

Columbiana County Archives and Research Center

Preserving the past ★★★

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NEWSLETTER

APRIL 2013

Mary Ann Gray, Editor

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We are thankful for our workers that have recovered from illness and are back at the Archives.

Tis the season for the genealogists! They are beginning to come out from hibernation. The traffic from the Oil and Gas people has slowed down quite a bit. Although one occasionally shows up for a case or some maps. Our maps are better than others in town.

We get new material all the time. Brian Illig came with two books *The Lippley Family* and a book of newsletters from Western Columbiana County Historical Society.

We are ready to bring some of the Court of Appeals records in from the jail. They are in the old long drawers. We will pack them in banker boxes and bring them 'home'. We are signed off on these records to 1978. Whether we will have room for them all is to be seen.

As you spring houseclean, please remember we take old yearbooks, scrapbooks with old articles and obits, or just old obituaries that a relative may have collected through the years. Also we would like school pictures and especially one room school information. You do not have to give up the originals we will copy them and return.

-Linda McElroy, President

NEXT QUARTERLY BOARD MEETING

The next quarterly board meeting will be held on June 27th at the Research Center, 129 S. Market Street. Members are welcome to attend the board meetings.

NEW CCARC HOURS

The new hours for CCARC are Tuesday 9:30-5:00; Wednesday -Friday 9:30-3:00; closed Saturday, Sunday and Monday. All other times by appointment.

With this year being the 150th anniversary of Morgan's Raid the editor will be putting in articles having to do with the raid in Columbiana County and the State of Ohio and how it affected the people of Columbiana County.

The following article was in The Salem News, March 1988. It was written by Bill Kibler for the 175th anniversary of Hanoverton's founding.

The day Hanoverton almost fought the Rebels

The Ordinance of 1787 prohibited slavery in the Northwest Territory. In 1793 Congress passed the first Fugitive Slave Law, which provided for the recclamation of fugitives from justice or labor.

Needless to say, these two laws provided for conflict over slavery almost 70 years before the Civil War. Out of this conflict came the Underground Railroad, so called because a slave-hunter exclaimed, upon losing the trail of some runaways, "They must have ridden away on some underground railroad."

Ohio became a haven for hiding slaves due to the efforts of Levi Coffin, a Quaker from North Carolina who lived in Cincinnati and who is said to have organized the Underground Railroad. Runaways were hunted down by bounty hunters and bloodhounds. Even if slaves were technically free in Ohio, they were fugitives until they reached Canada.

The runaways were hidden in tunnels, secret rooms and stairways, false basements, and in barns with secret rooms. The Michael Arter house in Hanover supposedly hid slaves in the smoke house. The runaways would lie on the floor to get enough oxygen. When the hunters saw smoke pouring from the building they didn't bother to look inside. Three other houses which were stops in Hanover will be

discussed in a later article.

Runaways were moved under cover of darkness. But the anti-slavery movement was quite open and a force to be reckoned with, partially due to the success of the railroad and the strong belief that no person should own another. People in the Hanover area would go 15 to 20 miles for meetings and many went 40 miles to Massillon for a convention.

In 1861 war came to the U.S. Records on file in the war department in Washington, D.C., indicate more than 100 enlisted from Hanover Township. The township furnished more soldiers, as a percentage of population, than any other township in the U.S.

While the men and boys were away, the Home Guard had to defend the village against Confederate invasion. This happened on Sunday, July 26, 1863, when John Hunt Morgan headed for Hanover with his band of raiders. They had crossed the Ohio and gone into Indiana, then into southern Ohio creating havoc as they looked for a place to cross back into Rebel territory.

They had burned bridges and cut down telegraph lines, after sending false information over them, to confuse the Union forces. They stole food, horses and anything else they could carry. They even sold people's houses, mills and businesses back to them with the understanding they would not burn the property to the ground.

On Saturday, July 25, 25 percent of Morgan's force remained. The rest were dead, captured or escaped to Confederate territory. At about 8 p.m. Morgan arrived at Nebo (now Bergholtz) and took over the village. East Liverpool expected Morgan the next day to attempt to ford at Babb's Island. So the word was out and Hanovertonians knew of his presence in the area.

Sunday morning Morgan fought at Monroeville and skirted west around Salineville and Summitville. When he neared Bethesda Church, outside of Millport, he saw a group of people ahead of him at the church building. He thought they were armed and ready for a fight, so he changed course, heading northeast toward Dungannon.

This is where the Hanover story starts. It was a bright, beautiful day, and almost all the children and many grown-ups were assembled at the Methodist church. Possibly just one church building was used during the war, or it was a special Sunday

School for the kids.

At 9:30 a.m. Reason Pritchard stepped to the door and told the Rev. George Vogelsong to inform the school, "The rebel general, John Morgan, with his army, is about five miles south of here and is coming at a rate of five miles per hour." Everyone ran, crying and screaming, for the doors, while downtown on Canal Street drums were beating soul-stirring music while people yelled to one another.

The Hanover Cannon, a formidable piece of artillery about 2 feet long, was positioned in front of the bridge on Mechanicstown Road, County Road 406, that crossed the Sandy-Beaver Canal bed.

Jack Henry, chief gunner, fired the cannon several times to warn people of danger and to intimidate Morgan and force him to go another direction. By the time the cannon was fired, Morgan was near the Sandy-Beaver Canal at Dungannon.

Morgan heard the cannon and thought Hanover was a fortified town. He wanted no part of it. But he didn't want to go west. He wanted to go east toward East Liverpool, to cross the Ohio River.

The villagers didn't know he was at Dungannon and continued to mold bullets at the blacksmith shops and dispense powder and caps. Joesph Kruesch, a blacksmith who later became minister of the Presbyterian church, was marching up and down the street, trying to rally his company. He was captain of the Home Guard and was carrying an old flintlock shotgun with no hammer or lock. Guns were hard to come by at this time, but still, it was a gun. At the same time, men were rushing their horses out of town to hide them. Morgan's men always needed fresh horses.

Lookouts were placed on the roof of the Arter Warehouse, a seven-story-high frame structure built in the canal era. About noon a cloud of dust from the southwest was spotted. Excitement was again intense. But it was the Rev. John Rogers, a Methodist minister from Augusta, who had formerly preached at Hanover, leading about 150 men planning to capture Morgan.

They never got the opportunity. Morgan surrendered near West Point at about 2 p.m.

What is now known about northern superiority in number of soldiers and manufacturing wasn't so well-known then. After losses due to poor leadership by Northern generals, people were not sure the North would win the war. So Morgan really did

scare them!

When Morgan surrendered he had 384 men. More than half were sick, wounded, or crippled. He had started out with approximately 2,500 well-picked soldiers.

Morgan's Raid was the northern-most penetration by Confederate soldiers. The 1913 Hanover History maintains that Morgan was scared away by the firing of the Hanover Cannon, thereby giving the Home Guard its day in the spotlight and a story of bravery to tell returning soldiers.

The following articles are from The Ohio Patriot 7 December 1893.

On Thursday afternoon of last week a mail sack thrown from the east bound mail train on the Ft. Wayne railroad, was sucked under by the draft of air caused by the motion of the cars, and caught in a frog just east of Leetonia, where the entire train passed over it, cutting it and the its contents to pieces. Among the valuable papers destroyed were several checks, a postoffice money order and a deed belonging to Joseph Moegging which had been mailed to Canton.

A FEW POINTERS.-- 3 cans pears, 25 cents; 3 cans pumpkin, 25 cents; 3 dozen sour pickles, 25 cents; 3 pounds assorted crackers, 25 cents; a can of oysters and a pound of snow flake oyster crackers, 25 cents; pie currants 5 cents a pound; fancy raisins 3 pounds, 25 cents; rice, 5 cents a pound; lima beans, 5 cents a pound; headlight oil, 10 cents a gallon, delivered to any part of the town. Deodorized gasoline, 12 cents a gallon; hickory nuts, 25 cents a peck; fresh roasted coffee, 25 cents; tea young hyson, 25 cents a pound; a good broom, 20 cents; apple jelly, 10 cents; 3 pounds for 25 cents; strictly pure home ground pepper, especially for butchering time, 30 cents a pound. And when you want some strictly pure spices to flavor that Christmas goose, stuffed with onions, remember that Bert Burns' is the place to go for them.

The following articles are from The Ohio Patriot in 1894.

Isaac Grim, of Hanoverton, has been admitted to Uncle Sam's pension roll. David Grim, of

Columbiana; Geo. W. Goddard, of East Liverpool and Wm. Halverstadt, of Columbiana, have been granted reissue.

Abraham Nold of Leetonia, who runs the farm on which the yellow ochre bed was recently discovered, has made arrangements for the erection of a small refinery, the capacity of which will be 20 tons per day. The ochre, when refined and ready for use, will sell for from \$12 to \$20 per ton.

Anti-toxine, the much talked of cure for diphtheria, comes high. It comes in two ounce phials, looks like stale beer, costs \$30 a dozen and takes a third of a dozen to effect a cure. It is now a toss with the diphtheria patient, whether it is cheaper to die for the benefit of the undertaker, or patronize the toxine manufacturer and live.

The New Waterford *Magnet* is the name of a new weekly paper just launched upon the sea of journalism, with Albert G. Smith at the helm. In the quality of its contents it readily ranks with the best publications of the day. The *Magnet* dwells in the midst of an enterprising and prosperous community. The Patriot wishes the editor abundant success.

The suits entered by ex-county treasurer Martin against beer agents in the county having more than one cooler were nollied in common pleas court on Saturday owing to a decision rendered by a circuit court in the State to the effect that such agents cannot be held for more than one payment of the Dow tax.

Last Saturday work was begun at the West Virginia end, for the projected steel bridge to cross the Ohio river at East Liverpool. It is promised that the structure will be finished within a year. The channel span will be 600 feet. The bridge will be very high and will be the finest between Pittsburg and Wheeling.

George Kountz, boarding in Connersville, a suburb of Lisbon, whom it was alleged was under the influence of liquor, either fell or jumped into the creek at the flax dam late Christmas night. His cries being heard by a number of men, his rescue was accomplished with difficulty, but he was almost frozen when taken from the water.

Adda Rose vs. Charles H. Rose is the title of a petition filed Saturday. Mrs. Rose seeks divorce and restoration of maiden name, Adda Henderson, on the grounds of extreme cruelty, and especially the shooting last June, particulars of which were developed in the trial recently. They were married at East Liverpool in 1888, and have one child.

Newspaper men always know more than they write: they always shield more than they expose; they are always more merciful than cruel. The man who trusts a newspaper man may rely on the fact that he will be treated fairly. It is the mean, contemptible, suspicious hypocrite that the newspapers are always after. No manly man was ever hurt by a newspaper. And no one is quicker to see the manner of man one is than the newspaper man who studies men and their actions day unto day.

This article is from The Ohio Patriot 20 December 1894.

A PECK OF DIAMONDS HIDDEN IN OHIO DURING

The Morgan Raid by Two of the Rebels -- Salineville, Salem and Mansfield Points Visited by Them.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* publishes an interesting war story from which the following is an abstract.

The story was told by a doctor whose home was formerly at Lisbon, Columbiana county, but who was afterward appointed house surgeon to the Good Samaritan hospital at Cincinnati, where the tale of the buried diamonds was first disclosed.

The doctor says that while waiting on a patient in the hospital the story was divulged to him as a dying confession. The name of the confessor is not given but he relates that he was a Spaniard to the service of the Confederacy and a member of Morgan's band when the famous raid was made through Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio. "When we reached the little town of Salineville," said the dying man, "General Morgan summoned a comrade named Mario Antonia, who was noted for his bravery and daring, and myself before him, where he imparted a very important

secret. Why he should choose us to entrust such an important mission to has never been understood unless it was because Antonia had several times displayed his loyalty and valor to him. After entering the General's headquarters he began by saying that the raid was about at an end and that it was only a question of a very few hours until he would be captured. He said he had collected enough booty during the ride to make him immensely wealthy, if he should live to enjoy it, knowing that capture meant imprisonment and possibly death he said he wanted to place the treasure in our hand to hide it, as we might make our escape and not see likely to be detected. Shortly after nightfall we took the treasure, a bag of diamonds and jewelry, and wondered out of the camp. Not a soldier saw us depart. We walked all night and next morning arrived in Salem where we took a Ft. Wayne train west and went to Mansfield where we read in the daily papers the story of our General's capture. We learned that he was sent to Columbus state prison and we immediately took a train for that place, also where we visited the prison, but did not get a chance to see Morgan or any of our comrades. Fearing arrest we decided to go south and again join the confederate army. When we reached Athens we talked the matter of our treasure over between us and decided to bury it, as we thought it would be very risky to attempt to cross the border with so many Yankees after us.

Although having promised faithfully to preserve the spoils and share them with General Morgan if he could escape we violated confidence and decided to keep the treasure ourselves.

"Mario was the first to suggest the matter though I confess that I had such a thought before it was mentioned by him. He argued that we had taken all the risk, had assumed all the hardships, and that the treasure would have been lost but for us. He contended that the booty did not belong to Morgan any more that it did to us, and in taking it from him we would not be doing a very great wrong. It is quite easy to justify an act that one is anxious to commit, and we did not argue long before we became convinced that our course was proper, and we decided to appropriate the entire treasure. If we ever saw Morgan again we could tell him a false story of capture and loss of the plunder. And thus we planned, mile after mile, and in the end decided to bury our treasure at once and in the first place where would be able, from the topography and landmarks, to easily locate it when we came

for it. We left the coach at an old tavern, a few miles north of the little town of Logan, and walked to that town, intending and carrying out our plan to find a proper place and burying the treasure. The few miles were soon traveled, and we finally reached an old water power mill at some falls in the Hocking river, in sight of Logan. Here we rested and studied the country. To the left of the place where we were resting we observed a range of low hills, easily discovered and not difficult of ascent. Here he decided was the place to secret our prize. Without further delay we crossed over and ascended a bold hill which protruded from the main range. From here we could see into the village and take our bearings. With the exception of this hill, the whole range was densely wooded, this particular one being covered with a growth of dry wood, sumach and jack-oak trees. Its soil was a yellowish clay strown with loose sandstone. In the side of this hill, facing the road was a short, but deep and irregular hollow, worn out by the action of water and with crags of stratified sandstone jutting out from the upper side.

“For a long time we gloated over the heap of valuables, and then buried them in the side of the hollow, facing the excavation with layers of rock and clay dampened in a spring near by. The hole we then covered with patches of sod and loose stones leaving the action of time and rain to obliterate all evidence of human disturbance. Then we strolled through the little town of Logan and on down through the valley, taking our time and feeling relieved. It was a distance of about 20 miles to Athens, but we swung along after a time at a good, round gait, and made the journey in a few hours. Here we found, to our satisfaction, that a railroad passed running into Cincinnati, and we at once concluded to deviate from our former plan, and instead of trying to cross the Ohio river here, to go to Cincinnati and work our way over into Kentucky, to a place called Cynthiana, where we had once been with Morgan, and where there was a prevailing sentiment for the southern cause. Here we expected to find sympathy and aid to get back into the Confederacy. No matter how we accomplished it, but we followed this plan and ultimately worked our way, after many hardships, to our old home.

“The command to which we belonged was broken up, of course and we felt at liberty to join another branch of the army, which we did by enlisting with Gen. Kirby Smith, with whom we fought, even after

the war was presumed to be over. At the battle near Brazos de Santiago, known as the battle of Palmetto Ranch, my friend and companion Mario was instantly killed. I was seriously wounded, but recovered. I have not prospered since the war, and until lately have been unable to come north for my treasure. Here I was taken sick as you know. Should I survive you shall share my prize with me. Should I die, it is all yours.”

The following article is from a local newspaper dated March 7, 1895.

EDWIN COPPOCK.

One of the John Brown Raiders From Winona,

In Columbiana County -- Story of His Capture and Execution on the Scaffold Told by an Aged Uncle -- Buried at Salem.

It may not be generally known to the people of this generation that two of the young men who accompanied John Brown on his raid at Harper's Ferry in 1858, were former Columbiana County boys; at any rate a brief account of their eventful careers will be read with interest.

The writer obtained the information embodied in this article from an interview with an uncle of the two young men in question, Mr. Joshua Coppock, an aged man of the typical Quaker type, who resides at Winona, Columbiana county. Mr. Coppock is a pleasant conversationalist and possesses a very retentive memory. He especially remembers distinctly the circumstances set forth in this narrative as they were most vividly impressed upon his mind at the time of their occurrence.

Edwin and Barclay Coppock, two brothers, were born near Winona in the thirties, of Quaker parentage and when young men went to the western frontier to seek their fortunes, settling in Iowa near Kansas.

When John Brown organized his party for the purpose of making a raid upon Harper's Ferry, intending to seize the US Arsenal at that place and by arming the negroes, emancipate the slaves by force, these two men enlisted in the cause, which although visionary seemed to be righteous and just. From infancy in

their good old Quaker home, they had been taught, the equality of man without distinction of race or color and when the slavery question became the all absorbing topic of the day, they immediately enlisted in the movement planned for the destruction of the infamous institution.

The story of this famous raid, together with the capture of the leader, John Brown, and a number of his associates, is well known to every student of American History. The entire party was arrested on the charge of treason and were taken to prison at Charleston. When almost at Charleston, by means of a little strategy of one of the brothers, Barclay Coppock made his escape from his captors and began with utmost secrecy to make his way back to the north. The story of his escape cannot be told in detail. His life was in the utmost peril. He wandered through forests and trackless woods in the mountains of West Virginia for 17 days before setting foot upon Ohio soil. He traveled at night in disguise, and in daytime would rest in some secluded and hidden spot in the mountains.

In this way he reached his old home in Ohio and told his friends of their capture and his brother's fate as well as his own perilous journey. He went west again and when the war broke out he became a recruiting officer for the Union army. While engaged in this work he met with a tragic death. He was a passenger on an ill-fated train upon a Missouri railroad one night, when a bridge on the road had been fired by enemies of the Union for the purpose of producing a wreck. The train dashed into the burning bridge, which went down with a crash and all was precipitated a distance of 90 feet to the bed of the stream below. Barclay Coppock was one of the large number killed in the great disaster.

But his brother Edwin had suffered a more ignominious death upon the scaffold, for he was one of the number who paid the death penalty with John Brown.

Before his execution Edwin wrote several letters home to his relatives, which are still preserved as priceless mementoes. In the last letter written by him he penned the following sentences among others: "Thank God, the principles of the cause in which we were engaged will not die with me and my brave comrades.

"I shall say, for I know it will be a satisfaction to all of you to know, that we are kindly treated

and I hope that the North will not fail to give Sheriff Campbell and Capt. Avia due acknowledgment for their kind and noble actions."

Mr. Joshua Coppock made preparations to go to Charlestown and bring the remains of his nephew home for burial, having previously obtained permission to do so of Gov. Wise. The account is here given in Mr. Coppock's own words: "I went to Charlestown; arriving there on the 14th of December, 1859. After a consultation with the Governor, I was permitted to have a talk with Edwin alone. I was taken up stairs in the prison to a central room, of large cell where I found the poor young man manacled with heavy irons. We fell upon each others necks and wept, Edwin cried bitterly and I tried to comfort him and encourage him for the terrible ordeal through which he was to pass in the next few hours. We took two chairs to the center of the room, away from the guards as far as possible and held a secret conference concerning the chances for Edwin's escape.

He instructed me to take in the surroundings of the building and report to him later. I did so and again visited his cell on the 15th. In my survey of the building and its surroundings I noticed some of the poles leaning against the high wall surrounding it and I told him of their location and of the possibility of getting over the wall by means of these if he could once get outside of the building.

This secret was also communicated to one Cook, who was confined in the same building being one of the party condemned to die. He also was to make the attempt to escape with Edwin the night prior to their execution. Then we arranged that I should go to Harper's Ferry as it would not be advisable for me to be left behind in Charleston if Edwin and Cook should be successful in making their escape.

I bade Edwin a last farewell with only a glimmering hope that I should ever see him alive again. I purchased a coffin for him and hired a man to haul his remains to Harper's Ferry for me after the execution. Then I started on foot to Harper's Ferry in the night. It was over a strange road I was traveling, and it was closely guarded. I never put in such a night in my life. At intervals all along the way I was stopped and examined. I had to show my pass from the proper authorities and explain to them my business. At last I reached Harper's Ferry and I anxiously awaited the news from Charleston and when they did come they

were sad indeed. Edwin ascended the scaffold at 10 minutes of 10 o'clock, Dec. 15, 1859 and in four minutes the trap fell.

He and Cook had made an effort to escape the night before but were unsuccessful. They managed to get a window open, and having been released from their chains crept out upon a shed roof from which they dropped to the ground. Then making a dash for the poles against the wall, these being a part of the scaffold upon which John Brown himself was hung, they had almost reached the top of the wall when they were discovered and their plan failed. A bullet from the pistol of one of the guards passed through Cook's hat as he was scaling the wall, and a moment later the two men were again in the hands of the guards. They were again placed in chains and the guard was increased until the time of the execution.

The men whom I had hired to bring Edwin's body to Harper's Ferry did so and I brought it home here to Winona.

A public funeral was held at the old fashioned Wilbur meeting house at Winona and people came for many miles to attend it. It was an immense funeral. The body was buried in the little cemetery adjoining the church and the grave was guarded every night for a week because of the opposition of some to have a public demonstration over the body of one whom they branded a traitor.

These guards either imagined or had good reasons to believe that an effort to steal the body was being planned. They claimed to have heard persons prowling about the cemetery at night during their watches. In order to make the body more secure it was taken up from its resting place at the Winona cemetery after a week and taken to the town hall of Salem where it lay in state for several days and where it was viewed by thousands and thousands of people from all parts of the country. The news of this demonstration spread until it reached the South and accounts of it were published in southern papers which caused great indignation in that section because the people of the North paid such high tribute and respect to one whom they branded as a traitor. In fact Salem became known all over the South as a hot bed of anti-slaveryism.

This caused the people to suspect that an effort would be made by Southern spies to steal the body, and even a telegram came to New Lisbon, stat-

ing that a detail of secret spies had been sent to Columbiana county for that purpose. In view of this supposed danger a very deep grave was dug in the Salem cemetery, the casket was placed in a rough box made of two-inch plank, and after the box had been placed in the grave two huge boulders were placed upon each end of it to make its robbery next to impossible.

The grave was never disturbed and the remains of Edwin Coppock still rest in a now almost unnoticed grave in the Salem cemetery. HART.

The following article was given to this newsletter editor by Mrs. Norma Nulf. She ran across it in an old "day book" of her great-great uncle Sith Bell McMillan.

Mar. 1, 1908

89 year old Dr. Cushman died this morning in Minneapolis, Minn. He was one of the 3 or 4 discoverers of the telephone and a prolific pronouncer of the wireless, which he, in 1870, said could speak between Lisbon and Cincinnati. He was buried in his family lot in Lisbon Cemetery. His was the first human voice telephoned. He introduced cookstoves into Lisbon, made lightening rods there and was once its mayor.

I checked, and Sylvanus D. Cushman is buried in the Lisbon Cemetery. He was born in 1819 in Rutland County, Vermont to William Pitt and Mary (Bates) Cushman. He was in Columbiana County in 1841 and was an electrician and inventor. He was married to Elmira Shawke who died January 11, 1877 and is also buried in the Lisbon cemetery. He had several relatives living in Stark County who were ministers.

Cushman joined other claimants as inventors of the telephone, challenging the universal fame gained by Alexander Graham Bell. Apparently they all worked at the same lab as Bell. In 1893 there was a lawsuit of American Bell Telephone Company vs Sylvanus D. Cushman, et al. - CCARC newsletter editor

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129 S. Market St.

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Monetary donations are being accepted for regular legal-size file folders, legal-size filing cabinets, white copy paper, copier toner, electricity, heating, and rent. CCARC is non-profit and treasurer Mary Ann Gray can give you a receipt for tax purposes.

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CHECK US OUT

If you have not been to CCARC in the last year, you need to check us out again. We are constantly adding to our holdings items such as Bible records, church records, newspaper obits and articles of interest with index, family sheets, family histories, court records, Civil War records, reference books, township records, etc. As Linda McElroy says, "It's Christmas everyday!"



**Can You Climb
Your Family Tree?
If You Can't,
Come See Us**