

think of the country mother. The country! They say that game is so plentiful in the Miami country that a man can stand at his door with his rifle and kill enough to fill his smoke house before breakfast."

She cried again.

Long, Long Trail

So before the dawn, young Horace Pease was in the old log barn saddling his horse, testing the girth and the stirrup leathers, slinging on his musket and strapping on his pack. He kissed his mother at the door just as the sun was gilding the east, told his younger brothers, Perry, Edward and George, goodbye and rode out down the old lane for the meeting with the others at West Suffield.

"The others" were five young men also on horseback and leading two pack horses. The group would take no wagon on account of the difficult roads over the mountains. The men were well armed.

"Traveling light," said Ephriam Turner, oldest and leader of the group.

"Yes. And as fast as possible," said Horace.

Pittsburgh in Two Months

"We ought to make Pittsburgh in two months, steady riding," said Chileab Worthington.

"And then on down to Cincinnati," said Horace. "They say the Miami lands are the garden spot."

"If there could only be transportation!" said Ephriam Turner, as the group took the trail west and south for Windsor and Granby, and on down through Waterbury and Danbury. It was spring, spring in New England, and the arbutus and mountain laurel were in bloom.

They crossed the Hudson at Kingston and followed the Marietta trail to Pittsburgh, which they made in six weeks. There they embarked on flatboats for Cincinnati, arriving in mid-summer. The high hills were like home to the boys, and the rich Mill creek valley tempted their spirits. But they met some men from further up the Miami valley, a Doctor Hole who had been a Revolutionary surgeon, and his father, Zachariah Hole, from Hole's station, and a merchant named Horatio Gates Phillips from a place beyond, called Dayton.

Fertile Lands Near Dayton

These men said that the really fertile land lay up in their country—broad flood plains with mel-low soil so rich you could run your arm clear to the shoulder in it. Horace had little money, and got a job in a distillery in Cincinnati, but he kept thinking about the northern part of the valley. "Oh, if there were only transportation!" said everyone. It needed but this to make the valley and its business blossom like the rose.

Men in Cincinnati began to talk about foolish and wonderful things—about this new "elastic

a new and larger one. More Carrollton to take advantage of the water power. The canal came through and with great booming of cannon, the first boat went through from Cincinnati to Dayton in 1829. Perry and Horace Pease almost wept for happiness. Now their valley, the vale of the Great Miami, would blossom like the rose.

On his way west, Perry had fallen in love with a young school teacher in New Jersey, Catherine Evans. He went back east by canal, river and stage coach, married the girl, brought her to the new country. Business prospered, and Perry bought a new canal boat of his own, named it the "Catherine E." and gave excursion parties to Cincinnati on it. It was pleasant living there in the smiling village. The boys' mother died and their father came west, old Joseph Pease, bringing their young sister, Bethesda, whom they had never seen.

Build for Baby

A baby came to Catherine and Perry Pease, and Horace said, "Now that you have a child you must build a fine new home. We are making money, more than we know what to do with. I have just bought new mills in Dayton and will move there. You stay here and look after our interests."

"How design it?" asked Perry. "Like the old home in Suffield?"

"No. You're an architect and engineer. You should know that a New England home will never fit into these fertile lands."

"Well, how then?"

"I don't know. But Horatio Gates Phillips says that this new architecture developed by Thomas Jefferson, following the old classic motives, is suited to this country. Horatio is going to build a home for his son, Jonathan Dickinson, that way."

The two brothers got together with Phillips and designed two homes, the Phillips home (later the Grey Manor) and the home for Perry Pease at West Carrollton, both following the classic motifs and each carrying a classic portico with columns in front. Perry built his first, being in more of a hurry. "It's beautiful," said Phillips. "I shall follow the same type when I build for Jonathan Dickinson."

Moves to Dayton

Horace Pease came to Dayton to live, establishing a mill at the corner of East Third street and the canal, later the Gebhart mill, and now the quarters of the Dodd's Cash Wholesale Grocery company. He helped establish the old State bank and the Dayton National bank and became known as one of the city's prominent business men.

In 1847, the city of Dayton needed a new courthouse. Horace went to see Horatio Gates Phillips and together they drove down to see Perry at West Carrollton.

ceed the Scouts in West Carrollton. We asked for Mayor S. B. Case, but missed him, as well as W. E. Shade, who could have told us much.

We drove down past the old locks of the canal, and saw the old aqueduct built across the waste way at the southern end of town, one of the few remaining aqueducts in the state of Ohio—built, like the dam, by Perry and Horace Pease, good engineers, 110 years ago. And I thought of Wesley O. Pease in Dayton, still heir of the engineering and building strain.

See Paper Mills

We drove by the West Carrollton Parchment company, heir of the old Friend paper mills; the American Envelope company, employing 300 men, and the Oxford-Miami Paper company, employing 460 men. We learned that the town drew many commuting workers from Miamisburg and Dayton, and that by contrast, many people were moving in to live here, while commuting both to Dayton and Miamisburg for work.

We drove out to the old Frank Eicher farm on the Eagle road, where the first tobacco was grown in the Miami valley.

Then we drove back to town and to the far corner of the little ancient cemetery where Perry Pease and his wife, Catherine, and his boys and girls and grandchildren are buried. And there came to mind another story, another picture which may or may not have happened but which could and maybe did:

It was in the second year of the Civil war, 1863. Perry Pease was 66 years old, and lonely with his boys gone to the ranks and his wife dead. He was working in his garden with his roses, the old rambling roses that they used to grow back in Suffield, Conn., and wondering about his boys. Where were they now? How were they faring?

Collapses at Work

Suddenly he faltered in his work. The rake fell from him. He reached for it and fell forward on the ground. Old Joe, the cotton-topped dorky, and Bethesda, Perry's sister, carried him into the house and laid him on his bed.

"Harness the blacks!" said Bethesda to Joe. "Go get Horace in Dayton. Drive like the wind!"

Joe harnessed the blacks and drove like the wind. He put them into a run. He drove Night Hawk, the near horse, till his flanks lathered and faltered. He drove Sableton till he staggered in his collar. And still the lash laid on.

"Mistah Horace! Mistah Horace! Miss Bethesda say come quick. It's Mistah Perry, Mistah Horace. For God's sake hurry."

They hurried. It was drive like the wind again. They drove till old Joe wept for his horses. And still the lash laid on.

They reached the old home just at sunset. As they entered Perry's