KENTUCKY STILL HAS 51 BRIDGES

By J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

It is pleasing, indeed, to report that a new survey of old covered wood bridges in the state of Kentucky reveals enough additions to previous lists of the structures to more than make up for the recorded losses of the last two or three years. As a result, the Bluegrass Commonwealth may now claim a total of at least 51 bridges within the state.

Although Kentucky is bordered by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers and is crossed by such mighty streams as the Tennessee and Cumberland, covered bridge building seems to have been confined to less severe streams. Kentucky has thus been the home of some exceptional single-span bridges, including the old Camp Nelson structure which stretched 240 feet from bank to bank across the Kentucky River at Jessamine.

It is the consensus of bridge builders in the state that the bridge at Butler in Pendleton county was the longest ever in this state. Crossing the Licking River, it consisted of three spans and was 560 feet in length. The bridge was damaged badly in the great flood of January, 1937, and was raised shortly thereafter.

The Butler bridge was extensively publicized some 15 or 20 years ago as one of the longest structures of its kind still standing in the United States. Editor's note: It develops that only the Portland-Columbia and Cumberland-Raven Rock bridges remain. The Delamore River from Pennsylvania to New Jersey exceeded the Butler bridge in length in the entire country at that time, exclusive of railroad spans. And considering the fact that the Cumberland-Raven Rock bridge was a "by-pass" of the old railroad and port town from clips-Kentucky's claim for her bridge enjoyed authenticity.

No doubt the most interesting and important covered bridge which ever stood in Kentucky was the Camp Nelson span. It was built by Lewis Wernag in 1830 and stood for 85 years before being torn down in 1935. The bridge, a double-barrel structure high above the water, rested on magnificent stone abutments and flung itself across the stream in one grand leap.

The historic bridge at Cynthiana was closed to traffic in June, 1944, and partially dismantled. However, only the top shingles and weatherboarding were removed. Only the heavy framework remains. Believed to be the first bridge of its kind erected in Kentucky, it was built in 1837.

Of the old wooden bridges standing today in the state, the longest and possibly the best examples are those at Sherburne and Clayville, both near the main Licking River. Both of these structures are in use on main state highways and carry a tremendous amount of automobile traffic.

Kentucky's 51 bridges are scattered in nineteen counties. Fleming county, with eleven, enjoys top ranking, with Bourbon county's nine bringing runner-up honors. Mason county possesses five, Lewis four and Harrison and Washington three apiece.

In the accompanying list of the designations "org" followed by a number constitute the manner in which the Kentucky Highway Department designates its rural highways. The department has been engaged for some time in putting up signs to identify these roads.

THE ROADS ARE OPENED

It goes without saying that the editors of Topics are elated to present in this issue what amounts to one of the major individual contributions of all covered bridge history—a complete and authentic listing of the covered timber bridges of Kentucky, compiled by no less a person than one of that state's own outstanding historical authorities, Dr. J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

with the name of some of the nation's most famous bridges. Covered bridge fanatics all over the country have heard of Old Cynthiana bridge, around which a Civil War battle was fought, of the magnificent Camp Nelson bridge across the Kentucky River erected by the famous Civil War veteran John Hunter. Of the Butler bridge which was pictured on old advertising buttons, of the three Stoner Creek bridges which the traveler traversed one by one departing or approaching the town of Paris, or of the bridges at Flat Rock, Danvers, Stoops, Lair, Clayville and Sherburne.

But Kentucky bridges have seemed as phantoms from the never-never land, because so many are gone and since guides to those still standing on the back roads have for so long become so hard to find. Often there have been newspaper and magazine articles about the Kentucky bridges, but they served only to call attention to a few spans scattered here and there. There wasn't anything to ease the disappointment of a bridge hunter at finding himself half a dozen others almost within shouting distance.

Now thanks to Dr. Coleman, those phantoms are securely nailed down. The collector may pick his county and slake away with his camera, secure in the knowledge that all of the paths are marked and all of the bridges are waiting.
LEXINGTON

By ALVIN F. HARLOW

Serenely set in a setting of lavender and old lace, the queen of the comely Blue Grass country is quaint but far from naïve—an unparalleled blend of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY, is one city which is fairly well satisfied with the status quo. In fact, if any change were to be made, it would prefer a slight recession to the status quo ante—that is, before those two modest-sized factories began to add their smoke to the air a couple of years ago, and before termites were discovered in the tobacco barns last winter, with horrid implications for all the beloved old buildings in the Blue Grass region. Lexington is what might be called an agrarian city, and content to be so. Nowhere is there a city of comparable size more thoroughly integrated with or dependent upon the rural area around it. Lexington and its county, Fayette, are, in effect, one community.

Here, conservatism and contentment are natural products of environment and history. You begin to get an inkling of this as you traverse the comely Blue Grass realm. You feel the placidity, the charm of its calm well-being as you pass thousands of acres of cleared land never touched by a plow; great parklike farms with miles of white plank fences and nevar a foot of barbed wire; bonny, weedless pastures with graceful bits of woodland; horses, heads down, mowing the luscious grass or lolling in the shade; occasional deep-green tobacco fields, but no grain because the horse country doesn’t grow horse feed on $500 to $1000 per acre land; and comfortable farmhouses or great, columned manors back among the trees. "A land of unrivaled beauty," said a traveler of a century and a half ago, while John Burroughs, visiting it in 1884, raved, "Such a look of leisure, of freedom, of amplitude! What vistas, what depths of sunshine and shadow! A land ripe and mellow with the fullness of time." Even sardonic Henry L. Mencken, unexpectedly invited to breakfast at a Blue Grass farmhouse, wrote, years later, "Never in all my wanderings have I seen a more idyllic spot... or had the pleasure of being entertained by pleasanter people... The place was truly Arcadian."

Who wouldn’t want to keep town and country like that? Lexington would not like to lose her ancient friendliness and courtliness or the warm cordiality that travelers have long recorded with gratified amazement. In fact, Lexington dreads a population so large that a passing Pullman porter will no longer be able to say to a Fayette County lady passenger, in promotion of a pleasant journey, "Miz Mason, they ain’t a soul on the train you know except Mr. Owsey Brown from Louisville, and he’s in the car forward o’ this."

The city’s population was 49,304, according to the 1940 census, but today the Board of Commerce is claiming 70,000—a figure which probably includes the outlying sections that the city administration has promised to annex this year. Nearly everyone agrees that Lexington is big enough. If it grows much larger, there might come a time when you could walk the length of Main Street and not meet a soul you know.

The serenity of Lexington life has had a noticeable effect on the citizenry. There are sprightly octogenarians and nonagenarians tripping all over the place. Old-timers of from eighty-five to 100 survive broken hips and pneumonia and turn up again as chipper as sparrows. One lady of ninety-three in the aristocratic Gratz Park section occa-
An occasional structure dates back to the city's infancy—such as the one in which Henry Clay's brother Porter carried on his cabinet-making—but these are mixed in with the new business houses. Downtown streets are narrow—an eighteen-century settlement, remember—and there is a parking problem. There are excellent hotels and hospitals and, significantly, an unusual number of neighborhood and prosperous banks. Morning and evening newspapers, the Herald and the Leader, under one ownership, combine in a Sunday edition and accurately reflect community spirit in that, while they cover the news, they cast frequent backward glances at the city's classic past. They steer a fairly independent course, for Lexington, a rip-snorting secessist town during the War Between the States, is now on a pretty delicate balance between Democrats and Republicans. Business is still close on Robert E. Lee's birthday.

Nowhere else are old buildings—houses in particular—so loved and preserved. A recent survey found at least 435 structures a century or more old in Lexington. Many of these, forming the business district, are dwellings once inhabited by burgcrs and notables of the earlier days, where some of their descendants live yet. The greatest concentration of lavender and old lace is not five minutes' walk from Main Street—around Gratz Park, a heavily wooded square, and immediately adjacent Third Street, both closely rimmed with old, homes, some Georgian in type, some severely plain, but few with any changes in 100 or 150 years, and nearly all still well groomed.

Here, within walls hung with family portraits and amidst rare old mahogany, silver and china brought across the mountains, some of it on muleback before there were any real roads, the top cream of the cream still reside. Here you find elderly ladies who are thoroughly insulated. They would never admit knowing anyone in the middle-class parts of town or even having set foot in those quarters. One of them, recently returned from a visit to this outer world, remarked quite sincerely, "What sweet little houses! I wonder what sort of people live in them." Sixty years ago no lady from her select enclave ever entered a business house. Untiring (front of a dry-goods store, a male clerk would rush out, ascertain the lady's wants and bring out bolts of cloth, ribbon and what not until she was satisfied. They even tried on shoes in their carriages.

Despite its obvious attraction for the tourist, Lexington has no "weeks" when old houses in city and country are thrown open to the public, nor are there guides or tours to points of interest. The Blue Grass country has an old-fashioned liking for privacy and a dislike of exhibitionism. If you wish to see the home of Robert Patterson, one of the city's founders, or Ashland, the home of Henry Clay, the girlhood home of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, the house where she went to school, the house where Jefferson Davis boarded when he was a student at Transylvania College, the house where the pooboy—remember him?—was chosen as the Democratic Party emblem in 1819, and a score of other landmarks, you will have to find them yourself, though anyone will genially try to aid you if you inquire.

There is only an occasional historic tablet, such as the one in front of the Union Station which marks the site of the Main Street Christian Church, where "the 12-day Campbell-Rice demonstration took place in Nov., 1842, Hon. Henry Clay presiding." You may wonder why this endurance test for listeners is recorded, but it was terrifically important in its day. Lexington is still a churchgoing town, as the number of large and prosperous houses of worship attests. A Bible college has long flourished here, too, and is about to erect a new building.

Kentucky has never been able to see any incongruity in the fact that her distillers and horsemen are pillars of the church, but the Episcopal Church of the Good Shepherd in Lexington is unique, even for Kentucky. Here there is a bronze tablet which reads: "To the glory of God this Church is given to Him by the lovers of the Horse from over the country as a token of appreciation of their Father's goodness to His children, Man." The story is a curious one. In 1924 this parish had lost its church by fire. Its pastor, Rev. Thomas L. Settle, orphaned in childhood in England, had been a stable boy and jockey before entering the ministry. When a bill was introduced in the Kentucky legislature, barring even pari-mutual betting, the Reverend Mr. Settle, believing that of the two evils, gambling looked like it, helped draft a bill that would be worse than legalized betting, went to the capital and spoke against it. The bill was defeated; whereupon horsemen, hearing of his parish's plight, began—somewhat to his embarrassment—to shower big checks and bank notes upon him until reportedly he had $200,000 in cash with which to build this handsome church.

But don't get the impression that Lexington is a backward-looking, behind-the-times, rustic old softy to whom you could add bricks or electric bolts. The old lady is anything but naive. She is a fascinating and unparallel blend of yesterday, today and tomorrow. Especially in matters pertaining to her own particular lines of enterprise, she is as keen as a razor and as up to date as the stock ticker. In two articles of trade, tobacco and fine horses, Lexington is Big Business. In case you doubt it, one breeder met another on the street last winter, offered him $100,000 for a certain horse, and the bid was rejected on the spot. Louisville could once claim to be the biggest leaf-tobacco market in the world, but, with thirty-five huge buildings devoted to tobacco sales, redrying and storage, it has lost its distinction away from her long ago.

The Blue Grass is going in for cattle and sheep breeding, too, and as a wholesaling center Lexington is not to be overlooked.

No irritated citizen ever gets up on his hind legs here, as in some other cities, to ask, "What's the matter with Lexington?" Nothing is the matter with Lexington—nothing, that is, in the opinion of some, except a little too much progress in recent years. But do not misinterpret this. Lexington is small and modern; it has the latest gadgets and ameliorations of life. There are golf, polo, hunting, skeet and other sports clubs, all the men's luncheon clubs that any town needs, clothes as smart as Park Avenue's, food, in restaurant or home, as good as one could want. The town has four radio stations, an electric eye opens the dining-room door for you in a leading hotel, and Mrs. Warren Wright, the wife of the proprietor of Calumet Farm, stepped into a plane at New York one morning recently, flew to New York for a bit of shopping and returned the same day; total for the round trip, eleven hours. Even local Thoroughbreds nonchalantly hop across country by air whenever they take a notion. Owner Henry Knight, of Almahurst Farm, flew four stallions to Paris not long ago and brought back four French stallions by plane. Walter Salmon, of Mereworth Farm, promptly trumped this exploit by flying a mare across from Italy.

All this is calmly accepted, even by ultraconservatives. It is in accord with an established precept that nothing is too good for the Blue Grass. What most of the people of Lexington do not want is more factories or a faster pace of life. The Board of Commerce occasionally remarks mildly that this is a good place for industry, but such heresies are disapproved by old-timers and their descendants, and even later-comers, both in the city and in the estates round-about. To them, an industrialized Lexington is a thought too great to contemplate. They want Fayette County to be primarily a place for unfrilled, well-mannered living, but it has also been observed that the nondependence of the population upon factory employment and the relative size of industrial and commercial supremacy. Christened, so legend has it, before it was born, in June, 1775, by a party of exploring pio-
The oldest existing college west of the Appalachian Mountains, Transylvania, was chartered by Virginia in 1780, and still enjoys a distinction unrivalled in the world: Of its first eleven trustees, nine were killed by Indians! In 1785 Transylvania was functioning in a double log cabin with stick-and-clay chimneys, and bringing over Blue Ridge by pack mule a small donated library, the beginning of today’s remarkable collection of rarities.

Lexington’s only distillery, the James E. Pepper, claims to have been founded coincidentally with the college, in 1780. Local historians wrinkle their brows over this, but so far haven’t been able to disprove it. A newspaper was established in 1787, an almanac and a dancing school in ’88, before there were fifty houses in the village. A circulating library began lending in 1795, and, sometimes in dwellings, sometimes upstairs over stores, has grown without a break into the fine public library of today.

In 1820 Timothy Flint, a touring Yankee parson, found the last books and magazines on tables and window seats, the people’s manners and conversation so cultured and literary that he thought Lexington might justly be called the Athens of the West. From the East, mostly by Virginia, the progenitors of the great Blue Grass families had begun coming long before 1800, and as decades passed and they grew wealthy in the new Eden, their sons and daughters went to college, the sons often to great Eastern universities or even to Europe, while the girls coursed elegantly through the best female seminaries.

For seventy-five years Lexington was an art center. Its numerous painters, whose names are still mentioned with pride, turned out hundreds of family portraits which still hang on manor walls: “Above the mantel, Great-great-grandmother Elizabeth Meredith, by Jouett; she was a sister of the first John Breckinridge who came to Kentucky. Her father-in-law received the grant of this land in 1779… Over the console, Grandmother Frances Peter, by Lewis Morgan. He was here two years, in ’49–’51, painting family portraits. He fell in love with Great-aunt Letitia, between the windows, there—but she did not reciprocate, and he went away to Southern Kentucky in ’52 and died—of a broken heart, some say, though Great-aunt Letitia used to sniff, ‘Broken heart, fiddlesticks! He died of abscess of the liver.’… No, she married Colonel William N. Robb.”

One of the most unpromising of immigrants was the lank, homely youth, not yet old enough to vote, who rode into town on a lean nag in 1797 and hung out a shingle, announcing modestly that Henry Clay was there to practice law. Just two years later, he was helping to rewrite the state constitution and daring unpopularity by advocating the abolition of slavery—a stand which he never forsook, even though he himself became a slaveholder when he developed his fine estate outside the city. Lexington’s proud boast, a statesman whose greatness has come more and more to be recognized, he was the first to propound the Good Neighbor policy—in 1818, a century before most politicians could grasp the idea.

Science flourished here too. One of the numerous inventors of the steamboat, Edward West, exhibited his craft on the dammed-up Town Branch in 1793, fourteen years before Fulton. Thomas Harris Barlow built some of America’s earliest planetaria and in 1827 perhaps its first homemade locomotive. Eminent Lexingtonians paid fifty cents for brief rides behind this locomotive.

All this was a pattern with the little city’s industrial and commercial development. Josiah Espy, a touring writer of 1805, said it was the largest and wealthiest town in Kentucky or, indeed, west of the Alleghenies, “its main street having all the appearance of Market Street in Philadelphia on a busy day.”

But Kentucky was at the moment comparatively overpopulated, and the Blue Grass region industrially over-developed. A reaction set in, and between 1820 and 1840 thousands migrated into the states to the northward and westward. Moreover, the steamboat had appeared on the Ohio River, which was becoming the great highway between East, West and South. Two brush young upstarts, Cincinnati and Louisville, ports on that river, mushroomed in size and snatched away Lexington’s business supremacy. It was then that Lexington acquired her philosophy that serenity is preferable to great riches. If she had no navigable stream, that at least meant she was immune from floods. Conscious of resources beyond the grasp of any commercial competitor, she settled down to make the best of what she had, to cultivate contentment and to reign as the unchallenged Queen of the Blue Grass, always self-satisfied, sometimes even a bit supercilious.

The thread of culture was one thing that was not lost. Transylvania College, now 168 years old, had its ups and downs in its first century, very nearly passing out at times but reviving, trying to be a university for a while, then giving that up to become just a college again, purveying the liberal arts. Its youthful-looking president, Dr. Raymond F. McClain—a naval officer in the late war—believes that small colleges should leave vocational education to the specialists and universities, and just try to save what is left of culture. With a fine group of buildings, attendance holding comfortably steady around the 500 mark and no worries about competitive athletics, the old college keeps its feet above water and is reasonably content.

While Transylvania’s early trustees were scalped by Indians, the University of Kentucky, on the other side of town, retorts that it is the only colle-
The university, organized in 1865, has a beautiful campus dotted with handsome buildings, in which seven colleges and the graduate school function. As with all such institutions, the war veteran influx has packed it to the bursting point. With a normal attendance of 2500 to 3000 before the war, it registered 7840 last fall. It boasts an eighty-five-piece band—"beat in the South," a football team rated by the experts last winter as probably tops in the nation, and a football squad also highly distinguished.

Kentucky's old constitution set the top limit of state salaries, from that of the governor on down, and including the university faculty, at $5000 per year. In recent years, as living costs have risen, this would have put the university at a serious disadvantage had not Lexington's Keeneland Race Track handed over part of its income to piece out the professors' salaries. Match that elsewhere if you can—the much criticized race horse giving direct aid to both education and the church. But last autumn the salary clause in the constitution was upset by the state court of appeals, and new salaries are being adjusted.

As early as 1782 there was racing on "race paths" outside Lexington, and in 1797 the Jockey Club was organized. Then it became apparent that there was some magic potion compounded of soil, water and grass in this small area which produced great horses. Noted breeders arose: Clay, Dudley, Warfield, Alexander, Buford, Harper, Ten Broeck, Thomas, McPherson, Haiggin and Headley are a few notable names. A tiny cloud was seen on the horizon in 1871, when a New Jersey breeder bought a farm near Lexington and brought his stud there. The foreign invasion had begun.

Today, well-informed persons say they know of no millionaires in Lexington. Oh, yes, there are the Whitneys, Wideners, Wrights and others owning outlying horse farms, but they don't count; they are "foreigners," most of them nonresidentes. The philosophy of the bred-in-the-bone Lexingtonian is much the same as it was a century ago. The old-time horseman was not primarily interested in the accumulation of wealth. All he wanted was enough money to enable him to live comfortably, enter his expensive and buy fresh horse stock at frequent intervals. But men whose chief interest was the acquisition of dollars and who craved thrilling diversion were casting envious eyes upon his Arcadia. August Belmont and James R. presentation came and launched breeding farms in the 1880's, followed by John E. Madden; they bred some great horses and passed on.

Then came the Wideners, the Whitneys—now owning, among them, three farms—the Writings, of Chicago, whose Paddock Farm, producer of Whirlaway and Man o' War, Charles Storer (automobile bodies), who breeds shows horses at Dixiana; Dale Shaffer (oil), of Chicago and Coldstream Farm; Edward G. Moore, of Montana, who bought famous Idle Hour and renamed it Circle M; Miles Yount and Robert Kleberg, of Texas, both of whose farms have gone into cattle also.

But there are not a few of the old stock still in the business—Knight, of Almahurst, who owns other farms as well; third- and fourth-generation Clay and Headley carrying on in a big way; a Leslie Combs at Spendthrift; an Alexander and many others. One of the several nurseries of harness horses is Walnut Hall, the 3200-acre domain of the Edwards family—birthplace of Victory Song, top trotter of 47—with one of the most impressively baronial mansions in the Blue Grass. In one of its semimodernness lies the late Earl of Derby looked about him one day in 1930 and said, "This is more beautiful than anything in England." Other farms breed saddle horses, and there is even a famous unpedigreed sire of farm work horses, with full bookings.

Of Lexington's two famous race tracks, Keeneland is one of the few non-profit racecourses in the world. It stands hospitably open, and at its spring and fall meets, everybody could enter without paying if he chose, but nobody does. There are also noted sales at Keeneland; more than 800 thoroughbreds changed hands there last November.

The other celebrated course is the trotting track, known as the Red Mile because of its red clay ingredient, which makes it the fastest harness track in the world. Here the present-day world's trotting and pacing records were made, and records have regularly been lowered for decades past.

Lexington society is all mixed up with horses. From spring until late fall the racetrack makes the sales at Keeneland and Thoroughbreds, the big sales stable in the city, bring well-to-do horsemen and their families from everywhere, and there is much social activity. But the real peak of the season is the Junior League's week-long horse show in July. The league is actually a member of the National Horse Show Association of America. Regardless of the cash prizes offered, so much éclat attaches to exhibition here that horses have been known to come all the way from both coasts to compete.

Tobacco is a more humdrum subject than horses, but it is a bigger business in Lexington; it put $45,000,000 into circulation there last year. The auction season—all leaf tobacco is sold thus—opens on December first, and the pulse of the city quickens. The hotels swarm with buyers from the great tobacco companies, for sales may be going on at six or seven warehouses at once. Trucks have brought the leaf from growers' curing barns, not only in Fayette but in many other counties—yes, and from Tennessee and across the Ohio River, and sometimes even from Missouri. Lexington is a favorite market for both growers and buyers, for the latter expect to find high quality here.

An auction sale moves along warehouse aisles at remarkable speed. The auctioneer chants his rippling allegro as he walks slowly past stack after stack, the group of buyers keeping pace with him in the opposite sale, bidding orally or by scores of mystic signs. Baskets—stacks of 600 to 600 pounds—of leaf are thus sold in from three to ten seconds; six baskets per minute is the desideratum. Men following close behind note the results of the sales and rush them to the office at intervals, so that the growers, who are usually on hand, may receive their checks in from sixty to ninety minutes. Meanwhile, the sold tobacco is being hustled into trucks to be taken to the buyers' warehouses—there are ten of these in the city—to be redried and aged. Here, come to think of it, is real, high-pressure, nervous activity, such as one wouldn't expect to find in the Blue Grass.
There was good cheer in the Burley country last winter, for selling prices were higher than they had been in twenty-eight years. In the brief postwar boom of 1919, prices reached fantastic levels, but in the following year there was a sickening crash, and some low-grade leaf went begging at half a cent per pound. A long, slow climb since then brought prices to a satisfying peak last winter; in the twenty days before the Christmas recess, 45,078,646 pounds of leaf were sold in Lexington warehouses for an average best-grade price of 52.58 cents per pound.

Of course, farmers’ costs are higher now, but even so, there was some real velvet.

Politics is always a hot topic in Kentucky, although there are no big dominant personalities in Lexington nowadays, as there were in the age of giants like Clay. The city has long had the commission form of government and a city manager, but the commission’s high-pressure political metabolism has of late made the manager’s tenure uncertain. While there is supposed to be no politics in city elections, there is, and the muddling that goes on would lead an outsider to believe that the city is an ulcer on the body politic. For that reason, scions of the older stocks do not seek local political jobs, save that the circuit judge’s post has always been considered a fief of the old families. The truth is that the town isn’t large enough to permit any great amount of skulduggery to go undetected.

Local politicians are carefully scrutinized in Lexington because they have so frequently revealed a lack of reverence for history. Back in 1884 they turned the city’s oldest cemetery, one in which early pioneers were buried, over to a wheel-and-spoke concern for a plant site. The storm that arose was so violent that the mayor had to leave town for a while. Again, forty years later, when the automobile was demanding straighter roads, the city proposed to fell a giant sycamore at the entrance to the Henry Clay estate, one which was undoubtedly there before the statesman ever saw Kentucky. At that, a popular uprising was threatened; so officials had the tree girdled with axes at night to kill it, and then hid away from their offices until the tempest blew over.

There are ways, however, of bringing the past down into the present, as is seen in the swank Iroquois Hunt Club, which annually, on Saint Hubert’s Day—November third—stages the medieval ceremony of the Blessing of the Hounds. The ritual is performed by the Episcopal Bishop of Lexington in full canonicals. He stands on a big millstone in front of the old stone watermill clubhouse in a remote corner of the county, with the huntmen, in their red coats, plush caps and derby, ruffled around the pack, and their bloodred mounts waiting in the rear. This—plus a city street named Cheapside, a big sales stable known as Tattersall’s, mansions with names like Runnymede and Llangollen—composes such a lingering of old British tradition that when you hear that one of the Iroquois Club’s two masters of the hounds is named Fauntleroy Pursley, you are almost prepared to hear that the other is Waldemar Fitzurse or Sir Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

Woodrow Wilson’s dictum that the ancient traditions of a people are their ballast seems to be proved true by the calm solidity of Lexington. In a restless, neurotic age, these people are more nearly immovable; they cling to their ancient homesties more tenaciously than any other folk in America. Without being deeply analytical, they seem to sense, as few Americans do, that past and present are not two incongruous, even antagonistic forces, but are a logical continuity, to comprehend and profit by which is a manifestation of wisdom.

Keeneland, one of the few nonprofit tracks in the world, is noted for its sales of thoroughbreds. More than 300 of them changed hands there last November.

End of article

NO ABRAHAM TO INTERCEDE

Sodom was destroyed. . . . An old covered bridge connecting Scott and Woodford Counties, where the Pepper Pike crosses South Elkhorn Creek, is the only reminder of the once thriving village of Sodom, Ky.

About 1½ miles from Midway, Sodom was laid out by James and George Ware in the early 1820’s and at one time boasted 150 inhabitants, a cotton and hemp factory, a tannery, shoe shop, carding mill and distillery.

James Leake is said to have been one of the earliest settlers in this area prior to the 19th Century. Three men, Millan, Marsea and Ford, settled at this location and built a mill, the race of which is still discernible by the still running Juniper Springs. They also operated a distillery with the assistance of John McManus, an Irish immigrant, who brought with him the formula for making poteen, a liquor made from potatoes. McManus’ formula was worked out to conform with corn and other grains.

It is questionable whether or not the town was originally called Sodom, as very little of its early history is known.

A legend exists that the once thriving community developed into a very wicked place, and was destroyed by a fire that started in the stacks of cotton and hemp at the carding mill about the year 1833.

As there were no adequate means of extinguishing the blaze, it burned for several days, and an old Negro cried out in the night, “Sodom and Gomorrah.”

The Courier-Journal
Feb. 27, 1948
Pauper Burial Plot Offered By Cemetery

Members Of Board Will Confer Today With Judge Nichols

The Lexington Cemetery Board yesterday voted to give the county a plot in the cemetery for pauper burials, provided the county would pay for costs of opening and closing the graves.

J. Winston Coleman Jr., new president of the board, said its members would meet with County Judge W. E. Nichols and other members of the county government at 10 a.m. today for consideration of the offer.

The county has been seeking a new pauper burial site since Nov. 30, two days after family and friends took burial of a Fayette man in the county pauper plot, when they found it was frigid on three sides by the county dump.

Meanwhile, County Commissioner Dixie McKinley, appointed by the court as a committeee to find a new burial spot, reported that several sites—both for white and Negroes—were under consideration.

He indicated final decisions would be made Friday.

Coleman said the offer of the cemetery board was agreed on at a meeting of board members yesterday.

Standard cost of opening and closing a grave, he said, was $35 and it was this cost the board wants the county to pay. The cemetery will donate the grave sites and assume upkeep of the plot, he said.

Coleman reported that the site offered by the board was sufficient for approximately 1,000 burials, a long-time solution to the burial site problem since burials of indigents are estimated at 15 to 20 a year.

The cemetery already has an agreement with Lexington churches whereby a poor person, on recommendation of his pastor, can be buried without grave cost in the cemetery, the churches assuming costs of opening and closing graves.

(However, this agreement does not apply to persons who die paupers and not members of any church here.)

With a $12 to $15 fee to funeral directors handling pauper burials, plus the $35 grave opening and closing fee, acceptance of this offer would raise costs of county burials to from $49 to $50 per person.

Commissioner McKinley said last night that the county was paying an overall cost of such burials of approximately $30 to $40. He declared that figures published giving the costs of burials at $12 to $15 accounted only for the funeral-director fee, not for costs of opening and closing the grave in the Old Frankfort Pike site, and overseeing the work.

Acceptance of the Lexington cemetery’s offer would leave only one burial problem facing the Fayette Fiscal Court—the question of whether the city or county shall bury paupers who die residents of the City of Lexington.

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UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY
Summary of Totals of Degrees Awarded—Arranged by Type, College, and Sex, 1866-1947

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DEGREE</th>
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<tr>
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<td>148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

GRAND TOTAL—17,223 — 10,681 Men, 6,592 Women

SLAVE GROOM

There are tricks in all trades—the slave dealers used them. William Brown, a slave who helped groom some of his master's Negroes on their way South, wrote: “I had to prepare the old slaves for market. I was ordered to have the old men's whiskers shaved off, where they were not too numerous, in which case we had a preparation of blocking to color them, and with a blocking brush we put it on. These slaves were also taught how old they were, and after going through the blocking process they looked 10 years younger, and I am sure that some of the planters who purchased these slaves were dreadfully cheated.”

J. R. Bowman, Lexington, from "Lexington Slave Dealers and Their Southern Trade," by J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
**UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY**

A Century of Educational Background, 1776-1878

**AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL SOCIETIES**
1785. The first of importance were organized at Philadelphia and at Charleston, Washington and Franklin members.
1787. Kentucky Society for Promotion of Useful Knowledge.
1816. Kentucky's First State Agricultural Society—Isaac Shelby, President.
1838. Second State Agricultural Society.
1854. Central Kentucky Agricultural and Mechanical Association.
(John B. Bowman, one of incorporators)

**AGRICULTURAL JOURNALS**
1826. One had national circulation by this time.

**MOVEMENT FOR FUNDS FOR AGRICULTURE, 1796**
1796-97. Washington's message concerning National University—Agriculture is of primary importance.
1838. First Federal Funds appropriated.
1840. First bill introduced in Kentucky for agricultural school.

**PUBLIC LANDS TO BE USED FOR AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION**
1787. Act concerning Northwest Territory.
1841. First Memorial in Congress.
1851. Plan for State Universities partially supported by Federal Funds.

**MERRILL ACT PASSED BY CONGRESS, 1862**
An X Society—approximately 1802 societies in U.S. promoting it. Kentucky allotted 350,000 acres of land to establish an A&M College.

**FEBRUARY 22, 1862**
Agricultural and Mechanical College established as a college of the new Kentucky University.

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**KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY**

Formed by the consolidation of Transylvania, Kentucky, and Agricultural and Mechanical College

**BOARD OF CURATORS**

30 MEMBERS

- John B. Bowman, Regent

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Dr. H. L. Donovan's (1948) Report to Univ. of Kentucky Board of Trustees
The three men built the HENRY CLAY monument in the Lexington, Ky. cemetery — J. Haly, Frankfort, Gen'l Contractor; Julius W. Adams, Architect; Maj. Thomas Lewinski, of here, was asst engineer & in charge of construction.
INCE he passed, I have met a good many of the distinguished men of this country, and of other countries, too, but I have yet to meet one who impressed me as being mentally superior to William Goebel, whose dreams and whose death—and the manner of it—practically plunged Kentucky into civil war.

He had audacity, ruthlessness, a genius of leadership, an instinct for absolute despotism, a gift for organization, a perfect disregard for other men's rights or their lives where his own wishes were concerned; the brain to plan and the will to execute.

When I first knew Goebel he was a state senator and an aspirant to the gubernatorial nomination. By trick and device, by main strength and brutal force, he wrested the nomination from a badgered convention and tore the party into two fluttering pieces. At the election, on the face of the returns and despite his iniquitous election law, he was defeated by William Sylvester Taylor, whose undistinguished candidacy had been so heartily backed by a great multitude of rudely unschooled Democrats. Goebel considered the result before the General Assembly and, having coerced and conquered it, was about to be seated when a hired mercenary shot him down from a window of the Executive Building on the old Statehouse Square at Frankfort. He lingered five days—long enough to take the oath of office as governor—and left as a malign legacy to his people the active seeds of a partisan upheaval which endured until a whole generation had died off.

Heard the Shot

I heard the shot that felled him on a cold January forenoon of 1900 and, hearing it, I ran out of the Legislative Hall and was one of those who helped to carry the stricken man away. There was blood on my sleeve and blood on my hand when we put him down.

Goebel lived long enough to be declared by legislative majority the duly elected governor and he was sworn in, with the rest of his ticket and, as he sank into the shadows, with a stiffening hand he signed one official document. Immediately then his running mate, John Crepps Wickliffe Beckham, who had been the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor, took oath as his successor. Several hours after he expired, a newspaper proprietor of literary pretensions came forth to where the newspapermen of the "death watch" lingered and from a scrap of paper read what he solemnly, almost tearfully proclaimed to be the farewell utterance of the deceased. It was: "Be brave and fearless and loyal to the great common people." Duly we all telegraphed this sentence in to our shops—with our respective tongues in our respective cheeks.

Goebel had been a master of plain-spoken, straight-forward English. Not even on his deathbed could we conceive of him as using two words meaning precisely the same thing—"brave" and "fearless," where either one would have served. So, not for publication but for our own private information, two of us did a little snooping. This was the actual fact:

Shortly before he went off into the final calm, he expressed a craving for oysters—his favorite dish. His case was hopeless anyhow, so they let him have one. He spat it out and looked at the attendant physician and whispered: "Doc, that was a damned bad oyster!" I wonder how many of the last words of swooning idols have been manufactured to order by high-pressure salesmen of propaganda?

Some months after Goebel was shot, a group of us one afternoon were discussing the crime in one or another of its phases. The talk eddied back to the day of the assassination. Each of us told what he did that thillsome morning. My turn came. I said:

"I was in the washroom on the first floor back of the library. I had just taken my coat off and rolled up my sleeves to wash my hands when I heard the shots. I ran diagonally across the lawn, passing directly under the windows of the Executive Building where the shots had come from—but I didn't know that then—and was out in the street just as the men, with Goebel in their arms, reached that point. That was where I joined them and—"

"Say," broke in Policeman Wingate, "say, listen: Now I know who the fellow was I came so blamed near taking a few wing shots at. Me, I busted out of the front door of the Hall less than half a minute after the shootin'. A fellow had just jumped into me, yellin' that Goebel was murdered. As I came out on the portico between them tall columns the first thing I saw was a long-legged fellow, in his shirt sleeves, and no hat on, with his hair flyin' behind him, tearin' across the grounds. I said to myself, 'That must be the fellow that did the shootin'. So I drew a bead on him. Somebody ran against me by accident and knocked up my arm. I pulled down again and was just about to let go when a representa- tive grabbed hold of me and said, 'Hold on, don't shoot. I know that fellow. Before I could ask him who the kid was he'd darted away. All this time I've been wonderin' who the devil that long-legged youngster was? Say, boy, I'm right glad I didn't plug you that day.'"

I was right glad, too.

(While covering the trial in Georgetown, Mr. Cobb took time out to be married. The first trial of James Howard, the Clay County sharpshooter, was over, as was that of Caleb Powers, Secretary of State and alleged mastermind of the plot. When the time came in the trial of Henry Youtsey for the court to visit the scene of the crime, one by one the local procedure at that time Mr. Cobb and his young wife used the occasion for an overnight trip to Cincinnati.)

When we reached the station the next morning, I bought a paper. Under a Georgetown date-line I read that, unexpectedly, an adjourned session of the trial had been arranged. Arthur Goebel, the younger brother of the murdered governor, had taken the stand as a witness and had proceeded to tell for the first time in any court of a detailed confession of the crime and the conspiracy, as related to him by Youtsey four months before in Frankfort jail on the day of Youtsey's arrest. Youtsey leaped to his feet, screaming out that Goebel was not dead and all the devils in hell could not kill him, and then, as the court officers jumped forward to overpower him, fell on the floor writhing about and frothing at the mouth.

Deadline Panic

I knew my editor would be expecting a complete account of the whole thing, testimony and all, for the first edition, going to press at 11:10.

Like a contemplative caterpillar, the train dawdled across the automnal-tinted landscape. It was ten minutes after eleven when we reached Georgetown. As I fell panting at the open door of the telegraph office, the manager looked up startled.

"Where in thunder you been?" he demanded. "Looky here— I got about a thousand messages for you from your store already this morning." "What did you do?" gasped a despiring voice which I recognized as slightly resembling my own. "Not knowing what else to do and feeling that something had oughter been done, I took a chance. I went up to the hotel and got a dupe of Clarence Walker's transcript of what happened last night, and about three-quarters of an hour ago I put it on the wire."

I scooped up the pile of type-writ-
ten sheets which lay just under the operator's elbow. Songbirds began chirping in the cage of my ribs. For it was a great story that had gone into the newspaper. Done in the methodical style of the official court stenographer it was all there—the oaths, the screams, the inarticulate cries, the shouted orders of the judge, the well-counterfeited but obviously artificial ravings of Youtsey, the damning account of young Arthur Goebel—everything.

Later in the day, I got a telegram of congratulations from my managing editor. With a 200-word introduction, written in the shop, the stenographic narrative had run in the paper exactly as it came in over the wire. And it had been the talk of the town. The admiring managing editor wondered how I ever came to think of it. To the day of his death he was still wondering, I reckon. Because he certainly never found out from me.
THE assassination of William Goebel nearly five years ago, as I have already alluded, began a storm of private hatreds, factional wars, civil and political turmoil, whose wreckage of lives and reputations has left indelible marks on the Commonwealth. In a State whose feuds have shocked the entire nation, this political tragedy and the deadly enmities arising from it, and seeking by political agencies to wreak their vengeance on the guilty, has both a circus and a lynching-burns. Its widening influence will not have died away a century hence, in the opinion of those who have watched its development. Since the day that Goebel, with the governorship almost within his grasp, was shot down in front of the capitol, no political issue has been free from its taint and bias. Thousands of votes have been changed at every subsequent election on the question of whether Caleb Powers, now appealing for the third time from sentence of death on a charge of having formed a conspiracy to murder Goebel, is a cold-blooded murderer or the victim of a furious and unreconciling partisan hatred. In the present election Powers' fate is in part of the issues. In order to keep the public mind as much as possible, the Court of Appeals has repeatedly postponed its decision, which was expected last February, and which will now probably be June, but the issue is one which cannot be banished, and this year it assumes added point because of Judge James E. Conner's candidacy for the Covington seat. It was Conner, who, sitting in the first two Powers trials, exhibited so hostile a demeanor toward the accused, and so bitter a partisanship in his conduct of the trial, as to result in his disbarment by the higher court, and the ordering of a new trial.

Principal Figures of the Drama

Powers, Secretary of State of Kentucky at the time of the murder, and now in the Louisville jail; James Howard, clerk of Clay County, under life sentence on charge of having actually fired the fatal shot; Henry P. Younts, who was private stenographer to the State Auditor, working out a lifetime at hard labor in the Frankfort Penitentiary, are the principal figures in the drama now left in Kentucky. W. S. Taylor, elected Governor of Kentucky, is a figure in Indiana, fearing to return to his home, as is also Charles Finley, a former Secretary of State. Other men, of former promise and prominence, have been banished, or wandering far from Kentucky, fearing either the bolt of private vengeance or persecution by political foes if they return.

The conditions focused in the murder had been long gathering. Caleb Goebel, Covington lawyer, who began life poor, and got his 'start as an office boy for John G. Carlisle. He was a man of uncompro¬mising character, a bitter partisan, and hostile to corporation interests, which were the red rag of his political arena. His first prominence sprang from the battle for a United States Senatorship between Jo. C. S. Blackburn and Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. Goebel took sides with Buckner, the Cold Democrat, against Blackburn. This defection caused a clash between Goebel and John L. Sanford, a Covington banker, who was a strong supporter of Blackburn. Between these two men slumbered the seeds of an old feud, and they began to assail each other in print, using language which, in almost any other community, would have involved them in trouble for violating public decency. They encountered one another on the steps of the Covington bank one day, and Goebel seems to have got the drop. Anyway, when the smoke cleared, Sanford lay dead, with a bullet through his heart. Goebel was unharmed.

The path that led straight to his own tragedy began with the election of William Goebel to the State Senate, and the passage of his Election Law. It was a bold measure of a bold partisan. It threw the whole machinery for the control of State elections into the lap of the Democratic party, to do with as they would. Three election commissioners were given power to appoint every election officer in the State, to tabulate election returns, to issue certificates of election, and to try contested cases, as a court of appeals. The decision there was no appeal. These commissioners were appointed by a Democratic Legislature, and at one master stroke Republican representation was, in theory, eliminated from the control or supervision of the ballot in Kentucky. There were some Democrats who could not swallow this partisanship, and they joined the Republicans in bitter warfare against Goebel and his backing. In 1890, Goebel sought the Governor's chair, and became the Democratic nominee, which stirred up a rampant factional fight, with Gen. W. J. Stone, and former Gov. John Young Brown, in their own party, bitterly opposing him. When the votes were counted in November, the Republican candidate, W. S. Taylor, who had served four years as Attorney-General of Kentucky, was declared elected by a majority of 2,385 votes by an honest Democratic election board, who delivered the election certificates to the Republican nominees. This was a stunning blow to Goebel and his followers. Factions that the election machinery, planned to grind out results for the party, had reversed its wheels, and that a Democratic Commission should have permitted a Republican election by a beggarly majority, they carried the contest to the Legislature. By forcing an act of the Legislature, Goebel proposed to override his own carefully constructed Election Law, which had gone wrong because of an unforeseen contingency; a commission which was not amenable to partisan influence.

Governor Taylor, duly elected, was threatened with ejection from his office, and his colleagues with him. At this time, while the balance swayed and hesitated.
In a tumult of excitement such as in Kentucky may explode at any time into something like civil war, young Caleb Powers, the Secretary of State on the Republican ticket, holding office at that uncertain time, took a bold hand in the political crisis, and organized and led to Frankfort one thousand mountaineers, armed with rifles, ostensibly to petition the Legislature. As the city was already full of armed Goebel men, actual civil war seemed imminent. Cooler heads among the Republicans deprecated the bringing in of the so-called “Mountain Army,” and advised Powers to send the men home. The Legislature, terrified, refused to accord a hearing to the representatives of the mountaineers. Rumors flew, to the effect that the army had decided to invade the State House, give the Legislature fifteen minutes to settle the contest, and then begin the shooting. The mountaineers, however, did nothing more lawless than to hold an indignation meeting, after which they were sent back to their own country, with the exception of some hundred and fifty stragglers, who were scattered about town. They played no part in the succeeding events.

In the Legislature the issue remained doubtful, though the balance seemed to be swaying toward Goebel. If he could capture a few disaffected Democrats, he would be able to oust Taylor and make himself a sort of flat Governor. On January 30, 1900, he was walking toward the legislative building with Jack Chimney, who has a reputation but no record as a trigger expert, and “Eph” Lillard, warden of the State Penitentiary. They were not with Goebel by accident, for his life had been threatened, and he knew he moved in a cloud of deadly danger.

A shot was fired as the trio reached the little fountain in the centre of the walk. Other shots followed quickly, and William Goebel threw up his hands and sank down, mortally hurt. His companions, not knowing what was coming next, ran away and left their dying leader. In a few minutes he was carried unconscious from the grounds. At this time Caleb Powers was on a train, thirty miles away.

The murder threw a torch into a magazine of explosive factional hatred and tension. The supporters of Goebel made a rush for the executive building, whence the shots came. Inside the building, Governor Taylor was consulting with a number of his advisers. As soon as the news was brought, they prepared for an attack. Messengers were sent to the arsenal, and the troops were sent to the State House to protect it. The situation danced on the ragged edge of civil war. The Adjutant-General ordered State troops from every direction, who rushed to Frankfort, obedience the frantic summons of Taylor, a Governor who did not quite know whether he was in or out of office.

Fifty Thousand Votes Thrown Out

The Legislature, in the midst of the seething disorder, tried to assemble for the purpose of declaring William Goebel Governor of Kentucky on his deathbed. Governor Taylor declared the body adjourned, to meet at London, Ky.—a futile decree from a tottering throne. He knew he was riding to a fall, and to back up his last shadow of authority, overran the town with troops, who blocked all entrance to the legislative hall. The legislators found a way to laugh at the martial blockade. One night, by secret agreement, they contrived to hold a meeting in Capitol Hotel, and registered the votes needed to depose the Republican officials in office and elect the Goebel faction. Whether this was a legal session of the Legislature has always been questioned. The deed was done by throwing out all of the vote of Louisville, and one or two mountain counties. The claim set up as reason for tossing the votes of more than 50,000 freemen into the waste basket was that the paper used for the ballots was so thin that it could be read through by the election officials. Whatever the merits of the methods used in settling the issue, the result ousted Republican control in Kentucky, after a narrow escape from a bloody civil war.

Goebel was dead of his wounds and robbed of belated honors, and the first work at hand for his friends was to avenge his murder. Only one arrest was made during the turmoil in Frankfort. Harland Whittaker, a friend of Governor Taylor, was seen running away from the executive building right after the shot was fired, and he was captured and disarmed. He soon dropped into the background, when F. Wharton Golden, a militia sergeant, and a close friend of Caleb Powers, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, made a detailed confession. A hundred thousand dollar reward fund had been appropriated by the Legislature, and the size of it aroused the bitterest accusations of thirst for “blood money” against every one who shared in the prosecution. The confession of Golden was influenced by horror. On January 30, 1900, he was taken to the Frankfort Penitentiary by a life sentence, charged with having shot William Goebel.

Henry E. Younsey
Former Secretary to Governor Taylor, now serving a life sentence, as hard labor, as the man upon whom rests the strongest evidence as the actual murderer of Senator Goebel.

James Howard
Former Republican Clerk of Clay County, now in the Frankfort Penitentiary as a life sentence, charged with having shot William Goebel.

Colliers Magazine
Nov-12-1904
"If I can only live to be sworn in as Governor, I don't care a damn what happens." Goebel was warned frequently of his danger.
THE
TRIAL
OF
JEREBOAM O BEAUCHAMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
FOR THE
MURDER
OF
COLONEL SOLOMON P SHARP,
COUNCILLOR AT LAW, MEMBER OF THE LEGISLATURE, AND LATE ATTORNEY GENERAL
OF THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.

COMMENCED BEFORE THE CIRCUIT COURT OF KENTUCKY,
At Frankfort, on Monday the 8th, and continued day by
day, until Monday, 22d of May, 1826.

TOGETHER WITH THE
TRAGICAL DEATH IN PRISON,
BY SUICIDE, OF THE WIFE OF BEAUCHAMP, THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL AND
ACCOMPLISHED MISS ANN COOK, OF BOWLINGGREEN.

ALSO,
EVERY REMARKABLE PARTICULAR
OF THE
CONDUCT OF BEAUCHAMP
IN PRISON, DURING HIS TRIAL, AND AT THE PLACE OF EXECUTION, INCLUDING HIS
ATTEMPT TO COMMIT SUICIDE.

NEW YORK:
PRINTED AND SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY JOSEPH M'CLELAND.
No. 285 Water Street.

1826.

from Dana & Thomas
Beauchamp's Trial
1826

PLAN OF COL. SHARP'S HOUSE

X = spot where J. O. Beauchamp struck Col. Solomon P. Sharp to death, at 2 A.M., on Nov. 7, 1825, Frankfort, Ky.

The first separately printed Commentaries on the Tragedy.

408 Madison Street
Still standing in 1982
CEMETERY VETERAN JAMES HAY NICOL DIES AT 86

JAMES HAY NICOL, former Superintendent of Lexington Cemetery, Lexington, Ky., passed away Monday, February 21, at his residence near Lexington. Interment was in his beloved Lexington Cemetery with which he was identified for forty-six years, first as Assistant Superintendent for fifteen years, and thereafter as Superintendent thirty-one years, being the second person to serve as Lexington’s Superintendent since its founding in 1849, now a century passed. He was laid to rest in a plot of his own choosing, where his devoted and beloved wife had preceded him in death six years ago, March 29, 1943. Much of the rare beauty on the grounds of his cherished Cemetery was due to his careful planning and conscientious work in which he served so long and so well. Services were conducted at the Milward Mortuary, Thursday, February 24, by Rev. Robert W. Miles, D.D., Pastor, First Presbyterian Church. Pallbearers were business friends and associates, including Mr. Nicol’s able successor, Richard F. Allison, and Assistant Superintendent James Siewwright. Upon authority of ACA President Ira J. Mitchell, a beautiful and appropriate floral offering was sent in the name of the American Cemetery Association, of which Mr. Nicol was an active member for thirty-one years. He joined at the Boston Convention of 1905 and continuing his membership until his retirement from active Cemetery service in 1928. Representing ACA at the obsequies were President Ira J. Mitchell, Secretary-Treasurer Allison and Mrs. Allison, George F. Branch, Louisville, Ky.; and James Saffell, Frankfort, Ky.

Mr. Nicol was a native of Dunfrieshire, Scotland, son of James and Mary Todd Nicol. He came to America in 1883, locating at Frankfort, Ky., he resided there for two years. Thence he moved to Lexington where he was engaged in lumber business for six years or until he accepted service with Lexington Cemetery in 1891, which position he held for fifteen years, or until 1906, when he became Superintendent, succeeding the original Superintendent who had held the position for forty-two years or since the establishment of the Cemetery in 1849. Mr. Nicol’s able successor of his own choosing is Richard F. Allison, currently Secretary-Treasurer of American Cemetery Association and one of the best equipped and most favorable known Cemetery men in America.

He was a devoted member of First Presbyterian Church, a Mason, a Shriner and a charter member of Lexington Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, in all of which he was very active for many years preceding his protracted and fatal illness.

Members of ACA and SCA who attended the Southern Cemetery Association’s Convention in Lexington in 1940 will recall the hospitalities of Mr. and Mrs. Nicol who held “open house” for the Convention attendants, at which time Mr. Nicol regaled the guests with interesting and entertaining reminiscences as to evolutions that have brought about the Modern Cemetery.

Mr. Nicol is survived by his daughter, Mrs. Webb Lail, Lexington, with whom he resided in his latter years; a son, William Todd Nicol, St. Louis, Mo.; a sister, Mrs. James Mitchell, Edinburgh, Scotland; a grandson, James Donald Lail, and a great grandson, James Donald Lail, Jr., both of Lexington. To these loved ones the sincerest sympathies of ACA members are extended in recognition of and tribute to the exemplary life of their beloved James Hay Nicol.

This picture of the real “Devil Anse,” armed for action, was made at the height of the feud. The bearded six-footer served as a captain in the Confederate Army.
Monte Casino, May Be Used Again

BY TIM MEEHAN

A RUMOR that Monte Casino is to be reopened for one-day retreats by the Benedictine Order brings to light one of the most interesting stories about the Covington, Kentucky, Diocese.

Perhaps the most interesting of Covington’s claims is that within its boundaries is the smallest church in the world, Monte Casino Church. Although the church is one of the world's treasures, few travelers ever have visited it.

Only three persons, usually monks of the Order of St. Benedict, could find room to worship in the church.

The inside of the church is plain. The walls are eight feet high and the ceiling is slightly arched. There are three rough prayer benches in the inside of the church for assistants at mass.

The modern altar is very small. Above it is a statue of the Virgin Mary with Christ in her arms.

* * *

ABBOT BONIFACE named the track Monte Casino, after Italy’s famed monastery. Monte Casino, the cradle of the Benedictines, which was bombed to ruins by the Allied Forces in World War II.

Father Luke Winmer, a nephew of the archabbot, was placed in charge as Superior. The institution, however, was supervised by the Prior of St. Joseph Church, Covington, and President of the “Benedictine Order of Kentucky,” as charted by the state.

The buildings of the monastery were erected as the chapel, the Church of Monte Casino, was built by Brother Albert Bolls in 1901, under Father Prior Otto Kepf.

The monastery was used for the purpose for which it was bought, until the prohibition laws forbade interstate transfer of wines to other states. At the peak of production the monastery produced 5,000 gallons of wine a year, some to be sold and some to be used throughout the nation in the Sacrifice of the Mass.

* * *

DURING PROHIBITION Monte Casino was known to the government as United States Bonded Winery No. 1, Sixth District of Kentucky. Father Celestine of St. Joseph Church, Covington, who named the monastery registrar in charge of small shipments and was responsible for the legality of sales.

When prohibition suppressed production the output was cut to 1,000 gallons the first year and the monastery lost $1,000 on operations. The second year of prohibition the monastery lost $4,000 and production was halted.

This change caused Archabbot Atrelius Stiebel to discontinue all operations at Monte Casino, and the brothers stationed there were called back to St. Vincent Abbey.

The estate became briefly famous in 1822, in the midst of the Civil War, when Cincinnati sta-

This marker near Burkesville locates the site of the first oil well in Kentucky.

‘River Of Fire’ Resulted From State’s First Oil Hit

BY JOHN ALEXANDER

Leader Correspondent
HARRISBURG, Ky.—The beginnings of the oil industry in Kentucky’s Western and Eastern oil fields are well known, but it is sometimes overlooked that oil was known in the Central part of the state as early as 1819, when leakages were discovered along the Cumberland River.

In Cumberland County, near Burkesville, in 1822 a local driller informed a friend that he was going to drill until he struck “salt or hell.” He drilled, and opened up what was to become the “Great American Oil Well.

The driller spotted some 80 feet into the air, it was reported. The oil, said to spill into the Cumberland River, and when someone, wondering if it was flammable, ignited the scum on the water, it attracted visitors from miles around to see the “river of fire.”

Most of the oil, estimated at some 50,000 barrels from that one well, was lost. Some however was saved and sold as “American Oil” over the country for medicinal purposes.

Oil strikes have been reported from time to time since then, and it is reported that there are small pools of low-grade oil over the entire state.

D. Litt., Eastern Ky. Univ., 1976

*LL. D., Tran Univ., 1969


*Also Phi Beta Kappa.
J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

For a "plain dirt farmer" as he styles himself, J. Winston Coleman, Jr., is "one heck of an engineer." He is also one of the ranking literary figures of present-day Kentucky, a historian of note, and a collector of Kentuckiana par excellence.

There's quite a lot one could say, and all of it filled with interest—human interest, about this congenial and extremely versatile man. But in this allotted space, we must necessarily be brief and list only a few of the most important facts to help the reader become better acquainted with this outstanding gentleman and scholar.

Born of illustrious ancestry in Lexington on November 5, 1898, Mr. Coleman later attended private and public schools in Fayette county and in 1920, graduated from the University of Kentucky with a B.S. degree in Mechanical Engineering. (He later returned to the University for a Master's degree in the same subject.) Immediately following his graduation, he made a tour of Europe and returning home, spent the next four years working for various companies. Then in 1924, along with John W. Davis, formed the Coleman-Davis Inc., firm which engaged in contracting, engineering, construction, and sub-division work.

Just how a man trained as an engineer and spending years working at the profession can suddenly turn into a distinguished man of letters is one of the anomalies of human nature. But that is what Mr. Coleman did. His first writing was a newspaper article published in the Lexington Leader in 1932. From that point, he blossomed out like a flower in springtime and at this writing has to his credit 11 books, 35 pamphlets, and no end of casual newspaper and magazine articles. Also he has a photo column each Sunday in the Herald-Leader featuring historic homes and shrines in Kentucky. Incidentally nearly all his literary works are about Kentucky, its history, and its people.

On October 15, 1930, Mr. Coleman was married to Burnett Zumwalt Mullen. About that time he became interested in Kentucky books and in Kentucky history. Using his father's copy of Lewis Collins' famous "History of Kentucky," he started collecting Kentucky books, pamphlets, and pictures until now he has what is believed to be the world's largest private collection of this form of Kentuckiana.

For the benefit of bona fide researchers, Mr. Coleman is generous with all his books and pamphlets. There is, however, and for the best of reasons, one rule in connection which he holds inviolate: The books must be read in his home. They cannot be checked out. In the first place they are all extremely valuable and before he initiated this rule, some of the "borrowed" materials never returned.

After his retirement from the construction business about 1926, Coleman and his wife moved to a beautiful new home he had constructed on a 240-acre tract of land which had been part of his father's farm on Russell Cave Road, two and one-half miles northwest from Lexington. Utilizing the name of himself and his wife, he named the farm "Winburn." Here he can be found today writing and "dirt farming" and being a good neighbor. He certainly deserves the title given him by his late friend and writer, William H. Townsend, "The Squire." He could, for obvious reasons, likewise qualify as a sage—the "Sage of Winburn Farm."
Lexington's Historic Cemetery Observes One-Hundredth Anniversary Today

Plot Is Considered One of America's Most Beautiful

By Warren Schweder

One hundred years ago today the body of Robert S. Allison, a Lexington dry goods merchant, was removed from the Episcopal cemetery on East Third Street, a.k.a. (Winchester street), and buried in a plot of ground on West Main Street.

That burial was the first in the new Lexington cemetery.

Since that day, some 42,000 persons have been buried in the cemetery, which has been described as one of the most beautiful burial grounds in the United States.

The need for a new cemetery became apparent as early as 1833, the year Lexington was first struck by cholera. The hundreds of deaths of that year filled existing burial places.

Each year the condition became more acute through normal death rates. The cemetery was not completely filled until 1849, but the new cemetery had not been provided quite in time to receive the victims of that summer.

In January, 1849, four Lexington men had gone to Indiana to see what could be done about providing more extensive burial property. These men were M.T. Scott, Benjamin Grat, Madison C. Johnson and Richard Higgins. They decided to draw up a subscription paper to solicit funds needed for the venture. Twenty-five Lexington men contributed a total of $12,000, of which $7000 was invested in 48 acres of land known as Boswell Wood.

Like A History Book


On July 11, 1849, the price of lots was fixed at 10 cents a square foot. In a few days' time, the price was advanced to 15 cents. Nine months later Charles K. Bell was chosen superintendent.

There have been but three supervening agents at the cemetery since it was organized. The first two, Bell and James Hay Nicol, were natives of Scotland and were horticulturists by profession.

Bell came to this country in 1842, when he was 23 years old. He drifted from New York to New Orleans to Cincinnati before coming here in 1844, where he was horticulturist for Henry Duncan. He was building greenhouses and vineyards for grapes. Bell was made superintendent of the cemetery. There he stayed, excepting one year, until 1865.

Niccol came from the United States in 1863. He lived at Frankfort for two years and then moved to Lexington, where he was active in the jewelry business for six years before joining the staff of the Lexington Cemetery. In 1891, he became superintendent. He remained until 1908 when Richard F. Allison took over the superintendent's position.

Col. Levi Todd, pioneer settler, first county clerk.

Samuel D. McCullough, who operated a mustard factory here and sold his famous product all over the world. Queen Victoria was a customer.

George W. Ranck, who wrote a history of Kentucky.

David Sayre, founder of Sayre College.

Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, prominent Presbyterian minister, leading Union sympathizer.

Alderman Mentelle, who ran Monticello school, attended by Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

Col. Abraham Bowman, Revolutionary War soldier who entertained Gen. Lafayette when the French soldier was here.

Gen. Joshua Grant, Union army officer.

Susan Shelby Fishback, daughter of Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky.

Madison C. Johnson, prominent lawyer and first chairman of the board of trustees of Transylvania College.

Cincinnatus Stryker, architect who designed a number of buildings still in use.

John McMurty, architect before the Civil War.

Gen. Thomas Lewinski, architect and engineer in charge of construction of the Henry Clay monument.

Statue Has Hard Struggle

The monument has had a hard struggle for survival. On July 22, 1803, lightning knocked the head from the statue. Eight years later lightning struck again, this time destroying a hand and part of one leg. Each time the statue was restored, today only the base of the figure is as it was first sculptured by A. Bulte, Giacomo Bassi and Darrab Glueck of Cincinnati.

The story goes that at the same hour the same night the 1903 bolt struck the head of the Clay monument, Captain M. Clay died at his home in Fairview, Madison county, at the age of 93. The two were cousins.

Other famous men and women buried in the cemetery are:


John James Allen, Lexington author.

John (Racoon) Smith, pioneer preacher.

L.L. Pinkerton, founder of the Kentucky Female Orphans Home.

John B. Bowman, first regent of Transylvania University.

Charles Lewis Loos, former president of Transylvania College.

John T. Johnson, U.S. Representative and brother of U.S. Vice President Richard M. Johnson.


John C. Breckinridge, vice president of the United States and Secretary of War of Confederate States.


W.C. F. Breckinridge, orator of Congress and Confederate soldier.

James R. Patterson, first president of the University of Kentucky, not so-called.

Judge George Robertson, chief justice (1864-71) of the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Robertson county bears his name.

Robert S. Todd, father of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

The cemetery is big business today. It has grown to a project spreading over 160 acres. Sixty additional acres are held by the cemetery for future growth. It has a capital investment of $500,000, a capital improvement fund amounting to over $600,000. In addition, 50 per cent of all revenue for the sale of lots goes into an endowment fund and 40 per cent is held for maintenance and upkeep. The other 10 per cent is held for a capital improvement fund.

Sharing in the huge job of running the cemetery today is the board of trustees. The trustees are E. T. Woolen, chairman; J. E. Hooper, vice chairman; F. H. Stoll, secretary; F. S. Slocum, treasurer; and Lewis A. Seymore, assistant superintendent.

Woodford Polk is maintenance foreman and Mrs. Clara Allison is secretary.

Lexington, 1949
William H. Townsend

James E. Hopkins

Mrs. W. T. Lafferty
Rusty Cannon Ball. Reminiscing Things Such As These Started Le

When these people relax, they usually take up a book or paper and pen to pursue their hobby, studying and writing history, into the life of Abraham Lincoln. Among his extensive collection of Lincoln material is the cost of one of the Civil War centers gave up engineering to raise tobacco and write history. He has combined another hobby, photography, with history.

Dr. Thomas D. Clark, upper right, is head of the History Department at the University of Kentucky, author of college and a frontier, the New South and Kentucky and owner of a collection of material on his favorite subjects. Mrs. W. T. Lafferty ing and research to which she was introduced by her father, the late Andrew Harrison Ward of Cynthia. Dr. James F. Hop volume of a history published soon by the University Press. Then he hopes to begin work on Kentucky's agricultural history on Lexington and Kentucky to fill more than 2,300 cards, which the Lexington Public Library uses as an "infor

By NORMA W. FACE

A Civil War cannon ball, reminding the reader and an old history book are partly responsible for Lexington's having plenty of stories about the chronicle Kentucky's long and colorful past.

Within the county are three productive and recognized authorities on different phases of historical research: Atty. William H. Townsend, expert on Abraham Lincoln; Dr. Thomas D. Clark, historian of the American frontier, the New South and Kentucky; and a Worchester (Mass.) native, Winston Coleman Jr., narrator of Kentucky History. Each of the three are the authors of Who's Who In America as an outstanding historian.

However, these three are not the only historians working in Lexington. The city's others include Charles R. Brackett, James B. Townsend, James F. Hopkins, Hambleton Tapp, Mrs. W. T. Lafferty, Mrs. W. W. Howard Welch, the Rev. Harford Russell, Dr. Frank L. McVey, Mrs. Earle Fowler and C. F. Dunk.

But about the cannon ball, the talkative relative, the inspiring teacher and that old text book.

Mr. Townsend, the Lincoln man, was the young son of a country doctor in Anderson county when the cannon ball was traded for a hobby of studying history and collecting historic objects, pictures, books, and other lore. He paid a dime to a farmer who had unearthed the cannon ball in a plowed field near his home in charge of it to his son. Shortly afterwards, young Townsend began a scrapbook of newspaper clippings and photographs relating reminis- cences of Confederate exploits.

But in 1920, Mr. Townsend, then a young Lexington attorney, shifted his interests to Lincoln. He acquired a book by the noted Lincoln scholar, Dr. William E. Burton, and sent the author for an autograph. Dr. Burton, in turn, asked Mr. Townsend's help in tracing Lincoln's ancestors in Kentucky, and the Lexington attorney began the study that has made him an authority on Lincoln Civil War president and led him to acquire one of the best private collections of Lincolniana in existence.

The collection contains thousands of things as varied as Lincoln's first law book, a white kid-gloved presidential reception and split at the thumb while shaking hands with an invalid, the watch, chain and seal worn by Lincoln when he was shot; letters to Lincoln's Lexington attorney;

The Mississippian also has turned out several similar historical items, such as the book "Abraham Lincoln," written by Dr. Clark and the book "Abraham Lincoln," published by the University Press.

Mr. Coleman, whose hobby has won him two honorary degrees, has no specialty other than Kentucky History, having been interested in history from the time he was a child in Mississippi; stimulated by the reminiscences of various Kentucky historians culled by a "very stimulating professor" at the University of Kentucky.

Dr. Clark, then a candidate for a master's degree, came to the University of Kentucky as part of 1920-20 making a catalogue of Kentuckyiana in libraries in Lexington and neighboring communities. That work started him on his study of Kentucky history, which he has not bothered about previously. In fact, he says, "When I came to Kentucky, I knew as much about Kentucky as the history of South Africa."

The U. K. historian has a good, private library on Kentucky and the South and the American frontier and a small collection of letters from schoolteachers living in Kentucky. His spare time is divided now between being managing editor of the "Southern History," the official publication of the Kentucky Historical Society, and writing on "The Westward Movement in American History.

Dr. Clark has had several books published, including "A History of Kentucky," "A Bibliography of Kentucky History," a new publication from the press, which lists nearly 3,600 titles of books and pamphlets relating to Kentucky, and "Abraham Lincoln," published by the University Press. The book is a "very stimulating professor" at the University of Kentucky.

Dr. Hopkins, assistant professor of history at U. K., is a resident of a two books to be published by the University Press. "A History of the Hemp Industry in Kentucky" and "A History of the University of Kentucky." It is at present, devoting all his time to teaching and getting the books out in the field of history. He wrote a two-volume "Kentucky History," and "A History of Kentucky," which was published by the American Historical Association in 1912, and "A History of the University of Kentucky," published by the University Press.

Besides writing numerous other books and articles, he has collected for the University Press 4,000 volumes, specializing in first editions of books by Kentucky authors. The collection now is at Western State College, Richmond, where it is designated as the John Wilson Townsend Kentuckyiana Collection.

Mr. Tapp, newly appointed as assistant professor of history at the University of Kentucky, has had similar duties at the University of Mississippi, having received degrees from the University of Mississippi and having become members of the University of Kentucky Press.

The University of Kentucky Press is currently working on "The Bluegrass," a book by Dr. Hopkins, and "A History of Kentucky," a book by Mr. Coleman, and "A History of the University of Kentucky," a book by Mr. Hopkins. The book is a "very stimulating professor" at the University of Kentucky.
William H. Townsend, upper left, is an attorney who devotes his spare time to delving president's hands which Mr. Townsend is examining here. J. Winston Coleman Jr., upper
special research to build up the largest collection of Kentuckiana of its kind in existence.
Elementary textbooks on Kentucky history, writer of numerous books on the American
has retired after 16 years with the U. K. Extension Service but has continued the read-
kinks, lower center, also a member of the U. K. History Department, will have two
sion. Charles R. Staples, retired railroad safety supervisor, has collected enough infor-
mation file' and which Mr. Staples uses in answering queries on historical subjects.

The Rev. Russell, pastor of the
South Elkhorn Christian church,

Dr. McVey, president emeritus
of the University of Kentucky,

Mrs. Fowler studied the pioneer
to write 'Captain John
Fowler of Virginia and Ken-
tucky.'

Mr. Dunn, retired executive
secretary of the Board of Commerce,

Mrs. Lafferty, who worked with
the U. K. Extension Service 16
years, has been called an author
on domestic affairs in pioneer
life and recognized for her interest in
the personal side of history. But
she says, her interest is confined to the period before 1812.

A charter member of the Henry
Clay Memorial Foundation, Mrs.
Lafferty is working on a project
to make Ashland a public mem-
orial to the Kentucky statesman
and is doing "a few little things
for the University."

In the past, she has written
"Lure of Kentucky," which gives
a colorful history of the area
traversed by 17 Kentucky high-
ways: newspaper articles, maga-
azine stories and radio scripts. She
also wrote pages for the sequi-
centennials of Harrodsburg, 1924;
the naming of Lexington, 1925;
the first Constitution of Ken-
tucky at Danville, 1942. But she
has been more interested in re-

Mrs. Simpson, former member of
The Leader's staff, has written
two histories on Central Kentucky
subjects. "Bluegrass Houses and
Their Traditions," published in
1922, and "The Enchanted Blue-
glass," 1938.

Mrs. Welch is the author of
"Bryan Station and Its Heroes.

Relatives; A Fine Prof, An Old Book--
Lexington Historians Probing The Past

President Atchison?
Mentioned here last Friday was
the filller with no name,(
I stated three U. S. presidents
had been Kentuckians, by birth or by
adoption, one, and I specu-
lated that: the unknown
filler--might have counted
Zachary Taylor as another, for he
grew up in Kentucky, although he
was born in Virginia and elected
from Louisiana. Then I wondered
who the third one could have
been. Several readers have sug-
ested David Rice Atchison, and I
believe that was the one the com-
poser of the filler had in mind.
The only trouble is that he never
was president.

From Frogtown To Fame
Atchison was born at Frogtown, Ky. There is no post office bear-
ing that name, but there are Frog-
towns all over Kentucky. This
had led various county-seat new-
papers at different times to run
stories claiming that the man who
was "president for a day" was born in different counties. Well,
there's nothing like being well born. "Father" David Rice, a Presby-
terian minister was one of the
founders of Transylvania, and
there would have been something
tribal about his name: of course
David Rice Atchison had attended
any other college. Rather than
have my filler form, about it,
D. R. A. did attend Transylvania.
Then he went to Missouri, and was
elected to the U. S. Senate. You
know how Missouri is about the
men it sends to the U. S. Senate.

How It All Started
D. R. A. was president pro tem
of the U. S. Senate in 1849, the
year that President Zachary Tay-
or took office. At that time the
law said that in case of removal,
death, resignation or inability to
discharge the duties of the presi-
dent, and also the vice president,
the p.p.t. of the Senate should "act
as president"—it didn't say "be
president"—"if the disability
should be removed or a president
elected. However, none of those
things occurred in 1849, so Mr.
Atchison didn't even get to act as
president, much less be president.
That year, March 4 was a Sunday,
so Taylor wasn't sworn in until
Monday. Nobody thought any-
thing would change at the time, but
in later years the Frogtown native
said he had been president from
not Sunday at all, but from the
oath Monday. Nobody thought
anything about that, either.

What It Boils Down To
All Mr. Atchison had to go on
was the fact that the president-
elect didn't take the oath as presi-
dent-elect on March 4, nor did the vice
president-elect. Well, Atchison
didn't either. If not taking the
oath counted the man who had been
elected president from actually
becoming president that day, then
sure Zachary Taylor was not held by
a man who had neither been elected
to it nor sworn in.
This drawing shows how the whipsaw was rigged up for operation. The man on the ground had the hardest part of the job. The worker at the top mainly guided the course of the saw.

**Tool of Progress**

The whipsaw needed two men to operate it, and few men could handle the lower end, but it helped settlers build good homes

By BURDINE WEBB

IT WAS a hard, difficult grind in the early days for the pioneers to build and establish homes in mountain forests in what is now Eastern Kentucky.

Daniel Boone, the country’s earliest pioneer, came years before through canebrakes and trackless forests into a sportsman’s paradise, only to retrace his steps back into North Carolina. Boone, like those who followed after him, saw “Kaintuck,” the mountain region, especially rich in fine hardwood timber.

At first mere log huts were constructed at intervals in the narrow valleys. These later were supplanted by much better homes when the whipsaw method came into use for sawing lumber from the huge yellow poplars that grew in profusion on every mountainside.

The first of these whipsaws was brought from the Yadkin River country of North Carolina. It was a real innovation and greatly encouraged suitable home building. Later ingenious newcomers began making the saws—copies of the old, original saw. One saw would serve the purpose of perhaps a dozen families—all of them becoming “partners” in the saw’s ownership.

Simple log huts could still be seen, but many cabins were transformed into fairly modern, comfortable and good-looking homes for those days. The whipsawed lumber homes were weatherboarded outside and ceiled inside, making them attractive and comfortable, even in winter. Generally they were built large and roomy, as large families usually predominated in those days, especially in the mountains.

According to the older residents, the whipsaw was introduced into the area about the beginning of the 19th Century. Uncle Riley Bentley, Democrat, Ky., nearing his 100th year, is perhaps the only Letcher Countian who recalls the whipsaw.

Bentley learned the “whipsawyer’s art” while still in his early teens. When he could find a good helper he generally sawed as much as 400 board feet a day. No one else could go more than 300 feet, and that was considered good sawing. Bentley afterward made three of the whipsaws with his own hands. He often traveled near and far, sawing for those desiring to build homes—his wages being much above the wages generally paid for labor. In those days a fair wage scale was 50 cents a day, although there were few who wanted to hire labor—at any price.

Ben and Frank Potter, aged residents of Boonesfork, know much of the importance of the whipsaw in early home building.
This is the old Stephen Adams home at Little Cowan Creek near Whitesburg, built more than 100 years ago. All lumber in it was cut by the whipsaw shown on the next page.

Frank said: "I was apt in sawing with the old saws—could almost go to the limit in action, not saying anything about Uncle Riley Bentley, because his success as a sawyer was never duplicated."

Two men were needed to operate the whipsaw, for one wasn't able at all to do the work. One stood on top of the framework and the other on the ground. The ground man generally utilized his full power at the task. The man at the top guided the course of the saw—keeping it in line. He did not expend half as much energy. There were few men willing to be the ground man.

A frame of heavy timbers was needed to hold the log steady, so the saw could run steady and true. The drawing at the left shows a timber frame.

At first the log was "slabbed," put into a square, and lines drawn for the actual thickness of the boards. These lines were followed with marked precision. A cord was saturated in "ooze" of black made from charcoal. It was stretched up and down from log, pulled back, and let go to make the saw line up and down the slabbed timber.

On one side of the frame a solid platform led off to the ground, and this was used to roll up logs for sawing. On the other side slanting heavy boards were placed, leading off and into a nearby shed. The sawed lumber was pushed down the side into the shed, where it was stacked for drying.

The old whipsaw is entirely different from the cross-cut saws that came into use about 50 years ago. The teeth of the whipsaw all stand one way—and will, of course, cut only one way. The cross-cut has mixed teeth, in each direction, cutting both ways at each swing of the saw. One swing of the whipsaw did no cutting at all.

The old saw shown in the picture on this page is believed to be anywhere from 140 to 150 years old—possibly older, but it is still in good condition. It has a temporary handle at the top end. The old handle remains on the lower end.

The original owner was the late Uncle Jim Banks, a first settler of the Cowan Creek area a few miles from Whitesburg, where the saw remained until a few years ago when it was purchased by the late Henry Fields and brought to Whitesburg. Obediah Fields purchased the saw from Banks. Mart Fields was the next owner. He transferred it to Henry Fields, who died last year.

Mart Fields had many experiences with the old saw. He used it for many years. Sol Frazier, John B. Day, Major Day, John Isom and Obediah Fields, original residents of Cowan Creek, built homes with the lumber it cut.
Colonel Richard M. Johnson's Choctaw Academy

Famous Indian School Under
Supervision of War Department
Flourished in Scott County During
Early Eighteen-Thirties

By J. Winston Coleman, Jr.

Shortly after 1800, chiefs and headmen of the Indian nations, discouraged by results of their wars with the white men, decided the only way in which the red men could compete was to acquire their knowledge and wisdom. As a result of this reasoning, educational provisions began to appear in their treaties. and one, concluded at Washington January 26, 1825, by the Choctaw Nation of Indians, provided that $6,000 be applied by the President annually, for a term of 20 years for education of their children.

After some months spent in looking for a suitable site for a school, which, as the Indian chiefs requested, should be at some point distant from the nation,” the war department favored a plan submitted by Colonel Richard M. Johnson, to receive and educate at his Blue Spring Farm, near Great Crossings, in Scott county, Kentucky, such of their sons as the Indians might send him. Chiefs of the Choctaw Nation were pleased with this proposition, and accordingly, November 1, 1825, the Choctaw Academy was established, with Colonel Johnson as its superintendent.

The first delegation of students, some 21 in number and mostly sons of chiefs of the Choctaw Nation, arrived at the school sometime during the month of November, having ridden their ponies all the way from the western plains to Scott county. Here, at this newly-established school, the young braves were taught the ways and manners of the white man, were given courses in agriculture and the mechanical arts, as well as in the customary schooling of the day.

In the first year or so after its establishment, the Choctaw Academy seemed to be very popular with the Indians and its enrollment grew until at one time, several years later, as many as 200 students were in attendance. During the years of its existence the school was attended by boys from many of the nations, including Miamis, Foxes, Creeks, Chickasaws, Sac, Ottawas, Chippewas, Potomatomies and Seminoles, in addition to the original Choctaws.

At this unique school, Indian boys who had been reared under practically no restraint on open plains or in the woods, found it difficult to submit to the customs and manners of civilized life and discipline was the most perplexing problem faced by the school officials. On several occasions it became necessary to expel boys for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Although some of the boys were uncontrollable, many of the youths went on to receive degrees from Yale, Dartmouth, Union and other eastern universities, as well as to become leaders in their nation and in the early life of Oklahoma.

About the year 1831, Colonel Johnson moved the Choctaw Academy to his recently established watering place, White Sulphur, which was one of the most noted health resorts in Kentucky. It was several miles from the site of the original school and here all the buildings were of log.

By October, 1839, there had arisen dissension among the Indian agents, no doubt prompted by some of Colonel Johnson’s political opponents, which resulted in a Congressional inquiry into management of the Academy.

Although cleared of all charges of mismanagement brought against him, Colonel Johnson began to lose prestige with the Indians; the student body rapidly fell off and the Choctaws voted to send no more of their boys to the Academy. After struggling along for three or four years with only a handful of students, the school waged a losing fight and finally closed its doors near the end of 1844.

While the Choctaw Academy in the end did not meet expectation of the Indians, the fact that it was established and prospered for nearly a decade and a half is a great tribute to the energy and good intentions of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, who became Vice-President of the United States and who is perhaps best known as the reputed slayer of the Indian Chief Tecumseh in the battle of the Thames.

In Kentucky (magazine)
Frankfort, Ky.
Summer, 1943 edition

The old Bullock Homestead in Fayette County, where Abraham Lincoln had vacationed with the Bullocks.
IN THE MUSEUM

Historic State Route Marker

In the early 1800's, succeeding the post-rider, the stage-coach became the principal conveyance of the United States mail. This service was inaugurated in the Bluegrass region of Kentucky in the late spring of 1816. The main trunk for all the mails from the East was the great National Road, or the Cumberland Road, which ran from Cumberland, Md., to St. Louis. This road was tapped at Zanesville, Ohio, by the stage-coaches of Edward P. Johnson & Company which ran through central Kentucky—through Maysville, Lexington, Nashville and on to Florence, Alabama. There the mails were transferred to the river boats for New Orleans. On this famous mail stage route of the ante-bellum days were placed these cast iron road markers, each one mile apart. Several of these historic markers are still to be seen on the highway between Mayslick and Maysville, having been gathered up by the highway department and mounted on concrete bases.

From "Historic Kentucky Series," by J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
OLDEST INN IN STATE—As many as 50 covered (Conestoga) wagons once stopped in the wagon-yard at Johnson’s Inn, shown at left above as it appears today. The former tavern is recorded on Filson’s 1764 map and is believed to be the oldest in the state. Now the home of Misses Annie and Susie Clay and their brother, Henry Scott Clay, the property was purchased in 1832 by their grandfather, Joseph Helm Clay, whose wife renamed it “Rosedale.” Two upstairs bedrooms, located above the 30 by 18-foot dining room in the left wing, were sealed by their grandmother and have never been reopened. The walnut parlor mantel, right photograph, was hand carved as was all other woodwork throughout the house. Miss Annie, left below, is former Paris postmistress; she and Miss Susie and their sister, the late Birdie Clay Webb, taught school for a total of over 150 years.
By Betty Lee Mastin  
Herald-Leader Home Page Editor

It is 1784, and Lexington is a pioneer town. Maysville is Limestone, a bustling river city from which the wagons roll, carrying precious supplies inland to the Blue Grass where the fertile meadows still are scarcely scarred by the plow.

The overland trip is a long one—65 miles by wagon or pack-train—and the only road a “trace” choked with dust in good weather, clogged with mud in bad.

Small wonder, then, that a pleasant red-brick inn becomes the favorite stopping place for all travelers.

John Filson, Kentucky’s first historian, notes it on his map of 1784, locating “Clay’s Johnson” on the old road from Lexington to Limestone at Clay’s Cross Roads on the north fork of Cooper’s Run. About 1832 the Maysville-Lexington road was rerouted, and the house on today’s Paris-Georgetown road three miles from Centerville.

Oldest In State

The land on which Capt. William Johnson built his inn was originally part of a pre-emption of John Craig and Robert Johnson, both settlers of Bryan’s Station, according to Bourbon county records cited by local historian J. Winston Coleman in his book, “Striking With the Days in The Bluegrass.” Although the exact date of construction is not known, the notation on Filson’s map validates the claim that it is the oldest inn still standing in Kentucky.

Business must have been good for a guest at the inn, Porteus Cuming, recorded in his “Early Western Travels,” 1807, that:

“Af’er Mrs. Bayless’s (Mills) crossed Stoner Creek toward Lexington, leaving Paris four miles to the left. Came to Johnson’s Inn. Capt. Johnson had a son and daughter living near him, a farm, a quantity of last year’s produce, wheat and corn, etc.

But the captain grew restless as timber got scarce, one Bourbon county resident remembers being told, and in 1827 Johnson and his wife, Rachel moved to Missouri. Perhaps his heart stayed in the Blue Grass; at any rate, his body was brought back and buried in the orchard at the rear of the inn.

Remamed ‘Rosedale’

All this is a dim yesterday to the present occupants of the old house. More vivid to Misses Annie and Susie Clay and to their brother, Henry, are the stories of 1832—when their grandfather, Joseph Helm Clay, bought the property for his bride who renamed it "Rosedale"—and 1854, the year Joseph and Amanda Scott Clay (her father was chief Winfield Scott’s cousin), lost three daughters in two weeks during a "scourge" or plague. During the seven years the red bricks were white-washed and the walnut woodwork painted in an attempt to disinfect the house.

The inn had 11 rooms, three cellars (one a spinning room) and three staircases. The last were just too much to keep up, Amanda Clay felt, so she had one staircase removed, scaling off two upstairs bedrooms which never had been reopened. The 30 by 18-foot dining room was used for dances, and the barroom became a sitting room. Its six cupboards the delight of the children who hid inside, popping out to surprise unwary visitors.

Dumb Walter

Neither the large dining room or the smaller one behind the barroom was connected to the kitchen; persons desiring access to that room had to go out onto an "elbow" porch. Dishes and foods were passed through on a dumb waiter.

"Rosedale" was a fascinating place for children, the Clayes remember. They, with their sister, Alice M., (Birdie) and brother John Matt, learned how their forebears had come from along the Pamunkey River in Virginia to settle in Bourbon county.

They heard how the first of the Clayes in Kentucky had 24 children. How the witches-cross doors and walnut mantels were carved by hand. How the grandfather’s clock had been their grandfather's great-great-grandfather's. How most of the furniture—even the fine old secretary, sideboard and couch—had been made by the Cox brothers in Centerville in 1832 for Joseph and Amanda.

Pistols Confiscated

The children heard how their aunt, Mary E. Clay, was persuaded to wait for her 15th birthday before marrying Jacob Megee and how the front parlor was enlarged for the occasion.

They heard how a Yankee provost marshal was brought to the house by a neighbor who was a "Union sympathizer," how he confiscated two small pistols from the blanket chest and imposed a heavy duty on the family. They remember how their grandmother used the flat roof of the "elbow" porch to dry apples and sun feather beds.

The Clay girls—Miss Annie, Miss Susie and Miss Birdie (who later married Washington Webb)—grew up to become a part of the history of the three of them teaching school for a total of over 150 years. Brother Henry remains the only living member of the group of schoolmates who freed Bourbon’s toll roads. A job they accomplished so equally that the county was one of the few without "turnpike regulators" or raiders.

Venetian Chandelier

"Rosedale" stands today much as it did 100 or even 150 years ago. Although the blown-glass chandelier bought in Venice by Mr. and Mrs. Catesby Woodford on their 1899 wedding trip has been wired, wall brackets hold oil lamps ready for use when the current fails. The 1832 furniture still has its original finish and horsehair covers.

Although the Dutch oven is long since boarded up, the wide stone fireplace in the white-washed kitchen still is used. And while the family is no longer large enough to 1...essiculate potatoes cooked two ways—they used to be escalloped and fried—Miss Annie still makes "worked" biscuits on the old dough break. The latch string is out at the kitchen’s batten door.
STACK STILL STANDING ON MILLER FARM;

Old Kenton Furnace Was At Thompson

LAND HERE ONCE SOLD FOR $3.00 AN ACRE

This community, located on Big White Oak in the York community, was named after J. G. Thompson, who then was one of the main landowners here. Most of the land here then formed the eastern boundary of the Kenton Furnace lands, which in later years were sold to individuals. Other early residents here were Suter Melks, George Trulst, Daniel McGary, Lee Reeder, Robert Stephenson, and W. N. Alexander. Others were David Stephenson, who in 1892 started the York post office; Molly Davis, Jonas Whitt, and Oak Martin. Some of the pioneer families on the furnace grounds were Jesse Shay, Pat Stewart, Alfred Pancake, Bill Rupert, and Christian Popp.

Near here was built the old Kenton furnace, and its stack still stands on the farm of J. D. Miller. Two log cabins, built by the company for their employees, are also still standing here. William Alexander, still living here, worked at that old furnace.

Oldest residents now living here include William Alexander, Vinton Pendleton, J. D. Miller, Adeline McGary Montgomery, Mrs. Rachel Inman, Mrs. Clarinda Howard, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ratcliff.

Around 1892 the furnace company went bankrupt and the land was sold to Brushart and Company; the Brushart post office got its name at the time. Brushart cut timber and made staves, the mill being at Leatherwood. Later Brushart and Co. sold the land to individuals for about $8 an acre, reserving the mineral rights. Some of the early men to buy farms on the furnace grounds were Al Mosser, Hiram Parsons, Frank Greene, Blevin Bradley, and David Stephenson.

The first school was built here in 1840 and discarded in 1896, and early teachers were Harlin Allen, Maude Clayton, John Humphrey, Zulette Secrest, Thomas Pugh, Lyde Fullerton, and Nettie Thompson. In 1896 another school was built and used until 1936, when the present one was constructed. Until 1939 it was used as a rural high school. Among pupils here were Elmer Stephenson, a state senator, and John Stephenson, who became a surgeon and owner of a hospital at Ashland.

Bradford Site To Be Razed For Auto Lot

Another historic Lexington landmark is scheduled to give way to progress.

R. A. Welch said today he planned to tear down the "John Bradford House" at the southwest corner of Second and Mill streets. A 71-space parking lot will be erected at the site.

Bradford, who founded The Kentucky Gazette, second newspaper west of the Alleghenies and first in Kentucky, lived in the house from 1828 until his death, March 21, 1830.

The pioneer printer and land speculator purchased the property March 20, 1806, from Thomas Hart Jr., son of the builder and a brother-in-law of Henry Clay. Purchase price was $3,000.

It was in this house that Henry Clay married Miss Lucretia Hart on April 17, 1799, and John Hunt Morgan married Miss Rebecca Gratz on Nov. 21, 1828.

In later years, the house was the residence of Miss Laura Clay, noted suffragette worker, lecturer, and a daughter of Cassius M. Clay, one of the most colorful men Kentucky ever produced. Miss Clay was one of the first women in politics.

Destruction of the house is scheduled to begin Monday. Welch said the parking lot should be in operation in about three months. Welch presently owns a lot at 160 North Mill Street. He has owned the Morgan home about a year. He said the building currently is not occupied and is in a state of disintegration.
$160.00

Twelve months after date we or either of us promise to pay James H. Clark, Guardian for the children of William Cumnings
one hundred dollars for the hire of the negroes Alex, Celas, Isabella and children. Pay doctor's bills, and return them at the end of the
year suitably clothed for the season.
In case of death hire to cease.
December 25th, 1853

John Brothier
John Brothier

Lexington, December 28th, 1853

On or before 1st day of January 1855 we promise to pay
Charles A. Thompson or order Four Hundred & Ten Dollars
for the hire of his Three Negro Men, George, Abram & William
for the year 1854, we are to clothe and feed said men in
the customary manner, pay taxes & doctors' bills, and
in the case of the death of either the hire to cease from
that date

John McCoy

Contracts for rental of slaves—In Lexington,
December, 1853—
Levin [illegible] 25th day of December next I promise to pay to 200 Dollars for the hire of two Negro Men Joe and Kitt I further promise to furnish them with good winter clothing pay their Doctor bills and taxes for 1854. I am to have them insured at [illegible] Bank in the city.

John G. Chiles, proprietor of Phoenix Hotel.

Rental of 2 slaves—Joe and Kitt.

Lexington 24th January 1854

On the first day of January 1854 I promise to pay to Mr. G. W. Cunningham twenty dollars for the hire of a Servant Woman, Sarah, which she hired of the Widow Gist. I agree to treat and clothe her well, pay her doctors bills and city taxes, but in case of the death of said servant her hire is to cease.

Ann Hallett
Mary Hallett

SLAVE RENTAL CONTRACTS
(1854 – in Lexington, Ky.)
$130. On the 25th day of December 1854 the jointly and severally promise to pay Mrs. Mary H. Breckinridge, the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars for the hire of her Negro man Thomas as a waiter in Hotel in Lexington for the year 1854. We are not to hire him out without the consent of his owner. We are also to treat him well and Board and lodge him comfortably providing for him whatever is needed during the year in both respects. We are to clothe him comfortably in winter and summer, and return him at the end of the year with a sufficient supply of good and reasonable clothing of all kinds. If he should be sick we are to be at the expense of taking care of him and pay the debt Bill laid if he should die the hire to stop from that date. Witness our hands the date first written.

J. D. Bruce

Sanders D. Bruce Slave rental contract.

$70 We on either of us promise to pay John Wilkerson or order on the 25th of December next seventy dollars for the hire of Weyn and Whitby for the year 1852. We agree to feed and clothe them with pay all Boston fees, taxes, etc. and return them fit and able at the end of the year. We will clothe them comfortably to keep our hands this 25th December 1857. Being in case of death from time of death.

W. J. Wilkerson

John Wilkerson

SLAVE RENTAL CONTRACTS, 1851-1854 (Lexington, Ky.)
On or before the 25th day of the
month 1853, we warrant to our prisoners
being Charles and Ann and thirty-one
dollars fifty cents for the labor of a奴隶
woman Sally, and promise to give
the following clothing two shirts, two sum-
mer dresses, one pair of shoes, two sum-
mer dresses, one pair of clothing, two pair of shoes, one under
winter dress, and one blanket for
Sally and remain her at the same
place and continue her as above
mentioned until the 19th of January,
1853.

David knows
James L. Allen

SLAVE RENTAL CONTRACT. LEXINGTON,
19th January, 1853.

Christ Church Cathedral: the oldest of Louisville's
657 churches; built in 1822, this Gothic Revival edifice
still serves a large Episcopal congregation.

Jefferson County Courthouse: a nationally
known example of Greek Revival architecture; State
Government moved here when Confederates invaded
Frankfort in 1862.
Whitehall, 153-Year-Old Mansion Of Cassius Clay
On 2,250-Acre Madison County Farm, Almost In Ruins

By WARREN SCHWEDDE
Leader Roving Reporter

RICHMOND, Ky., May 31 — Nestled into a 2,250-acre patch of bluegrass land is a 153-year-old mansion which easily could qualify as one of Kentucky's outstanding historical landmarks.

Instead, it is a haven for mud daubers, a sanctuary for field mice, and a feeding place for termites; it is a rotting, broken hunk of masonry and hardwood, a scared and depleted playground for souvenir hunters.

For Whitehall in Madison county hasn't been lived in the way a great house should be since its former owner, Cassius M. Clay, died in 1903.

Now Owned By Grandson
The house and land now is owned by Clay's grandson, Warfield Bennett, who lives in Richmond and seldom gets out to Whitehall to see how the farm is getting on or to talk business with his tenants.

Tenant-managers are the only ones who have lived in the house since Clay died. The present manager is Cecil Ballinger who lives in one small, downstairs section of the house with his wife and small daughter.

This whole business—a great house falling to ruin and land not in a high state of productivity—almost is more than Bennett can bear. But he's 74 years old and not able to oversee the place the way it should be.

"I can't think of it, can't let myself," Bennett says and wishes he were younger and stronger so he could watch the farm the way he used to.

When he thinks of the house, he remembers other tenants who kept pigs in the great ballroom and others who used the ballroom for chicken house. And he remembers sight-seers climbing through the windows to write their names on the walls and to carry away some small piece of old furniture, some trinkets.

Great Columns In Ballroom
He sees the great columns standing in the ballroom, the few pieces of junk and broken chairs in one corner, an old leather shoe standing boldly in the room. He sees the impressive circular stairway rising from the first floor, the old piano gathering dust and insects at the foot of the stairway. He sees room after room of broken windows and shutters, each room cluttered with small nests built by mud daubers.

Old Wooden Bathtub
He sees the wooden bathtub on the second floor and the huge water trough on the third floor above the bathroom and remembers that servants once carried water up three floors so that his grandfather could have running water to his bathtub.

He sees small rooms high up in the tower where Cassius Clay kept his cannon.

He remembers larger rooms, ones with bay windows, and probably wonders which was occupied by his grandmother, which by his grandfather and which by the young girl his grandfather married late in life.

And he can close his eyes and see his grandfather sitting straight on the front porch, high up on the terraced lawn, waiting for young Bennett to approach for a long chat, waiting to give Bennett some fruit from Whitehall's beautiful trees.

Rear Wing Built In 1798
A landmark in the state's cultural heritage? Whitehall could be:

The rear wing of the house was built in 1798 by Gen. Green Clay, father of Cassius and a Revolution-

ARY War soldier and legislator of Virginia and Kentucky, after the State of Virginia gave the land in appreciation for military services. Patrick Henry then was governor of Virginia.

Cassius Clay came into the land after his father's death. Young Clay was a graduate of Yale, a soldier, diplomat and politician. He fought in the Mexican War, was influential in national politics and served about six years as United States ambassador to Russia. Some of this time was under Abraham Lincoln's administration.

Cassius Clay died in 1903, one of the most important of the secondary figures in American history. And in his memory—Whitehall, a decaying, splintering relic of better years.

Lex. Leader, MAY-31-1931
LEXINGTON, 1828

SOME NOTICES OF KENTUCKY,
Particularly of its chief town, Lexington.

Kentucky was admitted into the Union in 1792. Its population was 72,927 in 1790, 109,906 in 1800, and 564,376 in 1820. Lexington was founded in April 1779, but made slow progress for some time, as in 1797, it contained but 30 houses. It has, since that period, improved rapidly, and now contains about 1000 houses and 6000 inhabitants. The streets intersect each other at right angles, and the houses, which are generally of brick, are handsome. A large proportion of them may be compared with the magnificence of the houses of Philadelphia. There are few mean, shabby houses, nor is it possible in any other town of the same size. In streets of business, the rents average from 6 to 8 per cent. on the cost of the former town average from 4 to 6 per cent.

Lexington is situated in the centre of the most beautiful part of the state. In salubrity of climate and fertility of soil, it is probably nowhere surpassed. The soil is so luxuriant that it produces abundant crops for 15, 20, or 25 years in succession, without the aid of manure. The beauty and variety of the forest foliage, and the richness of verdure in the fields, render it a most delightful country. It is the happy home of forests and:-

The town contains nine churches: two Presbyterian, one Episcopal, one Catholic, two Methodist, one Baptist, one Unitarian, and one African.

At Transylvania University there are five medical professors and one professor in law. In the preparatory department, there is one tutor. The academy, which is connected with the University, is under the government of a president and two professors.

The number of students in January last, was 200.

The College is an elegant and commodious building. It contains a valuable collection of historical, scientific, and miscellaneous works, in various languages. The apparatus is complete and excellent, and was imported from the best manufacturers in Europe. The building for the medical department is a handsome brick edifice, well adapted for its purpose. The library of the department, is an excellent collection, of from 2000 to 4000 volumes, selected in Europe by Dr. Caldwell, despatched for the special duty.

The Agricultural and Classical departments have suffered considerably during the last year, for want of a president and, indeed, but the latter have been supplied by the exertions of some prominent citizens of Lexington, who are determined to sustain the College. And there is reason to believe that under the new president, Mr. Woods, late of Providence, R. I., who commenced his career during the present month, these departments will be revived and be placed on a prosperous foundation as the department of medicine.

There is a literary society in the town, called the Kentucky Institute, founded by the late President Holly, of which the members meet at each other's houses monthly, in alphabetical order.

The trade of Lexington is not quite so flourishing as formerly. This arises chiefly from the superior advantages afforded by steam navigation to Louisville and Cincinnati, which have drawn off a portion of the trade that formerly centered in Lexington. The major part of the citizens of the southwestern states, who formerly shipped their corn in Lexington or posts there to Cincinnati. This has cut off a source of the prosperity of the town.

In order to revive the trade and commerce of Lexington, some of its public-spirited citizens contemplate the formation of a society for the promotion of internal improvements, similar to that formed in this city, which gave such acceleration to the canal system in Pennsylvania. The object is to disseminate as much as possible, accurate, and explicit information to the citizens generally, as to the necessity of facilitating the communication between the different parts of the state, so as to set upon the Legislatures, and impel them to adopt efficient measures for the purpose. The scarcity of water makes Kentucky a most favorable point for the advantage of canals, except on a very contracted scale.

A rail road is contemplated from Lexington to Louisville or Cincinnati, or perhaps unite dly to both. This measure would be of the most importance to Lexington, and not only prevent any further diminution of trade, but would generally enhance its value, and pay a large interest to the undertakers.

Lexington, however, enjoys advantages of which she can never be deprived. She has numbers of the most important manufactures, manufacturing sources of wealth and prosperity.

There are in the town, ten manufactories of cotton bagging and bale ropes, in which 300 people are employed, of whom not more than two per cent. are white. There are in other parts of the state as many more. The annual produce is nearly one million of yards of cotton bagging, and 2,000,000 lbs. of bale rope, besides large quantities of twine and yarns.

There are three cotton manufactories, some of them on a large and important scale. The Fayette factory, near the town, spins weekly between 4,000 and 3,000 dozen cotton, and has recently put up looms to make about 50 pieces of muslin, 50 yards each. Mr. Weir's cotton factory works up about 1,000 bales of cotton per annum. There are three woolen manufactories.

The Lexington white and red lead manufacturing company, manufactures annually from 50,000 to 100,000 lbs. of white, and about 10,000 lbs. of red lead. The stock is about $600,000, and the dividends are about 8 per cent per annum.

Besides these manufactories, there is a great number of other establishments, and nearly all the varieties of employments that contribute to human comfort or security—grist mills, paper mills, broom, hemp, and sugar, and canneries, distilleries, foundries, manufactories of hats, shoes, &c. &c. &c. In the neighborhood of Lexington, about 2000 tons of hemp are raised annually. The culture has greatly increased of
late. Besides hemp, the state produces for export tobacco, Indian corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, flour, horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, mules, &c. &c.

There are three paper banks in Lexington, two political and religious. In the state there are from 20 to 25. Kentucky has suffered greatly by the fluctuations of its paper currency, by the bankruptcy of her banks and by her credit loss, &c. &c. She is now recovering from her difficulties, and has one specie paying bank, with a number of branches, of which the paper is proportionately small state. Her broken banks are winding up their concerns. The bank of the United States has two branches in the state, one at Lexington and the other at Louisville.

Louisville is a very thriving town, and is supposed to have about 6000 inhabitants. It is the most important place in the state, and will probably be completed next year. Opinions are much divided as to its effects upon the prosperity of the town, some believing it will prove highly beneficial, and others directly the reverse. The former opinion appears the more natural. It will be very injurious to Springfield, a town about two or three miles from the containing about 2000 inhabitants, the prosperity of which depends in a great measure upon being the depot for the coal mines in the county. The case is high, cannot be conveyed round the falls by water.

In Lexington and Louisville, a custom prevails, which adds greatly to the comfort of society, and which is not unusual in our great cities,—in nine cases out of ten, where the ladies exist the better class and by the female of the respective families. Whereas it is well known that in Philadelphia and New York, women in almost all cases of the latter name, were for years between married men, whose wives are unknown to each other.

It now remains to take a rapid sketch of the character of the citizens of Kentucky. That character is the whole estimable. Its distinguishing features, are a high degree of sobriety, and politeness, transmitted by the formality, the etiquette, and the distinction of the genteel, that generally prevail in older states, and general hospitality towards strangers. In these three very important items, Kentucky will advantageously compare with any in the Union. This character is derived in a great measure by the necessity of its citizens, in steam boats, in taverns, in stages, in public places, in private circles, and in large parties. I am well aware that it is by no means corresponds with the prejudices of the generality of the citizens of the other states, and shall endeavours to show, where those prejudices rest, and the reason why they are so erroneous. Such prejudices are highly pernicious when they prevail among members of the same family, exciting alienation and hostility—and it therefore hope that the attempt to oblate them will not be regarded with indifference by those whose good opinion is much cultivating.

There are few sources of more prolific than the habit to which mankind are prone, of generalizing without adequate data—and from individual cases inferring the characters of communities and nations. We have heard of travellers, who pronounced dogmatically on the character of a nation from an intercourse with a few persons in a town or city—and one is particularly renowned, who having seen, on the day of his arrival, a number of old and homely women, and none of them smart or beautiful, is reported to have very judiciously entered among his memorials, "All the women in this place "cold and ugly."

It is not very honourable to human nature that this tendency to generalization is more prevalent as regards character than in other respects. Fifty upright or virtuous individuals, of any particular profession, community, or nation, will not be so likely to induce us to portray the whole class of men in the same light as the only instance of a charlatan or impostor, if not of a whole nation of impostors, as the only instance of an impostor, or a whole nation of impostors. In this way, a character is blazoned, whatever right or wrong, every incident that occurs, tending to afford any sort of support to the blazon, is caught at, with avidity, and regarded as "confirmation strong as proofs from holy writ." Whereas ten cases equally strong, confirmative of a nation living under such blazon, attach no national disgrace.

It is within the recollection of most of us, that a strong prejudice prevailed against the people of New England, at no very distant date; & every petty trick perpetrated by a New England man was triumphantly adduced in full proof of the correctness of the prejudice. And the whole district of country, containing above a million and a half of souls, was made responsible for the misconduct of every individual in it. The injustice of the people is too well known and acknowledged by men of liberal minds,—among which are all the men of the lower & the middle classes.

To apply this reasoning to Kentucky, among the early settlers in that state, were many low, vicious, and profane characters, by whom it was regarded as a place of refuge, an asylum for the abandoned and worthless. Though those characters wore but a small proportion to the mass of the population, they served to affix a stigma on the whole. Such a stigma is not easily removed—and it is to be regretted that no pains have been taken to remove it, although a total change has taken place—and although the people of the state may fairly vie with their fellow citizens of other states.

One circumstance which tends to perpetuate the prejudice is the conduct of the Kentucky boatmen on the Ohio and the Mississippi, some of whom appear to pride themselves on the roughness and rudeness of their manners—"half horse, half hillbilly," &c. But it would be quite as just to characterize the inhabitants of New York as being rude, without the annoyances of the boatmen, and the ferries on the Hudson or the East River, the people of Kentucky from the boatmen of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Many people believe that human life is most wantonly wasted with in Kentucky—and that there is danger of murder in passing through the state. This is a miserable error. That hoard has increased within a few years in the United States, is a lamentable truth—and that Kentucky has-partaken of the crime is beyond doubt. But it is equally true that it is as prevalent in some, and more prevalent in other states to which no particular instance attains on this ground.

The writer of this has travelled a considerable distance through the state—supposed some time in Lexington and Louisville—and had very extensive intercourse with citizens of various descriptions, and different parties, and during the whole time never met with or saw a single instance of the slightest departure from the strictest rules of propriety and decorum, even in classes among whom such a departure is not only not uncom- mon where not unfrquent. So far as Lexington is concerned, he believes that in every thing that renders society respectable, it is not inferior to any city or town in the Union.

HAMILTON.
BARTON W. STONE AND THE SECTOR PRESbyterians;
A NOTE ON THE EARLY RELATIONS OF

BY ROSCOE M. PIERSON

Roscoe M. Pierson, librarian of the Bosworth Memorial Library of the College of the Bible, Lexington, Kentucky, gives briefly some interesting information concerning what the Secesser Presbyterian thought about Stone. Mr. Pierson is a graduate of Centre College and has a masters degree in library science from the University of Kentucky. He is the editor of the series Reformers of Disciple Documents issued by the Bosworth Memorial Library, and compiler of Preliminary Check List of Lexington, Kentucky, Imprints, 1824-1850, to be published soon by the Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia.

The history of the relations between Thomas and Alexander Campbell and the Seceder Presbyterian is a well documented episode of the early history of the Disciples of Christ. However, the contacts that Barton Stone had with this "strictest sect of the Presbyterians," as he called them, is not widely known except by inference. Unlike the Campbells, whose connections with Presbyterians were entirely with the secession branch, Stone was never outside of the mainstream of Church of Scotland Presbyterianism from the date when he was licensed to preach by the Orange Presbyterian in North Carolina in 1796 until his withdrawal from the Synod of Kentucky, September 10, 1803.

In 1797, the year after Stone arrived in Kentucky, the General Associate Synod (of Scotland) was petitioned by some of the residents of Kentucky to send missionaries to that state. Being favorable to the plea, two young men, Andrew Fulton and Robert Armstrong, were ordained and commissioned to set out with "all convenient speed," and to constitute themselves into the Associate Synod of Kentucky upon their arrival at their destination.

These first two Kentucky missionaries of the Secession Church arrived in Kentucky in 1798. Andrew Fulton settled in Beargrass and served congregations in Henry and Shelby counties. Robert Armstrong located at Cane Run, in Fayette, and ministered to the Seceiders in Fayette and Scott counties—the same general area where Barton Stone was laboring among the Presbyterians.

In a letter to the Christian Magazine (VII, 1805, p. 38-39) dated March 5, 1802, a missionary to Kentucky, apparently Andrew Fulton, writes at length of the Cane Ridge meeting, comparing it to that which took place some years before in Cambuslang, Scotland. The writer attributes the beginning of the revival to "a Mr. Stone, in the county of Bourbon," and relates that "I am of opinion that such an irregular, and so far as I can judge, unscriptural manner of worshipping God, in public ordinances, ought neither to be encouraged nor countenanced. The tendency of the work upon the whole, is to entangle poor souls in delusion about their eternal concerns, and to lead them away from the scenes of 'New Lights, or Stoneites,' &c. and if they are known at all in the future of the church, they will be denominated Pelagian, or Socinian Heretics."

These brief notes serve to document what we could expect: that all streams of the Disciples of Christ were opposed by all the branches of the Secession Church from the earliest days of our movement. And to Stone goes the honor of being despised by this group while the Campbells were still ministers in good standing.

Armstrong and Fulton were disheartened by such religious conditions in Kentucky and departed to Ohio during the winter of 1802. However, they were not the only Kentucky Seceders who were opposed to the Cane Ridge meeting, nor to Stone personally. Adam Rankin, an overly orthodox Presbyterian minister who had come to Kentucky from Virginia in 1784, was deposed by the Transylvania Presbytery in 1792 because he opposed the use of Watts' Psalms, unscriptural, in Presbyterian worship. In 1793 he gained admittance into the Associate Reformed Synod of Philadelphia, and so another branch of the Secession Church came to Kentucky. Such a person was bound to oppose the Cane Ridge meeting, and oppose he did in A Review of the Noted Revival in Kentucky (Lexington: John Bradford, 1802) where he stated that the meeting was under "satanical influence," Rankin was so strict that many from his congregation left to become members of the churches of Fulton and Armstrong.

Perhaps the most important of the Seceder ministers in Kentucky was Robert Hamilton, Bishop, another missionary from the General Associate Synod, who arrived in the state in 1802 and accepted one of the Associate Reformed Churches of the Rankin schism. The author of the first church history of the state, An Outline History of the Church in the State of Kentucky (Lexington; T. T. Skillman, 1824), Bishop is scathing in his denunciation of the Stone movement: "They are usually called 'New Lights, or Stoneites,' &c. and if they are known at all in the future of the church, they will be denominated Pelagian, or Socinian Heretics."

2 McKerrow, History, p. 403-405.
4 McKerrow, Foreign Missions, p. 55.
5 Bishop, Outline History, p. 120.
By BOB FAIN

Is Lexington growing closer to hell?

According to one Alexander Campbell Vinegar, hell was only a mile from Lexington in 1860. The rate at which the city has grown in the past 50 years has put it much closer to Vinegar’s version of the sinner’s reward—the city warehouse on the Old Frankfort pike.

Vinegar, nicknamed “Peter,” was probably Lexington’s best known preacher during his day. He was famed over the Blue Grass for his sermons—‘Hell Ain’t But a Mile From Lexington;” “Watch Dat Snake;” “Death In De Pot;” “A Wheel In Der Middle of er Wheel;” “White Horse and De Rider;” “Sammy Rabbit;” and “It’s A Damned Hot Day.”

During his “Watch Dat Snake” sermon, the Negro minister would caution his hearers to guard against “the tempter within and the tempter without.” The wheel in the middle of the wheel pertained to Christ.

Peter Vinegar was a common figure in the courthouse yard along Cheapside around the turn of the century, and he furnished entertainment and instruction for the masses of whites and Negroes who came to hear him.

The year he came to Lexington is not known, but he wandered into town shortly after the Civil War and the emancipation of slaves. He was born a slave and gained his first preaching experience among his own people.

Peter became minister of a Baptist church on Main street, then moved to McClary hall at Main street and Broadway. It was claimed that after his first sermon he baptized 113 people. Peter is credited with converting more than 2,000 people during his career.

Peter was blamed for causing a split in the McClary hall church, and he and his followers moved to an abandoned fire station on South Limestone street.

Peter is said to have carried a flask into the pulpit and is said not to have hesitated to wet his throat when the urge came.

He had two stock answers for those who frowned on this habit. According to the newspapers, one was, “Lord, child, dat stuff ain’t gwine ter hurt yer if yo just use it in de right way. It’s when you use it in de wrong way dat trouble comes.”

His other answer was shorter: “Don’t do as I do—do as I say do.”

A reporter of that day credited Peter with preaching his “Damned Hot Day” sermon, which referred to judgment day, and then pulling his flask from his pocket, taking a pull and saying, “Yas, mah brethren, it’ll be er damn hot day.”

Peter died July 19, 1905, at his home on Blackburn street. He was 65. Death was attributed to partial paralysis, fever and heat prostration.

Peter’s body lay in state before the funeral and the papers said, “There was a constant stream of colored people going to the church . . . to take their last view of the notorious exhortor.”

Five ministers conducted the service at the Pleasant Green Baptist church. Peter’s six sons acted as pallbearers when the body was carried to the Negro cemetery on Seventh street.

Peter personally baptized over 3,500 converts—lived in Lexington.

Frankfort Roundabout, July 22, 1905
Henry Clay's Brother in Arkansas

S. L. Fooks, formerly of Camden and now at Paducah, Ky., has a newspaper clipping he found near Camden about 20 years ago, while operating a sawmill there. It discloses that Porter Clay, brother of the famous Henry Clay, not only lived at Camden, but was buried there. The clipping, apparently from some paper published outside of the state, reads as follows:

"Camden, Ark., Aug. 12.—While thousands of people visit annually the magnificent tomb at Lexington, Va., to pay tribute to the memory of Henry Clay, the grave of Porter Clay, his brother, is unknown save to a few surviving admirers who knew and loved the man. Though marked with a small slab of stone, it is covered with moss and grass and well-nigh lost to view. It lies in an old and unfrequented cemetery at Camden, Ark.

"Porter Clay was many years younger than his illustrious brother Henry. Though not inferior to that great statesman in intellect, Porter Clay was without that inordinate ambition that history lays at the door of his brother. Both boys were brought up by a pious Baptist mother. Henry was captivated by the glare of politics. History depicts his life in glowing colors. Porter followed the desire of his mother's heart and became a Baptist minister. He gave the best of his life to the service of God and died in poverty.

"At the age of 21 Porter Clay was admitted to the bar of Kentucky (1815). He was appointed auditor of state accounts shortly afterwards by Gov. Gabriel Slaughter. Even at that time he felt the call to the ministry, and he hesitated long before accepting the lucrative position. Friends persuaded him to accept, however, insisting that he had a brilliant future before him. By this time Henry Clay had served two short terms in the United States Senate and had been speaker of the House of Representatives for four years. It was freely predicted that young Porter Clay would follow in the footsteps of his brother.

"Porter Clay served as auditor for the state for several years. During this time he was married, his first wife died, and he was remarried. His second wife was the widow of Senator M. D. Hardin. She was a woman of great wealth and burning ambition. She desired her husband to take his place with the political leaders of the nation.

"Mrs. Hardin had been the mother of two sons at the time of marriage. These boys developed wild and unruly traits of character as they grew. They chided their stepfather for his simple life, for he had begun to preach in the Baptist church after his marriage with their mother.

"About 1840 Mrs. Clay persuaded Porter Clay to move to Jacksonville, Ill., where they lived with their sons in a house that had been the property of Senator Hardin. Later he began preaching regularly.

"A dispute with the authorities of the Baptist church over some doctrinal question caused Clay to be suspended as a minister. He turned evangelist and traveled widely in his preaching. It was in the capacity of revivalist that he first came to Camden, late in the '40's.

"Evangelism in those early days was not a gilded path to fortune. Porter Clay was frequently in actual want. His brother Henry, now thrice a candidate for the presidency, offered to share his palatial home with the wanderer. But the spirit called the shepherd, and he continued to follow the voice.

"After holding the revival at Camden he founded a Baptist church and became its first minister. He felt that he had reached the goal of his mission and desired nothing better than to spend the rest of his life ministering to the little settlement on the banks of the Ouachita. But his term of service was not long, for in 1859, two years before the death of his brother Henry, Porter Clay was stricken with fever, and he died, after a few days of patient suffering.

"Porter Clay's grave was unmarked for many years, but in time a board was placed at his head by his church members. Several years ago the New Century Club of Camden erected a slab of stone over the grave. Save for the care given the grave by the ladies of this organization its solitude is unbroken from year to year."
COLEMAN, Charles Thomas, lawyer; b. Tuskegee, Ala., Dec. 18, 1890; m. Annie E. (Foster) Johnson, Nov. 26, 1914; educ. Tuskegee Inst., 1912; served as pres. Tuskegee Cnty. Bar Assn., 1923; works as lawyer; resident of Tuskegee, Ala.; home, 724 Foster St. Address: Tuskegee, Ala.

COLEMAN, see also Coleman.
Death of An Empire

Once the world's best hardwood was cut along the Big Sandy and big rafts of logs came downstream to rough, tough, noisy Catlettsburg, but greed for timber and waste killed it off

By JOE CREASON, Courier-Journal Staff Writer

There was a time—and really not too long ago—when the mountainous upper Big Sandy River country of Eastern Kentucky produced the finest hardwood timber in the world. From shortly after the Civil War up almost until World War I, the compact little world along the Big Sandy and its tributaries supplied the world with oak, beech, maple, hickory and tulip; wood that brought top prices in France for wine casks, in England for the hull beams of ships, in Italy for fine furniture.

There were no roads, and the railroad then
Here's another view of the logs that used to jam the Big Sandy back when lumber was king. The boats that pulled the log rafts traveled backwards because they could get up more power that way, and did not pull the ends of the logs down into the water.

barely penetrated the lower tip of the area. The land of the virgin timber-sided hills that spread out from the Big Sandy and its Levisa and Tug Forks as well as the smaller, more picturesque-named streams that veined the isolated domain depended on the river, the only avenue in or out. Choice trees near the streams were felled, branded with the owner's mark, bound together into rafts and floated downstream on the spring "tide" to Catlettsburg, the town that grew up along the Big Sandy at the point it joins the Ohio.

At Catlettsburg, which 50 years ago boasted six large steam sawmills, the logs were sawed or bound together into more massive "fleets" of rafts and pulled by steamboat to Cincinnati or Louisville, sometimes even to New Orleans.

So, whatever the origin of the logs, Catlettsburg was the crossroads, the junction point, of a vast timber industry. The town became the largest hardwood market in the world. Even as early as 1885, up to $2,000,000 worth of timber came into or through the town from the Big Sandy country. And the logs seldom—if ever—brought more than $1 each.

Often during the late winter and spring, 1,000 or more timber buyers and rafters would be in the town at one time, nearly doubling its normal population. Many times rafts of logs, jammed so tightly together that it was possible to walk across the river, stretched more than five miles up the Big Sandy. Six or seven steamboats churned about in the sea of logs, piecing together the fleets of logs they were to tow backward to downstream mills.

It was rough-and-ready men who packed Catlettsburg to the rafters in those days. Bearded, rifle-toting mountain men who came down out of the hills only this once during the year mingled on the streets with spats-wearing buyers who were ready to pay cash money for the fine logs, many of them four and five feet thick.

Most of these men came looking for excitement. Catlettsburg gave it to them. At one time there were 21 saloons along Front Street alone. A hand-operated ferry stood by to haul customers to whisky and gambling boats tied up on the point just opposite Catlettsburg in West Virginia. Many mountain men lost their entire winter's earnings in a single night of bad card luck.
A large log raft, photographed in 1910, that went over a dam just below Louisa. Note men at the rear of the raft, guiding it with plank rudders.

The town at the mouth of the river was a confusion of sounds as well as sights. The rasping whine of the sawmills blended with the night-and-day chugging of the hard-working steamboats on the river and the raucous shouts of the hard-fisted men who caroused up and down Front Street. Occasionally the high-pitched crack of a rifle or pistol would rise over other sounds.

Incidentally, Front Street—better known then as “Bloody Front”—was the waterfront street Edna Ferber described in her classic river book, “Showboat.”

That was during the golden era of timbering on the Big Sandy, an era when the supply of timber seemed so inexhaustible that it surely never would peter out. High stumps were cut, leaving much of the most valuable part of the trees to rot in the woods. Trees with a diameter of 36 inches and a trunk of 50 feet were felled for just a choice 20-foot slice out of the middle. Young timber was stripped from the top to the base of a slope so the logs could be rolled down to the stream in the swag and floated out on the high tides.

Then came retribution. The timber supply did indeed begin to peter out, and peter out fast, at that. By 1913 the industry was dying; by 1918 it was dead.

One by one the sawmills in Catlettsburg closed down, the last in 1920. Today there is not a single mill in the town.

The Big Sandy valley had been ravaged of its timber.

Quick settled over the once rambunctious town at the mouth of the river. From blood and thunder and excitement, it turned to new, more sedate ways. In time it became a typical county seat town that depended on the good surrounding Boyd County farm land for its main economic stimulus.

For the timber industry was gone forever.

However, there are those in Catlettsburg who remember with something of longing the old timber-run days and the excitement they brought.

Many of the town’s older residents worked in timber in some way or other and like nothing more than to relive the days around the turn of the century. Men like Lat Frazier, who runs a clothing store, and John Sloan, now retired, can talk for hours about their experiences in the timber days. Robert Kennedy, whose father and uncle owned the Sea Lion, a steamboat used in pushing log fleets down the Ohio, is a walking encyclopedia of information on the subject. Much of his material is used in a weekly column which appears in The Ashland Daily Independent.

Although the golden days were from after the Civil War to before the First World War, the earliest settlers on the Big Sandy exploited the wonderful timber. Lat Frazier remembers hearing his father, later a Confederate soldier, tell about assembling a wooden barge of staves on the Tug Fork above Louisa in 1840 and rafting it to Cincinnati to market.

But the price offered wasn’t what he wanted, so he vowed he’d take his staves all the way to New Orleans, if necessary. It was necessary, but, Ironically, he sold them there for only half the price offered in Cincinnati.

After the Civil War, new markets for timber opened and the boom began. The ring of razor-sharp axes could be heard up every hollow from Catlettsburg to above Pikeville. The Big Sandy was large enough and swift enough to move log rafts seven or eight months in the year.

In those days steamers carrying freight and passengers made regular runs up the Big Sandy and its two main forks. Big Sandy Navigation Company boats made 22 scheduled stops from Catlettsburg to Pikeville on the Levisa Fork. Freight charges were 25 cents per 100 pounds and the line did much business in grain, chickens, flour and the like.

The busiest timber months, the months when Catlettsburg teemed with rafters and buyers, were from January to June or July. The river was bank-full usually in those months and the locks and dams that had been built on the Big Sandy and
its forks between 1885 and 1904 didn’t interfere since the rafts passed over the dams.

Lut Frazier, the Catlettsburg merchant, worked on the Big Sandy dam that was started at Louisa in 1883. For a time he ran the commissary at Salt-peter, where stone for the structure was quarried.

"We charged 43 cents a day for room and board," he mused, "and actually changed the sheets every week."

To a certain extent, timbering in the Big Sandy region was a year-around proposition. That is, logs would be cut on the hillsides during the summer and snaked by oxen down into the valleys to be ready for the winter-spring tides.

**Barriers** of logs, called splash-dams, were built in the valleys to hold back the water once the winter rain started. When the water behind the dams was deep enough to float the logs, the dam would be torn or blasted away and an avalanche of logs and water would come roaring down the valley toward the river or tributary below.

Once the logs, which ranged from two to five feet in diameter, had reached the main river or the Levisa or Tug, they were assembled into rafts of 50 to 100 logs each. The raft logs seldom were more than 24 feet long because of the curves in the streams. Since the oak and walnut would sink, the rafts were interspersed with several big poplar logs, called floaters, to make them buoyant.

Hickory poles with tie pins of white oak were used to hold the logs together in the rafts. Later, so-called dog chains were used.

Two men usually worked one raft and guided it with a spar of rudder. The rudders were made of rough boards 10 to 14 feet long and attached to 20-foot poles. These poles, in turn, were attached to the rear of the rafts.

The raft hands, who were paid $1 a day, would guide the rafts down to Catlettsburg. There, at the mouth of the river, nine or 10 rafts—up to 1,000 logs—would be bound together into fleets, which would be pulled by the steamboats on down the Ohio to Cincinnati or Louisville. The steamer Sea Lion once backed all the way to Louisville with a fleet of 40 rafts.

Each log was branded on the end with the owner’s mark. This gave rise to river “pirates,” men who would slip around and saw off the ends of stray logs or those they stole from rafts. Needless to say, such activity was not calculated to improve the good health of those who were caught in the act.

Actually, however, there were so many logs that little attention was paid to the pirating.

Henry Clay was very fond of his home, “Ashland,” at Lexington. It looked like this in his lifetime.
JOHN FILSON

Prophet of Kentucky

He was the first historian and map-maker of the state, his story made Daniel Boone immortal, he was a frontier teacher, yet he's almost forgotten

By JOHN WALTON

PHILADEPHIANS who read "The Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser" on October 22, 1784, saw the following advertisement:

This Day is Published (Price One Dollar and a Half)
And to be sold by Dunlap and Claypoole, Philadelphia, and James Adams, in Wilmington.

The Discovery, Settlement, and present State of Kentucky, and an Essay toward the Topography, and Natural History of that Important Country: To which is added—An Appendix—Containing, 1. The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boon, one of the first settlers; comprehending every important occurrence in the political history of that district; 2. The Minutes of the Planckashaw Council, held at Post St. Vincent, April 15, 1784. 3. An Account of the Indian Nations inhabiting within the limits of the United States, their manners and customs, and reflections on their origin. 4. The stages and distances between Philadelphia and the falls of the Ohio, by land; from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to the Mexican Gulph. The whole illustrated by a new and accurate map of Kentucky, and part of the Indiana territory adjoining; drawn from actual observations, by John Filson.

Despite its long title—a style in considerable vogue among bookmakers of the day—this curious little volume contained only 118 pages. It was printed by James Adams in Wilmington. The supplementary map was engraved by Henry Pursell and printed by Ternon Book, both of Philadelphia. No later than the following year subsequent editions were published in France and Germany, and plagiarized accounts soon began to appear in England. The popularity of Filson's "Kentucke" abroad was due to "the craving of restless minds for information about the newest part of the new world."

In Filson's pages, Kentucky was presented to the world as a land of admirable beauty, producing cane 12 feet high, the finest crown imperial in the world, and long-bearing laurel trees. Fish and fowl were said to be plentiful. The author petulantly insisted that he did not write the book from "lucrative motives," but rather to inform the world about this promised land beyond the mountains:

When I visited Kentucky, I found it so far to exceed my expectations, although great, that I concluded it was a pity; that the world had not adequate information of it.

The world received adequate information of the new land in words that could be understood by husbandmen everywhere, although the description may have placed some strain on their credulity. Here the richest land bore "above one hundred bushels of good corn an acre in one season"; and "the first rate land is too rich for wheat till it has been reduced by four or five years of cultivation"; and "the soil is very favorable to flax and hemp, turpines, potatoes and cotton, which grow in abundance." Here, "every husbandman may have a good garden, or meadow, without water or manure, where he pleases. The soil, which is not of a thirsty nature, is commonly well supplied with plentiful showers."

For those to whom the prospect of tilling the soil, however fertile, was no inducement, there were descriptions of game, of fish, and of fowl in abundance. And there were legends, mysteries and romance. In Kentucky were amazingly large caves, the bones of prehistoric monsters, and tales of white Indians who spoke Welsh. These Indians, Filson believed, might really be the descendants of the colony of Madoc, son of Owen Gwynnedd, a prince of Wales, who, in the year 1170 left his country and proceeded west until he discovered a fertile land. According to the legend, Madoc left a colony and returned to Wales. There he recruited enough of his countrymen to fill 10 ships. They sailed and were never heard of afterwards.

To the 30,000 souls who had already migrated to this fruitful land, Filson addressed a prophecy:

In your country like the land of promise, flowing with milk and honey, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills, a land of wheat and barley, and all kinds of fruits, you shall eat bread without scarceness, and not lack anything in it; where you are neither chilled with the cold of capricorn, nor scorched with the burning heat of cancer; the mildness of your air so great, that you neither feel the effects of infectious fogs, nor pestilential vapors. Thus, your country, favored with the smiles of heavens, will probably be inhabited by the first people the world ever knew.

Hyperbole and myth finally give way to practical directions. The procedures for securing land titles in Kentucky are carefully explained; and at the end of the book, Filson appended tables with distances from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, thence to Louisville, and beyond to New Orleans. For those contemplating a move to Kentucky, these tables listed the stations along the two roads through the great wilderness.

In addition to publicizing Kentucky, Filson assured the immortality of Daniel Boone. And as the architect of the Boone legend, he created the prototype of the American hero. In 33 pages, the wilderness scout tells his story—in Filson's words:

Stepped in the romantic style of the late 18th Century, Filson liberally sprinkled the old pioneer's speech with classical illusions, with references to Palmyra and Persepolis, for instance, which Boone could scarcely distinguish from Gog and Magog. In the description of a battle with the Indians, Boone's style is strangely reminiscent of the report of the conqueror of Gaul in his report to the citizens of the Roman Republic:

"Without demanding a surrender, a fury assailed the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them; and, after they had expended much ammunition in vain, and killed the cattle round the fort, it was not likely to make them masters of the place, they raised the siege, and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number wounded uncertain."

In describing the ghastly slaughter at Blue Licks, the "last battle of the Revolution," the author exercised classic restraint. His sole comment on the horror was "many widows were now made."

Filson's little volume, which sold originally for $1.50, has become one of the rarest items of Americana. Last year a copy sold for $8,000. The copy that Filson sent George Washington in the hope of obtaining an endorsement for a second edition is now in the Boston Athenaeum, and Daniel Boone's copy is carefully preserved as a valuable item in a private collection. The few extant copies of the map, which accompanied the book, and which was drawn in the crude log cabins of the Kentucky frontier, are now preciously handled in some of the world's great cultural institutions. In the British Museum, in the Archivo Historico Nacional in Madrid, in Harvard, Brown, and Michigan, this quaint and charming map of Kentucky is preserved.

The romantic course of this little volume reflects the career of the author. Born on the
under the influence of the "noxious juices," Filson was attacked early the next morning by the Indians. The party landed quickly and Filson escaped by hiding in the underbrush. However, two of his companions were scalped, and after the savages departed Filson found himself alone, lost, hungry, and wet.

Finally making his tortuous way to Vincennes, Filson spent 10 days at the post recuperating. He then attempted a quick overland journey to Louisville and arrived there seven days later.

Homesick for his family, Filson started in September on horseback for Chester County. He rode alone along the Wilderness Trail for something like 800 miles and arrived at his old home in November. But he could not resist the lure of Kentucky and he returned the next year. Once more, in 1787, this indefatigable traveler was to return to Chester County, but the end of the year found him again in Lexington.

On January 19, 1788, Filson published in The Kentucky Gazette his proposal for opening a school in Lexington. Tactlessly he extolled the virtues of Northern teachers over those from the South, advocated nonsectarian instruction in morality, and enumerated the advantages of a school located in town.

The school never opened. Filson was deeply involved in debts, both in Pennsylvania and Kentucky, but he remained optimistic.

In the late summer, Filson entered upon the grandest and last of his ventures. With Matthias Denman of New Jersey and Robert Patterson of Lexington, he formed a partnership to establish a town across the Ohio River opposite the mouth of the Licking. With more than usual pedantry he coined a name for the new city—Losantiville. "L" was for Licking; "os," Latin for mouth; "antil," Greek for opposite; and "ville," French for city.

When General Arthur St. Clair, the new Governor of the Northwest Territory, arrived at the new town in 1790, he promptly changed the name from Losantiville to Cincinnati in
honor of the Society of Cincinnatus to which he belonged. Of this audacity Filson had no mortal knowledge. For between September 22 and September 28, in 1788, he had disappeared forever into the sycamore forests along the Great Miami River.

Filson, John Cleves Symmes, and a party of the first settlers had gone up the Great Miami River about 40 miles when they encountered a band of sullen Indians.

The Indians suddenly appeared and fired on them. Filson, being nearest the Indians, was never seen again. Apparently there were no eyewitnesses to his death; his remains were never found; and the Indians as well and the forests have kept the secret.

For nearly a hundred years after his death John Filson had passed into almost complete oblivion. Then, in 1884, Col. Reuben Durrett of Louisville wrote a biography of him and organized the Filson Club. But to this day no city, town, river, creek, or mountain bears his name, and in Kentucky, no inn or high-road, no thoroughbred or bourbon was ever named "John Filson."

Although he missed greatness by a wide margin, Filson was important. As the first historian and cartographer of Kentucky, he accelerated the settlement of the West; as the creator of the Boone legend, he made an incalculable contribution to American letters; and as a teacher on the frontier he promoted "the spread of enlightenment in a philanthropic spirit." Coming to Kentucky in the heroic age, he was a rococo figure in the midst of bold warriors. But although he was a minor character in history, he was Kentucky's major prophet.

Filson's famous map of Kentucky, published in 1784, is the first map of the state, highly treasured.

CHECK YOURSELF
See How Much You Know About Early Events in Lexington

Below is another set in a series of questions about early events in Lexington, prepared by Charles R. Staples. Read them over, see how many you can answer, then turn to Page 2, column 2, for Mr. Staples' answers.

1. Who was known as the "father" of Lexington public schools?
2. What year was the market house moved from Cheapside?
3. When was the Lexington Orphan Asylum organized?
4. What was the name of the hotel at High and Broadway?
5. When was Monticello Park subdivided opened?
6. What Lexingtonian was architect of many public buildings in Kentucky?
7. What year was the Lexington Association (racing) organized?
8. What road was known as the Hickman Mill road?
9. What year was the first fair held at present trotting track?
10. What congregation erected Ladies' Hall, now on Church Street between Upper and Limestone?
11. What silversmith of Lexington became a prominent banker?
12. Where was the Dudley House (hotel) located?

QUESTIONS ANSWERED
Here are the answers to historical questions asked on Page 1:
1. James O. Harrison.
2. 1817.
4. Keizer's "Indian Queen."
5. June, 1868.
7. 1828.
8. Nicholasville Pike.
9. 1877.
10. Built by Methodists and used by them until removal to High street in 1841.
11. David A. Sayre.
12. On northwest corner of Broadway and Short, afterwards called the Lexington hotel.

How Bluegrass Towns
Received Their Names

JEFFERSON COUNTY
Keene, six miles northeast of Nicholasville, was founded in 1831. It was called North Liberty at that time, but later the name was changed to Keene through the influence of Thomas Jones, a hatter who came from Keene, N. H., in 1845 and wanted the village named for his native town. About the same time in boring for a well a fine stream of sulphur water was struck which was thought to have medicinal value and as cholera was prevalent in Lexington at that time a large number of people from there and surrounding towns came to live in Keene.

The neighborhood was settled by some of the finest settlers of the county. In 1794, Manoah Singleton built a stone mill provided with a combination of horse and water power, which was operated for approximately 100 years. This mill relied for its water power upon a large spring which was located about a mile away. This spring rises in a valley and flows into a large cave which was a habitation for Indians before the advent of the white man in Kentucky.

Lex. Herald
1933
CURE OF CHOLERA.

Fellow Citizens,

Would you be cured of Cholera take the disease in time.

It begins with some sort of Bowel Complaint, or disturbance of the stomach. In this stage it is easily cured; and all who neglect this stage are in danger of perishing. Whoever has a fever or sickness at stomach, or Colic, should instantly take to his bed, in a warm room and drink hot tea of sage, balm, or Thoroughwort, or even hot water-bathing his feet if cold, and applying a warm poultice over the bowels.

Without this nothing will do any good—All who go about in the damp air after the bowel complaint has set in will get Cramps and Spasms and die—I again say they will die! Besides what I have mentioned, they should take a powder, of ten grains of Colomel and one of Opium mixed, if grown persons, and children should take less in proportion, or a teaspoonful of powdered Rhubarb.

They should, also, take a teaspoonful, every hour, of the Aromatic Camphorated water, which is a cheap article, and may be had of most of the 4 pharmacists.

All who are of a full habit, or have Fever, or Colic should be bled.

Again let me warn everyone, that the dreadful Epidemic commences with a mild bowel complaint, and in that stage may be cured—when constipation continues and spasm combined, come on, death will follow—has followed, in almost every case that has yet occurred in the city. He who goes about with a mild complaint upon him should expect to perish.

The Epidemic would loose all its terrors, if people would attend, instantly, to the first symptoms—lie to bed, drink hot water or tea, promote a perspiration, and send for their family Physician.

Daniel Drake, M.D.

Cincinnati, Saturday afternoon, October, 12th—1832.
FEMALE
COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
GEORGETOWN, KY.

The next Session commences on the 2d Monday of November, and closes on the last Friday of June, when a vacation of two months will occur. The School, under the present organization, is strictly limited to 50 pupils to whose intellectual and moral culture, three Instructors devote their undivided labors. Every attention is paid to the manners, habits, conversation, dress, health and comfort of the pupils. They are not allowed to participate in fashionable amusements, nor to visit or receive visits; nor to purchase any article, without the approbation of the Principal, or one of the Ladies of the Institution. Simple accommodations have been prepared for 35 boarders—six commodious and airy chambers being appropriated exclusively to that object. These are all warmly carpeted, and have fires made in them every morning and evening, during the winter season.

The Course of Instruction is as full and thorough as in the best Female Seminaries in the United States. Particular pains will be taken to inspire the pupils with a taste for reading and for general literature, by forming them into Classes to devote about two hours every evening after tea, under the direction of the Instructors, to a general course of reading, embracing History, Antiquities, Travels, Voyages, Biography, Memoirs, Poetry, the Physical Intellectual, Moral and Political Sciences, etc., excluding every thing partaking of the character of a Novel, unless the moral Tales of Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Martineau's Illustrations of Political Economy, can be viewed in that light. Every facility is afforded such pupils as desire to take lessons on the Piano—there being three of those Instruments in the Institution, and two others expected during the Vacation—which will admit of as much practising daily, as a due regard to health will justify. The teacher of Music (an accomplished English Lady,) resides in the family of the Principal, and is admitted by all to be unsurpassed for fidelity and skill. Social concerts are occasionally given, in which the advanced pupils are made to participate, for the improvement of the young ladies.

The Charges are, for Boarding, Washing, Fuel, Lights, use of Library and Apparatus, and Tuition in all the branches of the Regular Course, five months, (in advance,) $100.00. Lessons on Piano, per quarter, $15.00. Vocal Music, $2.00. Use of Piano, $2.50. French Drawing & Painting, per quarter, $5.00. All the Text Books and Stationery of every kind, will be furnished the pupils at the most reasonable prices.

T. F. JOHNSON, Principal.

October 1, 1838.

GEORGETOWN SCHOOLS were advertised in the 1838-39 Lexington City Directory. Both Bacon College and Female Colle- gestiate Institute had advertise- ments. These are exact reproductions from the rare directory owned by Historian J. Winston Coleman, Jr., of Lexington.

BACON COLLEGE,
At Georgetown, Ky.

FACTOR.
D. S. Burnet, President, and Professor of Mental Science, Rhetoric, etc. etc.
S. G. Mullens, Professor of Languages.
JACOB AMEN, Professor of Chemistry, Natural Science, Mathematics, Civil Engineering, etc.
MORDENCA YARNELL, G. A. WOOLSTON, Assistants in Mathematics.
C. A. ASHBY, Geo. H. Matthew, Tutor in Preparatory Department.

ORGANIZATION.
In Bacon College there are present five departments; to wit: 1. Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. 2. Mathematics and Civil Engineering. 3. Ancient Languages. 4. Natural Science. 5. Preparatory Department.
In the Department of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, shall be taught Mental Science generally, Logic, Ethics, Rhetoric, Political Grammar, History, Political Economy, and the Evidences of Christianity.
In the Department of Civil Engineering, shall be taught a full course of Pure and mixed Mathematics—Civil Engineering theoretically and practically—Topographical and Architectural Drawing, etc. etc.
In the Department of Ancient Languages, shall be taught the Latin and Greek Languages, Ancient History, Ancient Geography, Mythology, Antiquities, and Chronology.
In the Department of Natural science, shall be taught the laws and properties of bodies generally including Mechanics, Optics, Astronomy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, etc.
In the Preparatory Department shall be taught all the Elementary Branches of an English Education, together with the rudiments of the Greek and Latin Languages.
COMMENCEMENT—The Session commences on the first Mondays of November and May; the first ends on the last Friday in March, and the Second ends on the Friday before the last in September, when the annual commencement is held.
EXPENSES—Board, in private families. In summer, $3,30 per week.
Tuition—$20.00 per Session in advance; $5.00 for fuel in the winter. Different English branches are taught in the Preparatory Department at $10.00 in advance. Civil Engineering being an extra course, students upon commencing it have to pay an extra fee of $30, which is the only extra charge.

The Graphic.
Georgetown, Aug. 13, 1859.
Famous Duels In Kentucky
Recounted By Lexingtonian

FAMOUS KENTUCKY DUELS,
by J. Winston Coleman Jr.

J. Winston Coleman Jr., author of several historical classics such as "Stage Coach Days in Kentucky" and "Slavery Times in Kentucky," has just published one of his most interesting books, "Famous Kentucky Duels."

From old court records, musty newspaper files, personal letters and diaries and other unknown or long-forgotten sources, the author reconstructs and vividly renews many tragic episodes which, under the barbaric "code duello," were referred to as "affairs of honor."

Starting with the "meeting" between Judge John Rowan, who lived at what is now "The Old Kentucky Home," at Bardstown, and Dr. James Chambers, a young surgeon, son-in-law of a former judge of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the author takes the reader at misty dawn along river banks, through rolling woodlands and upstream to island rendezvous, where two men face each other, demanding "satisfaction due one gentleman from another." Doctors tensely stand near by with their surgical kits spread on blankets.

A few anxious friends view the scene from distant clumps of trees. A "second" barks a prearranged signal. Pistols crack and usually one participant falls dead or wounded—sometimes the blood of both saturates the sod.

Coleman's book includes "affairs of honor" between Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, Tennesseans who came across the state line to meet in Logan county at Harrison's Mill on Red River; Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall; Doctors Benjamin W. Dudley and William H. Richardson; George J. Trotter, editor of the Kentucky Gazette, and young Charles Wickliffe, both Lexingtongians; Henry C. Pope and John T. Gray of Louisville; William T. Casto and Leonidas Metcalfe of Mason county, and Joseph Desta and Alex Kimbrough of Harrison county.

The book, so characteristic of Coleman's other publications, is carefully annotated and indexed with an ample bibliography. It also has an appendix in which the author lists 32 other duels with names of participants and few other facts, but about which he has been unable to unearth more than a mere outline.

The book is attractively bound in blue buckram with gold lettering. The frontispiece is a reproduction of Gen. Jackson's pistols used in his duel with Dickinson, which are now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington.

"Famous Kentucky Duels" will be eagerly read not only by Kentuckians, but by every American interested in the customs and practices of a bygone era. Certainly no library or private collection of Kentuckiana or Americana can afford to be without it.

William H. Townsend

Lex. Herald-Leader
(Easter)
APR 5 1953
Masonic diploma issued by Lexington Masons in 1799

Lex. Lodge No. 25 – after 1800, No. 1


Razed c. 1935–36

Federal housing unit on site (Blue Grass)
After finishing his course, he went to Liberty, Clay county, Mo., where he was admitted to the bar in 1832. He soon built up a good practice and entered into politics. He was twice elected to the state legislature, and, in 1841, Governor Reynolds made him a circuit judge. In 1843, Senator Linnaeus died and Governor Reynolds appointed Judge Atchison to fill the vacancy. He held this office for three terms, retiring in 1855.

"Senator Atchison was a slaveholder and he took a decided stand for slavery in the Kansas troubles of 1856. He made several tours of the southern states agitating the settling of Kansas by slave-holders in order to hold the state for slavery. He went personally on many expeditions into Kansas to settle slave holders. Atchison Kan., is named for him, and both Kansas and Missouri have counties which bear his name."

"Senator Atchison In his latter life was in ill health from rheumatism and this accounts for the small part he took in the War Between the States. He was in full sympathy with the Southern Confederacy. He was enlisted for a time under General Sterling Price, and was present at the battles of Blue Mills, Lexington, Carthage and Pea Ridge. He was sent by General Price from Liberty to relieve Lexington, and while crossing the river at Blue Mills, the Federals attacked him. A little later, Governor Jackson sent him to Richmond, Va., to interview Jefferson Davis on condition in Missouri. Upon his return he retired to private life on his large farm in Platte county. There he was visited by many of his political friends, chief among whom was Edward A. Hinegen, who had been United States senator from Indiana. Senator Atchison kept in touch with the times through correspondence with friends in Washington. He died a bachelor in 1896, leaving a large estate in Platte county, which went to his nephews."

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**La Fayette Ball.**

The pleasure of your company is requested.

CARLES WILKINS, BENJAMIN GRATZ,
John Postlethwayt, THOMAS SMITH,
Elisha Warfield, LELLE CAMPS,
John W. Hunt, JAMES W. PALMER,
John H. Morton, THOS. L. CADDLELL,
William W. Worsley, WILLIAM M. BRAND.

Lexington, May 15, 1855.

INVITATION TO LAFAYETTE Masonic Ball.
Thousands Studied Under Its Shelter

Morton High School - '16

After 38 years of service as a public school, Morton Junior high school has closed its doors to students. William Morton Junior High school, a new structure on the Tales Creek pike, replaces old Morton Junior High school in Lexington's public school system.

Lex. Leader, June - 30 - 1938.
Here, I graduated in class of 1916.
[Attended this school, 1912-1914]
Razed 1940 -
Will Harbut, Man o' War's Groom, Dies

A 17-year friendship between a man and a horse—the mostest horse in the world—and the man who gave him that title—was ended by death last night.

Will Harbut, self-styled "personal attendant" to Man o' War, died at 10 p.m. at his home on the Hoffman Mill road. The genial Negro groom had been ill since March, 1946, when he was stricken with paralysis. He was 82.

A familiar figure to the thousands who each year visited Samuel D. Riddle's Faraway Farm to see the famous race horse, Harbut had been assigned to the care of Man o' War since 1900.

He took his job seriously—and he thought of Man o' War always in superlatives. Explaining to visitors that age of thoroughbreds was figured from Jan. 1, but that Man o' War's birth date was celebrated each March 28, Harbut would point to the big red stallion and proudly elaborate:

"This is the oldest horse that has a birthday!"

Harbut came to Faraway in 1909 when Harry B. Scott assumed the position as manager of the Riddle farm. In former years, the groom worked for Col. Phil T. Chinn, the late Senator J. W. Bailey, and Walnut Hall farm.

He was Mr. Scott's "staid man" at Glen Helen Stud, and followed him to Faraway Farm and Man o' War.

Soon after taking charge of the stallion, Harbut studied up on the records of Man o' War and his sons. Horsemen long have been familiar with the famous stallion's career, but it was Harbut who vivified the details for casual visitors—estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 a year before Big Red was secluded this year—to whom Man o' War symbolized the racing industry.

With unending patience and unerring accuracy, Harbut would detail—while Man o' War inspected or ignored visitors as was his whim—the horse's races, his son's races, and their breeding records. Harbut would glorify his account of Big Red's 20 victories during two years of racing, and vehemently explain away Man o' War's loss at the Derby.

From each group of visitors—unless they were some of the "important" people who came to Faraway Farm to pay homage—would come the inevitable ques- tion:

"When did Man o' War win the Derby?"

Harbut patiently would explain that in 1920—when Man o' War was a three-year-old—Eastern tracks paid the largest purses and that the Derby then just wasn't an important enough race for such a great horse. But Harbut, in his account, always gave the impression that Man o' War could have won the race easily if he had been entered.

The genial groom was photographed thousands of times—usually standing by the head of the photogenic big red stallion, but sometimes alone for pictures that were studies in contentment and dignity.

Harbut never tired of his job. Always he was willing to care for and talk about Man o' War. And always he explained to visitors:

"Folks, this is the mostest horse in the world!"

SLAVERY TIMES IN KENTUCKY, by J. W. Coleman, Jr., Mr. Coleman is peculiarly well fitted for the accomplishment of such a work, himself a Kentucky farmer and his grandparents slaveholding planters in Fayette County, Ky. In presenting this cross section of the manners, lives, and customs of slavery times in Kentucky, the author has made extensive use of old family and court records, newspaper accounts, personal interviews with ex-slaves, and endless research in Kentucky historical shelves.

Important to us is the fact that this well-documented book is somewhat more than the mere stringing together of facts. It is a readable record of Kentucky farming from the eventful days of 1777 when Harrod's Fort, the first permanent settlement, was accomplished by master and slave working side by side. Included also are dramatic accounts of pioneer hardships, hemp farming, early household operations, and social customs.

The book is copiously illustrated with pictures of prominent Kentucky men, important places, old prints, bills of sale, notices, etc. It is an unbiased account of the institution of slavery, the rise of abolitionism, and its opposing forces. It is worthy of a sure place in Kentucky history. (The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, N. C. $3.)
During the 12 years of her life the steamer Ben Franklin became familiar the whole way from Cincinnati to New Orleans on account of the various trades in which she was operated. The Ben Franklin, after being launched on May 28, 1869, from the Howard yard in Jeffersonville, Ind., was towed across the river to Louisville for completion. The Ben Franklin was originally built for the Louisville and Cincinnati trade. At the same time the U. S. Mail Line Company was building the United States (second) at Cincinnati. According to "Way's Steamboat Directory," 1944 edition, these two steamers were designed to replace the steamers America and United States after those two vessels were destroyed in a collision and fire. December 4, 1868, near Warsaw, Ky. A railroad was being built between Cincinnati and Louisville, explaining why the Franklin and the second United States were so much smaller than the steamers they were to succeed. The Ben Franklin was 264 by 37½ by 6.1 feet and had four boilers supplying steam to engines 21 inches by eight feet.

The Ben Franklin ran in the "Mail Line trade" only a short time and was mainly operated in trips to the Deep South. Z. M. Sherley, through Thomas Sherlock, his attorney, transferred the boat's ownership to Memphis after which she officially belonged to the Memphis and New Orleans Packet Company. Later the Franklin returned to Cincinnati to operate to Madison, Ind., until 1877 when the sternwheel Gen'l Pike replaced her. In command of Capt. David, the Ben Franklin was again in the Louisville and Cincinnati trade in 1878 along with the Gen'l Lytle. In 1881 the Franklin was in command of Capt. Tichenor, operating between Cincinnati and Memphis. Not long afterward, according to Capt. Way, the steamer was dismantled.

In the left background, on the Cincinnati side of the river, is the steamer Nicholas Longworth. To date this view of the Longworth is the best in existence, as far as is known.

For this picture of the Ben Franklin the readers of The Waterways Journal are indebted to W. H. Miller, Sr., of Madison, Ind., who has a vivid memory of many grand packets of the past that to most rivermen of today are almost legendary.

ERROR - NOT A JAIL - Residence
J. WINSTON COLEMAN, JR.  
Winburn Farm, Russell Cave Road  
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

Self at U. of Ky.  
Litt. D. degree,  
Univ. of Ky,  
June-6-1947

Group of old buildings—  
S. W. cor. Main and Limestone Sts.  
LEXINGTON, KY.  
Razed: July, 1947

Self in Engine No. 83.  
Self at the throttle—June 3, 1947—

At Berryville, Ky, June-3-1947  
on a 3 day train trip w.  
supertendents private car.  
LEX. TO NEON, KY. and back.

John Winston Coleman, Jr. is a  
native Kentuckian having been born,  
reared and educated in Lexington. He received his B.S.  
degree in Mechanical Engineering in 1920 from the University of  
Kentucky and attained his M.E. in 1926. In 1943 he received an  
honorary degree of Doctor of Literature from the Lincoln Memorial  
University of Harrogate, Tenn, and last year the honorary degree of  
Doctor of Literature was also conferred on him by the University  
of Kentucky.

The Hiwanian  
July-20-1948