

IMAGES

...THEN AND NOW

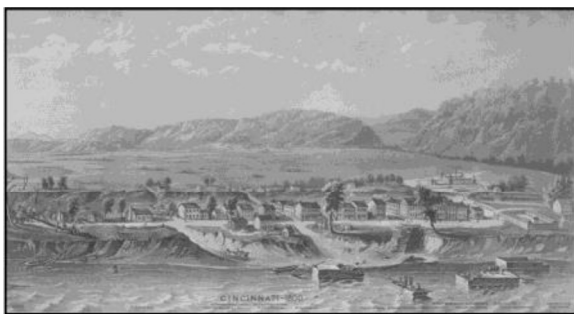
From the Indian Hill Historical Society



**Buckingham Lodge
1861**

Looking Back.... By an Ohio Valley Pioneer

Rebecca “Becca” Kennedy Reeder, the daughter of Francis Kennedy wrote about her experiences as a newcomer to Cincinnati in the late 18th century. She was the aunt of the Keller family of Given Road in what later became Indian Hill. Her experiences and the privations of early settlers are historically revealing. Excerpts of her personal reminiscences follow.



Cincinnati 1800 by A. J. Swing

“My father, mother and seven children came down the Ohio River from Pennsylvania and landed at Cincinnati, then called Losantiville on the 8th of February 1789. Israel Ludlow came down to our boats and invited our family up to stay in their cabin until we could get our cabin built. Mother went to see the cabin ...and she thought we could be more comfortable to remain on our boats until the ice began to run, then we were obliged to go ashore, and contrive some other way to live. What few men there were got together and knocked our boats up, and made us a camp. We then lived in our camp six weeks. My father built us a large cabin, which was the first cabin large enough for a family to live in.

My father landed with three boats, one loaded with flour, one with other provisions, and one for the family. At that time the Army was stationed in North Bend – they were in a starving condition for the want of bread, when they learned that my father had landed with a boat-load of flour and meal. There were some soldiers sent up to my father to get several barrels of flour for the benefit of the Army. My father told them he had not brought flour to sell, but had brought it to save his children’s lives in this dismal forest. They had their guns with them, and said they were sent to take it by force if he would not give it up. My father took down his gun and told them he would stand in defense of the flour. They then went back to North Bend, and Judge Symmes wrote my father a letter and told him to roll out as many barrels of flour as the soldiers wanted, and he would see that it was replaced. Then my father gave them as much as they required and it was replaced in due time.

My father was for several years an independent farmer on Broadway Street – the land in that region was then much better adapted to raising corn, potatoes, and flax than it is now. My father established the first ferry at this point at a very early period ferrying all the militia and cattle for the army over the river. My father was drowned near the close of the war, while ferrying cattle over the river for the army.

I can remember well, when no one dared to go to meeting where the first Presbyterian Church now stands without their guns – they were liable to a fine if they did not take them with them, because they were in so much danger of the Indians. The men always sat with their guns standing between their knees, all through meeting to be ready for any outbreak of the Indians. Our church seats were logs hewn off as smooth as they could make them – no fine cushioned seats in those days.

My first summer after we came here which was 1789, the people suffered a great deal from the lack of bread. As for meat, they had none at all, except the game killed in the woods – that was all they had to eat. Every Sunday morning – my mother gave the German woman a basin full of meal to make bread for her children – then they lived on game the rest of the week.

I shall close by saying my name, which was Rebecca Kennedy, daughter of Francis Kennedy, is now Rebecca Reeder...and my residence is at Pleasant Ridge, Hamilton County, Ohio.”



Example of early settler flatboat