SCRAP BOOK

OF

J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
Lexington, Ky.

Historic Sketches of Lexington and Fayette County and Kentucky in General.
The BOOK SHELF

Scrap Book

of

J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

Lexington, Kentucky

Westburn Farm

EDUCATIONAL PRESS, INC.

211 FOURTH AVE.

NEW YORK

N. Y.
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by
The Educational Press

J. Winston Coleman Jr.
Windsor Farm,
Lexington, Kentucky.
Jan. 15, 1943

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Mrs. Leslie Carter, Famous Stage Actress, Was Born Here

Glamorous, Red-Haired Girl Reached Stardom After David Belasco Gave Her First Role

ALWAYS KEPT NAME OF FIRST HUSBAND

Much Of Her Life Held Tragedy; Lone Visit To Old Home Recalled

Seventy-five years ago—on June 10, 1868—Caroline Louise Dudley was born in a stone house on West Main street in Lexington. No relation of the Dudleys who had played such an important part in the history of Lexington. In the Blue grass, the baby created no interest on her arrival outside of the immediate family.

Yet she was to become one of the most famous figures of her time—the glamorous, red-haired, green-eyed Mrs. Leslie Carter, the toast of champagne New York, the despair of all the gay blades who frequented Sherry's and Delmonico's, the adored actress of America and London.

For 41 years she was in the public eye. Triumph after triumph came to her. Eventually came her quarrel with David Belasco, the producer who had starred her on her very first appearance in the stage. Belasco followed some successes, but more failures, then bankruptcy and retirement. She died recently in California.

Start Not Auspicious

Sarah Louise Dudley's start in life was not auspicious. Her father was a red-headed Englishman, a gambler, who had drifted to Lexington and was always more or less a man of mystery. Always well groomed, he would have been handsome, said Lexingtonians who remembered him. Later years after his daughter had become famous, if it had not been for the sardonic mien that was always on his face. He was better educated and apparently better bred than the class of people with whom he associated in Lexington.

His daughter grew into a young woman of rare beauty. When she was 17 she married Leslie Carter, a Chicago millionnaire. They had one child and a few years of happiness. In 1889 he divorced her and won custody of the child.

Emblematic of her father, the young divorcée decided not to relinquish his name. "I'll make Mrs. Leslie Carter known, even though I am Carter's daughter," she told him, and through the years she was known as Mrs. Leslie Carter, even after she had married again. Determined to have a stage career she sought out, and by some great good fortune appealed to the man in America who could give it to her—David Belasco. She went to see him at his summer home at Echo Lake.

"I got there that afternoon riding through a thunderstorm," she later recalled. "I was bedraggled and frightened. I guess it was desperation in my voice that made him recollect and listen to me."

Desperation in her voice, yes—and the rare beauty that made hundreds of men anxious to serve her, the green gaze that entranced Leslie Carter and many another young millionnaire of that gay period. "I saw before me." Belasco himself said, "a pale, slender girl with a mass of red hair and green eyes gleaming under black brows. She began to cry and then she smiled. Her gestures were full of unconscious grace and her voice vibrated with musical sweetness. Dear, dear!"

Belasco determined to star her in her first appearance. She was not an actress then, but he apparently glimpsed her genius. Nevertheless, a star is made, not born, and there were years of training before her. Trained For Three Years

Belasco did an extraordinary thing. He started her training in a studio in Carnegie Hall and kept her there for three years before she got a chance behind the footlights.

"He made me learn dozens of things," she later said. "—Little Eva, Lady Macbeth, Ophelia. I knew each role in the Shakespearian comedies. He'd come and call for a certain scene. Then he'd commend or condemn. He was final!"

Her debut was in 1891, on the stage of the Broadway theater. True to his promise, Belasco made her a star in her first role. But the play itself was a shoddy thing—"The Ugly Duckling." She did all that Belasco had expected of her, but the critics, bored with the play itself, damned her with faint praise.

Within two years, she achieved success in Belasco's famous drama of the War Between the States—"The Heart of Maryland." As Maryland Calveri, the absentee heroine who was the talk of the Victorian drawing rooms, she was a sensation. She did a "curfew shall not ring tonight." Thirty-five feet above the stage she swung, her small hands gripping the clapper of an iron bell. The New York audience was wildly enthusiastic. She had arrived.

But that success was only a prelude to her amazing career. It was in "Zaza," a deliciously risque play for those days, that she packed the Garrick theater.

Ministers and uplift societies declared the play was immoral. The girl from Lexington was a menace, they said. The result was that "Zaza" was revived the following season and averaged $10,000 a week. Befuddled by all the young New York millionaires of the Gay Nineties, Mrs. Carter nightly was hounded into her carriage by Belasco and was off to Delmonico's or some other place that now would be called a "hot spot." She was literally the toast of the town.

Took London By Storm

London she took by storm. When she gave her farewell performance there, the New York Herald's correspondent cabbed a full column to his paper. "It seemed," he said, "as if the curtain calls would never end. Then, when the curtain fell for the last time on the pathetic love-making between Zaza and her lover, cheer after cheer came from every part of the house, and cries of 'Mrs. Carter,' and 'Speech! Speech!'

All she said when she came out was, "Thank you." Perhaps even greater was her success in "Du Barry." The play opened in Washington. Mrs. Carter, said the Washington Star critic, was "magnificent." And after she was condemned to die and confronted the lover she had spurned, she was "particularly magnificent." She must, one gathers, have been magnificent.

After two weeks the play moved to New York, to the Garrick thea-
John Hamilton's 'Rope-Walk' Was Older Than Kentucky Itself

The first local hemp factory mentioned in the Kentucky Gazette was that of John Hamilton, located two miles from Lexington on the present Georgetown road. Hamilton advertised that he made all kinds of rope, in July, 1799. Two years later, he was located at the edge of town, on the southwest corner of Water and Locust streets. And his "rope-walk," older than the state of Kentucky itself, was in continuous operation until the 1800s. It remained in the Hamilton family all those years, and at the time this and one other (on Broadway) closed for lack of business, the owner was Robert B. Hamilton, bank president, who is remembered by the elder generation of today.

Since neither the Locust street nor the street mentioned above exists now, the location may be more definitely defined as in the center of the Stagner house at the northwest corner of High and Mercilino streets—the Millward home of a half-century ago.

Very soon after Hamilton removed to the "town suburbs" (Locust street was the western boundary—the street next to the Mary Todd home on West Main street which is erroneously marked "Mercilino street" now), Peter Jameson Sr. set up a "rope-walk" on Outlot No. 3, which he called "Mount Hope" and Charles Wilkinson, Esq. who was a man of great means and part owner of Mammoth Cave, used Outlot No. 7 for a similar purpose.

The location of the latter was on either side of Transylvania Seminary, the trustees of which, under Capt. Jack, Hawkins, erected their first school—a brick building—in May, 1792, in present Gratz park. Outlot No. 6 had been presented to the college trustees by a coterie of local citizens, under the name of the Transylvania Company; with the provision that Transylvania should locate and remain in Lexington. The street market for Market street was extended beyond Second street until 1816, and the three blocks were separated only by a "post and rail fence. Transylvania purchased enough of Outlot No. 5 from Thomas January to open Mill street, and Henry Clay, Esq., an executor of the estate of Thomas Hart Jr., opened Market street.

Peter January had his "hemp house" at the northwest corner of Second and Mill, and Charles Wilkins had his at the northeast corner of Second and Market. The "rope-walk" resulted from the hemp houses to Third street. Wilkins split his outlot into two "rope-walks." He sold the old one to Thomas Hart Jr. and operated his own on the west side of Upper street from Second to Third.

Col. Thomas Hart (Sr.) erected a hemp factory on the east side of Broadway, between Church and Second streets, in 1794, and at the same time began a rail plant next to it.

Many Factories Here

To give the history of all of the hemp factories in Lexington in early days would furnish an almost endless task. They were located on more than half of the outlots. To the untitled, the outlots were those not included in the district bounded by Limestone and Lower streets, and Short and High streets. The latter contained more.

Thomas Hart Jr., at the time of his death, also had a rope-walk back of Sayre College, which was his residence at that time. His widow and family continued its operation for 10 years and then leased it in 1819 to Morrison, Bruce and Gratz. The ancient hemp house on Hart's lot was razed only recently. It stood on Pleasants street, about half way between Limestone and Wainwright.

Probably the largest rope-walk near the business district was that of James Hamilton, on the south side of Third street from Broadway to Scott's alley. Immediately west of that in the Jefferson street block from Second to Third, stood Joseph H. Hawkins' hemp factory.

Major Thomas Bodley, shortly after 1850, opened one in the center of the block bounded by Lime- stone, Maxwell, Upper and High streets, at the same time that Col. David Dodge set up a larger one in the next block west. Sanford Keen, proprietor of Postoffice Inn, had opened one by 1814 on the south side of High street, between Rodes avenue and Lime- stone.

Capt. Nathaniel G. S. Hart, just before he went for the management of the factory, and met such a tragic and cruel death at the hands of the Indians, had a rope-walk on the east side of Limestone between Fourth and Fifth, adjoining one of John W. Hunt. Across the street was the hemp factory of John Brand.

Henry Clay Owned Factory

The county as well as the town was full of hemp factories. One of the largest was on East Hickman, owned by John Hart. Henry Clay had one on the north end of "Ash- lund" that today is represented by Hanover avenue south of Main. There was an early one on the Tate's Creek pike, close to town—the present Bates farm (now most completely swallowed up by sub-divisions). There was one on the Georgetown road, the hemp factory of which, adjoining Charlotte Courts on the south side, remains today as a residence.

The statement of the National Geographic Society, in a Washington dispatch April 9, that hemp "had its beginning in the year before the Declaration of Independence" in Kentucky, is absurd. Anyone familiar with the efforts to establish and maintain forts Harrod and Boonesborough in 1773, with constant Indian harassing them, quickly would discount this claim.

The James farm on the Military pike, where hemp has been raised for more than a century (begun by Robert Drinkman in 1842), holds the record for continuity.
Where Southern Gentry Met to Freshen, Fatten and Flirt

By J. Winsten Coleman, Jr.

As the pioneer period passed, the social and economic life of Kentucky changed greatly. Log cabins gave way to stately brick mansions; coonskin caps and buckskin hunting shirts to fashionable attire from the East. The tempo of life changed; people had more opportunity for relaxation and pleasure and the growing desire of many well-to-do families was "to mix and mingle socially with the best society of the State." To relieve this pent-up demand for social intercourse and entertainment, there were established in Kentucky during this period several health resorts, or "watering places," at mineral springs.

Many well-known watering places boasted four or five different kinds of springs. Physicians strongly recommended the internal and external use of these waters, which were advertised as being especially beneficial to persons suffering from diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys, as well as from asthma, gout, dyspepsia, rheumatism, "bilious disorders," neuralgia, "autumnal fevers" and general debility.

Col. Thomas Hart, in the early part of the 19th Century, was beginning to attract visitors to his resort, the Olympian Springs, in Montgomery County, forty-seven miles east of Lexington. He discarded its earlier name of Mud Lick, and built a hotel or "boarding house" with one room "sufficiently commodious to dine at the same time 100 ladies and gentlemen"; had the waters praised by Dr. Samuel Brown and other physicians and urged all who might be "prompted by disease or pleasure" to come to his Olympian resort with "its romantic and picturesque scenery" and its "most pure and salubrious air."

Stagecoach Helped

Early in August, 1803, John Kennedy announced that he had started the first regular stagecoach line in Kentucky, that it would leave Lexington every Thursday morning at 4 o'clock for Olympian Springs, and it would "arrive at the Springs the same day." Rough and slow as it was, this innovation of travel by stagecoach greatly increased the patronage and prestige of this fashionable resort.

Notable guests, including Henry Clay and his wife, flocked to the Olympian Springs in the summer and early autumn months to revel "in the enjoyments of ease, mirth and engaging society." There was much flirting, sometimes by "married charmers, thirsting for universal dominion." Disputes between the ladies often involved "pillows, bolsters, finger-nails and the poignant sarcasm of the tongue," and, at times, the dueling pistols of sensitive gentlemen could be heard in a nearby woodland settling "affairs of honor."

Dr. Christopher G. Graham, veteran of the War of 1812 and "for many years the champion off-hand rifle shot of the world," purchased the Greenville Springs in 1827, and the following year bought the "Harrodsburg or Sutton Springs" from his father-in-law, Capt. David Sutton, for $10,000. Dr. Graham then combined these two watering places under the name of Harrodsburg or Graham's...
Springs.

A guest, viewing the Springs in retrospect, said of them: "The walk to the spring before breakfast was very fashionable, a long board-walk covered with tan-bark and shaded with locust trees, their branches meeting and arching overhead the whole distance. The belles and beaux walked up and down the long portico of the hotel in what seemed to me a fairy procession. The ladies with their beautiful elaborately dressed hair in the New Orleans fashion, as from there we got the styles, and their organdy muslins, which were not then to be bought outside of New Orleans. The envy of all were the exquisite wide embroidered collars and cuffs worn by the Southern belles. A score of Creole beauties, priz and particular in their lovely, fleecy Muslin dresses were always present. The ballroom at night was a scene of enchantment; old Dr. Graham, the proprietor, was the master of ceremonies and the life of the party."

Among the best-known resorts were Graham Springs, or old Green ville, at Harrodsburg; Crab Orchard Springs in Lincoln County, which rivaled Graham as the Saratoga of the South; Paul bust Springs in Bullitt County, with accommodations for five hundred guests; Escalapia Springs in Lewis County; Drennon Springs in Henry County; Estill Springs, "with its superior band of music"; the ever-popular Blue Lick Springs in Nicholas County; Col. Richard M. Johnson's fashionable White Sulphur Springs in Scott County, and the historic Toronto Springs in Bath County.

During the summer months of 1833, the Asiatic cholera raged in Kentucky and this epidemic greatly stimulated the patronage of the watering places.

Thousands died throughout Central Kentucky, and "Lexington and Paris were severely scourged."

Olympian Springs in Bath County received a large proportion of the fleeing citizens, and it was proudly advertised: "There has been no cholera at this place." Dr. Graham, at Harrodsburg, announced: "These Springs are perfectly free from the cholera and they never have been otherwise," and "the many who visited the Springs, from the various cholera districts, with the disease upon them, have all quickly recovered." Dr. R. H. Shaw boasted, "is the safest retreat from cholera in Kentucky."

"Finest In West"

By the middle '40s the watering places of the state were in their heyday. To keep abreast of the times, Dr. Christopher Graham of Harrods burg Springs erected an elegant and commodious hotel during the late fall of 1842 and winter of 1843. This splendid building, costing $30,000, was acclaimed by many to be "the finest in the West."

During the '40s and '50s, Kentucky had two outstanding military academies, patronized by sons of wealthy Southern planters sent North to escape the dreaded malaria and yellow fever. Both schools were located at watering places, where the mineral waters were considered a great body builder for young cadets. The Western Military Institute was moved in January of 1851 to the ever-popular Drennon Springs, where "elegant and extensive" buildings were erected at a cost of $50,000 and accommodations were provided for 300 students.

At Franklin Springs (or Scanlan), in Franklin County, six miles from Frankfort on the Lawrenceburg Road, the famous Kentucky Military Institute was organized by Col. R. T. F. Allen in 1845.

With the ever-increasing popularity and prosperity of the Kentucky watering places in the '50s, their future seemed bright and secure, but it was not long until reverses forced several out of business. In 1853, Dr. Graham sold the Harrodsburg Springs for $100,000 to the United States Government and shortly the Western Military Asylum for old and disabled soldiers was established at a fashionable watering place.

But in 1856 the main building burned to the ground, and in 1861 the Government sold the property for the enormous sum of $120,000 to a "syndicate of gentlemen" who intended reopening it as a watering place. But the Civil War came on; the buildings that remained were used as a hospital and later burned. The company of men who purchased the springs, being unable to pay for them, abandoned the project and the property reverted to the Government.

From the ravages and after effects of the Civil War, the watering places went into a period of decline from which they did not recover until the middle '70s or early '80s.

But the revival was short-lived. During the '90s and the early part of the 20th Century all-expense railroad tours became popular, to Niagara Falls, Atlantic City and resorts in Michigan and the East. Then also, there came on the market a number of patent medicines, guaranteed to relieve the same ailments for which the waters of the Kentucky spas had been prescribed for years.

With the advent of the automobile the doom of these old watering places was sealed.

JANUARY 1, 1942.

G U O R I E R- J O U R N A L.

Enrollment At UK Sets All-Time Record

The largest student body in the 83-year history of the University of Kentucky—a total of 7,683 full-time resident students—has been registered for the institution’s fall semester, Dr. Maurice F. Seay, dean of the University and registrar, announced yesterday.

The current registration total exceeds the previous record high enrollment of 7,360, established a year ago. Official statistics also disclose that the present figure is more than 10 per cent. greater than the number of students enrolled in the University for the fall term of 1946 and represents an increase of more than 100 per cent over the normal pre-war total of approximately 3,500.

The University actually has a much larger enrollment than the present figure indicates, Dr. Seay pointed out. Not included in the total are more than 1,000 students taking courses by correspondence and an undetermined number of persons enrolled in special late afternoon, evening and Saturday classes conducted by the University Extension Department in various parts of the state for adults and special students.
LEXINGTON AND NEWTOWN TURNPIKE.

CERTIFICATE.

No. [Signature]

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, No. [Signature]

That [Name] is entitled to 12 Shares of the Capital Stock of the Lexington and Newtown Turnpike Road Company, having paid the full amount of their subscription, and is entitled to transfer them in person, or by attorney, on the books of said Company.

In Witness Whereof, the President and Treasurer have hereunto set their hands and seals, this 5th day of February, 1861.

[Signature] President.

[Signature] Treasurer.

This certificate is issued in lieu of one which is cancelled.

[Signature]
Coleman Writes Of W. H. Townsend

The county doctor's big day broke into a sordid story of a night - that is to say, a busy day that ended with a horse found guilty of a crime. The horse was a two-hundred-pound pony, and the crime was the theft of a moldy piece of bread. The horse was turned over to the county sheriff, who promptly had it不错 for some weeks. The horse, it seems, was a favorite of the doctor's, but he was forced to sell it to pay the fine.

By J. Winston Coleman Jr.

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William H. Townsend in his law office reading Lincoln & Herndon's Illinois Statutes.

The original autograph material in this collection includes the signatures of Thomas Lincoln, which is so rare that this specimen and one other are the only signatures of Abraham Lincoln's father in any public or private collection, the original deed executed by Lincoln's stepmother, Sarah Lincoln, and his step-brother, John D. Johnston, to John J. Hall, conveying the two-acre tract of land about which Lincoln sharply wrote John Belmont on November 25, 1861, saying: "Mother" has already let you think what a smile.

Here are the letters that Lincoln wrote his Washington attorney, George B. Binkley, about the litigation in which, for the only time in his life, his personal integrity was assailed, one letter reading: "I find it difficult to suppress my indignation toward those who have got up this claim against me"; the penciled note Lincoln wrote Douglas when one of their separate speaking dates accidentally collided at Sullivan, Illinois, following the Fourth Joint Debate at Charleston and a riot occurred between the Lincoln and Douglas factions; the letter to Kentucky's great statesman, John J. Crittenden, that Lincoln wrote the day after he had lost the senatorial race to Douglas, which contains the oft-quoted paragraph: "The emotions of defeat at the close of a struggle in which I felt more than a merely selfish interest, and to which the defeat of the use of your name contributed largely, are fresh upon me; but even in this mood I cannot for a moment suspect you of anything dishonorable;" and the letter Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Denali Vance on June 9, 1860—his last as a lawyer—in which he says: "I never keep anybody's money an hour longer than I can find a chance to turn it over to him."
cherishes above all others in his collection grew out of one of the most moving incidents of Lincoln's life. On August 29, 1862, the Union's darkest hour, President Lincoln's two little children, William and Tad, fell ill. On February 20th, Willie died. The condition of "Tad," as the President's only remaining child, was one of grief and anxiety, sat by his bedside night and day. In a few minutes he was completely overcome, but the cares of state bore heavier than ever on the President's weary, stooped shoulders.

On March 8th, the armored Con- federate fleet, the Merrimac, practically destroyed the Union fleet at Hampton Roads. The Federal cause seemed condemned. On the morning of March 10th, Washington was hysterical over the news that the army of the Potomac had been fought the previous day between the Merrimac and the Monitor. Reports of the encounters were更要 and conflicting. Lincoln sat at his desk. From the telegraph office for a recent conference with a delegation from the border states discussing the possibility of a joint Federal-penic aid to all slave states adopting graduation of any sort.

It had scarcely started, however, when the President's secretary came in. At the door, he said ominously, "I have a letter for the President." With a start, Lincoln exclaimed, "I thought you said you were going out."

"Well, I am," his wife replied. "I have a letter for you, sir," she said apologetically. "Tad's nurse died in the night."

"What?" was the President's reaction.

"Tad's nurse died in the night," his wife repeated. "She's gone."

"What?" was the President's reaction again.

"She's gone."

"You stay here," he said when they reached the sickroom, "and I'll see what I can do."

"I'll do anything you want," she said. "I'll even go through the door."

"Not through the door," he said. "Do you understand?"

"I understand," she said. "I'll do anything you want."

"You stay here," he said again.

"I'll do anything you want," she said.

"You stay here," he said. "And I'll do anything you want."

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A CONTRAST

The truth is equally as strange as fiction, and quite as full of subtle touches of pathos and of humor, is pictorially demonstrated in these two Kentucky mountain scenes, taken immediately from life.

The camera has given us the details with a baldness and simplicity that bring us almost directly in touch with a certain type of our lowly, untutored fellow-beings at the two most sacred functions in man's career. It tells us, in two chapters, a story brimming over with homely eloquence. The scenes were caught by a couple of young Kentucky geologists, "on the fly," as it were, not long ago, as they were prospecting in the mountain wilds of Harlan and other counties remote from the centres of civilization.

A native wedding scene impressed them first, the bridal altar raised al fresco under a spreading "buckeye" or horse-chestnut tree, and the provincial wedding guests, with souls too undeveloped even for personal adornment, grouped about in their rough, homespun garb, stolid satisfaction, as a rule, showing upon their phlegmatic faces. Coats and shoes are conspicuous by their absence in the nuptial company, the officiating minister and the bridegroom even being innocent of such incumbrances. The bride, however, who occupies the central front of the picture with her new-made lord, dispasts upon the view, not only a cumbersome pair of "sto" shoes but several inches of stocking into the bargain. She is only fifteen or sixteen, but the belle of the "destrick," and the bridegroom has been her "steady cumpany" for some considerable time. The brides of former seasons, shoeless and stayless, cluster around, each armed with a baby. For there is one Scriptural injunction these simple rustics never disregarded—they "increase and multiply upon the earth" prolifically to the end of the chapter.

Old "grannies" look on approvingly, and roosters and ducks and domestic "varmints" generally cackle and strut and make themselves entirely at home in the festive entourage.

The second picture is in sharp contrast to the prevailing tone of the first. It is pathetic enough, showing a rude funeral train, almost aboriginal in type. A few stolid, dejected men are bearing to the grave they have themselves dug at the foot of a brambly hill, the body of one of their fellows, in a rough, home-made coffin. The rough pall-bearers have lifted their burden to their shoulders by thrusting a fence-rail through loops in the rope that binds the coffin. They trudge doggedly along, followed by a handful of comrades. There are no women to weep and no touches of tenderness anywhere. The souls of these simple, honest folk are yet unawakened to the poetry and sentiment that lie so abundantly about them.

FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY

JAN. 1, 1893
A CONTRAST.

TWO SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

A RUSTIC WEDDING.

A HOMELY FUNERAL-TRAIN.
TELLS WORK OF YOUNG GRADUATE

Prof. A. W. Fortune Gives Baccalaureate Address to High School

BIG CROWD ATTENDS

Calvary Baptist Is Packed to Its Capacity — Class Largest in History

One of the most inspiring baccalaureate addresses ever delivered in the city was that of Prof. A. W. Fortune to the graduating class of the Morton High School Sunday morning at the Calvary Baptist Church. Professor Fortune took for his subject “Drafted, or Enlisted,” and he spoke of the work that confronted the young graduate and the way he should face it, whether willingly or unwillingly.

The largest crowd ever in attendance at a baccalaureate sermon of the local high school was present, and the graduating class, numbering sixty members, was the largest in the history of the school.

The exercises consisted of an elaborate musical program with the usual exercises and were preceded by a parade of high school teachers, members of the Board of Education and teachers of the public schools who met at the High School and marched to the church. The graduates were seated in the central row of seats which had been reserved for them.

Professor Fortune said that the High School commencement concerned the city more than any other commencement in it, because the graduates all were from the city and immediate vicinity while the graduates of other institutions came from the State and other states.

Professor Fortune's text was taken from Matthew 6:41 and is a part of the Sermon on the Mount. It was “And whatsoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him two.” He contrasted life with a battle and said that men went into life in much the same way they did in battle, either willingly or unwillingly, or unwillingly or drafted.

If a fellow succeeds in life he must be ready to respond to the call of duty and of the duties which confront the youthful graduate some will be unpleasant. One of the first lessons one must learn if he is to succeed in the performance of duty no matter how disagreeable it is. Professor Fortune said that the one who succeeds is the one who volunteers his services and gave examples to prove the contention.

Other points emphasized by Professor Fortune were that it is difficult to do a thing because you have to do it and it is a joy to live when you are interested in your tasks and respond to life because you love it. One of the secrets of life, he said, was in being drawn rather than in being driven. The speaker also discussed the idea that before men enlist there must be some worthy motive, giving a number of examples.

The prayer, scripture reading and benediction were given by Professor Fortune.

The regular commencement exercises of the school will be held at the Auditorium Thursday night and will be preceded by the class exercises at the High School Wednesday morning.
CAMP BOONE.
The Kentucky State Guard's
First Encampment.

In accordance with the requirements
of the military law, passed
by the late Legislature of the
State of Kentucky, orders were
issued for the holding of an en-
campment to commence on Thurs-
day, August 23, 1860, said en-
campment to be held upon the Fair
Grounds of the South-Western
Agricultural Association, the use
of which had been kindly proffered
by the directors for that purpose.

In honor of the hardy pioneer
whose name will ever be to Ken-
tucky as a household word, the
camp was, with due ceremony,
christened "Camp Boone." The
companies present were by the
provisions of our military law,
under the command of Governor
Beard, Maj. Gen. as Commander-
in-Chief; Gen. S. B. Buckner,
Inspector-General; B. Hardin
Helfn, Assistant-Inspector-Gen-
eral; Dr. J. W. Scott, Surgeon;
Col. Frank Tyrone, Assistant-
Quartermaster General; C. D.
Parrish, Assistant Paymaster;
Ph. Vasconcelos (the old Guard),
Quartermaster's Staff Sergeant;
C. Brooksborough, Staff Ser-
geant; and Prof. Reimer, Clerk
of Kentucky State Guard.

The Louisville Battalion was
commanded by Major Thomas H.
Hunt; his staff was composed of
the following officers: A. H. M.
Morris, Adjutant; Dr. Thomas
R. Satterwhite, Assistant-Sur-
geon; George W. Wiley, Sergeant-
Major, and H. C. Anderson,
Quartermaster's Sergeant.

The military spirit which has been awakened by the action of
our Legislature was fully shown in the interest exhibited by our
own citizens and the visitors from neighboring cities during the
encampment. As is well known to military men
in the West, this movement was
inaugurated for the special pur-
pose of perfecting officers of Ken-
tucky Companies in the United
States service drills. All officers
and companies from our sister
States were, however, considered
as invited guests, and greeted
upon their arrival with a hearty
Kentucky welcome.

Viewed in either a military or
diplomatic light it was a signal tri-
umph, and succeeded even more
fully in effecting the desired end
than the most sanguine wishes
and hopes of the promoters had
been to expect.

The central avenue of the
ensuing grounds, shaded as it is
by hundreds of our native forest
trees, formed a most lovely place
for the morning and evening drill
and parade, and for the civilian's
promenades. There lovely ladies
and gallant cavaliers most con-
templated regretting only that they
could be so short a time here away
to the host city, leaving those
shaded walks and fragrant bowers
behind them. On the east side of
this the grand avenue was situated
the camp proper, and on the west
the noble amphitheatre loomed up,
standing out by its size, as seen
through the trees by moonlight,
of the Coliseum of our Roman
ancestors. Beyond this, on the
north, lay the review ground, on
which ten thousand troops can be
displayed to advantage. Here the
magnificent band from Newport
Hampshire nightly discoursed elo-
quent and soul-stirring music to
thousands of entranced and empa-
nized listeners.

The floral Hall of the Horti-
cultural Society was occupied as
a dining saloon, the galleries
being reserved for the use of the
officers, whilst the high and low
privates were provided for in way
down below.

On Tuesday, August 21,
Governor B. Magoffin reviewed
the military in person. The dis-
play was truly grand; every com-
pany was present in full force, and
each endeavored to excel the
other in the precision and celerity
with which they would execute
the most difficult evolutions. On
Wednesday General Johnson, late
of the United States army in
Utah, reviewed the entire forces.
Over twelve thousand persons
were present, and they were un-
animous in their expressions of
admiration and delight at witnes-

ding the whole and prominently displayed by the".
THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

Hayfork, County and Circuit, Set:

The Grand Jurors for the Commonwealth of Kentucky, empanelled and sworn to inquire in and for the body of the County of Hayfork, in the name and by the authority of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, upon their oaths present, that

Henry Gilbert,

labourer late of Hayfork,

County, on the thirty-first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and in the County and Circuit aforesaid, in a house then and there used by him for that purpose, did sell by retail in quantities less than a quart, whiskey and other spirituous liquors, to divers persons, and did then and there in said house, keep a tippling house, contrary to law, and without having first obtained a license then and there to keep a tavern, as required by law—contrary to the form of the Statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Kentucky.

R. PINDELL, Att'y. for the Commonwealth.

Witness.

Wm. Bowden

Henry Gilbert, indicted for running a "tippling house."
Wm. M. Brand, Foreman. September 25, 1837

KENTUCKY GAVE A PRESIDENT

David Rice Atchison, who was born at Frogtown, Ky., August 11, 1807, is alleged to have been President and Vice-President of the United States.

Atchison was elected president pro tempore of the Senate 16 times, between 1848 and 1854. While he was serving in this capacity during 1849, March 4 fell on Sunday. Zachary Taylor, the newly elected President, was to take office that day. Out of respect for the Sabbath, Taylor asked that the oath be given on Monday, March 5. Since the terms of President Polk and Vice-President Dallas expired at midnight March 3, the president of the Senate automatically headed the Government.

Atchison slept through most of his one-day term. The historian Collins states that Atchison also served as acting Vice-President when the incumbent, William R. King, died in 1853.

JESSE HOPWOOD HUGHES

June 19, 1949

Relic of the old, hand operated, "Highball" signal opposite the Southern R. R. Station at Lexington, Ky.
JOEL T. HART was a self-made artist, born February 11, 1810, in Clark County, Kentucky. Due to his father's 
loss of their 800-acre Bluegrass farm, Joel's formal education 
was restricted to three months in grammar school, in spite of 
which he managed to acquire enough "grammar, rhetoric and 
mathematics" to teach these subjects at $1.50 per pupil. His 
meager earnings from this source were supplemented by working 
at other jobs, among them as itinerant stonemason in Clark and 
Bourbon Counties.

When he was about twenty-one, Hart went to Lexington and 
secured employment in Pruden's "marble factory." His skill with 
the chisel and mallet soon won him an assignment to ornament 
headstones and monuments, and he found this work much to his 
liking. While there he had the good fortune to meet Schobal 
Vail Cleveenger, a Cincinnati sculptor who had come to Lexing-
ton to model a bust of Henry Clay, and who took an interest in 
young Hart, partly perhaps because he too had been a stonemason 
without means to prepare himself for an artistic career. Cleveenger 
permitted the Kentucky boy to watch him work. This so delighted 
Hart that he determined to try his own hand at modeling a bust 
from life. He chose as his subject General Cassius M. Clay, a 
champion of human liberty and a colorful character, who gladly 
gave the required sitting in order to encourage the would-be 
sculptor. In spite of Hart's lack of formal training, he made the 
transition from stonecutting to modeling with remarkable ease. 
His bust of General Clay was well received in Lexington by those 
qualified to judge, including Oliver Frayer, the noted artist. 
Other commissions followed, and by 1833 Hart was well estab-
lished as a sculptor.

In 1838 he did a bust of Andrew Jackson, which he was com-
misioned to execute in marble. Jackson wrote his Kentucky 
friends, "I think it equal to any that has been taken of me . . . 
Mr. Hart may be ranked with the best artists of the age."

By 1848 Hart's reputation had spread throughout the West, and 
he decided to make a tour of the Eastern seaboard. Taking his 
bust of General Clay as a sample of his work, he visited New York, 
Washington, Philadelphia, and Richmond. In the latter city a 
group known as the "Ladies' Clay Association" commissioned 
him to do a full-length statue of Henry Clay in marble, the cast 
to be made in this country and the statue completed in Italy. For this 
Hart was to receive a total of $5000 — $500 on demand, $1000 when he 
went to Italy, and the remainder when the work was completed. Hart spent 
three years, from 1846 to 1849, on the model of 
Clay, making not one but several casts. Finally in 
September 1849 he sailed for Italy and set 
up his studio in Florence. 
There were delays in 
starting the actual work. 
Feeling the need of ad-
ditional training, Hart 
studied anatomy for fourteen months in London 
medical schools, visited 
Paris and Rome observ-
ing the works of the great 
masters, read widely in 
the English classics, and 
sought the society of the 
most cultivated people. 
He also spent much time 
working on an invention 
which he called a "point-
ing instrument," designed 
"to assist the artist . . . 
in obtaining simultaneously a large number of 
measurements . . . pre-
serving them, and trans-
ferring them to marble, 
clay, or other materials 
... in the absence of the model with perfect accuracy." This 
queer instrument, with its hundreds of needles and iron rings, 
was not taken seriously by his contemporaries, but gave Hart 
added patronage. One notice in the London press brought him 
orders for ten marble busts at $500 each. Prominent British citizens 
were fascinated by the idea.

Ten years in all elapsed before the statue of Henry Clay which 
had been Hart's object in going abroad was finally completed. 
This period was marked by many trials and privations. Cholera 
and typhoid fever almost ended his life, and to make matters 
worse the Virginia group failed to send the $1000 on the strength of 
which he had gone to Italy. Had it not been for the orders that 
he obtained, he would not have been able to remain abroad. 

In the year 1859, however, Hart returned to America with the 
finished statue of Harriet of the West, which was duly unveiled at 
the Capitol in Richmond, amid a great gathering and noisy applause. 
In his native Kentucky too he was given numerous ovations. 
Duplicate orders for the Clay statue came in from Louisville and 
New Orleans. With these in hand, plus some other commissions, 
Hart set out again for Florence, though it was his plan to return 
eventually to America and establish a studio in New York.

The completion of his three marble statues of Henry Clay gave 
Hart sufficient means so that he was able to develop what he 
considered his more artistic side. This consisted chiefly in working 
on his conception of The Triumph of Chastity, or as he later named it, 
Woman Triumphant, which had been his ambition of thirty 
years or more. After some eighteen years of labor, the statue was 
done in clay, though the work of putting it into marble was not 
completed at the time of his death. It was finished by Hart's 
assistant, George H. Saul.

Hart died March 2, 1877, and was buried first in Florence. His 
remains were later removed to Frankfort, Kentucky.

Among his best-known works are the full-length statues of 
Henry Clay, busts of Clay, General Cassius M. Clay, Governor 
John J. Crittenden, General Andrew Jackson, Doctor Benjamin 
W. Dudley, General James Taylor, Erasmus Bigelow, Colonel 
J. Warren Grigsby, Genevieve Ward, Nicholas Smith, and the 
Reverend Alexander Campbell.

While Hart exerted no profound influence on the development of 
art in America, he did create a keen and sustained interest in 
statuary in Kentucky and elsewhere. This in itself was a worth-
while contribution, coming as it did from a self-educated artist.
Truman Is Third President
To Visit City While In Office

President Harry S. Truman is the third President to stop in Lexington while in office.

In 1619, President James Monroe, also campaigning, visited the "Metropolis of the West" for four days—July 2-3-4-5. He, too, came on Friday. He was "escorted to his lodgings by volunteer companies of militia and a party of citizens."

On Saturday, July 3, President Monroe addressed Transylvania University students and spent the rest of the day attending the "celebration of our independence at Mr. Dunlap's, a few miles in the country."

On Sunday, the President was entertained at a barbecue at his tavern on the Richmond Pike, for "Ladies and Gentlemen—the best music shall be engaged for the occasion.

No public celebrations were held on Sunday in those days, so Major William D. Dallam was host at a private dinner in his home Sunday evening July 4, to President Monroe, Gen. Andrew Jackson and Gov. Isaac Shelby.

A public dinner to the President was staged Monday at "Mr. Keen's tavern"—old Pottshwalk's Inn, which was succeeded by the Phoenix hotel.

The reception on Friday was substituted. Old John Maxwell, who in 1775 named Lexington and in 1779 helped to build the blockhouse, died the day before the President arrived.

If President Truman had more time, he doubtless would be interested in seeing the Major Dal-

WHERE THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSTER WAS BORN—President Truman, due to the brief nature of his visit today won't get to see it, but here is the house—234 West High street—where the sturdy crowing fowl on George Dunlap's residence on Grovenor avenue and Dunlap's tavern on the Richmond Pike, Certainly he wouldn't want to look at the house at 324 West High street, where the Democratic Rooster—national emblem of the party—was born.

Daniel Bradford, son of the pioneer editor, John Bradford, lived there in 1819 and his daughter told how the national Democratic emblem came into being.

Bradford had been requested by President Monroe to launch a newpaper "in the West" in behalf of his candidacy.

Bradford's paper, The Lexington public Advertiser, soon came out with its own conceived, lusty-crowing rooster and a poem beneath it that he had composed:

My notes are shrill, yet strong and clear,
No foe I seek, yet none I fear,
Inviding not another's just domain
My natural ground I ever will maintain,

President Monroe, fatigued by his long journey, canceled his plans to return to Richmond. Of Chillicothe, Wheeling and the national Turnpike and went to Baltimore. Spring Forest had been requested for a "for the benefit of his health." He took the "southern route back to Washington.

It was the Louisville Exposition that offered the chance for Presid-

Lady Of Gethsemani Monastery Celebrates 100th Anniversary

TRAPPIST, Ky., June 1 (AP) — His highness—the abbot general of the Trappist Cisterian order, also were there were hundreds of priests, nuns and other members of Catholic religious orders.

Among the laymen were Gov. C. B. C. Noah, U. S. Sen. Virgil Chapman (D-KY), A. B. Chandler, commissioner of organized baseball and former senator and congressman, Lt. Gov. L. W. Weatherby, Congressman Frank Chilst, Chief Justice Porter Sims of the state Court of Appeals; high ranking officers from Fort Knox, Ky. and 50 fourth degree Knights of Columbus.

Two chairs joined Archbishop Floersh and his attendants in slug-
Today marks the anniversary of the beginning of the siege of Bryan's Station. Appropriately enough, this prelude to the "Last Battle of the Revolution" fought at Blue Licks near a year after the surrender of Cornwalls is remembered—not a few days following the recent visit of the Freedom Train with its inspiring records of American Independence.

The heroism of both men and women—and even the youngsters—was displayed at the siege. The men bravely went to the spring for water and then loaded the men's rifles throughout the night. A firebrand thrown into the fort by the Indians landed in the cradle of the future Col. Richard M. Johnson, famous slayer of Tecumseh and vice-president of the United States. Without assistance his young sister grabbed it and saved the baby's life.

It was on the night of Aug. 15, 1782, that 500 Indians under the leadership of British Capt. William Caldwell quietly surrounded Bryan's Station. The pioneers within the stockade, notified by spies of the approaching attack, prepared for the forthcoming assault. At daybreak, the fort gate was thrown open and the women, pretending not to be aware of the Indians' presence, gaily went to the spring filled their buckets and returned to the stockade before the Indians awakened to the ruse when the fort gate was hastily slammed shut.

The Indians quickly stormed the station and a day and night siege ensued until the morning of the 17th. In the meantime, runners had been sent to Lexington whence every able-bodied man rushed to the rescue on foot and on horseback. The Indians waylaid the rescue party in the road—the old road shown on the accompanying map—and scattered those who were able to get away through the cane and cornfields.

Unsuccessful in their efforts, the Indians departed the way they came, over the present Greenwich Pike—once called "the road to Buddles"—to the "great Buffalo trail leading to Blue Licks."

Some 180 assembled at Bryan's on the 17th and started in pursuit of the Indians. Upon reaching the south bank of the Licking River on the 18th, they saw the rear guard of the Indian army plainly in sight, sauntering along the side of the road on the opposite side. Suspicious of the unceremonious movement, the officers of the pioneer force stopped to consider whether to proceed or to await reinforcements that were on the way."

This old survey of the Bryan's Station area reveals some new things. Made only 20 years after the memorable siege of the fort, it shows the original road from Lexington over which the pioneers rushed to an attempted rescue and the trail from the station leading towards Blue Licks which the Indian army, later pursued by the Kentucky pioneers, look in returning to Ohio. Incidentally, the survey includes the old Thompson house—"Old Hickory," now owned by John Hay Whitney, on the Maysville Pike. Standing, it is 135 years old.

Pioneers Defended Bryan's Station Against Indians 166 Years Ago Today

Indians Were Hidden

At this point, Maj. Hugh McGary, seemingly irritated at the delay in attacking, charged his horse into the river and shouted, "All who are not cowards follow me." Soon afterward the pioneers formed in battle line on the north bank of the Licking and within 15 minutes were overwhelmed by the Indians, who say at the head of the ravine beyond. Col. John Todd, of Lexington, was killed and a son of Daniel Boone fell dying in the arms of his father. Capt. Robert Patterson, founder of Lexington, escaped only by the generosity of Aaron Reynolds in lending him his horse. Many were tomahawked in the race to reach and recross the river; others were killed in the river and some killed or captured after they had crossed. The unrecognizable remains of some 60 were buried in one grave a few days later—now a marked shrine in Blue Licks Battlefield State Park.

A recently discovered map showing the location of the fort of Bryan's Station and the original trails in all directions, from it, gives historians a new and accurate basis for study of the area as it looked when occupation of not only Bryan's Station but of Lexington appeared imminent in August, 1782. It is published here for the first time. The Filson Club has asked for a copy of it on account of its rarity and its value to history.
OLD UNION CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Located on the Russell Cave Pike, 12 miles north of Lexington, the Old Union Christian church has a membership of 225. Its pastor is the Rev. Jack M. Ervin, who is also professor of religion at Transylvania College. The congregation organized June 20, 1823, with Barton W. Stone and Francis K. Parmer the leaders. In 1926, fire destroyed the original brick structure and the present one was built and occupied the following year. In its earlier days, Negro slaves were listed as members of the congregation.
JUDGE CHARLES KERR

Death Takes
Charles Kerr, Noted Jurist

Funeral Services
Scheduled Here
Friday Morning

Judge Charles Kerr, 86, editor of "Kerr's History of Kentucky" and former judge of Fayette Circuit Court, died at 2 a.m. today in a Washington, D.C., hospital. He suffered a heart attack Saturday. The body will be brought to Lexington, arriving on a Chessie and Ohio train at 7:32 a.m. Friday, and will be taken to the W. R. Millward mortuary. Services will be conducted at 10:30 a.m. Friday in the Lexington cemetery by Dr. James W. Kerr, rector of Christ Episcopal church.

Palbearers will be Master Commissioner R. J. Colbert, Fayette Circuit Judge Chester D. Adams, Circuit Clerk George E. DeLong, Williston Coleman, Jr., Clinton L. Harrison, Norma Cox Sr., Henry T. Duncan Sr. and William H. Townsend.

The jurist is survived by a son, Charles Kerr Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa., a daughter, Mrs. Margaret Kerr Parker, Chey Chaste, Md., and several grandchildren.

Judge Kerr was a member of the Fayette bar from 1886 until 1911, when President Harding appointed him judge of the U.S. District Court for the Panama Canal Zone. After a year in Panama, Kerr went to Washington to serve as special assistant to the attorney general of the United States for three years and remained there as a practicing attorney until his death.

He retired from active practice about three years ago.

Native Of Maysville

The Judge was born in Maysville on the Ohio River in 1855, a son of Jesse James and Elizabeth Alexander Kerr. He spent his boyhood on a Mason county farm but moved to Fayette county in 1880, when his father bought a farm here. He attended public schools, but never graduated from any college. He was 21 when he left his father's farm and began the study of law in the Lexington office of the late Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and John T. Shelby.

He was admitted to the Fayette bar, entering the law office of Beck and Thornton and remaining there until the death of Sen. James E. Beck in 1890, when Col. A. R. Thornton took him into partnership, which he was associated in practice for 18 years.

For several years, he was a lecturer in corporations and contracts at the University of Kentucky and at Transylvania College.

He was a candidate for a Democratic and was active with that party until 1886, when he supported the "sound money" wing of the party. After he became a Republican, working in the interest of the party in several campaigns, he was a member of the Republican National Convention in 1908 and chairman of the Kentucky Republican State Convention in 1910. After World War I, he wrote for leading periodicals of the country, opposing the League of Nations.

Was Appointed Circuit Judge

When Judge Watts Parker died in 1911, Gov. Willson appointed Judge Kerr to the bench of circuit court here. He was re-elected without opposition, and he remained on the bench until 1921, when he accepted the federal judgeship in Panama.

On Dec. 27, 1896, he married Miss Linda Payne, daughter of John B. and Ellen Woolley Payne and member of one of the most distinguished families of Kentucky. Her grandfather was Judge A. R. Woolley, a noted Kentucky jurist, and her uncle and maternal uncle were Robert Wickliffe, another eminent lawyer. Before the Kerrs left Lexington, Mrs. Kerr was president of the Women's Club of Central Kentucky. She died Dec. 12, 1925.

After going to Washington, Judge Kerr joined the legal firm of Esch, Kerr, Taylor and Shipe. He was counsel for the government before the Mexican Mixed Claims Commission in 1925.

He was a member of the American Bar Association, the Kentucky Bar Association, the American Society of International Law, the English-Speaking Union, the Kentucky Historical Society, the Masonic Knights Templar.

Edited Five-Volume History

He edited the well-known five-volume history of Kentucky which bears his name and which was published in 1822. The photograph of Judge Kerr which appears today's Leader is a reproduction of a picture in the history.

Judge Kerr was a member of the Confederate soldiers and the Masonic order.

Marshall

He was chairman of arbitration boards in numerous wage disputes between unions and transportation firms, and in 1937, President Roosevelt appointed him to the emergency board to settle the Southern Pacific labor dispute.

Judge Kerr, when living here, taught one of the largest Bible classes for men in the city at the First Baptist church during the pastorate of the late Dr. J. W. Porter.

Ignored Threats Of Mob

Judge Kerr was presiding in Fayette Circuit Court 30 years ago this month when a mob attempted to storm the courthouse and lynch a man who was on trial in Kerr's court. Trouble had been anticipated, and when firing began outside the building the spectators in the courtroom rose, but Judge Kerr ordered them to be seated and calmly proceeded with the hearing.

An excited man opened a door from the corridor into the courtroom and shouted, "Judge, you better let them have him—they'll tear down the courthouse and lynch the man at that trial in Kerr's court." The judge rapped for order and the court bailiffs drew their pistols. The judge ordered the man guilty and fixed the penalty at death, the jurors not leaving the jury box to deliberate.

The prisoner, Will Lockwood, a Negro who had confessed murdering a child in the South Elkhorn section of Fayette county, was called around immediately and Judge Kerr sentenced him to death in the electric chair at Elizabethtown penitentiary, setting the date and concluding, "May the God of All Mercy have mercy on your soul.

The mob had been repelled by the volley of fire of a company of Home Guards, but by order of the commanding officer. Judge Kerr and several other officials were not permitted to leave the building until later in the day. In U.S. regulars from Camp Taylor had arrived and dispersed the mob, which was threatening the president of the local and other officials who had determined not to surrender the prisoner.

Judge Kerr was praised in editorials throughout the nation for his decision not to dodge the issue of granting a change of venue or by conducting the trial secretly.

Funeral Friday

For Judge Kerr

Former State Jurist Dies In Washington

Funeral services for Judge Charles Kerr, who died at 2 a.m. Wednesday in a Washington, D.C., hospital, will be conducted at 11 a.m. Saturday at the Lexington cemetery by Dr. James W. Kennedy, rector of Christ Episcopal church.

Casketbearers will be Master Commissioner R. J. Colbert, Fayette Circuit Judge Chester D. Adams, Circuit Court Clerk George E. DeLong, Williston Coleman, Jr., Clinton L. Harrison, Norma Cox Sr., Henry T. Duncan Sr. and William H. Townsend.

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Judge Kerr was a member of the Fayette bar from 1886 until 1911, when President Harding appointed him judge of the U.S. District Court for the Panama Canal Zone. After a year in Panama, he went to Washington as special assistant to the attorney general of the United States for three years and then remained there as a practicing attorney, retiring from active practice three years ago.

The jurist was born in Maysville Dec. 27, 1883, a son of the late James James and Elizabeth Alexander Kerr. He was educated at the school of a Baptist minister near his father's farm and moved to Fayette county in 1886, when his father bought a farm here.

He attended public schools, but never graduated from any college. He left school and went to his father's farm and began the study of law in the Lexington office of the late Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge and John T. Shelby.

In 1886, he was admitted to the Fayette bar, entering the law office of Beck and Thornton and remaining there until the death of Sen. James E. Beck in 1890, when Col. A. R. Thornton took him into partnership, which he was associated in practice for 18 years.

He was a candidate for a Democratic and was active with that party until 1886, when he supported the "sound money" wing of the party. After that campaign, he became a Republican, working in the interest of the party in several campaigns. He was a delegate to the Republican State Convention in 1908 and chairman of the Kentucky Republican State Convention in 1910. After World War I, he wrote for leading periodicals of the country, opposing the League of Nations.

Was Appointed Circuit Judge

When Judge Watts Parker died in 1911, Gov. Willson appointed Judge Kerr to the bench of circu...
Court court here. He was re-elected without opposition, and he
remained as judge until 1921, when he accepted the federal judgeship
in Panama.

On Oct. 27, 1866, he married Mrs. Linda Payne, daughter of
John B. and Ellen Woolley Payne and member of one of the most
distinguished families of Kentucky. Her grandfather was Judge A. K.
Woolley, a noted Kentucky lawyer, and her great-grandfather was
Robert Wickliffe, another eminent lawyer.

After going to Washington, Judge Kerr joined the legal firm of Zech,
Kerr, Taylor and Shippe. He was counsel for the government before
the Mexican Claims Commission in 1925.

He was a member of the American Bar Association, the Kentucky
Bar Association, the American Society of International Law, the
English-Speaking Union, the Kentucky Historical Society, the
Masons and Knights Templar.

Edited Five-Volume History

He edited the well-known five-
volume history of Kentucky which
bears his name and which was
published in 1922.

Judge Kerr wrote numerous legal
papers and other works, in-
cluding "Thirty Years' War on the
Supreme Court," "History of
Tranylvania Law School," "If
Spencer Roane Had Been Appointed
Chief Justice Instead of John
Marshall,

He was chairman of arbitration
boards in numerous wage
disputes between unions and trans-
portation firms and in 1907. Presi-
dent Roosevelt appointed him to
the emergency board to settle the
Southern Pacific labor dispute.

Judge Kerr, when living here,
taught one of the largest Bible
classes for men in the city
at the First Baptist church during
the pastorate of the late Dr. J. W.
Porter.

Ignored Threats Of Mob

Judge Kerr was presiding in Fa-
ayette Circuit Court 70 years
ago this month when a mob attempted
to storm the courthouse and lynch
a man who was on trial in Kerr's
court. Trouble had been anticipated,
and when firing began outside
the building the spectators in the courtroom rose, but Judge
Kerr ordered them to be seated and calmly proceeded with the
hearing.

An excited man opened a door
from the corridor into the court-
room and shouted, "Judge, you
better let them have him—they'll tear
down the courthouse." Again the
judge rapped for order and the
court bailiffs drew their pistols.
The trial went on. The jury found
the man guilty and fixed the pen-
alty at death, the jurors not leav-
ing the jury box to deliberate.

The prisoner, Will Lockett, a
Negro who had confessed murder-
ing a child in the South Elkhorn
section of Fayette county, was
called around immediately and
Judge Kerr sentenced him to death
in the electric chair at Eddyville
penitentiary, setting the date and
concluding, "May the God of All
Mercy have mercy on your soul.

The mob had been repulsed by
the volley of fire of a company of
Home Guards, but by order of the
commanding officer Judge Kerr
and several other officials were
not permitted to leave the building
until later in the day, when U. S.
regulars from Camp Taylor had
arrived and dispersed the mob,
which was threatening the presid-
ing judge and other officials who
had determined not to surrender
the prisoner.

Judge Kerr was praised in edi-
torials throughout the nation for
his decision not to dodge the issue
by granting a change of venue or
by conducting the trial secretly.

Steamboat Bill
Summer 1960 - No. 74
Steamboat Hist. Soc. of America
West Barrington, Rhode Island

A life-size statue of Devil Anse atop
his grave near Omar is from Italy.

The Courier-Journal,
July 12, 1962

"Devil Anse" Hatfield.
HIS NAME WAS LEXINGTON—One hundred years ago today a mare named Alice Carneal foaled a bay colt on the farm of Dr. Elisha Warfield near Lexington. The colt was sired by Boston. The bay colt ran and won his first race as a three-year-old March 23, 1853, under the name of Darley. On May 28, 1853, he was sold by Dr. Warfield to Richard Ten Broeck of New York who renamed him Lexington. In June, 1856, Lexington was bought by Robert Aitcheson Alexander of Woodburn, Woodford county, where the horse died July 1, 1875. Lexington was known throughout America as the "Emperor of Stallions." This photograph by Lou Pain is from a painting by the celebrated Edward Troye whose noted horse portraits adorn many Central Kentucky homes.
Once the village of Mount Savage had more than 100 buildings. This one is all that remains of them now. Part of this ramshackle structure is used as a home by Curtis Adkins.
A Monument to An Industry

 были грандиозный подсолнечник, который был виден издалека, путешественник видел сердце летнего чая. Он был в центре очень обещающего и развивающегося железоделательного производства. Пламена серого дымка из кучи шамотных-кузенов могли быть видны, когда вдоль по меридиану из Нордеста и Запада Кентукки. А из дыма извергались в космос блоки из кирпича, которые были переведены в белый, жёсткий металл, который был сдан на сталь и привезен из машины и устройств молоты и машины, которые служили нуждам растущего королевства.

Питы из которых был составлен железный орел были скоплены вокруг десятков железоделательных предприятий. Эти деревенские места под небом и солнцем были окружены густыми деревьями, которые были подрублены, чтобы получить уголь, на котором было сказано, что производство белого, жёсткого металла, которое было сдано на сталь и привезено из машины и устройств молоты и машины, которые служили нуждам растущего королевства.

После самой большой войны после войны Кентукки, когда была объявлена война сталь, когда производство было прекращено. Все было сожжено, чтобы остановить войну. Все было сожжено, чтобы остановить войну. Все было сожжено, чтобы остановить войну.

Сегодня только ветхие остатки фабрик продолжают быть мутным свидетельством Кентукки, и железоделательное производство, которое когда-то привело к нескольким сотням людей и дала надежду на большие вещи.

Большинство старых фабрик полностью разрушено. В некоторых случаях, однако, видны следы от разрушений - части стены, разрушенные фрагменты стены, куча слябов - все это напоминает о забытом прошлом.

Среди всех фабрик, больших и малых, рассеянных по штату, Монтанская в Кертерс, возможно, самая нетронутая до нашего времени. Даже в том, что было сожжено, многое напоминает о тех временах, когда это было в центре внимания. Но несмотря на то, что это было сожжено, многое напоминает о тех временах, когда это было в центре внимания. Но несмотря на то, что это было сожжено, многое напоминает о тех временах, когда это было в центре внимания.

Но несмотря на то, что это было сожжено, многое напоминает о тех временах, когда это было в центре внимания. Но несмотря на то, что это было сожжено, многое напоминает о тех временах, когда это было в центре внимания.

Монтанская, расположенная в двух милях к востоку от Хитчинс и в шести милях от Грейсон, Картерский округ, приобрела свое название от того, что оно было основано на земле, где жил Свагг. За это право на землю, которым он был награжден, служил под покровительством Джорджа Вашингтона. Капитан Джон Свагг был награжден участком более 38,000 акров, расположенным от того, что является Хантингтон, В. Ва.
This close-up view shows the hearth of the furnace. Molten metal once came from it.

Westward to beyond Grayson. Outcroppings of yellow kidney iron ore were scattered over much of the land, the same as throughout that part of the country.

Early in the 1800's capitalists had begun to exploit the ore that showed around the hill bases in the vicinity of what now is Ashland. Dense hardwood forests, needed for charcoal, made the section a natural location for iron furnaces. In 1818, Richard Deering erected a furnace on the Little Sandy River at Argolite in Greenup County and started turning out cooking utensils. Other furnaces, some no more than six or seven miles apart, sprang up in that vicinity.

Mount Savage wasn’t built until 1848, but it was the marvel of that period—modern, imposing and productive. Its own integrated village grew up around the furnace. While the furnace required relatively few men—no more than 15 or 20, maybe—there were literally hundreds working in the woods, felling trees, cutting cordwood for charcoal, burning the charcoal, mining ore and limestone and doing the countless other chores.

At one time there were more than 100 log cabins, stores and shops at Mount Savage, and the village had a population of possibly 500. It was, in fact, such a sizable place that the Chesaapeake & Ohio Railway built a station and made it a regular stop, once it had stretched its line into that part of Kenucky. Remaining now are only a sign, a half-exposed waiting platform and a spur track where coal from the truck mines in the area can be loaded.

But that’s getting ahead of the story.

Like most of the other furnaces using charcoal, that at Mount Savage was built flush against the side of a hill. The height of the furnace was determined by the height of the hill for convenience in loading the charge—the mixture of ore, charcoal and limestone.

Since hoisting apparatus was crude and slow, it was much simpler to wheel the charge from the bank of the hill directly onto the top of the furnace and dump it in, eliminating entirely any kind of lift.

The furnace itself was a square-shaped sandstone block affair, largest at the base and tapering as it rose. It consisted of, from top to bottom, three parts: the stack, the upper portion of the furnace: the bosh, the lower middle portion where the walls sloped instead of being vertical, and the hearth, the lowest section inside the furnace beneath the bosh and where the molten metal collected. The hearth was round, about 6 feet in diameter and 8 feet high.

The hearth sloped slightly from back to front so that the liquid iron could be tapped off. At the top of the hearth there were two openings, one on either side, known as tuyere arches. Through these the air which created the hotter flame inside the furnace was blown. A steam engine forced the air through the arches.

Mount Savage, as noted, was charged through an opening in the top. Charcoal was dumped in, the limestone, ore and more charcoal added in proper proportions until the furnace was filled to the very top. Air was forced through the tuyere arches, and the furnace was in blast, as the iron masters said.

As the ore, charcoal and limestone heated and settled in the stack, additional amounts of each were added, keeping the furnace full at all times. Inside, curious things were happening.

Due to the intense heat, the oxygen in the

Continued on Page 35
FURNACE Continued

ore began to combine with the charcoal, leaving the iron to separate into a more or less pure state. As the mixture sank lower and lower, the charcoal burned away and the limestone combined with the impurities in the ore. The fused iron and slag (impurities) gradually settled in the hearth, the iron, being heavier, on the bottom, while the slag floated on top of the molten metal.

Every six hours the furnace was tapped. The front of the hearth was blocked with an iron plate which was removable. The slag, the upper portion of the bubbling, liquid mass, was tapped off first by opening the upper part of the plate.

Next the pure molten iron was tapped. In front of the furnace was a smooth, clean area, slanting away from the hearth, called the "sand bed." Before tapping, this bed was prepared to receive the metal. Leading from the tap hole in the block across the hearth, opening, a trench was formed about four or five inches wide and the same depth but with a rounded bottom. At right angles to this larger trench and at four- or five-foot intervals were other trenches or furrows six feet or so long. These trenches, in turn, had other trenches leading off at right angles from them.

Molding sand was used to form this series of trenches. When the iron spilled, white hot, from the hearth, it flowed into the main trench and then off into the various side trenches. Thus, by the use of trenches, iron bars, six feet long, were formed with other bars joined to them at regular intervals.

Incidentally, they say pig iron received its name because of this arrangement of the casting bed. The long bar, shaped by the main trench, was known as the "old sow" and the smaller, joining bars, shaped by the smaller trenches, were known as the "little pigs."

Once all the metal had been tapped, the hearth opening again was dammed and the mixture inside allowed to brew another six hours before the process was repeated.

Still living, almost in the shadow of the old Mount Savage furnace, is Joe Jones, possibly the only living man who worked at the place. Now 77 years old and residing across Straight Creek, the little stream that chatters noisily on the other side of the railroad tracks from the furnace, he hauled ore for the furnace with ox teams when only 8 years old. His father was a charcoal maker who came from Pennsylvania to work at Mount Savage, and Jones and his brother hauled ore to the furnace for $1.75 a ton the last summer it was in operation. That, he thinks, must have been around 1885.

HE REMEMBERS well the boom days of Mount Savage and the stillness which settled over the valley when the furnace fire was allowed to die, never to be rekindled. He recalls particularly the big company store which occupied the space where the coal-loading ramp now stands. There was no regular pay day, he says, but, instead, the men received most of their wages in goods from the store.

Once a year, in the fall, there was a "settling day" when they applied for what money they believed might be due.

There were at least 500 men employed by the company, he thinks. They worked 12-hour shifts. He recalls that life in the village was quiet and full.

But Mount Savage, and the other furnaces, had a gluttonous appetite for ore and for charcoal. Up to 250 bushels of charcoal was needed for each ton of pig iron. The charcoal, which was almost pure carbon, was ideal for ore heating since it contained no impurities. It was made by cutting hardwood into four-foot lengths and stacking it in a conical pile. The outside was covered with leaves and then dirt. An air hole was left at the top of the stack. A fire was started inside the pile and the opening closed and the wood allowed to smolder a week.

The forests simply didn't grow fast enough to keep up the charcoal supply. Then the native ore, which once was found so abundantly near the surface, became harder and harder to reach. The industry was on its last leg. One by one, the furnaces shut down and the workers moved away. Their houses fell into disrepair and eventually disappeared altogether.

So by now all that remains of Mount Savage, once the center of a noisy, thriving village, is the gaunt, silent furnace and an old man with his memories.
$10,830.

Wood, Dickinson & Co.'s Lotteries.

State Lottery
OF KENTUCKY,
For the benefit of the University of Paducah,
Extra Class, No. 1, for 1867.
TO BE DRAWN AT LOUISVILLE, KY.,
Monday, December 2, 1867.

WOOD, DICKINSON & CO., Managers.

75 Numbers. 13 Drawn Ballots.
Scheme No. 1.

| Prize of | 100 |
| Prize of | 100 |
| 260 | are | 10,400 |
| 62 | are | 1,240 |
| 62 | are | 620 |
| 4,712 | are | 23,560 |
| 24,583 | are | 61,457 |

29,705 Prizes, amounting to $119,857.

TICKETS $4.50—SHARES IN PROPORTION.

In the above Scheme, formed by the ternary combination of 75 numbers, making 67,125 tickets, and the drawing of 13 tickets, there will be 260 prizes, each having three of the drawn numbers on 4,756, each having two of them on 24,583, each having one of them on 1 and also 8,420 tickets having none of the drawn numbers on being blanks.

To determine the fate of those prizes and blanks, 75 numbers (from 1 to 75 inclusive), will be accurately placed in a wheel on the day of the drawing, and 13 of them drawn out at random, and that ticket having on it as a combination the 1st, 2nd and 3rd drawn numbers will be entitled to the First Prize of $10,400.

That ticket having on it the 4th, 5th and 6th drawn numbers, to $3,750.

That ticket having on it the 7th, 8th and 9th drawn numbers, to $1,240.

That ticket having on it the 10th, 11th and 12th drawn numbers, to $620.

That ticket having on it the 13th, 14th and 15th drawn numbers, to $23,560.

That ticket having on it the 16th, 17th and 18th drawn numbers, to $61,457.

Those 5 tickets having on them the
1st 8th 15th 22nd 29th 36th 43rd 50th 57th 64th 71st 78th, each..... 300
Those 5 tickets having on them the
1st 9th 16th 23rd 30th 37th 44th 51st 58th 65th 72nd 79th, each..... 300
Those 10 tickets having on them the
1st 10th 19th 28th 37th 46th 55th 64th 73rd 82nd, each..... 100
Those 10 tickets having on them the
1st 11th 20th 29th 38th 47th 56th 65th 74th 83rd, each..... 100

All other tickets, being too, with any three of the drawn numbers on them, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 1st and 2nd drawn numbers, each..... 20
Those 92 tickets having on them the 3rd and 4th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 5th and 6th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 7th and 8th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 9th and 10th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 11th and 12th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 13th and 14th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 15th and 16th drawn numbers, each..... 10
Those 92 tickets having on them the 17th and 18th drawn numbers, each..... 10

And all those tickets, being 2,732, with none of the drawn numbers on them, each..... 2
No ticket which shall have drawn a prize of $1,000 or more, in the above drawing, will be entitled to any further prize.

Prizes payable forty days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of fifteen per cent.

PRIZES CASHED AT THIS OFFICE.
CLASS G, FOR 1867.

To be drawn at Covington, Kentucky.

On WEDNESDAY, Jan. 16th, 1867.

Under the Superintendence of Sworn Commissioners.

MURRAY, EDDY & CO., MANAGERS.

78 NUMBERS----14 DRAWN BALLOTS.

BRILLIANT SCHEME.

1 Prize of ...... $30,458  is ...... $30,458
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400  are ...... 34,000
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 3,400
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000  are ...... 20,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000
1 Prize of .......... 2,000

continue to page 28
Continued from page 25.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize of</th>
<th>2.000</th>
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<td>Prizes of</td>
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<td>Prizes of</td>
<td>10</td>
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<td>Prizes, amounting to</td>
<td>$548.888</td>
</tr>
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</table>

**Tickets $10—Shares in Proportion.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>In the above scheme formed by the ternary combination of 79 numbers, making 79,076 tickets and the drawing of 14 balls, there will be 364 prizes, each having 2 of the drawn numbers on; 5,696 each having two of them on; and 33,294 each having one only of them on; and also 41,664 tickets having none of the drawn numbers on them, being blanks.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To determine the fate of these prizes and blanks, 79 numbers, (from 1 to 79 inclusive,) will be severally placed in a wheel on the day of the drawing, and 14 of them drawn out at random, and that ticket having on it as a combination the 1st, 3d and 3d drawn numbers will be entitled to the capital prize of $30,458.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 4th 5th and 6th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 7th 8th and 9th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 10th 11th and 12th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 3d 3d and 4th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 3d 4th and 5th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 6th 7th and 8th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 6th 9th and 10th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 9th 10th and 11th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That ticket having on it the 11th 12th and 13th drawn numbers, to $3.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those 10 tickets having on them the 12th 13th 14th, 1st 3d 7th, 1st 2d 9th, 1st 3d 11th, each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those 10 tickets having on them the 1st 2d 3rd, 1st 3d 8th, 1st 2d 10th, 1st 3d 12th, each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All other with any three of the drawn numbers on, (being 333,) each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those 64 tickets having on them the 1st and 3d drawn numbers, each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Those 64 tickets having on them the 3d and 4th drawn numbers, each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All others having on them any two of the drawn numbers, (being 5,696,) each</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>And all those tickets having one only of the drawn number's on, (being 33,294,) each</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

No ticket which shall have drawn a prize of a superior denomination can be entitled to an inferior prize.

Prizes payable forty days after the drawing, and subject to the usual deduction of 15 per cent.

1867 Lottery Broadside.
April 3, 1971—

In front row: Eaton; Clark; Coleman—Clyde Burke photo.

Back row: Kirwan; Hamilton; and H. Tapp—in library at "Auburn."
Back in the 1840's and 1850's the old home and grounds at "Ashland", home of Henry Clay were owned by the Kentucky A. & M. College (fore-runner of the Univ of Kentucky) and the professors lived at Ashland and had classes in this old building directly across from it. Later, in about 1924 Sycamore Road was cut between these two buildings, and the base of the tower of "Mechanical Hall" sat where the residence of Clarence S. Moore now is, at 133 Sycamore Road.

Ashland Mechanical Works—
Built 1868 A. & M. College of Ky—razed c. 1910
On W. side Harrodsburg Pike.

FUNERAL.

IN THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF
H. BOONE INCELS,
Will take place at his late residence, on the Harrodsburg Pike, This (Tuesday) Afternoon, June 26th, at 1 o'clock.

The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

Hacks will be in waiting, on Cheapside, at 3 o'clock, P. M.
LEXINGTON, June 26, 1866.

at Ingelside—1866
SITE OF ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCE—Old Mud Meeting House, top photo, will be the scene of the observance of the 175th anniversary of the founding of Harrodsburg. The ceremonies will be held at the historic church at 4:30 p.m. Thursday. Lower photo shows a glass-covered opening in the new covering of the old structure, permitting visitors to see the original mud-and-straw walls of the church. The opening is visible in the lower right corner of the church in the top picture.

Sketch of Mud Meeting House

The Dutch colony has had a profound influence on the religious and moral life in Mercer county, and their descendants rate among the highest type of citizens in this community. As soon as the colony acquired land and provided homes, the members set up family altars and held Sunday services in their native language. After their families were housed, the men of the colony began to hew timber for their meeting house, and when the foundation and the "sleepers" were laid, work was stopped to dedicate the building.

Then with scant funds but with willing hands and abundant faith, they erected the sidewalks, of heavy upright timbers held together with crudely hewn lathes, and the whole church was plastered over, outside and in, with a mixture of clay mud and straw. The building date on the church is 1800.

The first ministers of the Dutch Colony were the Rev. Peter LaBough, sent by the Dutch Reformed Synod at Haganaeck, N. J., as a missionary to the group in Mercer. He organized the church and afterward returned to New Jersey, making the trip both ways by horseback. He was followed by the first resident pastor, "Domine" Thomas Kyle.

In the course of time the mud walls, which gave the church its name, were weatherboarded over. In a later period when the edifice fell into disuse for services, the heads of the Dutch Reformed Church in America deeded the property August 27, 1928, to the Harrodsburg Historical Society, which has preserved it as a landmark. The edifice has been repaired recently and the Baptist church in Harrodsburg was
THE MAN THAT BROKE THE SOLID SOUTH.

Revolutions have taken place in Kentucky. A Democratic stronghold has been captured by the Republican party; and all eyes are turned toward the Hon. W. O. Bradley, who led the hosts and manipulated the machinery during the memorable campaign which closed on November 6th. By this effort he has gained the governorship and a national reputation, and paved the way toward a nomination for the presidency or vice-presidency of the United States, if some chilly wind from the north does not blight his prospects. His labors, together with Democratic disaffection on the money issue and other vital questions, have broken the Solid South, and Kentucky is the gateway through which Republican hosts will pass to continue the conquest.

William O'Connell Bradley was born within two miles of Lancaster, Ky., March 18, 1847. At the age of fourteen he enlisted in the Federal army; at seventeen he was admitted to the practice of law by a special act of the Kentucky legislature, and in 1870 married Miss Margaret Robinson Duncan, granddaughter of Chief Justice Robertson of the Appellate Court of Kentucky. He has ever been a Republican in politics, in a State and district which were Democratic until the recent election. In 1872 he was elected County Attorney of Garrard, the only office he has ever held up to the present time. He was nominated for Congress in 1872 and 1876, and, after brilliant canvasses, failed to elect the Democratic majorities lower than ever before. In 1878 and 1882 he declined nomination for Congress, and in 1879 refused to accept the place of attorney-general on the State ticket on account of ill-health. He was a delegate to the Chicago National Convention in 1860, and seconded the nomination of General Grant, being one of the famous "300." Four years later he was the Kentucky member of the National Republican Committee. He was a delegate-at-large and chairman of the Kentucky delegation at the Chicago Convention that year, and delivered a speech against the proposition from Massachusetts and Indiana to reduce the basis of representation in the South. Before he was of eligible age Mr. Bradley received the complimentary vote of his party in the Legislature for United States Senator. In 1884, he was success in prosecuting the Star-route thieves, but the Attorney-General refused to allow a full and impartial trial, he retired from the case. Three years after this in '87 he accepted his party's nomination for Governor, and succeeded in cutting down a Democratic majority of 45,000 to a plurality of 17,000. The following year, in the Republican National Convention, he received the largest votes for the vice-presidency given a Southerner since the war. He declined to be the gubernatorial candidate in '89, but was nominated by acclamation last June. The aggressive campaign which followed and its successful close show the wisdom of the State convention in naming Colonel Bradley as their standard-bearer. Nearly a half-score years ago he ventured the prediction that he would be governor of Kentucky within ten years, and he has brought about the result by his untiring energy and indomitable will, aided by a combination of unfavorable circumstances which handicapped the Democratic party.

The Governor-elect's industry is proverbial. His extensive practice in the courts of Kentucky has given him constant employment, and he is seldom seen on the streets. Although he was born in extreme poverty, none of the advantages of wealth and influence have befallen about him, and the fact that he has acquired a handsome estate testifies to his close attention to business.

Colonel Bradley left school at an early age, and was unable to attend college, so he picked the long and rugged road of learning, unaided and unsupported, until he had a mind stored with general information and trained to present abstract subjects in a lucid manner. His language is clear yet forcible, and his bursts of eloquence will compare favorably with, and in many instances excel, some of the speeches which nations have heard and which remain in a collection of favorable circumstances which handicapped the Democratic party.

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The Human Side of Jim Hargis

By EDWARD S. LINNER

To the seeker of the picturesque, there is bound to be fascination in the human side of Jim Hargis, the one-time King of Breathitt County, who met the fate of his victims at the hands of his son. Now that he is dead, they are telling stories about him which bring out traits of character hitherto missed by the writers of many articles on the Breathitt feuds.

Jim Hargis was, first of all, a vain man. He knew the extent of his power in the region, where law did not count until Floyd Byrd became prosecuting attorney, and it satisfied him. But his vanity had its limits. Hargis detested photographs and photographers. His enemies say that the reason was not a lack of vanity, but that the Breathitt King did not want his features too well known to the people of other sections of Kentucky. For years he had deeded at intervals that no one should ever take a photograph of him. During the feud, several daring photographers who went to Jackson for the purpose of snapping the King were glad to escape with their lives. They did not return until the eve of the first trial of Jim Hargis for the Callahan murder. The Judge knew of their presence and vowed that his rule would not be broken. Of course all the leading papers of Kentucky had photographers at Jackson, especially to get a picture of Jim Hargis. The Louisville Courier-Journal had sent a young man named Robert Hoos.

When the day came for the opening of the trial, the photographers were lined up along the main street from the store of Hargis to the court house. The accused waited in the rear of his store until the hour arrived for court to open, then covered his features with a quilt and made his way in that manner to the trial. Several of the newspaper men thought that Hargis had won out and gave up the attempt for the time being. Hoos, however, went around to the rear of the court house and concealed himself near the entrance. His idea was that while Hargis was bound to be covered with his quilt if he left by the front entrance, he might discard it in leaving by the rear. This proved to be the case. When recess came Hargis, accompanied by some of his men, left by the rear way. The Courier-Journal man thereupon came out from his concealment and snapped the Judge before he could hide behind one of his friends.

Hargis, in a rage, shook his fist and swore at the photographer. Several of his friends, knowing the rule of the Judge, seized the Courier-Journal man and were about to smash his camera, when the Judge interposed. “Don’t, boys. His paper expects it of him, and I suppose he’s got to make a living.” The ice was broken, Hargis posed for several pictures and was never reluctant to be photographed afterward.

No one realized the power of the press more thoroughly than the Judge. He was a man of some education, and in this respect he differed from many of the mountaineers who followed him blindly. He knew the part which several of the influential Kentucky papers were already playing in a warfare against him. During the period when the feud was at its height, the Louisville Evening Post sent Denny B. Goode, a reporter, to Jackson. Goode began to send in vivid accounts of the situation and spared no one. Breathitt was aroused. One evening Goode received word that Judge Hargis wanted to see him and give him a statement for the Post. Goode went at once to the store of the Judge. The lights there were burning dimly as he entered. He was suddenly seized by several men and dragged to the rear. One of the men then asked: “What do you think of a man who would come among us, learn our ways, then write against us in the newspapers?” “I think he would show he has plenty of grit.” Goode replied. “You do? Well, you have written your last story. You are never to leave this place alive.” Just then Hargis entered, and when he learned what was happening, thrust the men aside.

“No, boys, none of that,” he said. “As long as this newspaper man is in Breathitt County I shall protect him.”

The reporter was then allowed to go.

The Judge, however, was not so friendly disposed toward playwrights. One of them, Leon F. Ellis, of Lexington, thought the Breathitt feuds would make fine material for a melodrama of a lurid type. He accordingly went to Jackson and began to jot down notes of the people and the atmosphere. For a time all went well. Ellis was allowed to go about and gather his material without molestation. When the playwright began to study his characters he expressed a wish to meet Jim Hargis. The Judge sent word he was agreeable, and Ellis went to see him.

“I hear you are writing a play about us,” the Judge began. “Let me see it.”

Ellis refused. Hargis repeated the request and was met with the same refusal. “I never ask a third time for anything,” the Judge remarked.

The playwright thereupon concluded it would be wise to grant the request and handed Hargis the manuscript.

The Judge read part, then handed it back. “Young man,” he said, “there is a train that leaves here for Lexington in two hours. You and I will board it. Your baggage at the hotel will be sent to you. There was nothing for Ellis to do but submit, and Hargis escorted him to Lexington, returning to Jackson on the next train, but not until he had reached an agreement with the playwright that his melodrama should never be produced.
Confederates were the victors in a fierce battle at Richmond

Richmond was the scene of much activity and one pitched battle during the Civil War. The first action came in July, 1862, when John Hunt Morgan's cavalry, opening the way for the Confederate re-entry into Kentucky which followed, swooped into town on one of his hit-and-run raids. Government stores were destroyed and arms were taken.

That set the stage for the Battle of Richmond which followed in August. General Kirby Smith, who had crossed into Kentucky through Cumberland Gap, had sent his Confederate army marching toward a planned meeting with the forces of General Braxton Bragg, who had entered the state near Glasgow. Some 10,000 Federal troops under General M. D. Manson were in Richmond, and on February 27 they marched out to challenge the 12,000 Confederates. The resulting battle started near Mount Zion Church, five miles from town, and raged on through Richmond before the Federals were completely routed.

The battle was one of the most important Confederate victories of the war and at one stroke practically caused evacuation of all Kentucky east of Louisville. Union losses were 1,050 killed and wounded and 4,828 captured as compared with 450 Confederates killed and wounded.

Throughout the remainder of the war there were running rights between small forces in the Richmond vicinity, but no more battles as such.

Eastern State began operating in 1906

Incidentally, there's a fascinating story behind the founding of Eastern and its predecessor, old Central University. Central came into being as a result of the Civil War. Like the rest of Kentucky, the Presbyterian Church in the state was split wide open by the conflict—so much so, in fact, that when the Kentucky Appellate Court awarded jurisdiction of Centre College at Danville to the Northern branch of the church, the Southern branch set up its own college. That school was Central. It opened its doors in 1874 and continued to function until 1891. Between the wounding and the bitter feelings created by the war had begun to heal. So the Richmond college was united with the older Centre.

For five years there was no college in Richmond. Then, in 1896, Governor J. C. W. Beckham signed a bill authorizing the establishment of two colleges in Kentucky to train teachers. Largely because the buildings of old Central were available, Richmond was selected as the site for one of the two colleges. Bowling Green received the other. Eastern, as the new school was named, began to function in the leftovers from Central that first year. Now 23 buildings dot its campus. Dr. W. K. O'Donnell is president of the college.

Eastern possesses one of the finest and largest collections of books by and about Kentuckians to be found anywhere. This collection formerly belonged to John Wilson Townsend, Kentucky author and historian, but it was purchased for the college in 1923. Many of the priceless books are autographed first editions.
James Francis Leonard

BY JOHN WILSON TOWNSEND

THE name and work of James Francis Leonard, the great Kentucky, is known only to the special student of American history; the general reader is not acquainted with his progressive discovery and his imposing life. This is not as it should be: Americans, and especially Kencyayans, should inform themselves as to the details of Leonard's life; they are most interesting and inspiring.

Many of Kentucky's famous sons and daughters were either born, or, for a shorter or longer period, lived in the State's capital—Frankfort. At any rate, in that old and honored town, in its very heart, James Francis Leonard first saw the light. The date of his birth is September 8, 1834.

Leonard's American ancestors were natives of England, but they emigrated to Massachusetts about the middle of the eighteenth century. From Massachusetts the Leonards removed to New Jersey, and from that State they came to Kentucky. John Leonard, the father of the subject of this sketch, first settled near Lexington, but he later removed to Frankfort. He died in 1837, and the mother was thus left with a large family to rear and educate. "Jimmie" Leonard, as he was known from his birth to his death, was first sent to the elementary school in his native town, and, at the age of eleven years, he entered the private school of Professor J. S. Crutchfield, in Frankfort. He finished the English course in the summer of 1848, and at once decided to give his life to the new science that was then fast girding the world and had completely astonished it—telegraphy.

Leonard began his career as messenger in the Frankfort office late in the year 1848. His kinman, Robert B. Taylor, was manager of the office at the time he entered the service. Leonard seemed to learn telegraphy intuitively, and it was only a few months before he startled the citizens of his city by receiving messages by sound. He was the first person in the world to accomplish this feat. And now just a word about his system. Leonard was not an inventor; he was a discoverer. Professor Samuel F. B. Morse's original instrument was the one that Leonard used. The essential of the Morse alphabet was a narrow paper tape, upon which were pricked the letters of the alphabet. Leonard merely discarded this tape, and with it the sight system, and received the messages by ear, thus discovering the sound system. This is, without doubt, one of the simplest and, at the same time, most substantial and useful discoveries the world has seen. It has saved more money, time, and labor than anything discovered in telegraphy since the time of Morse. It is the American system of telegraphy today.

As soon as Superintendent James D. Reid, of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and Louisville Telegraph Company, learned of Leonard's epoch-making discovery, he wired him to come to Louisville, and to that city he went in the summer of 1849. There he continued the work he had begun in Frankfort. Leonard attracted the attention of many celebrities, notably T. P. Barnum, the famous showman, who wanted Leonard to join him, but he declined.

In 1855, in order to obtain a much-needed rest, "Jimmie" Leonard went to Lexington, Kentucky, and entered the banking firm of Taylor, Turner & Company. He lived in the Athens of the West only a year, but during that time he united with the Second Presbyterian Church, then in charge of Rev. Dr. Robert G. Bancroft. This event marked the beginning of his beautiful Christian life. In the fall of 1855, having regained his health, Leonard returned to Louisville, and in that city he continued to reside until the war between the States was well under way.

In the year 1855, Leonard received from Joseph W. Fisher, of Nashville, Tennessee, fifty-five words in one minute, and two hundred and fifty words in five minutes, an average of fifty words per minute. This wonderful record was made without the modern telegraphic code or the teleprinter, and every letter of each word Leonard wrote out in full. Though great and many improvements have been made in the telegraph in the past half-century, it was only five or six years ago that the record of the Kentucky and Tennessee was equaled. But the conditions under which their record was made were so inferior to the conditions under which it was equaled, we are thoroughly justified in claiming that the original record is still the world's record for the swift transmission of telegraphic messages. With modern instruments, there is no manner of doubt that Leonard could have received at least one word per second.

Leonard married Miss Ruth M. Brown, a Louisville girl, on December 21, 1850, and in the next year they removed to Memphis, Tennessee, where their first and only child, Carletta Leonard, was born. This daughter is the wife of Doctor Thomas O. Baker, the well-known educator, of Brooklyn, New York.

A few days after the battle of Shiloh, April 6-7, 1862, Leonard was placed on the staff of General P. G. T. Beauregard, as his official military telegrapher. This position he held until the middle of June, of the same year, when General Braxton Bragg succeeded General Beauregard in command of the Western Department of the army.

James Francis Leonard spent the last month or more of his life in Columbus, Mississippi, and in that city he died, July 29, 1865, a few years under twenty-eight years of age.

Through the efforts of Colonel Charles E. Taylor, the old Frankfort telegrapher, the bust of "Jimmie" Leonard was brought back to Kentucky, and a proper monument to his memory was erected by the Old Time Telegraphers' Association, the members of which were former comrades of the great Kentuckian. These men knew him and his work and they gave freely of their means to build his monument.

On July 29, 1886, the twenty-fourth anniversary of Leonard's death, the monument was unveiled in the State Cemetery at Frankfort. The Governor of Kentucky, J. Proctor Knott, delivered the principal address of the occasion. This address is the finest effort of his career, and we don't forget the glory of Duluth; we could not, if we would. Knott on Leonard will be handed down to our children's children along with Marshall on Meneses and Breckinridge on Clay.

After having carefully studied the life of Leonard, the present writer concluded his biography of him, which will appear in book form shortly, with this characterization—a characterization, I believe, that will be found true and adequate:

"Though his fame is indistinct in many minds, he will, as the first practical sound reader of the Morse alphabet; as the swiftest telegrapher of all time; and as the unadorned Sir Galahad of Kentucky history, live."
The recent discovery and authenticating of a log cabin in Nicholas county, built by Daniel Boone 143 years ago, supply a gap in the famous Kentucky pioneer's life that historians have overlooked heretofore. At the same time an opportunity is offered Kentuckians, before it is too late, to restore and preserve what possibly is the oldest log house still standing and positively the only cabin of Boone's own construction remaining in this state.

The records of the Boone Family Association, Inc., show only that the noted pioneer left Kentucky in 1788 to locate in Kanawha county, Virginia, now West Virginia, and from there departed for Missouri in 1790. There was no record of his having returned to Kentucky mountaine, and the gap now filled might have remained empty forever except for the facts about the cabin learned from Mrs. Charles F. Norton, librarian at Transylvania College in Lexington, who has done a great amount of research on the condition of Boone's life. Mr. Norton cites the following extract from a Draper MSS. quoting Boone's son, Nathan, in the spring or summer of 1798:

Colonel Boone and wife and his son Nathan, descended the Ohio, landed at Limestone and thence proceeded to Bourbon county, and settled on a tract of unimproved land belonging to Daniel M. Boone on the waters of Brushy Fork at Hinckson. In what is now Nicholas county, and about 12 miles from the Lower Blue Licks (their spring ran into Brushy Fork), built provisions for the first year—a few deer, and occasionally killed one, both by Colonel and Nathan Boone—lived mostly on mutton. Colonel Boone and his son Nathan cleared some 10 acres and raised two crops there—1786 and 1787. First fall and winter preparing for crop.

The cabin is located on the exact tract of land described in Nathan Boone's statement, and the tract was then owned by Daniel M. Boone, another son of the pioneer, other records show.

Further evidence, if needed, of the fact that Boone lived there at the time stated is furnished in the following letter which he addressed to Governor Isaac Shelby on February 11, 1796:

Sir—After my best Resps to your Excellency and Esteemed, I wish to inform you that I have seen intention of undertaking this New Road that is to be cut through the Wilderness and I think my Self intitled to the offer of the Borne as I first Marked out that Road in March 1775 and Never rec'd anything for my trouble and Sepose I am no Satesman I am a Woodsman and think My Self Capable of Marking and Cutting that Road, as any other man Sir if you think with Me I would thank you to wright me a Line by the post the first opportunity and he will lodge it at Mr. John Miller on kinston fork as I wish to know Where and when it is to be Laid (let) So that I may attend at the time I am Deare Sir
your very humble servant

Climax To Mistortunes

It is little wonder that Boone did leave Kentucky for good after his residence "on the waters of Brushy Fork," as his failure to receive the contract for building the New Road that supplanted his own trail through the wilderness into Kentucky should have furnished a sufficiently bitter climax to the series of misfortunes that had befallen him up to that time. He had been unable to get title to any of his Kentucky land claims, including Boone's Station, at Athens, where he and his family resided for some years in the 1780s.

The letter to Governor Shelby incidentally, refutes the claim that the Transylvania Company "hired" Boone to cut out the Wilderness Road—or at least that they paid him for the undertaking.

The cabin which Boone built on Brushy Fork is a fair state of preservation today, as like many other log cabins it has been clapboarded at some time in the past and thus protected in large part through the years. It is located on the Maysville road (U. S. 68) just south of the junction of the old Carvers Gap road and the old Governor Metcalfe home, which was restored not long ago by Dr. Yule Ashby of Cincinnati, who now resides there.

Now Owned By Olohan

The land on which the cabin is located was acquired recently by another Olohan—Frank P. McEwen, of Cleveland. When Mr. McEwen was apprised of the fact that the cabin was historic and asked if he planned to restore it, he said he had no such intention. Appealed to, then, to preserve the cabin, Mr. McEwen said he would be glad to let it stand if others had intended to raze it and erect a tobacco and feed barn on the site.

When one considers the colorful career of Boone in Kentucky, from his ejection of the fort at Boonesborough in 1775 to "The Last Battle of the Revolution" at Blue Licks in 1778, where he and his men were "the first to manhood of Lexington" fell in that ill-fated battle, it is easy to understand why Boone returned to Kentucky and built a cabin, expecting to settle down probably, on Brushy Fork.

The greatest battle of his career was Blue Licks—and had been fought a few miles to the north. He had made history aplenty at Boonesborough, not many miles to the south. His fame, in the interview given John Filson in Filson's History of Kentucky (1784), had spread almost around the world. He had been a trustee of the Town of Washington, Ky., in 1789 and a trustee of Marysville in 1787—both just north of Blue Licks and on the same historic Maysville road where, from his roadside cabin, he must have witnessed a steady stream of settlers pouring into his Kentucky in 1766-67.

The restless pioneer had been acclaimed when he moved to Kanawha County, Virginia, and was sent by that county as a representative to the Virginia Assembly in 1791. He had also been made a county Lieutenant of Kanawha.

While he was residing in Virginia, he must have heard with gloom and pride of "Kentucky" wilderness having blossomed into the self-governed State of Kentucky in 1792. It must have been more than 13 years later was inspired by a longing to see the commonwealth-development of his "baby" as well as to return to his home in Virginia. In the endless struggle to sustain himself and family. So it, history does not record that the state in any way honored the presence of its founder while he was farming for a livelihood on Brushy Fork, or of the fact that he was here, outside of the preserved letter to Governor Shelby.

Boone Never "Retired"

As Boone was 61 when he returned to Kentucky I make a fresh start and was 65 when he departed for Missouri on the same mission. History of his active, untiring effort to make an independent living should put to shame the modern cry for thirty-hours-a-week, and public men and public officials will never "retired" or sought a pension right on up to his death in Missouri on September 28, 1820.

The state of Kentucky, which pays its best tribute to him by the gesture of appointing the Daniel Boone Bicentennial Commission, in 1938, to study and locate the 1786-68 cabin, through the Boone Commission, and add it to the Shrine in the Pioneer National Monument for re-creation and permanent presentation by the United States. The
THE SIDE SHOW

Memories Of An Old Man

INTO THIS OFFICE yesterday strode Ernest Featherstone, possibly the sprightliest older man in these parts, and second to nobody in the amount of trotting-horse learning he carries in his head. Dodging a deaf thrust of his cane, a handy piece of equipment used to underscore words and repel boarders, I maneuvered him into a chair and requested some information about the race tracks around Lexington 50 or more years ago.

There were many of them, he recollected, and some of them were very fast indeed. For instance there was the mile track on W. E. France’s Highland Farm; this strip was lighted and horses trained over it seldom were able to duplicate their workout efforts after they were moved to other tracks. The original Highland Farm oval passed into disuse, but later was rebuilt by Col. E. R. Bradley and now is used as a training course for Idle Hour Farm thoroughbreds.

Closer to town were other tracks. One was located at the fairgrounds, now a part of the University of Kentucky campus; another was in the vicinity of Aylesford place. In all, Mr. Featherstone accounted for six within easy reach of downtown Lexington: Major H. C. McDowell’s, in the Ashland neighborhood; Barney Treacy’s, across the road from the McDowell course; Dr. Levi Herr’s, on the Nicholasville Pike, along about where Forest Park road is; T. C. Anglin’s, on the Georgetown Pike; the one in the Aylesford vicinity, and that one at the fairgrounds.

THE FAIR GROUNDS COURSE met a lucid end during the War between the States, when soldiers quartered there burned down the buildings. This misfortune led to the construction of the present trotting track on South Broadway.

Dr. Levi Herr’s mile track was adjacent to the Nicholasville pike, one turn, in fact, was right next to the road. Dr. Herr had in the study his Four-in-Hand horse Mambrino Patchen, designated by Mr. Featherstone as the greatest son of Mambrino Chief. On this track Dr. Herr drove Lady Stout a mile in 2:20, a world’s record for three-year-old trotters. It was the first time a three-year-old had ever bettered 2:30. Lady Stout was by Mambrino Patchen and was bred by John Scott of Pisgah Station. It was the first real effort, our encyclopedist recalled, worth writing about orreporting.

Barney Treacy’s track was located in what is now the Fairway subdivision, and Mr. Featherstone, an authority on such things, says it was about 80 yards short of a mile.

The property on which Mr. Anglin’s track was situated later became the headquarters of William S. Barrere’s Melbourne Stud. The site just across the road from the Anglin track was occupied by a colored fair grounds. This now is the location of the Julius Marks Sanatorium. Mr. Anglin also had a half-mile track out on the Richmond road, at Ellerslie Farm.

A Colonel Metcalfe built a mile track on the Harrodsburg pike on what later became John L. Dodge’s Hollywood Farm. This track still exists. Across the road was Springhill Farm, owned by a man named Bryan who built a mile training oval. Later the Bryan place was bought by Rody Patterson of Pittsburgh. After his death Rody Patterson Jr. ran the farm and there trained the pacer Bessermer, which went through a season on the Grand Circuit without losing a race. Another son, Charlie Patterson, owned a sensational roan trotting filly named Twist, by Jaybird.

On South Broadway, in the present tobacco district, Buford and Carlton rented a large orchard and established Orchard Park, a training center focused around a half-mile track. There stood Princeton, 2:10¼.

Reaching back into his memory, Mr. Featherstone recalled a mile track at Muir Station, owned by Graham and Connelly. “And if anyone doubts that race meetings were held there,” he boomed, “I’ve got printed records to prove it!” The challenge was accompanied with a defiant thumping of the cane.

“Say,” he demanded, “are you going to quote me on all this?”

“Yes.”

“Maybe you’d better not. Maybe you’d just better say that you got the information from an old man.”

Well, then, I got it from an old man. An old man who needs that cane just about as much as Greyhound needed a whip.

—ALEX BOWER.
BEFORE STARTING our tour, it's necessary to make a correction on some data given last week. Barney Tracey's track in what is now the Fairway division actually required a lap-over of only 52 yards to the mile instead of the 60 yards previously reported. Duly noted and entered.

With the approach of the Kentucky Derby and the possible emergence of George Widener's Patter and Lucky Draw as contenders, it's interesting to know that his Old Kenney place once was a kindergarten for Nancy Hanks. The farm originally was known as Elk Hill and was owned by the Harrison family. Taking a farm trip on his walking stick for a long jaunt back into the old days, our guide recalled that the Harrisons sold the farm to Richard Penisten of Philadelphia, who struck it rich when his number came up in the Louisiana Lottery. Penisten built a half-mile track and started breeding trotters. The farm later passed to William Kenney, whose son Ben Kenney, in the words of our crony, "broke Nancy Hanics as a two-year-old and started her on her career to greatness."

The Old Kenney place is devoted entirely to thoroughbred breeding now, of course, but Walnut Hall, site of an early track, started as a standardbred nursery and remains so today. A half-mile track was built at the farm by L. V. Harkness in about 1895.

Castleton, first a harness-horse establishment, later a thoroughbred farm and now devoted mainly to trotters again, was endowed with a half-mile by James Ford from Richmond, Va., who acquired it during the 60's. It was his son, B. W. Ford, who actually built the track, and our historian recalls that the elder man either owned Ford's theater in Washington, where Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, or else he was closely related to the theater owners. B. W. Ford owned the horse Treyvillian, which took a record of 2:03½ back in 1864.

Some of those early track sites have been turned to far more from their original purposes. Today's Hilleston Cemetery once was the location of Dr. A. S. Talbott's farm, called Inwood. Dr. Talbott had a track about a half mile in circumference, or thereabouts, and was one of the most successful standardbred breeders of his time. His formula still works. Just a few mares, but good ones.

Where the county's fraternity now stands was a half-mile course laid out by A. A. Kitzmiller, son-in-law of the T. C. Anglin mentioned last week. In order to build the track, Mr. Kitzmiller had to construct two bridges over the Tennessee River, which flowed through the place. Anglin, who had been leasing training tracks, built a half-mile along the Nicholasville Pike at the site of the present Fortress Sanitarium.

Among the other old-time tracks were Dr. Sockville Price's track on Ash Grove Farm, now part of Idle Hour; John M. Clay's, on the Tuttle Creek Pike; the Schumichlack, Park and Hamilton place on the Winchester Pike, known as "The Polo Alto of the East," because the stud included such great Eclipse blood; the Overton Farm, now part of Hamburg Place. There were several more, and our veteran connector knew them, each and every one.

So extensive is his knowledge, in fact, that one occasion he scored a victory over Harry Burgoyne when that horseman was manager of Walnut Hall. It seemed that a man named Sam Salyers had owned part of the acreage absorbed by Walnut Hall, and that he had built a track on the place. Burgoyne was not disposed to argue about the existence of the Salyers track, but entered a vigorous denouncer when our Mr. ——, our gentleman with the cane remarked that Salyers was buried on the property and that the site was marked with a stone.

"It's true," insisted our gentleman w.t.c.

"It can't be," retorted Burgoyne. "I know every inch of this place and I say there's no such grave on it."

"There is!" Our side was odorate, yielded no ground. Further, our Mr. Salyers wrote his own epitaph, to wit:

"O, Death,
I by thy dart am slain,
But Christ shall conquer thee
And I shall rise again."

Still unconvinced, Burgoyne had to be shown. Off they strode across the fields and sure enough, there was Sam Salyers' grave, epitaph and all.

ALEX BOWER.
Ben Johnson Corrects Story of John Rowan and Dr. Chambers Duel

In the issue of the Kentucky Standard under date of September 4th last appeared an article under a big headline "The Old Talbott Tavern" written by Miss Joyce Bruner, of Lenoir, North Carolina. She was touring and while in Bardstown stopped at the Old Talbott Tavern. In her article she says, "The spirit of history, romance and adventure surround you as you walk up the two stone steps and enter the door of the historic old Coffee Shop." If Miss Bruner had gotten some correct history as she walked up those two steps, she would never have written the article above mentioned, because she has crowded so much incorrect history into an article.

In the first place, may I say that there is scarcely any way to measure incorrect history about Bardstown because there has been so much, and the article just referred to adds and adds and adds to incorrect history. Almost unlimited imaginary history has been written about "My Old Kentucky Home" and no little has been written and told relative to Bardstown itself. It is to be taken for granted that the Kentucky Standard knows of much false history relative to this community, and I am surprised that the Standard published the article written by Miss Bruner, because it is so palpably incorrect.

In all history of this country there have been four outstanding duels. One was that between Andrew Jackson and Dickson, another between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton; the third between Congressman Graves and Congressman Sully (Graves was a Kentuckian and killed his opponent); and the other between Judge Rowan and Dr. Chambers here at Bardstown. There were other prominent duels between Henry Clay and others, but they were bloodless. Several times I have had in my hand the rifle used by Graves upon that occasion, and a number of times, but not within sixty years, I have handled the pistols with which Judge Rowan and Dr. Chambers fought. Judge Rowan, according to the article written by Miss Bruner, and published by you, was killed in that duel by Dr. Chambers. That duel was fought on February 3, 1801 on what is known as the "Choate Blanford place something like one and three-quarters miles due South from Bardstown. At the first shots both Rowan and Chambers missed. The pistols were reloaded and in the second round Dr. Chambers fell mortally wounded and lived only a few hours. If Miss Bruner's story be true that Judge Rowan was killed upon that occasion, how could he have been appointed Secretary of State by Governor Greenup in 1804? If it be true that Judge Rowan was killed by Dr. Chambers, how could Judge Rowan have been commissioned as a Judge of the Court of Appeals in 1819; and how could he have been elected to the Kentucky Legislature in 1824; and, while serving as such, was elected to the U.S. Senate? In 1824 he defended the son of Governor Desha for assassinating Francis Baker. If Judge Rowan had been killed in that duel, as Miss Bruner says, how could he have defended the Wilkinson in that celebrated trial at Harrodsburg in 1837? If, as Miss Bruner says, Judge Rowan was killed by Dr. Chambers on February 3, 1801, why does all history record he died July 13, 1843? In that duel between Judge Rowan and Dr. Chambers, when Chambers fell and Rowan was told that the wound was mortal and that he could live but a few hours, why did Judge Rowan offer his carriage to take the wounded man into Bardstown, if the duel had been fought in the hotel which was already in Bardstown? If Judge Rowan, instead of Dr. Chambers, had been killed, why did the coroner hold an inquest over the dead body of Chambers two days after the duel? The inquest over the body of Dr. Chambers was conducted by Joseph Lewis, a Justice of the Peace, and Christian Bringle, Sheriff of the County, the coroner of the county being absent. If Judge Rowan was really dead, as Miss Bruner says, why did the Sheriff go out to the place now called "My Old Kentucky Home" and arrest Judge Rowan? It is a historic fact that Judge Rowan and Dr. Chambers fell out over a game of cards in which they were engaged at McClellan's Tavern in Bardstown. Judge George M. Bibb was Judge Rowan's second in that duel. Judge Bibb upon that occasion, as is told by reliable history, stopped at Wilson's Tavern in Bardstown.

If Judge Rowan's wife, as stated by Miss Bruner, was a daughter of Benjamin Sebastian, then the relationship between Mrs. Rowan and Stephen Collins Foster is exploded; but it is true that Dr. Chambers was a son-in-law of Sebastian, who was a Judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals and was compelled to resign the judgeship because it developed he was drawing a pension of $2,000.00 a year from the King of Spain, which was in the very midst of the National excitement which grew out of the conspiracy to transfer Kentucky and a large territory out of which other States have been added to the King of Spain. Ben Hardin, the celebrated Bardstown lawyer, defended Sebastian, and I have many papers which he gave to Mr. Hardin to be used in his defense. The facts I have recited are very easily established from all Kentucky history.

Miss Bruner stated in substance that the paintings upon the walls of one of the rooms in the Old Talbott Tavern were made by one who accompanied Louis Phillips, afterwards King of the French, while at Bardstown. Relative to that matter, I can say something of my own knowledge. I do not know the time when the brick part of the Old Talbott Tavern, immediately south of the stone part where the Coffee Shop now is, was built, but I do remember very distinctly when that part of the building was not there. When I was a big boy Dick Newman stood on the sidewalk at the corner of the stone structure and shot at a man running toward the jail alley. If that building had been there, Newman could not have seen the man he shot and the bullet would have had to have gone through three or four brick walls before it reached the man it was shot at. I know of my own certain knowledge that that part of the building was not there upon the occasion of the occurrence just recited. Consequently, no one, whether with Louis Philips or not, could have painted the pictures on those walls when there were no such walls there. I also know of my own knowledge that the doorway between the stone part of the house towards the rooms where the pictures are was not there until after 1886.

Several years ago I wrote an article which was published in the Standard telling how many men had been killed in another hotel in Bardstown, and telling how no man had been killed in what is known as the Old Talbott Tavern. I now return to that subject because Miss Bruner has said in her letter that Jessie James killed a man in that hotel, and presumably in Room 5 where those paintings are. I believe I am better qualified than
Willie Sherman of Samuels Depot; then, after several years Willie Sherman sold it, but he reserved and preserved the lower sash which contained that window pane upon which Jessie James had scratched the date, and his family still has that glass. I am sitting in my room writing this article; if I were not so feeble, I would go upstairs, find my diary and give the exact date when I was at Donnie Pence’s house upon which occasion I saw him scratch the date upon that window pane.

Much has been said and written relative to that part of the Old Tallbott Tavern which now is the proprietor’s office. Quite well do I remember when that space was an open court without roof and a floor made of ordinary brick like a street pavement. I do not recall just when that part of the house was built, but I do know that shortly after it was built my father’s sister, my Aunt Laura Hays, was the first person to occupy the room immediately over that courtyard, and she died in that room in August, 1898. According to my best memory that part of the house was not built until sometime in the 1890’s.

Herebefore I have spoken of seeing Jessie and Frank James with two companions in the hotel office, now kept by John Edelean. Without going into all details, which are very interesting, I saw those four men pass between Yankee Bil, the famous Louisville detective, and George Gunter, the celebrated Louisville and Nashville Railroad detective, Ben McAtee and Bill Edson, all of whom were looking for the James boys. They found them in that hotel lobby, but made not a single move to arrest them.

I was not on speaking terms with Hunter, Bil or the others at that time. I saw the James boys walk straight through the hotel lobby to the street door, and there await for Bill Berry, a negro working at the livery stable located just north of the Christian Church, come with four horses which the James boys and their attendants mounted and galloped away. Years afterwards, when Mr. Hunter was an old man, I talked with him in the L. & N. depot in Louisville about that incident and he told me why he, Bil and the others made no move to arrest the James boys. That story, while interesting, would be too long for this occasion; consequently, I refrain from going further into it just now.

I much regret that somebody else has not chosen to correct the untrue history written by Miss Bruner, and feel that I should write something relative to it.

Miss Bruner also stated that Ballard County, Ky., was named for Thomas Ballard. Collins History of Kentucky is conceded to be the most reliable of all Kentucky history, and Collins recites that in 1842 the Kentucky Legislature created the county out of parts of McCracken and Hickman Counties and named it “Ballard County” in honor of Bland (not Thomas) Ballard. Blandville, at the time Collins wrote, was the principal town in the county, and was so called after the Christian name of Bland Ballard, and was made the county seat of the county. Bland Ballard at an early date was first noticed on Floyd’s Fork in what is now Shelby County. His father was killed by Indians when he was about 18 years of age. He went to Louisville, studied law and became a noted lawyer, and for many years was Judge of the United States Court at Louisville.

Some years ago The Kentucky Standard published an article stating that Jo Daviess was one of Judge Rowan’s seconds in his duel with Dr. Chambers. There seems no doubt that Daviess was present, but the correspondence leading to the duel was handled by Judge Bibb. Daviess at an early date located at where Owensboro now is. Judge Little, who wrote the Life of Ben Hardin, while writing of Mr. Hardin sometimes stepped aside in referring to some historical things. In doing so he referred to the Rowan-Chambers duel. In doing so he fell into the error that Daviess was Judge Rowan’s real second. The article referred to by me as having Daviess as the real second to Judge Rowan shows that it was in the main founded in what Judge Little wrote relative to Mr. Hardin. In 1869 Col. Daviess left Cornfield (now Owensboro) and went to Lexington. He was killed in the battle of Tippecanoe in 1811.

I cannot but think that since The Standard ceased to feature short stories that it should not have printed Miss Bruner’s fictions; and, further, I do not think it fair to the Old Tallbott Tavern to make it the scene of lawlessness since the facts show it through many years to be otherwise. The other Bardstown hotel years and years ago, but now nicely conducted by John Edelean, witnessed much bloodshed, five in number. The man who killed the first one in that hotel afterward had a brother killed there, also a nephew. He had two brothers and three nephews killed not far from there, but none in recent years.

My eighty-three years and a half spent here at Bardstown have given me full opportunity to know much of the town.

Yours truly,

BEN JOHNSON
LINES.

Written on the death of D. W. BEALL, of Gallatin Co., Ky., who with young Walter Edwards, of Woodford County, were so cruelly and brutally murdered, while prisoners of the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, June 6th, 1863, they belonging to Gen. John Morgan's command.

By F. M. Shakhelford, of Kentucky, for Mrs. B. F. Beall.

What can a bare stranger in the community tell,
Of the life and the services of young Webster Beall,
When his image is stamped on Affection's warm heart,
From which no oblivion can make it depart?

The mention of his name made the heart strings to thrill,
As if a torpedo took all power from the will,
And stunned for a moment the heart's healthy tone,
When it was publicly known the fell deed had been done.

Born in a land where the mid-summer's sun
Drives a chariot of flame, when his wild courser runs
Much nearer our heads, and wild vigor imparts
To the too strong impulses of our sensitive hearts.

A hero himself, he listed the call
That floated to his ear on the hot southern gale,
When heroes were battling for God and their right,
When glory was won in the battle's hot fight.

He saw the death struggle, heard Victor's loud yell,
As their echoes came to him o'er mountain and dell,
When Sumter received the rebel shell.
To peace, loud lament—to the Union the knell.

He drew his own sword, threw the scabbard away,
And dashed with his comrades to the host of the fray,
And gallantly fighting, with honor and renown,
His noble young life was in morning cut down.

Away, where the Cumberland rolls her deep tide,
Laden with commerce, like a blushing young bride,
He yielded to the resolves and fortunes of war—
A prisoner, from his friends and relations afar.

An unbidden assassin, a bandit for strife,
Marring on all sides for plunder and life;
Having once been spared from him, by one of the name,
As an insult to his presence, shot him down for the same.

As a tiger grows savage when smelling warm blood,
He first murdered his companion, who died by him stood.
Speed sped the foe's ball, and entered his heart,
And robbed him at once of his life and the smart.

A ball pierced his own side, glanced into his shoulder,
And for twenty-four hours he lay, the beholder
Of the mangled remains of his companion and friend,
Horribly to a youth just approaching his end.

An officer and a private of his own brave command,
Prostrated by Providence in his extremity to stand,
Performed the last rites, as friends and brothers,
As softly and kindly as sisters or mothers.

His soldier companions, in their mission of love,
In sweet competition in their services strove
To make him forget he lay his faint head
Away from the comforts of his own mother's bed.

No mother or sister to wipe the damp brow—
On which death's cold dews are gathering now—
To smooth the soft pillow that bolstered his head;
Too soon to be numbered among the pale dead.

No warm, loving brother to bare his strong breast,
To afford that poor head one more moment of rest—
To give the support of his strong, stalwart arm,
The death surge at his heart in his bosom to warm.

The glory of a soldier still burning in his breast,
And robbed of composure, disturbing his rest.
He sought for conveyance, his command to regain.
Also poor young soldier, you will ne'er march again.

Paying for the burial of himself and his friend,
The death tolling rattle announcing his end,
He aroused his last energies, now ready to depart,
Before the loved fire burned down in his heart.

—Oh, pile not the turf too high o'er my head,
For Frank will be for me, when he hears I am dead,
And put me away at my Gallatin home,
Where himself, and my sister and mother will soon come.

—Oh, bury me with those in life I have loved,
With my father, with whom in the woods I have roved,
With my brother, whose kind and sweet smiling eye
Would so much support me before I shall die.

—With my sweet tender sister, that would give her own heart
If from me she could cause this cup to depart—
And my mother who would turn my last failing eye
To the cross of my Savior, far away in the sky.

A loss to humanity, whose religion and laws
He defended, when adopting her lately lost cause,
Which he thought for and fought for, and espoused as his own,
Their defender and champion wherever he was known.

To his relations and friends—and their number is legion—
Whose devotion amounts almost to religion,
Where every one grieves, as never for another,
And feels as if losing both a friend and a brother.

A loss to his country, a particular bright star,
Who, if God had but spared him to return from the war,
Would have shone in the galaxy of the wise and the good,
A star of bright promise, of the first magnitude.

Come away to our heart's Web in Kentucky's old home,
In the hearts of your friends there ever is room.
Around your loved ashes your friends will oft meet
In a sacrament of affection your memory to greet.

A wreath of sweet roses, from Love's richest bower,
A diadem in heaven, without the loss of a flower—
The heart-strings on earth will forever entwine,
On the brow of your savior forever to shine.
Library at "Winburn" - Lex. Herald-Leader, June 22, 1958

We lived here 1936 to 1946 -

Library - Winburn Farm -
Winston Coleman owner -

House Erected 1935-1936 on Russell Cave Road

Down the hill, in front of home, is the old spring house which was Judge Rowan’s law office — Photos by John E. Shemwell

In Scenic South, Bardstown, Ky.
WINBURN FARM — The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Winston Coleman Jr. is this brick house on land bought by Coleman's great great grandfather in 1810. Coleman, a building contractor until his retirement in 1955, was elected to the American Antiquarian Society in 1952. He owns the largest private collection of Kentuckiana in the world.
Sesquicentennial Celebration of the Organization
of
West Lexington Presbytery

WALNUT HILL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
SEPTEMBER 22, 1949, 10:00 A.M.

MORNING SESSION—Rev. J. W. Clotfelter, D.D., presiding
Minister First Presbyterian Church, Paris

Hymn 228—The Church’s One Foundation

Prayer—Rev. Jesse Herrmann, Ph.D., Minister
Second Presbyterian Church, Lexington

Address—Outstanding Ministers of West Lexington Presbytery
Rev. Robert Stuart Sanders, D.D., Minister
Versailles Presbyterian Church

Address—Outstanding Ministers of Ebenezer Presbytery
Rev. Robert W. Miles, D.D., Minister
First Presbyterian Church, Lexington

AFTERNOON SESSION—Rev. John J. Rice, D.D., presiding
Minister, Troy and Nonesuch Presbyterian Churches

Address—Outstanding Laymen of West Lexington Presbytery
Elder W. B. French, Chairman
Home Mission Committee, Lexington-Ebenezer Presbytery

Address—Outstanding Laymen of Ebenezer Presbytery
Rev. Rutherford E. Douglas, D.D., Minister Emeritus
First Presbyterian Church, Henderson

Address—Development of Women’s Work in Lexington-Ebenezer
Presbytery
Mrs. W. T. Fowler, General Historian
Committee on Women’s Work, Presbyterian Church, U.S.

Address—Development of Youth Work in Lexington-Ebenezer Presbytery
Miss Betsey Bramlett, President
Youth Fellowship of Lexington-Ebenezer Presbytery

Hymn 200—Faith of Our Fathers

Benediction

Walnut Hill Church, 5 miles east of Lexington on Walnut Hill Pike.

This work, a sesqui-centennial history of the Kentucky town in Bracken County, is a good example of what can be done to preserve the story of one’s community. On August 2, 1797, Philip Buckner and three others negotiated for the purchase of six hundred acres of land along the south shore of the Ohio River where the town of Augusta is located. From that date to the present, Augusta has been a prosperous and interesting river town, forty-nine miles southeast of Cincinnati.

Bracken Academy was established here in December, 1793. Twenty-four years later, in 1822, Augusta College was established by the merger of the Bracken Academy and the Ohio and Kentucky conferences of the Methodist Church. This college which has been termed “the first Methodist College in the World” had quite an honorable record as an institution of higher learning in the Midwest. A fine three-story brick building, with spire, was erected in 1825. Rev. John P. Finley, Dr. Martin Ruter and Dr. Joseph S. Tomlinson were among the early presidents and the faculty included such noted divines as the Rev. Henry Bascom, later president of Transylvania University, and Dr. John P. Durbin, afterwards the head of Dickerson College, in Pennsylvania.

Augusta College lived only twenty-seven years; it was the center of the anti-slavery movement in Kentucky and the feeling against it became so intense that the Kentucky Legislature repealed its charter. The main college building was damaged by fire in 1852 and burned in 1856.

Historic Augusta and Augusta College is limited to 250 copies and is handsomely bound in blue cloth with gold letters. Copies of the book may be obtained by addressing the author at Augusta, Kentucky.

J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

TWO-SHOT DUEL

A duel was fought on July 22, 1867, near Welby, Ky., between Littleton Wells, 22, the deputy postmaster, and Saford P. Roberts, 24, a clerk. The men had been the best of friends until they started courting the same girl. Wells proposed, only to learn that Roberts had been previously accepted.

Some time later the two men met at a picnic, and after considerable bickering they parted in a huff. Roberts sent Wells a challenge the same day, which Wells accepted. They met outside the town the next day. Weapons were to be Colt’s revolvers, an unusual sort of weapon for a duel. Firing was to start at 10 feet distance between the participants; was to commence at the count of three, and to be continuous as the men advanced until one of them dropped.

The first shots, a bullet in the brain for Wells, and one in the heart for Roberts, were fatal to both contestants.

Thomas M. Daley, Chicago.
From the magazine, TRIB.)

The Courier-Journal, (magazine section)

APR-16-1950

The Courier-Journal, June-5-1949