



"A Peaceful Foray Into The Stronghold Of The Grahams", Jackson Standard-Journal, Wednesday, October 15, 1919.

Oct 2--The fame of the fighting Grahams of Scotland has gone round the world.

There is a Graham's town in Cape Colony and a Grahamsville in Jackson County. Dr. Sylvester Graham gave a name to a flour and J A Graham to a mineral.

The Grahams of Jackson county are all descended from James Graham and he must have had good blood, for it still flows in a host of people.

J H McCoy a great grandson of the pioneer offered to drive me to the old homestead today and I accepted gladly, for I wanted to pay my first visit to Grahamsville.

It was two o'clock before we started, for I wanted to attend the Sadie Faught hearing, and this prevented me from making all the investigations that should be made around the Graham homestead.

In passing along the Mabre pike, we saw Del D Colby helping William Mercer make molasses, and I was sorely tempted to stop right there the rest of the day.

When we came to the Sycamore farm, McCoy pointed out the new fram cow shed, and said that lumber was used in the dancing platform at the last Stret Fair.

Dickens wrote about echoing footsteps in the Tale of Two Cities and I wish I could write of the echoing sounds from the boards of this cow shed, the sounds of the tripping feet of gallant lads and gay lasses.

Then we came to a road which brought back to McCoy's memory the fate of Jos Lyons who was injured while making the new road and never recovered.

He told me next how John Stiffler and Alex Jones have become the owners of the old William Dawson homestead.

He related stories of the old pioneers living all along the road, and of the engineers who built a table in a Chestnut tree on the hill now owned by Harvey Sheward to make observations of the surrounding country.

We stopped for a drink out of William Howard's spring, whose fresh water once fed a fish pond, and suggested to me that many farmers should make fish ponds today.

Then we came to the home of A Q Parks in the borders of the land of the Grahams for Mrs. Parks is a Graham, and I say his huge pile of pumpkins the largest seen during the drive.

The Ford made short work of the climb up on Riegel ridge, and then carried us down into the valley of Pigeon Roost Creek, the third creek of that name in this county.

McCoy told me how the neighbors used to visit the Roost to fill bags with Pigeons knocked down with clubs, how all the trees were bent and broken by the millions of Pigeons that came to the roost, and how the ground was covered for years with their dung, until the creek ran black for miles.

The Pigeons selected a roosting place on the upper stretches of the thread like branches of the Run, where they were protected by the hills and forest from the bitter south west winds.

He then related the history of the Wyants and the Buslers, until we climbed out of the valley and found ourselves at his farm home, once the homestead of John Graham son of the pioneer.

His son William Hays McCoy who was in the Service and his young wife occupy the farm, but he was away painting for a neighbor, and she was down in the field blading Sugar cane.

McCoy took me first to his granery to show his hundred bushels of Buckwheat threshed September 30 from a little over four acres. In the same building is a lot of tobacco already hung up to dry.

Crossing the road we went into the cellar where I saw the fast quantity of canned fruit and vegetables stored up for winter by young Mrs. McCoy. Near by is the old well dug one hundred years ago.

(Continued on October 22, 1919)

Next he took me through the fields up to the Grahamsville graveyard, and we passed his son James Sanford McCoy harrowing the Buckweat land for wheat.

There is work enough in the graveyard for half a day's copying and I had to pass many monuments with a glance.

One of the first names that attracted my attention was that of Terracy, a young girl who died at fifteen years and I wonder if she ever knew that her real name was Theresa.

I saw the tombstone of Susan wife of James Kinkaid who died October 8, 1867, aged fifty five years, five months and two days. The name Kinkaid has disappeared from the county.

I stood at the grave of James Graham the pioneer who died June 14, 1830, aged seventy seven years and six months, and thought of the life which he led in the wilds of this county.

I looked at once for the inscription in memory of his wife for I have learned a secret about the pioneers, which the wife's tombstone always tells.

She died (her name was Mary Buffington) May 2, 1838 having outlived her husband by eight years. She was only seventy seven it is true, but her outliving her husband indicates to me that he always shouldered many of her burdens, as he should have done.

After all is said, one of the principal reasons why the exodus from the farm has continued so long is because so many husbands lay too many burdens on the women.

McCoy then took me down the little Run to show where James Graham build his first cabin near a spring which is yet very much alive, but not flowing freely because it happens to be in a barn yard.

The log cabin of James Graham stood a short distance north of it and many lived in it after Graham died, and it is now a barn up on the ridge near where the old school house stood, moved there by J M Pierce.

The Grahams like the Williamses have allowed the old ancestral home to be torn down and moved away (Mrs Margaret Howell told me the other day that Albert Roach is tearing down the old house in which I was born.)

America will never be quite what it should be until pride of ancestry will cause us to preserve the old homesteads. Americans move too often.

It is true that rolling stones gather no moss, but it may be noted also that rolling stones gradually become reduced to small pebbles, and many American gamilies peter out in the third or fourth generation.

When I used the phrase peter out I had no intention of punning, but there is a certain aptness about it in the figure where stone or petros and pebbles are compared.

We stopped for a few minutes at the home of J M Pierce where we saw Mrs Pierce and her young daughter preparing roasting ears for supper and Mrs Effie Wastier a neighbor was with her.

We had passed a dead horse in the barn yard and Mrs Pierce said the its name was Barney. The incident emphasized the fact that farmers suffer many losses which are never considered by those who harp about farmer's profits.

We returned home along Spohn or Harrel ridge road, and from the high point by the Daniel Harrell home I enjoyed the wonderful vision of the southern Ohio hills.

While I looked far away to the west, I could see the hills on the other side of the Scioto River, and suddenly in the blue haze there appeared two higher points farther away.

The higher points had doubtless been visible all the time, but my eyes had not focused on them. It is always thus. We miss seeing so many things because our eyes are not open.

We passed in front of the new home of Louis Harrell, and saw J F Messing and William Erlenwein scraping the site for a new barn, and Mrs Messing were smiling on their work.

The road descends rapidly from the Messing farm through the old Crabtree homestead, and passes near the old homestead of Gilbert Weed whose son Oren Weed of Missouri is now visiting this county.

We stopped at Freedom church to take a look at the U S Benchmark in the stone under the church. It bears the figures 739 feet a correction of the original figures which were 794.

Then we drove rapidly home for the day was dying, but the colors of the Autumn foliage seemed purer more refined than in the glare of the midday sun.

Morning Glories smile all day long now, there is some Purple Ageratum left, Bottle Gentian is in its glory, the Blue Asters and the New England Aster in places, and Canada Golden Rod nods along the fences and the Runs.

We saw many apples along the road, great quantities of nuts, Walnuts, Hazels, Chestnuts, Hickories, and there were Persimmons here and there with red berries or drupes on Dogweed, Winterberries and other shrubs.

We stopped at the McCoy home to get his two old Bibles from which I will give many data about the Grahams, which after I have verified some dates and names in county records I will print later.



GRAHAMSVILLE CEM

MRS. J. M. ...
BORN ...
DIED ...

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DIED ...

IN MEMORY OF
JAMES GRATEMAN
DIED FEBRUARY 11 1850
AGED 57 YEARS





