It was their desire also to be near a friendly straw stack for further comfort.

Food and cooking utensils were included in the outfit.

Fried fish was to be their chief diet for they were all fish hungry. Contests were the order and social banterings took place as to who should catch most fish. At the end of each half day the product was scraped, cleaned and salted down in stone jars for future eating at home.

The writer remembers his first fishing trip to the reservoir. It was upon a visit with his parents to the home of Dr. Turner, in Thornville. I absented myself as soon as possible to go in search of my friend Sammy Bell, the son of Joseph Bell, a former resident of Somerset and builder of the present Somerset jail. With poles and lines Sammy and I hastened to Thornport, a mile away. We threw in from a log bridge at the extreme east end of the reservoir, and in a comparatively short time we caught a fine lot of sunfish—most of which was given me to take home where I was complimented for my skill and great luck by the envious and would be fisher boys of the town.

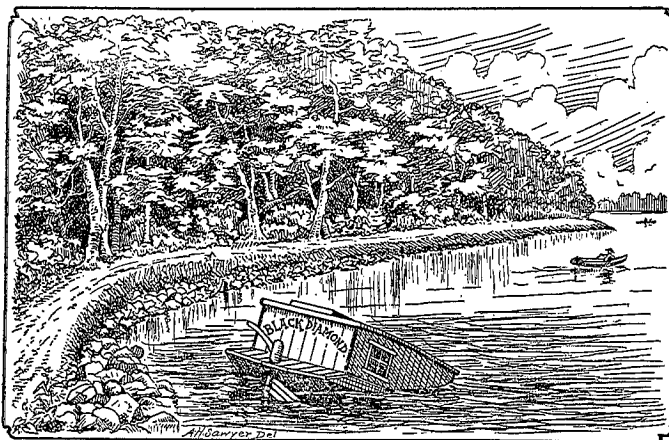
Seining was not unlawful then. Spaces along the shore were cleared away in the fall when the water was low preparatory to spring seining.

"THE WRECK OF THE BLACK DIAMOND."

(From Columbus Dispatch, Nov. 8, 1903.)

(Note) "During the early forties the narrator of this story, with his parents moved to Somerset.

Upon their arrival, by wagon from Newark, they were hospitably received and entertained by the elder Sheridans, though perfect strangers. They were housed and made welcome until quarters of their own could be obtained. It was not long until a hewed log house was made ready and occupied. Nearby a large log building known as the "Beck-



WRECK OF THE BLACK DIAMOND, A. D. 1850.

with tobacco house" was purchased and converted into an iron foundry, or what might be termed the first iron smelter in Perry County. The business was successfully conducted by Mr. Simpson, Sr., up to the time of his disastrous steam mill venture."

More than half a century ago I used to make frequent visits to what is now called Buckeye Lake,

then the reservoir. I was a boy of 9 or 10 and lived in Somerset, ten miles away. It was the custom at that day for the men to make up fishing parties and visit the lake each spring.

During the year of 1850 we moved to Thornville, my father becoming owner of a steam grist mill near that place, at the same time bringing me nearer to my heart's delight—the great waters of the reservoir. Several parties, before him, had failed to make the mill a success, when my father concluded to try his hand. Wood had been used as fuel and proved too expensive, so he ordered two boat loads of coal from the Hocking Valley, to be delivered at Thornport, at the extreme east end of the reservoir and not far from the mill. To further the interest of the reader, I append a stanza or two taken from a boatman's song of the period, which may seem tuneful and illustrative at this point of my story.

"Along cum de Telegraph
A puffin' mighty loud,
And de ladies in de cabin
Thought it thunder in de cloud.
De Telegraph's a fine boat,
De captain's mighty good,
But it takes away de profit
To keep herself in wood."

The usual loud "puffin" of the Telegraph evidently was an ominous sound to the practiced ear of the river people and boded no good to the owner,

and maybe her ill-constructed, old-fashioned engines were using too much steam. I remember quite well the noise made by the exhaust from our mill. It could be heard plainly at Thornville, nearly a mile away. The loud breathing of a broken winded horse or one that has the heaves, does not indicate strength in the animal. The steam engine of that day was crude and defective compared with the models of the present time. My father decided that coal was the thing. It had more heat in it, and might make the mill a success. It did not prove so, however, for he lost every dollar he invested, in one year. After half a century, the old mill still stands. The engine, boiler and bolting machines are gone. She puffed her last puff, as she did her first, ingloriously.

The first cargo of coal was safely landed at the port, after a perilous voyage over the lake, amid stumps, dead trees, logs and floating islands. A pilot that knew the channel was necessary.

Years ago it was related that the late Captain Bob Scott, a well known citizen of Newark, was caught in a storm on the "reservoir," and while his craft was drifting helplessly, with a line attached, cast his cook stove overboard as an anchor! A lasting joke resulted in this act of Roberts'. Boats after leaving the canal at Minthorns had good towing one and one-half miles east, after which they took to the channel proper, amid the stumps and logs before mentioned, and were then propelled by the use of long poles. A horse collar thrown over

the right shoulder and under the left arm furnished an excellent protection for the breast as it was pressed against the end of the pole while the boatmen traversed the deck from bow to stern, the boat moving forward when thus propelled. The lake at that time reminded one of an immense deadening, for be it remembered, outside the original lake at the beginning, the country around presented a dense forest, principally of beech, elm and sycamore, with an accompanying undergrowth of pawpaw and dogwood, and when the long four mile dam was constructed, at the west end, and was filled with water, decay set in among the trees within its banks and in a short period it presented a weird and desolate aspect. Not like the beautiful resort of today as pictured and described in various newspapers.

This leads up to the loss of the "Black Diamond," which occurred in the summer of 1850. Her hull or planking can be seen yet at low water, which usually occurs at the end of a long dry season. The "Black Diamond" was of scow build, flat bottomed, with bow and aft cabin and midship with a capacity of about sixty tons. She hailed originally from Newark and was commanded by one Captain Ward, an old-time typical bare-footed "Hocking ranger," a term used for boatmen who invaded the Hocking side cut at that day. I am warranted in the use of this term, because I at one time owned (through purchase at constable sale) and commanded the canal boat "Atlantic," and there can be no question

as to my identity among boatmen, of which I am proud. For the short time I ploughed the "raging canawl" I satisfactorily, to myself, performed the functions of captain, cook, steersman, bowsman and driver. The business did not suit me exactly because of its frequent vicissitudes, among which was the danger of getting "licked." There were fighting crews those days. While I always courted peace, I never was accused of cowardice, even to a fistic encounter. I hope the reader will excuse this bit of egotism. Barring brutality, I think that the man that cannot endure, but enjoy, seeing two courageous well molded young fellows go together in an exhibition of their skill in the science of attack and defense, using nature's weapons only, is a weakling and not fully endowed by mother nature.

"The brave man is not he who knows no fear,
For that were brutish and unnatural;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And boldly dares the danger nature shrinks from."

The Voyage up the Lake.

The "Black Diamond," loaded down to the 3-foot mark, successfully passed the flume leading into what is called the "old reservoir." A dejected team and the tow line were again resorted to for propulsion. Two sorry looking "jades winced" as the driver's lash glanced over their skinny sides. What a field was presented those days along the Ohio canal for a humane society! Raw shoulders and sore backs were common almost as were the

horses and mules. In fact it could scarcely be otherwise. The constant pull for hours over a long "level" to move a loaded boat causes the collar to adhere and become part of the animal, as it were, and the skin would actually come away with the leather while being unharnessed.

After a short pull in the wide deep water, and under fair headway, the line sagged and drew under a long half sunken log, when a low voiced drawl of command ho-o-o-o—came from the steersman. The team stopped at the familiar sound while the boat went on, dragging the line farther under, complicating matters, when it became necessary to hastily loosen it from its fastening, the "dead eye" on the forward deck; the line was then rapidly pulled ashore by the driver, coiled in hand and flung to the boat again for readjustment. The team "straightened up" and when the line lifted from the water it was burdened with a hundred pounds of reservoir moss, clinging and dripping. Captain Ward, from the bow deck, again applied himself vigorously, this time with a long pole, to dislodge the moss, nearly going overboard, through a miss-stroke accompanied with a low toned grunt of profanity.

In a devious passage around and about this uneven coast, for a mile or so, our navigators arrived at their destiny, the fatal curve. A siren with her song could not have lured our seafarers more effectually, for in an attempt to round the bend in-

stead of "hugging" the shore, the helmsman, full ignorant of the dangers besetting these waters, permitted his craft to "sheer" where she landed firmly, upon a well preserved stump, lurking just beneath the water's surface, outside the channel. She struck fairly and with such impact that a large hole was ripped in her bottom, helplessly impaling and allowing her to rapidly fill with water. In consternation and hurry the useful tow line was quickly applied to her stern and the team made to pull the boat around, as upon a pivot, against the rocky bank, when "all hands and the cook" safely got ashore. She rapidly filled and sank to the bottom, breaking in two as she went down, and the Black Diamond was no more.

I remember quite well that fatal summer day. A rough looking man with his face disfigured and with one black eye, riding a poor horse, poorly accoutered, presented himself at the mill door at Thornville. He was the captain of the Black Diamond. In a few words and in broken accents he related an account of the accident. My father, philosophically conscious of his loss in coal, and with consideration, expressed sympathy for Captain Ward in the loss of his boat, and soon decided to visit the wreck. He saddled a horse, allowing me to accompany him on another. We were not long in finding the place. A motley crew of three men and one woman were seated on the shaded grassy bank playing cards. Two of the men, like Captain

Ward, bore marks of a conflict. A jug of whiskey, a gallon of which could be bought for 25 cents, with an old-fashioned bull's eye watch for a stake, precipitated a quarrel and ended in a fight, the three men participating while the lone woman, familiar with such broils, stood by and looked on while they had it out. Such was her story to my father as she ventured a half smile.

For many years after the Black Diamond furnished coal to the graftful "snake hunter" and to the thrifty farmer who was lucky enough to own a skiff. Wood was plenty but it was easier to float over the wreck, strip off, and load up with coal than to wield the axe. One lucky flotsman succeeded in rescuing the stove after years of rusting away in the cabin, and about the last trophy secured was the boat pump, made of sheet copper and used for relieving the boat of its bilge water. Alas! all those saved in this disaster may be dead. Possibly the driver still exists, having discarded, years ago, his "blacksnake whip, curry comb and deck o' cards," the traditional "boat driver's kit."

A truthful tale ends the story of the loss of the Black Diamond and chronicles the christening of "Black Diamond Bend."—J. S.

An Experiment.

Not long since, while the water of the lake was drawn off, a near dweller took occasion to secure some of the coal still remaining in the bottom of

the sunken old Black Diamond. In order to satisfy a curiosity as to whether coal would still burn after a sixty years' soaking, he placed some of it in his stove and was greatly astonished to see it burn. He freely remarked, "It burned just as good as any coal I ever saw."

THORNPORT.

In the year 1850 the village of Thornport contained two large grain warehouses. They were owned by James Culbertson and the Sperry Brothers, respectively. These men were storekeepers in Thornville, a mile away, on the hill. Besides the warehouses there was in Thornport a pretentious two-story tavern, lathed and plastered on the outside. A modest sign in front contained these words:

WHITE HALL HENRY YOST

There were also a few cottages, much out of repair. The buildings all fronted on the water, with a roadway between. The tavern was the stopping place of visiting pleasure seekers and sports who came for the fun that was to be found around the reservoir.

Thornport was the head of navigation, and was a busy place during the boating season. Many canal boats could be seen there waiting their turn for loading. The boatmen found various means to occupy their leisure hours.



SOL. HOLTSBERRY
WAR VETERAN AND CHAMPION
SNAKE HUNTER.

They danced, did these boatmen. Some did fairly well in steps in jig dancing or hornpipes. They spun yarns, played cards, or listened to wandering fiddlers who discoursed lively airs. A favorite was "Hell on the Wabash." This melody was an Indiana production depicting musically scenes and happenings along the "Raging Wabash Canawl." The tune was popular and in demand. A stylish young fellow upon hearing it, amid the applause which followed, cried "Encore! Encore!" A burly boatmen silenced him by saying "To h-ll with your honcore; let him play the same thing over again."

They Sing.

These inland mariners sang "Push Along, Keep Moving," "Never mind the weather so the wind don't blow," the two most appropriate and favorite ditties of the time. They poled their boats over the lake, and should they be overtaken by a wind storm, amid the stumps and logs, they were in real danger. They also sang:

"The boatmen dance and the boatmen sing;
The boatmen up to every thing."

While singing "all hands" augmented the chorus. The old time boatman had also a sentimental streak, for he enjoyed such songs as "Barbara Allen," "Caroline of Edenboro Town," "The Bold Young Waterman," "Rise up, William Reilly,"

and other songs of a like character, of which there were many.

They Fight.

Fights were frequent, contests for physical supremacy were often indulged in. An uncomplimentary remark would be introduced in the conversation, when a sudden divesting of coats and surging of the crowd indicated that the lie had been passed and a fight to a finish was on. One round sufficed—not of the Marquis of Queensbury order—but enough to convince any reasonable spectator that the best man had won. There were men among them that would fight at the drop of a hat, and many smaller men of this character often received terrible beatings at the hands of stronger men of equal ferocity.

Henry Yost.

Henry Yost was a man past middle life, and had a family including three sons, Rene, Henry, and Wesley. They were all manly young fellows. Their father was of slight build, was sociable, and had a slight impediment in his speech. He could play the fiddle. Yet, affairs about the "White Hall" tavern were not always pleasant. Like unto today the landlord was tempted and did sell intoxicants unlawfully, and suffered thereby. Many humorous stories were told of him. He had an inherent fondness for music, and enjoyed the acquaintance of

many violin players, who were always made welcome.

Scat Brown.

The select few that so often lent their presence at Henry's bidding were John Babbit, Jake Wyrick, and Scat (James) Brown, Perry County's official surveyor, and a famous violin player. His home was in Somerset, then the county seat.

"Scat" was a nickname, and few people knew him by any other. He had a rough exterior, was genial, and loved the violin.

Jake Wyrick.

Jake Wyrick operated a farm a few miles south of Yost's, on the "vicarious plan," i. e., permitting his family to till the soil while he roved over the country on top of a tin peddler's wagon, having with him, at times, company not very choice. Jake not only played the violin but was entertaining as a fife artist, and made himself conspicuous and useful in drumming up recruits for the Mexican War.

John Babbit.

John Babbit was a large, muscular man, and, unlike Jacob, he took kindly to manual labor. To confirm the excellent impression I had formed for John in all these sixty years I wrote to an old chum asking his recollection of the man. His answer follows:

"Thornville, Ohio, April 14, 1910.

Dear Old Friend: Yes, John Babbit was his correct name. He was a strong man and the greatest wheat cradler of his time, and the best fiddler in the township. John lived down on the reservoir near Thornport.

Your old friend,

G. W. Clum."

Thornport Orchestra.

It was a treat to meet in Yost's spacious bar room when this organization met and tuned up their old Cremonas for a play; and when they played it was like attending grand opera or a Theodore Thomas concert in comparison with other music of that period, and when something of a sentimental nature was called for they played "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine," "My lodging is on the cold ground," "Rosin the Bow," or "St. Clair's Defeat." While playing the last named piece it was inspiring to hear the robust John Babbit, with swelled chest join, singing, "Three hundred bloodeye warriors lay stretched upon the field."

John was not a Brignoli of old, nor a modern Caruso, but he knew how to sing, and sing he would whenever he got a chance; and his style of singing was just to my boyish taste.

That old time classic, "The Arkansas Traveler" was known, but had not arrived at its popularity.

It was being rehearsed daily by these Thornport Troubadors. Let us wake the muse:

Arkansaw.

A Morceau.

Those artists played, their fiddles rang,
In harmony their bows did draw.
Thought melodies from other lands,
Might help along in Arkansaw,
Improve the roads in Arkansaw.

Choice swelling strains in great estate
Those minstrels reached with much eclaw,
'Mid heavenly tones both deep and great
As a traveler trod in Arkansaw,
Ubiquitous son of Arkansaw.

With arduous zeal and much ado
Those Buckeye lads—with scarce a flaw
Gained power and strength—their elbows flew,
With visions down in Arkansaw,
Those dreamers sawed—how they did saw.

Fantastics.

Once with a fishing party from Somerset, at the "Port," we met this quartette as they were embarking in boats for Neddy Stone's, four and a half miles away. They were all fantastically arrayed with a variety of headgear. One had a coon skin cap, another the preserved and mounted skin of a loon, another a bell crowned old time military cap with a red ball (pom pom) on top, and the last with a home made broad brimmed straw hat which tap-

ered high in the air. With the promise of some fun our party decided to go along.

AT NEDDY STONE'S.

Upon arriving at Stone's a hearty greeting was given the artists. In fact, all were met with a welcome by Neddy himself, who, with no very choice words, jokingly expressed his pleasure in meeting them. Am sorry to relate that Stone, in his youth, acquired the habit of swearing that stuck to him all his days. It was also said that his profanity was only excelled by his kindness and generosity.

After refreshments at Neddy's hotel, chairs were placed for the orchestra, and with long drawn bows tuning up began and spirits rose accordingly. The musicians all played in unison and in the lower register, and at times they made things hum. It just suited everybody to hear those old time jigs and melodies so rendered. It was so inspiring that the audience could not help joining with graceful antics and an occasional attempt at a shuffle. Of course the concert would not be complete without a song from John Babbit. He sang, and from his favorite a fragment has lingered with me all these years. Here it is, as I recollect it:

The Pigeon Wing.

I

In the spring of the year in planting corn,
The weather it was very warm.

The boys and girls thought it no sin
To dance and cut the pigeon wing.

Refrain

Hi-dad-el-de, Ho-dad-el-de,
Stamp, clap, fiddle and sing.
The boys and girls thought it no sin
To dance and cut the pigeon wing.

2

The crow's a thief as you may know,
He's black and proud as he can grow,
The Blue-jay he's a saucy thing
And he can cut the pigeon wing.

Refrain

Hi-dad-el-de, Ho-dad-el-de,
Stamp, clap, fiddle and sing.
The Blue-jay he's a saucy bird,
And he can cut the pigeon wing.

The pigeon wing was a fanciful step in dancing, and was executed as a "gent's solo" in the old time cotillion.

ANDY SHELL.

Young fellows that could afford a horse and buggy, with their sweethearts could be seen early Sunday mornings bound for the Reservoir at a three minute gait. Whip in hand and ribbons streaming

and fully intent on a day's pleasure, rowing, fishing, and gathering pond lilies, and feeling intent on a toothsome fish dinner at the hotel.

A Currycomb.

Once upon arriving at a south shore resort the young man wandered out to the barn to see that his pet horse that had been driven severely was well taken care of when lo, he suddenly stood in the presence of mine host, the landlord, vigorously engaged in cleaning fish with an ancient and battered curry comb, frequently knocking it against the barn boards after the fashion of a hostler currying a horse. The young man gazed on the spectacle for a short time, when in disgust he remonstrated and begged him in the name of cleanliness and decency to desist in his foul practice. The aged Andrew, for that was his given name, hesitated a moment, as if not understanding the appeal, and answered, "A curry comb is the very best thing in the world to scrape fish with." As a substitute for two fish dinners that day fried chicken sufficed. Andy never was tidy.

His house was well patronized, it being the only one of importance on the south side. Visitors from Lancaster, Somerset and other towns and the territory south of the lake usually made the "Shell House" their stopping place. It had an excellent beach and good fishing grounds near by.

A Vocalist.

Andy essayed as a singer. His voice was of the falsetto order, and along with an impedimentary drawl his vocalization was at fault. He had a passion for songs, and must have industriously applied himself to their commitment, for he could repeat the words of many and would have been rated a prime songster "before tunes were invented." To please his patrons, of evenings he would volunteer a song or two.

Among his distinguished visitors at the time we speak of, was the Honorable Philadelph Van Trump, of Lancaster, who frequently visited the Reservoir to gratify a passion for hunting and fishing and to listen to Andy's songs. One song, a favorite of the day, seemed to be much admired, entitled:

A Little More Cider, Too.

After bracing himself for the effort, and with his characteristic drawl and poor pronunciation, he would begin

"A little more cider choo
A little more cider choo
Oh! I met Miss Diner
On the corner of the laner
With a little more cider choo."

There were several verses, and at its finish it was met with a round of applause and merriment

while his distinguished patron from Lancaster would heartily congratulate him, adding in compliment, "Andy, you have the most heavenly voice I ever listened to."

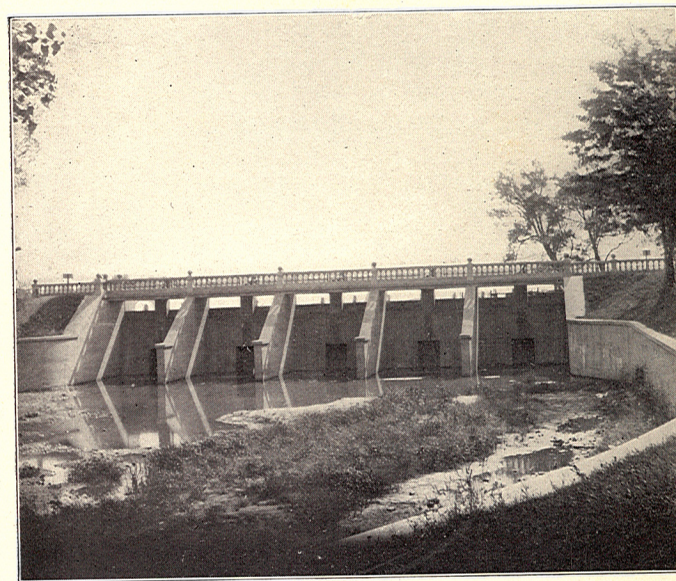
CELEBRITIES.

Living not far from here besides the Hon. Van Trump were other great men who, when boys, must have visited this field of fun and good fishing. Among them were two whose energies collectively did more for the preservation of this great and glorious union than any other two that took part in that great struggle.

Tecumseh Sherman, Philip Sheridan.

The first was he who triumphantly marched down to the sea. Lieutenant General William Tecumseh Sherman, of Lancaster. The other was that intrepid horseman, Phil Sheridan, of Somerset, who at break of day rode out of Winchester town and meeting our retreating boys headed them the other way to victory.

Then there was the late Stephen B. Elkins, who was born near here. A man of influence and great wealth. Some months before his death Mr. Elkins was solicited by the writer to contribute a few lines for the adornment of our story. He paid no heed to this opportunity for further immortalization. No doubt many times, when a boy, he sat in the hot sun with his nose red and peeled from a former



THE NEW SLUICE WAY.

Earl Fullerton Photo

day's fishing, pulling them out as fast as he could throw in. And perhaps he has unwillingly lingered on top of a pesky stump upon which he had landed while rowing at his greatest speed.

One way to get off a stump is to stand in the middle of the boat, lean forward, and with both hands grasp its side and suddenly jerk it towards you. If it does not come off jerk again and again, and you will either get farther on or off. Jerking does it, but be careful, you may go overboard.

Scarcity of Water.

Even with the water supply of both reservoirs there never was a season that the storage was equal to the demand, and for this reason much interest was lost in the canal's usefulness, and to the minds of many was the chief cause for its final abandonment at this point. Every effort was made to conserve the supply of water. Boatmen were especially ordered to close lock gates behind them, and lock tenders were ever on the alert to prevent waste. Old canal men do not hesitate to say that there never was storage sufficient for a full season's supply.

Water Screws.

During an exceedingly dry season in the sixties a novel plan was proposed to raise the level within the new reservoir, thereby improving navigation which had arrived almost at a standstill. This was

by damming up the north and south flumes between the two bodies and pumping the water out of one into the other. A number of large inclined water screws were constructed, and with a portable steam engine driving them great volumes of water were poured over the bank. All ended in disappointment, for after pumping many days and nights no change could be perceived in their respective levels. So the plan was abandoned, after arriving at the decision that the industrious muskrat was the one to blame. He had made openings through the bank whereby the water flowed back as fast as it was pumped over.

GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

The writer remembers the building of these water screws in Newark. He was interested because at the time he was the proud possessor of the "Atlantic," a noble water craft that afterwards unluckily fell into the hands of that late lamented Confederate freebooter, John H. Morgan, who took great pleasure, no doubt, in watching her burn to the water's edge while lying at her dock in Nelsonville during his short stay at that port. The late W. B. Brooks, of Columbus, was the unlucky owner of the "Atlantic" at the time of her destruction.

BLOODY RUN SWAMP.

Away back, the territory about Buckeye Lake was known only as the "Big Swamp." Its entire

marshy conditions extended fully ten miles. At its west end, not far from Kirkersville and the old National road there existed what was known as "Bloody Run Swamp." It is now under a high state of cultivation. After draining the territory it became very valuable because of the richness of its soil, occasioned by its being the roosting place of the now extinct but once numerous wild pigeon. The accumulated droppings of the birds for hundreds of years was the cause of its great fertility.

A Murder.

A stream nearby derived its name, "Bloody Run" from the fact that a murder was committed there many years ago and the body of the murdered man was thrown into it. Ever since the water has appeared red as if blood formed part of it, but in reality it is caused by the washings from the "bog iron ore" that is so often found where swampy conditions exist. The murderer, who escaped, was named Green. The murdered man was never identified.

Wild Pigeons.

The famous old "Pigeon Roost" of our grandfathers' days was there. It was a camp indeed where millions of weary winged travelers took refuge for a night. The roost covered a space of more than six hundred acres.

The question has been asked many times what has become of the wild pigeon? Why did it leave?

There is no doubt that the destruction of the forest, especially the beech tree, whose nuts was a favorite food for the birds, had something to do with it. Also the murderous invasions of their roosts and the persistent pursuits by the "net man" who followed the pigeons for hundreds of miles for the profit afforded in their slaughter. The following recent newspaper clippings will be of interest:

"There is always a touch of romance in the traditions of the wild pigeon, as that bird appeared in this country about sixty years ago. Then it was here by the millions. It covered the skies and filled the woods, and was the delightful meat of the nation. In a year or two it disappeared, leaving only a memory behind.

ARGENTINA.

"It has been discussed often, what became of the bird? Did it disappear like a tale that is told? Indeed it seemed so to the people of this country. But it didn't. It left for other lands, and now dwells in Argentina in something like the numbers that were here in the early fifties. There it seems contented. It is treated kindly and loves its new home.

"There is an effort to produce the bird again in this country. An association strongly backed by finance is enlisted in the effort. A large reward has been offered for a nesting pair. But it will not avail. The bird seems to remember its cruel treatment, and its merciless slaughter, and it will not

venture back. Its presence now blesses the Argentinians because they have been kind and considerate."

One Pigeon Left.

"Of the billions of wild pigeons that filled the air and clouded the skies nearly sixty years ago there is only one left, and that is at Cincinnati, a female bird eighteen years old, its mate having died recently without issue, at the age of twenty-four."

Interest in the wild pigeon still exists.

"Dear Sir—The sudden disappearance of the pigeon occurred in the spring of 1868 or 1869. I was in the business of buying and selling them at that time. Afterwards a Cincinnati newspaper had this to say. 'The sudden disappearance of the pigeon was occasioned by the whole flock being caught in a terrific storm, and were blown out to sea and there perished. In evidence of which, myriads of dead ones came ashore.'

Yours,

Hebron, O., Dec., 1910.

Henry Minthorn.

Upon reading the foregoing one might infer that the cruel treatment accorded them and starvation through the clearing of the forest which furnished their natural food, that to live, new pastures must be found, and at any cost. And like Columbus, not knowing whither they would land, they ventured out to sea, and through hunger, exhaustion and

storm many perished, while others succeeded in finding a restful haven in far off Argentina where forests, food and quietness awaited them.

Confirmation.

Recently, after being consulted, Juan Howesoweipe, a student at Ohio State University from Argentina, has this to say:

"In reply to your letter I must say that pigeons are very numerous in Argentina, especially during the spring and summer. When the winter comes they emigrate to the northern part of Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil. I am inclined to think they originally came from North America."

Respectfully,

Juan Howesoweipe.

A CARNIVAL.

At or about the close of the war the Laughrey House at the Reservoir was for a short period under the management of one Washington Reed. The grass-covered yard adjoining that fronts upon the lake was frequently used for picnic parties, and it was once leased for a term of three weeks for what was called a "Carnival." It proved to be a rascally scheme to relieve and wheedle the unsophisticated out of their spare dollars and dimes.

John Lake.

The occasion was broadly advertised, and it was promised that visitors attending were to have the

time of their lives. Wrestling, foot racing and athletics were to be the rule, but above all, John Lake, the bewhiskered Adonis of Columbus, and professor of dancing, was to be present with his orchestra of picked musicians to delight those gathered there with classic and popular music to add to the pleasures of the light fantastic quadrille that could be enjoyed on his large new portable platform constructed at great expense for this event. The professor was a popular master of dancing, who applied his art mostly at county fairs and out-door gatherings. His slender and graceful figure was attractive in a well fitted dress suit and a sleek plug hat. With black wavy, well oiled hair and whiskers, he was an object of great admiration, as he held an arm full of parasols, as was his wont to please the ladies that wheeled and turned in the dance.

Chickenville.

Above the buzz of the big fiddle and the squeak of the clarinet John's voice could be heard calling "Allemand Left," "ladies in the middle and gents outside," "all promenade." John hailed originally from Licking County and from Chickenville, a hamlet in the Clay Lick district.

While the dance progressed the wheel of fortune ran merrily along with other alluring devices. Several members of the brass band from Newark, whom the writer knew, honestly acknowledged to the loss of small sums through the deceptive disap-

pearance of the little ball from under the thimble. Many respectable but unwise citizens, hailing from Columbus, Zanesville, Newark, Lancaster, Mt. Vernon, along with those of the rural districts, returned home sadder and wiser.

The Carnival did not last the allotted time. The excess of fun would not permit it.

The writer began his visits to the north side of the Reservoir in the early fifties. Minthorn's and Laughrey's were the chief stopping places. Myself and other boys living in the vicinity of Main and Sixth Streets, in Newark, clubbed together and built a large skiff with two banks of oars—four persons could row. A dozen could ride in it comfortably. At times we would make trips to the Reservoir, paying the regulation boat toll for the privilege and receiving a permit, to convince the impatient lock tenders that we had the right of way for the trip. Without this permit we would have been subject to prosecution and fine for infraction of the law.

The Lock Tender.

Davy Creamer had been lock tender at Lockport for many years, succeeding Andy Blaney. Davy was not large in stature, nor athletic in build. On the contrary, he was short and decidedly round shouldered. He was told once that our club intended making a trip to the Reservoir soon. His answer was: "Yes, they can make a trip, but first

they have to get our permission"—meaning himself and the State of Ohio. Sometimes we would hire a boy and a horse to tow us.

Of course we were intent on the capture of sun-fish or any other kind of fish that would bite at the good old fashioned ground worm. Bass we left to those that had more patience and time to waste. We never failed to bring home with us nice long strings of those red eyed "punkin seeds."

HIRAM LAUGHREY.

My frequent visits to the Reservoir made me fairly well acquainted with Mr. Laughrey. He was a typical farmer in action and looks—large and angular. His hands showed the effects of many years of hard labor. He was kind and gentle in manner.

Camping Out.

In the fall of 1862 the writer, with two companions, the late Homer Henderson and James R. Atcherly, Esq., all of Newark, with the permission of Mr. Laughrey, encamped for six days at a point facing the Reservoir and about fifty yards west of the sluiceway. It was a beautiful grassy spot and was formerly used as a grave yard. We would have had a perfectly delightful time had it not been for the mosquitoes at night. Netting was not in vogue then and we had no means of keeping out the carnivorous pests.

Flute Playing.

Henderson and I played flutes, accompanying Jim, when we could persuade him to sing. Hiram was fond of music and visited us nightly that he might revel in the low tremulous tones that we produced in the execution of "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Still So Gently O'er Me Stealing," "Mary of The Wild Moor," "The Old Pine Tree," and other kindred and beautiful airs so well adapted to two flutes.

I remember well that in return for our entertainment Hiram once thoughtfully brought us fully a peck of sweet potatoes, and by his instructions we were furnished with all the milk we needed.

Besides the fun of camping out we intended to do some shooting, and brought guns along. Ducks seemed plentiful but were entirely too shy for us, so we took to the woods for squirrel and quail and were more successful. The woods, not far from the camp, contained many hickory trees, and proved a veritable haunt of squirrel, so we had much cruel sport in killing them. We did, however, enjoy eating them with our sweet potatoes, well fried in butter, along with other fixings. With all this, a supply of Ginger Wine — a non-intoxicant and a popular beverage that we brought with us—and with Hiram's company, we managed to put in our evenings quite cheerfully.



A SOUTH FORK VISTA.

Earl Fullerton Photo

Tom Moore.

I remember also one Thomas Moore, the menial driver who conveyed us from Newark over the Dog Leg Road to our camp. Tom was of a convivial turn, with strong social habits, and after he once tasted our coveted wine he thought it proper to persist in frequent libations, and affecting a great interest as to our "good health" despite our protests. We decided to hasten Tom's departure, and at once. He was advised to take his early leave for home, in fear of rain and darkness; also that the passage of the irregular Dog Leg Road was really dangerous after night fall, especially in his hilarious condition. Our admonition prevailed, and at Tom's departure we joyfully bade him a hearty Godspeed, cheerily waving him onward, Henderson characteristically reciting Byron's beautiful words beginning "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore"

THE SOUTH FORK MYSTERY.

The wanton dynamiting of the canal aqueduct near Buckeye Lake on Tuesday morning, March 15, 1910, brought to the mind of the writer a story that was told of the South Fork Valley nearly seventy-five years ago. The facts were given the writer by a close relative of the chief actor. The name here used is fictitious, through confidence imposed.

Just after the building of the Ohio Canal in the thirties, one G. O'Grady located in the South Fork

Valley of the Licking River a few miles above its junction with the Raccoon Branch at Newark. O'Grady's family consisted of himself, his wife, and maybe one or two small children. The land he settled on he purchased cheaply and on credit, thinking at the time that the opening of the canal would advance his opportunities and furnish better markets for his produce; his judgment proved correct. The building of the canal was indeed a boon to the farmers along its line. Grain and pork, which had previously been a "drug on the market," rose wonderfully in price. Flour mills, woolen mills and distilleries sprang up along its banks in large numbers, and it greatly increased the demand for farm products generally.

A pioneer fifty years ago was heard to say that at the opening of the canal the prices of farm produce rose faster and went higher in proportion than they have ever done since, even with the advent of railroads.

Once when a payment on his land was close at hand O'Grady discovered that his stock of grain, chiefly wheat, would not bring enough cash to meet the payment. He had learned also that flour was advancing in price in the East, and that if he could convert his wheat into flour and get it to market within a reasonable time he might meet the obligation. So he set about to find means to that end.

Pitzer's mill, (late Black's mill), was not far away, but what would it profit him? A fall drouth

was on and the South Fork was almost dry except for the little water that leaked through the aqueduct a few miles above. O'Grady had a scheme. He would have it rain. So he talked with the miller, but he laughed and shook his head at the idea of grinding with no water in prospect.

"Never mind," says O'Grady, "to me the prospect looks favorable, and I think we will have plenty of rain soon. If you will promise to grind my wheat with the first rise it's all I'll ask."

So, after a long confab, and to please O'Grady, he was given the privilege of delivering his grist, which was a large one. He not only delivered the wheat, but he put off to the nearest cooper shop, which was at Jacktown, and bought a sufficient number of barrels to hold all the flour his wheat would make.

So far, so good. O'Grady wanted rain and he wanted it badly, so he set about in the effort to produce it—not by prayer, for he was an ungodly man from the fact that he had formerly practiced the art of distilling; and O'Grady's peach brandy was well known, and pronounced excellent by competent judges, of whom there were many.

In the mill there were three runs of stone, one of which was for corn only. The others were denoted as French buhr, and were used in the production of superfine flour, a grade that brought the highest price. At their best the pair were good for three barrels an hour, so it can be seen that with an

opportunity it would not take long to grind a large grist. But water, water, was necessary to do it.

One evening at dusk O'Grady addressed the miller, saying a dark cloud had arisen in the west, and had moved around to the north, and he believed a great fall of rain had occurred at headwaters, near Kirkersville, or farther up, when lo! to the miller's surprise there was a perceptible rise of water at the gauge, and in one hour's time one run of buhrs was started; and in another hour all were running merrily, and kept on running until 8 o'clock the next morning. One run was then stopped, and in another hour they were compelled to shut down completely for want of power. It was a good night's run, "with nary drap o' rain," as the miller said, and both he and O'Grady were pleased. But regret followed when they saw the old South Fork settle back into her bed as before.

After resting a few days real indications of rain appeared in the west. Distant rollings of thunder were heard, when shortly the blessed rain began to pour, and in an hour's time the power went on and the welcome roar and clickity-click made an excellent accompaniment to the songs of our friend O'Grady and his companion and benefactor, the miller. The rain did not last long. It proved rather disappointing, but it did good as long as it lasted.

The character of the South Fork was of the thunder gust order, and ground best and fastest when it rained hardest. The second night following

about 11 o'clock, the miller was aroused by O'Grady's loud knocking at his door, excitedly informing him that the dam was approaching a fullness and that he should hurry to the mill and start up. They concluded that another providential rain at headwaters had favored them.

In the meantime, the farmers in the vicinity had heard that Pitzer's mill had started up, and many teams had arrived with grist, but O'Grady met them outside and said nay. The miller quoted the rule "First come, first served," and O'Grady smiled. With an occasional rain and those distant showers O'Grady's grinding finally ended. His shipment was made at Lawyer's Bridge. His money returns came in time, and were ample to meet his obligations.

It used to be a well known fact that the average canal hand had a fear of ghosts. At several places along the line, near some lonely lock, the disembodied shadow of a possible murdered peddler could be seen through the darkness, lingering near the spot where, after being robbed, his earthly career had been cruelly brought to a close. At these places drivers and bowsmen of the boats suffered most, and through consideration of their fears others of the crew were detailed to accompany them past the haunted region. A firm belief in spectres was evidenced in their conversations.

The lock tender, or man in charge at the reservoir, was no exception. One night on returning from

Hebron he saw, or thought he saw, while crossing the aqueduct, a fleeting figure resembling a spook hurriedly disappear through the underbrush into the woods below, while he in turn hurriedly took to his heels southward, along the tow path, towards his own cabin at the lake, a thoroughly frightened man. He was careful not to mention the incident outside of his own family, but it soon leaked out and the story caused consternation among the reservoir denizens. He claimed he was perfectly sober that night and that his statement was true. Afterwards, nightly trips between Hebron and the lake became less frequent.

This brings us near to the end of our story. The grinding of O'Grady's grist was at the bottom of the South Fork mystery. To convert his wheat into flour was the prime object, no matter at what cost, and cudgeling his brain in the effort he made it a success.

He was a veritable rain maker.

In the bottom of every aqueduct there is a neatly fitted broad plank which is never nailed down, and is raised when it is desired to lower the level of water in the canal. It can be raised from below by the aid of a lever (a fence rail would do) over a fulcrum and with a prop reaching up to the plank. Only a moderate pressure on the lever was necessary. Thus the water in the aqueduct was allowed to pour through into the creek below. It was by this means that O'Grady surreptitiously, at night,

furnished power for his grinding when it didn't rain. Mrs. O'Grady would accompany him, both riding on horseback, leaving the horses some distance back in the woods for safety while they worked the lever and prop. It was on one of these trips that Mrs. O'Grady innocently furnished the phantom that so frightened the lock tender. Thus happened the South Fork mystery. It has never been fully explained in all these seventy-five years until now.

The Passing of the Bass.

It is thought by some that the passing of the bass is at hand; and many claim that the catch in Buckeye Lake and within the streams around is much less than formerly.

In the minds of some the bass is of the genus tramp. You will generally find him alone—or gone. His wanderings may carry him down stream and at times he may get a helpful push from a freshet—then we see him no more.

The practice of planting millions of bass in the streams and in Buckeye Lake has been going on for years—but to what purpose? A person may follow a stream all day in quest of bass and return home very tired with "fisherman's luck" for an answer.

If the game warden could empty a few millions of the old time blue gill sunfish that our fathers used to glory in, benedictions would be called down upon his head from a hundred "pot fishers" to one from the "spoon hook" fraternity. With the im-

mense quantities of large dead fish floating on the lake's surface after its frequent emptyings for repairs one can easily determine that a real "passing of the bass" is on. When this drawing off business ceases, and with a few millions of young bass planted within the banks where they can't get away, and cannot get killed, and with a few years of comparative rest, the king of the lake may again resume its former prestige.

The Despised Sucker.

Persons living along the creeks will tell you that there are plenty of good fish (suckers) lying at the bottom of streams that will not bite at a baited hook and that can only be caught with a dip net, seine, or a device called a snare.

Snaring.

The writer in his youth found great pleasure in snaring these lazy suckers. They are usually found in families, lying in the bottom of pools, and when conditions are right it is great sport to catch them by this means.

A snare is made by using a piece of fine soft brass wire about twenty inches long and formed into a slip loop. The end of the wire is attached to a sinker which is made of lead, three or four inches long and weighing about two ounces. A hole is punched through each end, one to fasten the wire to and the other to receive a strong string about five

feet long, the other end of which is tied to the end of a fishing pole, which should not be too long, and rather stiff. When placed in the hands of an expert a whole generation of suckers, one at a time, can be successfully lifted ashore.

In snaring, one must have fair view of his game. You slowly lower the snare into the water, gently swing the loop around in front and encircle the head of your victim. Then, with a mild quick jerk, (not too hard) you can land his wiggling form on the green sward behind you. With a severe and reckless jerk you are liable to cut him in two—so be careful.

The shape and habits of the sucker admirably fit him for the snare. Seining, however, is the easiest way to catch suckers. It is also an excellent way to be caught yourself and be mulcted to the tune of \$25.00 and costs and upwards. The sucker is of fine proportions and usually of good size. He makes good eating if a few extra bones, done up in bundles, don't signify.

But of what consequence is all this when it is unlawful to catch him? He is destined to live and die in blissful laziness.

A Perilous Voyage. Almost a Tragedy.

This old "Reservoy" has a record in the way of returning souls to their Maker. Singly, doubly, and families, have gone to their doom beneath its

treacherous waves. And suicides and deaths by lightning have occurred here. So, taking it all in all, this old pond has much to answer for.

Over forty-five years ago—during the war—a party of four, consisting of a man and wife and child, with a visiting lady, arrived at Hiram Laughrey's (now Rosebraugh's) from Newark. Securing a boat and fishing outfit, they crossed over to the opposite side. After applying their lines for some hours with fair success, and while in the midst of their enjoyment, a dark cloud began slowly rising in the west, indicating the approach of a storm. They thought it wise to get back as soon as possible, so they pulled away as the wind began to blow. Before reaching half the distance across the threatening waves, with their whitecaps, began rolling, and it was certain that a struggle was at hand.

The dark cloud floated down with a gale of wind, following which it gradually increased until it was enough to dishearten the most courageous sailor. At times the boat would seem to be lifted out of the water, and then as suddenly drop back again with the water splashing over and drenching the occupants. But for the fact that the boat was of ordinary build—flat bottomed—their lives would have been in the greatest jeopardy. It was safe compared with the round bottomed narrow built skiffs of today, that could not have gone through

such a storm without the loss of every life on board.

There was no thunder nor rain, but how it did blow! The man aboard got busy, for it was quite apparent that the safety of the party depended entirely upon his strength and management, and he saw that he had to apply his best efforts. He cheered and cautioned his companions to keep heart and hold fast if they valued their lives. To keep the boat trim and in the right direction was his task. To prevent drifting and swamping he soon discovered that his left oar only could be used to meet the force of the elements that beat upon the other side of the boat, and to that end he applied his strength. As each succeeding wave struck them they were drenched and blinded by the flying foam and spray, the boat receiving its share of water, which was soon over shoe-top. In fact, with the bow of the boat slanting windward and held in that position by the oarsman with his good single oar, he soon discovered that the waves and winds assisted in driving the boat across.

The mother looked the picture of despair in her twofold efforts to save her baby boy and hold her seat. For one so young the child seemed fairly conscious of the danger which beset them. He stood manfully between his mother's knees, grasping with his wet chubby hands her now thoroughly soaked skirts—mute and sobbing at this supposed undue punishment.

What of the visiting lady? With a broad steering paddle in hand, never a thought entered her head but her services would be again needed in navigating their frail bark back to Laughrey's landing, the place they had so peacefully left in the morning.

Planting herself familiarly in the stern seat she smiled as she proudly dipped her feathered short handled steering device into the then placid but promising waters—at the same time handing out an assuring nod to the oarsman that she was ready for the return trip. The start was made, and upon arriving in mid-stream the tempest had become terrific, and to maintain her position she did not hesitate for a moment to discard to the four winds and waters her dependable, faithful short handled oar as useless during such an occasion, and amid the roar of the elements the voice of the oarsman could scarcely be heard as he vehemently urged the visiting lady to hold fast, as she in despair and with distressed thoughts went up and down and sideways.

The waves with fury followed one another with continued drenchings, the boat filling more and more. Sometimes it would rear up, almost sliding its occupants off their seats, and then drop back with a "smack" as it struck the water again. The man at the oar persisted in the work of deliverance. The stimulus of life or death urged him to his utmost. With excellent judgment and the hardest work he finally got the skiff under control, meeting



JIM THOMAS, AN OLD TIME NEWARK
SPORTSMAN. NONE COULD BAG
MORE GAME THAN JIM.

the waves as they struck, and with his positive, steady stroke he felt that they were safe and would eventually reach the blessed shore. And when the shore was reached his powers were about gone. He lingered in his seat for a short time, tremulous and in a state of exhaustion. They were all so worn that they needed help and support in getting out of the boat, which was almost half full of water. A number of persons on shore had witnessed the struggle, one of whom was Mr. Laughrey, who, with comforting words praised them for the game fight they had put up. In answer to Hiram, with a half smile and a bit of humor that had not deserted him, the rower quoted the old adage "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

They did not tarry long but entered their own conveyance and were soon hurried homeward, happy in the thought and congratulating themselves that they were still alive. A clear sky and the warm sun followed the storm, modifying their discomfort from their wet clothing.

They are all alive and in good health to this day. In the intervening years the visiting lady has made several round trips across the Atlantic, one of which occurred recently, and it is safe to say that she far prefers an ocean voyage to the memorable trip she endured while crossing Buckeye Lake.

Preserved Stumps.

When the trees fell their stumps remained, with their tops just beneath the water's surface, solid

and permanently preserved by their water covering. They have been a great annoyance to boatmen and to the pleasure seeker. In recent years the state has taken means for their removal by a simple and novel process. Late in the fall the water is drawn off quite low, and when frozen over hard enough to bear, the stumps are cut away with axes and saws, level with the surface of the ice.

A NEGLECTED SPOT.

Twenty years ago (1890) the old towing path (we have named it causeway) between the two reservoirs, made a beautiful promenade. From its breezy, shady banks, charming pictures were presented in every direction. Reaching miles away to the east could be seen high cultivated hills, while at the south patches of green sloping fields, with intervening woods reaching to the shore. At the north was a long stretch of woods with a pleasant winding grassy bank fronting the lake, passing Black Diamond Bend and reaching nearly to the Neddy Stone old time hostelry of fifty years ago, now the site of Buckeye Park Hotel. It was nearly two miles in length. A morning's walk along this bank, the brow fanned by a bracing breeze usually found here, made life seem doubly worth living.

The Lone Fisherman.

Along the "Causeway" mentioned the Lone Fisherman found his pleasure. He chose a shady,

quiet spot, with a cushioned grassy bank to sit on and a friendly tree to lean against while he waited patiently, beguiling to their doom the wary sunfish and the wriggling ring perch. This shore at the present time (1910) is rapidly being obliterated by the action of the wind and waves.

The Muskrat.

The destructive muskrat has been getting in his work. Along its length and at numerous places the water sweeps over its banks. The stone protection along its shore has been removed or dislodged, and its general appearance is one of neglect. It is to be hoped that the powers that be may soon find means to rescue it from its present peril and make it again enjoyable from one end to the other, to please and benefit for all time the present and future generations.

The following letter, bearing upon this subject, was addressed to the state authorities who have the lake in charge:

Columbus, Ohio, April 8, 1910.

Honorable Board of Public Works, Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—At Buckeye Lake—that noblest of Central Ohio's waters—there still exists a section unoccupied and greatly out of repair. It is the old towing path—which might more properly be called a causeway—across and dividing the lake near the west end. It becomes valuable in the thought that

it can be made a beautiful spot for the enjoyment of future generations. It is really the only landed portion of the park left that is so applicable for a public picnic ground, and it might be profitably set aside for that purpose. It is free at present from cottage privileges with perhaps a few exceptions at the south end.

With the grounds referred to restored, and with handsome arched bridges across the flumes, it could be made accessible either by carriage or boat; from either end, one from Millersport and Summerland Beach and the other from Hebron, Lakeside and Buckeye Lake Park.

If your honorable body finds its improvement impossible or inopportune at present you might, with propriety, hold the ground unencumbered for future use. In a few years, with the constant increase of population, such a spot will be highly appreciated.

No doubt opportunities here are as great or greater than we find at other places, where grounds are beautified and made useful.

In the event, a landscape artist might be employed to look over the plot and make suggestion as to the best plan for its adornment and utilization.

With not a thought save for the public benefit and with a memory of frequent visits to the old pond through more than sixty years, I make the above suggestion, and subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully, J. S.

NOTE: Upon a visit on May 23rd, 1912, the writer observed with sorrow that great injury has been done by the removal of the protection stone and earth, and the destruction of the trees along the old towing path. To rectify this would cost much money, should it ever be attempted in the future. This destruction is a cause of great regret to those who have had a thought for beautifying the lake.

SPECIAL TRIP.

Have just returned from a pleasant trip to Buckeye Lake, the weather being perfect. The dance is over. The last "two step" is finished, it is to be hoped. Let us have something different. The season's festivities are done for the time and quiet prevails at Buckeye Park. Changes are being made by busy workmen, and in the spring things will look different.

Captain Del Fisher.

About the only person that seemed to be at leisure was the stalwart, able bodied Captain Del Fisher, who, after a cheerful greeting was easily persuaded to join our party in a jaunt of what is left of the season's waters. There is a low stage in the lake at present. Captain Fisher generously volunteered the use of one of his excellent boats, he himself acting as engineer, pilot and commander.

Henry Minthorn.

Besides Captain Fisher we had Mr. Henry Minthorn with us. Henry was born here more than

seventy years ago. His father settled here ninety-two years ago, and assisted in the construction of the Canal and Reservoir. Henry can relate more of the early history of the canal and lake than any person we know of.

Earl Fullerton.

Then we had the modest and able photo artist, Mr. Earl Fullerton, who not only showed his ability and judgment in the practice of his art, but also exhibited much interest in other subjects.

The object of our visit was to view some places of interest that had been overlooked and that would add to the completeness of the Lake's history; also to secure some pictures for illustration.

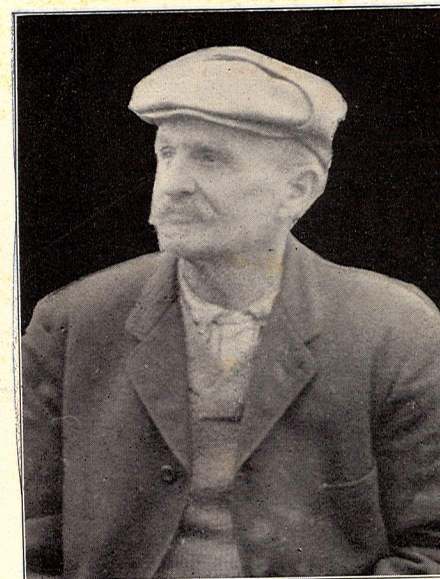
It was a beautiful sun-shiny morning, and we set out cheerful and expectant.

Summerland Beach.

We first made Summerland Beach. It boasts a large and commodious Chautauquan building, a hotel, cottages, and camping facilities for sojourners. With its continued improvements it is fast growing into a beautiful spot. It is reached not only by the Del Fisher Boat Line from Buckeye Park, but also by the Toledo & Ohio Central R. R. at Millersport nearby.

Sunfish Club.

From the beach we steamed across to the "Sunfish Club House," a place where every convenience



BILL HARLOW
CRACK SHOT AND "A MAN OF FEW WORDS"

Earl Fullerton Photo

for the generous entertainment of a goodly number of friends is to be had. We were pleased to be shown over the premises, and were struck with its completeness in every detail, even to an excellent piano, intended for the use of any one that could play or sing.

At the landing we were welcomed by the man in charge, who proved to be none other than the cheerful, jolly, William Harlow.

Bill Harlow.

Bill successfully fills the position of "Ganymede," court jester and fun maker in general at "The Sun-fish." He is also a sportsman and a crack shot, whose superior is not to be found along the lake. We made a group picture, with Bill in character with gun in hand and his favorite black pointer. The animal is a beautiful specimen, and vigorously went into action when Bill gently chided her into a hunt for an imaginary bird. Mrs. Harlow was also present, whom we complimented in fitting terms, to which she smiled in graceful acknowledgement.

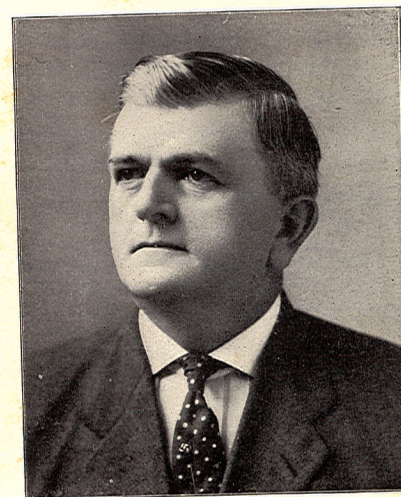
Mr. Minthorn here informed us that we were near the spot where those civil engineers of ancient days in canal building met disappointment when the South Fork's waters, through the Kirkersville Feeder, balked at the idea of running up hill, an account of which is related on a previous page. There was a more recent and similar occurrence in the construction of the Miami & Erie Canal. At a

further invitation by Henry we crossed the canal, a remnant of which still exists, and, sure enough, there was the channel that the magic waters were expected to climb through. Within its dry banks are corrals for Harlow's live stock, consisting of ducks, geese, turkeys, chickens, pigeons, pheasants and dogs. Our entry among them was the occasion of an outburst of mixed voices seldom heard outside of a barn yard, and Williams' efforts to secure quiet seemed to increase the volume, with added variety.

Low Water.

After enjoying the sights in and about the "Sunfish" we again boarded the "Alert," and bidding Bill goodbye we immediately ran afoul a stump, which luckily did us no material damage further than the loss of a blade from our propeller, while Bill, stentoriously shouting and pointing, directed us into better water. The lake's surface at this date stands 33 inches below normal, its loss being occasioned by the long drouth and neglected leakage.

We steamed around the badly washed tow path, through the flume and into the new reservoir, and into the Canal Zone at Minthorn's, where we took other views. Upon returning we stopped at "Black Diamond Bend" to settle a dispute as to its location and history. We then crossed over to Shell Beach, where we made a group picture of little Laura



HON. GEORGE H. WATKINS.

Member of Board of Public Works.

Recently Deceased.

Fisher, her pet dog and the writer. We crossed again, pulling up at the new and artistic large concrete balustrade above the waste weir, where we made our last picture. Here we ran aground and had a time getting off, after which we soon cast anchor at our starting point.

Thanking Captain Fisher for the pleasure so kindly afforded us, we soon cleared for Hebron and home.

Hon. George H. Watkins.

Our story would be incomplete without mention of George H. Watkins. He was a greatly beloved man among those most interested in Buckeye Lake. An admirer remarked that he should be addressed as the father of the lake instead of uncle, as he was affectionately called. Mr. Watkins was a member of the state board of public works, and it might be truthfully said that to him the lake owes much of its present improved condition and a great deal of its popularity.

It was his great and only hobby for which he worked incessantly, and when chided by his friends for his zeal he was heard to say that he wanted Buckeye Lake to be his greatest monument. He was truly a public benefactor. His death came too soon.

It is to be hoped that some one with the spirit and confidence of Mr. Watkins may be placed in charge to continue the noble work.

Yacht Club.

For several years past the patrons of Buckeye Lake have enjoyed pleasures afforded through the yacht club. The club has many members, and all are enthusiastic in its support and continuance, and have met with success in their efforts resulting greatly from its well conducted affairs and regattas. Many beautiful and costly prizes have been distributed to worthy contestants during its period of existence.

A Future for Buckeye Lake.

The interest now so manifest with the public in Buckeye Lake began with the opening of the Toledo & Ohio Central Railroad, when excursionists from Columbus were landed at Lakeside (west end), and Captain Del Fisher, with his primitive steamer "Alert," ferried them around the Lake, as at present. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad brought people from Newark to Avondale at the east end of the lake, but it was not until the Ohio Electric Railway got started that the great crowds came. The people of Central Ohio were much in need of a resort with an expanse of water to beautify and vary the outlook, and with good and safe passenger boats to carry them. Who is there that does not love a boat ride, even in a row boat, one that sails, or one with a flutter that skims along at great speed from shore to shore and from place to place with perfect safety and without the presence of a

hot steam boiler? It was the experience of the writer, twice, to be on board boats where steam joints blew out from over pressure. Panics were averted both times through cool headed passengers that were aboard.

A Grand Spot.

Some day Buckeye Lake will be a grand spot compared with what it is now. It may be fifty years hence or longer when expensive buildings and fine grounds will beautify its shores. With ponderous machines, shallow places now harboring useless herbage will be deepened and broadened, when wide canals and islands will appear forming unique building spots to be adorned with beautiful residences, and gardens and trees, including the tall spear pointed poplars in the distance.

The reader may smile at our picture and call it "a fancy," but some day it will come true, too true alas, when you and I and hundreds of others will be dead and gone. The people of Central Ohio need such a spot.

In Conclusion.

The author desires to express his appreciation of the valuable assistance rendered by Mr. Henry Minthorn, of Hebron, and Mr. G. C. Miller, of Millersport, life long residents, who know more of Buckeye Lake and its history than any other two

men living. Also to other kind friends for their cheerful lending of hands.

That the book may be read with satisfaction is the earnest wish of the writer.



