

they took into their own hands what justice ought to have attended to long before. We were treated well all along our route in Tennessee. People seeming more like relations to us than strangers. We found the way very much of it uphill and right along here we had to stop the afternoon for a creek to go down as it was too high to ford. But in the morning we crossed over safely. It was called Falling Water. We still kept on going up hill. They seemed very high hills at that, some climbing and slippery too. After while we reached Sparta, and when we came to the little towns' County seats, we would lay in our provisions for the next two days. From Sparta to Spencser and Spencer is the County seat right on top of the Cumberland Mountains. It is quite a sight to look up and see the stupendous works of Nature. We were taken up the mountains by oxen thus saving Kitty the hard pulling. It was two miles up and one place it was a fearful place to look down. Not room enough for a man to walk at the side of a wagon, but right straight down one hundred feet with nothing to save them from certain death. It is a little singular that no one has been known to meet - coming up or down this place on the mountain. And if such a thing was to happen it would be bad, for there is no passing in a great many places. We went up at Collins with a boy taking us up with a yoke of oxen. And I never saw such driving in my life. I thought it was necessary to holler and shout at them, but he did nothing of the kind, just spoke to them quietly and they went up admirably. He told us some tales of the KuKlux doings also of things that happened during the war. You must remember that climbing two miles up the mountains is not accomplished in a few minutes, it takes time and has to be gone over carefully. There was one thing that astonished me and it was to see so many branches and creeks and just as many good streams as there were in the valley. It was something I was not looking for. We went thirty miles over this mountain and it seemed uphill most of the way. I am sure that none of us could tell when we were on the highest part. We found plenty of people living there. Plenty that never had been off the mountain in their lives. Indeed where we stayed at nights they seemed to be very glad to see us and hear of something different from what they had seen. All the women smoked on the road and the houses were not tight. Cracks everywhere and very few stoves, only one now and then.

We saw pines growing and pine knots burning. They make a good light. We were on the mountain two nights and getting down at Robin's Gap was a feat for an acrobat or gymnast. We had been told it was very rough for fifty or a hundred yards at the top. Papa said it must be bad if they said it was. We had been told so much that the roads were good once that if they acknowledged them bad they must be bad and sure enough we found it bad. We got to the top and looked into the Sequatchey Valley there was a three story home and shed just looked like a little play house; fences looked like lines, corn shocks like little bits of things and could hear men chopping trees out of the way that had fallen during the hurricane that had not been removed. Well we commenced to go down the mountain and after a few yards it was straight up and down. We were all out but Papa and poor Kitty looked back as much as to say, she could not do it, so we got every wheel notched and Kitty out and Papa too, trembling for fear that the least motion would move the wagon a foot more and would have gone head over heels and Kitty was taken down and hitched about one hundred and fifty yards below. We unpacked the wagon and toted the things down and one part after I once got down and I did not venture up again for I could not manage it. It was too steep for me. They got a sapling, put it through the hind wheels, Papa took hold of the shaft, Eddie and Ida holding back and that was the way the wagon came down the first part of the mountain. We loaded up again, but just think of carrying everything out of the wagon down such a place. Well we started, Rachel and I walking, Eddie and Ida, Kitty and the brakes holding back most of the way down~down~down~and before we got clear to the bottom it was quite dark. A whole afternoon making that two miles, and we had to go about a mile before we came to a house. But they had a good fire in their kitchen and let us in there where we soon had some supper and got warm. Laid down on the floor and slept soundly till morning.

Got up in the morning and it was frosty, but the sun shown very bright and we could look as far as we could see. And saw the mountain looking down as it were. Well we crossed the valley and at night were at the foot of Walden's Bridge. We stopped for the night, took the floor as common and slept. Then in the morning we could not get any oxen to take up, so we started slowly, Kitty taking the wagon, the rest walking and it was two miles up with a little exception for in some places we had to put on brakes for a short distance, it was so steep then uphill again, on, on to the top.

To be continued . . . next issue

FL
Orange
1.1

No guide to district lines has been located; District 11 seems to cover Apopka, Oakland, Winter Garden and vicinity.
Extracted by Betty Jo Stockton - 1998.

District 11 30 June 1885

House /Name	Race	Age	Relation	Marital	Birth	Occ.
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149 cont. SEVER, Benj.	W	31M	Husb	M	MA/MA/MA	Laborer
FAVOR, E. R.	W	6M	-	-	FL/MA/MA	-
150 SWEAT, E. R.	W	55M	-	M	MA/MA/MA	Laborer
Sweat, M. I.	W	47F	Wife	M	MA/MA/MA	-
151 HILL, T? C.	W	40M	-	M	GA/GA/GA	Farmer
Hill, A. C.	W	37F	Wife	M	GA/GA/GA	-
Hill, A ___ie	W	8F	Dau	S	FL/GA/GA	-
Hill, J. L.	W	5M	Son	-	FL/GA/GA	-
Hill, J _lie	W	3F	Dau	-	FL/GA/GA	-
RICHARDSON, Geo.	Mu	27M	Serv	-	GA/-/-	-
SODERHEND?, Chas.	W	14M	Serv	-	Swe/Swe/Swe	-
FORBES, Dora	W	45F	-	S	GA/GA/GA	Laborer
ISAACSON, Isaac	W	28M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
LILJOBRONE?, Henry	W	28M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
COLLINS, Geo.	W	25M	-	S	NC/NC/NC	Laborer
ROSE, J. E.	W	23M	-	S	NC/NC/NC	Laborer
AUGUSTINE, Jno.	W	15M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
152 HOLMER, M.	W	21M	-	M	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
Holmer, A.	W	1F	Dau	-	Swe/Swe/Swe	-
SWENCER, P. G.	W	20M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
HENSCHER, Joseph	W	42M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
SEVENCIAN, C.	W	21M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
ANDERSON, H.	W	14M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
153 HOLMER, Chas.	W	22M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
ANDERSON, Oscar	W	19M	-	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
154 SMITH, N. D.	W	42M	-	W	NY/NY/NY	Orange Grower
BURNHAM, I. W.	W	42M	-	S	NY/NY/NY	Orange Grower
155 WILIFORD, W. K.	W	36M	-	M	AL/AL/AL	Orange Grower
Wiliford, R. W.	W	35F	Wife	M	AL/AL/AL	-
HIGH, De.	W	18M	-	S	AL/AL/AL	-
156 COLLIMER, D. G.	W	72M	-	M	NY/NY/NY	Orange Grower
Collimer, Helen	W	62F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	-
Collimer, H. S.	W	26M	Son	S	NY/NY/NY	Laborer
Collimer, E. J.	W	28F	Dau	S	NY/NY/NY	-
157 TENNY, Albert	W	33M	-	W	MA/MA/MA	Orange Culture
Tenny, A. V.	W	7M	Son	-	FL/MA/NY	-
Tenny, Bessie	W	4F	Dau	-	FL/MA/NY	-
HILL, C. B.	W	53F	-	W	NH/NH/NH	-
158 CRANE, F. H.	W	31M	-	M	MA/MA/MA	Laborer
Crane, L. A.	W	30F	Wife	M	ME/ME/ME	-
Crane, R. E.	W	10/12M	Son	-	MA/MA/ME	-
159 TENNY, Jno.	W	40?M	-	M	MA/MA/MA	Orange Grower
Tenny, Abbie	W	40F	Wife	M	MA/MA/MA	-
Tenny, Lena	W	11F	Dau	-	MA/MA/MA	-
160 GONCE, L. C.	W	29M	-	M	TN/TN/TN	Laborer



Gonce, Sarah	W	20F	Wife	M	TN/TN/TN	-
Gonce, Josie	W	2F	Dau	-	TN/TN/TN	-
Gonce, Mattie	W	8/12F	Dau	-	FL/TN/TN	-
161 REED, Geo.	W	60M	-	M	CT/CT/CT	Merchant
Reed, Srah	W	55F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	-

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161 cont. Reed, J. C.	W	19F	Dau	S	OH/CT/NY	-
Reed, F. H.	W	28M	Son	-	OH/CT/NY	Merchant
162 JACKSON, Jno.	W	2_M	-	M	Swe/Swe/Swe	Laborer
Jackson, Mrs Jno.	W	25F	Wife	M	Swe/Swe/Swe	-
163 LOVE, B.	B	23M	-	M	FL/GA/GA	Laborer
Love, C.	B	20F	Wife	M	FL/GA/GA	-
WASHINGTON, M.	B	10F	-	-	FL/GA/GA	-
164 HOLTON, Henry	W	40M	-	M	NY/NY/NY	Orange Grower
Holton, Mrs. Henry	W	36F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	-
165 LAKE, Dan	W	58M	-	W	NY/NY/NJ	Orange Grower
JACKSON, B. J.	B	21M	-	S	FL/FL/SC	Laborer
BJARKANDER?, G.	W	40M	-	S	Swe/Swe/-	Laborer
166 McCOY, Chas.	W	31M	-	M	OH/OH/OH	Orange Grower
McCoy, Addie	W	29F	Wife	M	OH/OH/OH	-
McCoy, V? S.	W	8M	Son	-	OH/OH/OH	-
167 WILSON, S. A.	W	28F	-	M	ME/ME/ME	-
Wilson, D. S.	W	6M	-	-	ME/ME/ME	-
Wilson, E. A.	W	2F	-	-	ME/ME/ME	-
COOLEY, C. T.	W	27M	-	S	NY/NY/NY	Carpenter
168 COOLEY, G. W.	W	41M	-	M	NY/NY/NY	Carpenter
Cooley, P. E.	W	40F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	-
Cooley, C. R.	W	9M	Son	-	NY/NY/NY	-
Cooley, P.	W	4F	Dau	-	OR/NY/NY	-
SANDERS, W.	W	30M	-	S	FL/GA/GA	-
169 CUSHING, C.	W	32M	-	M	VT/VT/NH	Orange Grower
Cushing, E. F.	W	30F	Wife	M	MA/MA/MA	-
Cushing, W. D.	W	6M	Son	-	FL/VT/MA	-
Cushing, A. E.	W	2/12F	Dau	-	FL/VT/MA	Born Apr
STAFFORD, Peter	B	26M	-	S	FL/VT/MA	Laborer
MIDDLETON, Chas.	B	22M	-	S	FL/GA/MA	Laborer
F_NER, Loyd	B	23M	-	S	FL/FL/SC	Laborer
170 LEWTON, Geo.	W	35M	-	M	OH/PA/OH	Orange Grower
Lewton, A. L.	W	35F	Wife	M	OH/VT/NY	-
Lewton, T? L.	W	11M	Son	-	OH/OH/OH	-
Lewton, G? J?	W	10F	Dau	-	OH/OH/OH	-
Lewton, J.	W	5F	Dau	-	OH/OH/OH	-
JACOBS, Rosa	W	20F	Serv	S	ME/Swe/Swe	-
ASRTUM?, S.	W	18F	Serv	S	Swe/Swe/Swe	-
DAVIS, Walter	B	25M	Serv	S	GA/GA/GA	-
171 WHITNEY, L. D.	W	30M	-	M	OH/OH/OH	Orange Grower
Whitney, J. A.	W	28F	Wife	M	NY/NY/NY	-
JONES, Sam	B	20M	-	S	FL/FL/FL	Laborer
172 ERHART, Chas.	W	48M	-	M	Ger/Ger/Ger	Minister
Erhart, Dora	W	49F	Wife	M	Ger/Ger/Ger	-
Erhart, Mary	W	14F	Dau	S	OH/Ger/Ger	-
173 SHEPHERD, H? R.	W	41M	-	M	VA/VA/VA	Orange Culture
Shepherd, Annie	W	36F	Wife	M	VA/VA/VA	-
Shepherd, W. F.	W	16M	Son	S	VA/VA/VA	-
Shepherd, E.	W	5M	Son	-	FL/VA/VA	-

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CHARLIE SMITH
by Odell Robinson, Cracker Tracker
From Polk County Historical Quarterly

The citizens of Polk County lost an irreplaceable international treasure when Charlie SMITH, who was recognized as being the oldest living American man, passed away on October 5, 1979.

He was first brought before the general public's eye in 1955 when the Social Security Administration recognized him as being the oldest person registered with them. At that time he was 113 years old and actively working as a fruit picker. He was thoroughly investigated by many different agencies and participated in old age medical studies. He had been interviewed by many scholars, historians and the news media, over the last years of his life.

These interviews and articles by the scholars, historians and newspaper reporters have presented a picture of Charlie that is quite different from most typical stories of slavery. Charlie had blue eyes and he was the son of freed slaves from the United States of America that had been shipped to *Liberia* to start a colony. If these written statements about Charlie are correct then his situation is quite unique.

Charlie Smith was born Mitchell WATKINS in Liberia, West Africa in 1842, the second son of Simon and Linda Watkins. His family included an older brother, Simon, two older sisters, Moselle and Laura, whose weddings he remembers, and "a baby sister, Hattie." He lived in "a house with a chimney near the water." Mitchell went to school in Liberia, studied English from a "blue-back Webster" and celebrated Christmas. (Note: The Liberian Embassy did confirm the existence of two Watkins families living in coastal towns in the 1840s.)

In the summer of 1854 (at age 12) Mitchell Watkins and several others were enticed on board a boat by the crew members, who spoke of the wonders of the "Fritter Tree" that grew in the new world and while they were below decks the ship set sail, trapping them on board. "White mens said when you git over to the United States, ain't nobody got to work. Said whenever you git hongry in that country, alls you got to do is go down to the fritter tree and git your fritter. Same thing now you call pancakes, they called 'em fritters in them days. Said that tree beared fritters just like a tree bear apples and oranges. That's the way they gits us on the boat. They tricks us. Not just me - everybody. Grown people."

His description of the voyage also differs from most tales of slave ships as there is no mention of being chained up or mistreatment by the crewmen. According to Charlie, his problems were with the

other slaves on board. Charlie was scared and lonesome, and cried most of the way. He made such a nuisance of himself the other slaves wanted to throw him overboard. "Had me by the arms. Carryin' me. Throwin' me off. But one of the white mens, name a Mr. Leg-ree, b'ject, said, 'Don't throw that boy overboard.' That's all what saved me from gittin'thrown off the damn boat."

The ship finally landed in New Orleans and he was placed, along with the others, on the auction block there. His description again differs from typical slave auction stories. He never mentions being shackled or chained up. He stated that he was placed upon the auction block three times and each time the man who eventually purchased him demanded that he be removed from the block. It was Mr. Charles SMITH of Galveston County, Texas, who purchased Mitchell Watkins on July 4, 1854, and took him back to Texas.

Mr. Smith took a great interest in young Watkins, raising him with the Smith children, and later directed him to change his name from Mitchell Watkins to Charlie Smith, after his own name. "Old Man Charlie thought mo' of me than the other coloreds. I don't know why. He give me his name, raised me right in the house with his other children. We et together, went to school together, slept together- the boys did. There wasn't no difference in the treatments 'cept I was colored and the rest of his children was white. I wasn't never bein' no slave. Old Man Charlie even tell me where he kepted his money."

Charlie's life on the Smith Ranch was not significantly different from that of the other Smith children: attending school (1855-56) ranch responsibilities, learning to ride and shoot, etc. His teachers, he stated, were Mr. Delly ROBERTSON and Mrs. BELL. He remembers spelling bees, slates and slate pencils, the shoulder bag Mrs. Smith gave him for his school supplies and a book called *The First Reader*. But most of all, Charlie remembers recess. "The boys played marbles and running base. The girls played jump the rope. When time was out, the teacher'd rap a little bell. Ting, Ting, Ting. That mean to stop playin'."

As he passed through adolescence, he became aware of the events leading up to the Civil War. "I was ridin' hosses and totin' two 45's when I wasn't but a child, and the slaves didn't have nothin'. Slaves used to smoke chewin 'tobacca after it was done chewed out. Chew a plug, set it out to dry, roll it up

