

JULIANA (WHITE) FRESHOUR

On Friday, November 8th, 1907, a most interesting life closed when the spirit of Juliana White Freshour took its flight. Interesting because of its longevity; because of the eventful years it had witnessed. Not since the beginning of time has the spirit of great accomplishment been so vigorous in its progress, as in the years encompassed by the life of Mrs. Freshour. She saw the great shipping traffic of ocean, lake and river develop from the crude effort of Robert Fulton to the giants of today. She saw the great system of railroading as we know it now, develop from the primitive effort of Stevenson in 1829; she saw the great telegraph and telephone annihilate time and distance and make the world akin; she saw a thousand inventions in art and science develop the crude nation of her child life into the prince of the nations of the earth that was hers to enjoy in the vigor of her declining years

Juliana White, wife of Abraham Freshour, deceased, and daughter of Charles and Charlotte White, was born one and one-half miles south of Greenfield in Ross county, Ohio, February 7, 1815, on the farm now owned by Boyd Wilson.

Died at her home in Greenfield, on Friday, November 8th, 1907, aged 92 years, 9 months and 1 day.

Her father was the youngest of three brothers, sons of William White, of Westmoreland county, Virginia, where he was born September 3, 1761. His two older brothers John and Samuel, both fell in the Revolution. Charles fought to the close and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781. Born an Episcopalian, he joined the new sect known as the Wesleyan Methodists and became a co-worker with Francis Asbury, the first Bishop ordained in the United States, and rode with him on the circuit through northern Virginia, intending to enter the ministry, but when Daniel Boone returned from exploring Kentucky he was induced to emigrate with the others. He crossed the mountains with Boone, settling near Lexington. He helped organize the first church in Kentucky in 1787, known as the old Masterton church, near Lexington. Like many other emigrants from the south, he inherited slaves; but in time, holding it to be in conflict with the teachings of the Bible and the Declaration of Independence, for which he fought, he emancipated his slaves. Not only did he free his own slaves but he bought the freedom of others who had inter-married among his own, rather than have them separated from their families. His humane course in dealing with his slaves caused bad blood among the pro-slavery neighbors and threats were made against him and his property. Soon after the close of the Revolution, he was married to Sarah Monroe, a sister of President Monroe, his neighbor in Westmoreland county, Virginia. His first wife having died while at Lexington, he was again married to Charlotte Downs, the daughter of Henry Downs, who immigrated from England to this country in the colony brought over by Lord Delaware and first settled in Delaware. From there he emigrated to the West and became one of the founders of Lexington, and fell at the siege of Bryant's Station. The Northwest Territory was then opened up for settlement by the admission of Ohio under a Free State Constitution. Accompanied by some of his slaves, Mr. Charles White crossed the river at Limestone (now Maysville) on a flat boat. Then

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himself and the older members of the family rode on horseback, the women and children in wagons of which he bought more than a dozen, which were noted throughout this entire section.

He then settled on the creek bank near Greenfield, which had been laid out a short time before. Here in a double log cabin, originally consisting of less than a half dozen members, constituted the nucleus of the present Methodist church. For nearly twenty years his house was noted preaching place on Deer Creek Circuit. Here Willis, Collard, Delay, Walker, Hunter, Griffith, John Collins, Isaac Pavey, James and Isaac Quinn, William Simmons, Estle Eddy and others, whose names are famous in Methodism, made it their stopping place and after them some of his children were named.

In 1819, the present brick house now occupied by Boyd Wilson, was built by his second oldest son, who was a brick mason and who came here especially for the purpose. He also built the first Court House in Springfield. In 1824, Greenfield having been made a station, the church was removed to town.

On Christmas Eve, 1832, he moved into Greenfield, on the southwest corner of South and Washington Streets, where Charles Mains now lives. The house burned during the Civil War.

On the night of September 21, 1836, she was first married to William Bryan, the business partner of her brother, Major White, by Rev. Dr. Crothers, Sr. During her short married life, she lived on the corner where the Harper House now stands, her husband's business place being on the opposite corner, now occupied by the Miller Block. At his death, she went back to her father's and lived there until the 31st of October, 1839, when she was again married to her late husband, Abraham Freshour, by Rev. James Cassett. The attendants were John M. Crothers and Julietta Jennings, A. J. Freshour and Clarissa Cottrell, and older sister, having served in that capacity at the wedding of John M. Crothers and Catherine Cottrell.

She joined the church in which she was born, during the ministry of Rev. David Reed.

The entire town lay between Washington street and the creek with the exception of a few houses on West Jefferson street.

She well remembered the first carriage ever owned in this entire section, that of Michael Mackerley Sr., who lived on the opposite side of the creek. It was manufactured by themselves. They were their own wheel rights, blacksmiths, carpenters, all in one. They were also carpet weavers, making their own carpet in stripes—known then as gerthen.

Dr. Crother's grandfather, James Young, who lived near Rainsboro and attended the old Associate Reform church on the hill, diagonally across from her father's had the second carriage, painted a deep red and drawn by a pair of black horses. Her reminiscences would fill a volume; she well remembered when her mother would meet Nancy and Polly Jones and Betsy Moon, at the bend in the road, back of the orchard, at one o'clock in the morning. On horseback, together they would make the journey to Chillicothe, which place they would reach at daylight. They carried their marketing in pillow slips. They

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would have the entire morning in which to do their trading and at one o'clock in the afternoon would start for home, which they would reach at dark.

It was a hard life. The work never stopped at noon on Saturday; the loom had to be carried out and the benches brought in and the cooking done for the next day, for not only was the minister and his horse to be kept, but the whole congregation, if they chose to stay, were welcome.

Her schooling consisted of three months' term during the winter. John McNeilly, John Lavery, Jno. Van De Man, and James Caldwell were her teachers.

After they removed to town the society of the place consisted of Clarissa and Almira Cottrell, Ellen Bonner, Mary, Elizabeth, and Priscilla Bell, Ann and Margaret Barnett, Mary and Eliza McClellan, Margaret Wasson, Eliza McNutt, Rebecca Dunlap, Hulda Willson, Elizabeth Sinclair, Nancy Ann Foster, Hannah and Lucinda Davis, Cynthia and Julietta Jennings, but she has outlived them all, together with every member of both families into which she married; not one was left who was present at either marriage—including the fifteen members of her husband's band—two children, the oldest and youngest—her neighbors, the Bells, the Benners, the Leighs, Mussons, Sinclairs, Jennings, Daniels, Rowans, McClellans, Douglasses, and others—not one was left.

On both the last times she ever left home, she was taken to visit her birthplace. There amid the old familiar scenes of her childhood, the spring from which she drank—the creek along which she played—a stone's throw from her father's house, the graveyard on the hill, where more than half a dozen of her family are buried, together with the Collins, the Berry's, the Wagner's and others of her neighbors are buried,—she lived again the past.

Family gone, kindred gone; Neighbors all were gone—only one tie remained to bind her.

It was little wonder, in her delirium, she raved incessantly for Jim and Garrett to “come and take me down there. Come and take me home. I want to go home.”

Seated in a chair, with not a smile of recognition, her head sank back and she was at home.