WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA
1946-47

Sigma Nu

33rd Degree Mason

J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
Lexington, Ky.

Phi Beta Kappa
SCRAP BOOK
OF
J. Winston Coleman, Jr.
Lexington, Ky.

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Kentucky's Artist

By NORBERT HEERMANN
DRAWING BY EDWIN FINCH

An authority on Frank Duveneck, whom he regards as Kentucky's greatest artist of the past century, Norbert Heermann is himself an artist of note. He studied under Duveneck in Cincinnati, has published a biography about his master and expects to bring out a larger one next year. He lives in Woodstock, N. Y., and has painted and exhibited in Louisville.

REGARDLESS of the claims Cincinnati has that Frank Duveneck, the greatest Kentucky artist of the past century, was really a Cincinnati, research always leads back to certain facts: Duveneck was born in Kentucky and his grave is in Kentucky. He was reared in Kentuck and it was in Kentucky that his riper years were mellowed by hearty, beer-drinking companions.

In Cincinnati, Duveneck painted and taught art and was feted by stuffed shirt society. But it was across the Ohio River in Covington, from 1868 to his death in 1910, that he spent happy evenings in Charlie Goodwin's saloon—the old-fashioned sort of saloon where the German tradition of conviviality and cordiality had found its place.

A half-dozen cronies made up the circle that included Duveneck. They were a tailor, a veterinarian, a school teacher, a plumber and a stiffe—"one who painted stripes on anything from an accordion to a street car." They met at the same table day after day and because of their noisy sympathy for the Boers during the war with England, they came to be known as the Boers Club.

They were ordinary people, and though Duveneck was recognized on two continents as a great artist, he was of them. One day

The painter's answer is not recorded, but it certainly was not the answer of a snob.

Great stories passed across the table in that saloon and without doubt of them was the story of the mysterious model. All Cincinnati was curious about it for years.

Duveneck was 40 years old when, returning from study in Europe, he took a studio in Cincinnati with two other artists, in order to reduce the rent to $10 a month.

One day a knock at their studio revealed the figure of a beautiful and very well dressed young lady who inquired if they might be in need of a model. When asked whether she posed for the figure, she said: "Yes, under certain conditions."

When Duveneck said: "We pay 25 cents an hour," she answered with flashing eyes: "Please don't insult me by offering me any money."

Refuses all questions

The mysterious stranger then made her conditions. She was not to be questioned regarding her name and private life and she could not announce her visits in advance. The fellows readily agreed to her conditions.

She was about 19 years old, blond, six feet tall, with fine features and a lovely figure. She posed beautifully. During the rest periods she would read Byron to the artists. She never revealed her identity. Duveneck later humbly admitted that one day when one of them was rearranging the pose and touched her, she flung the bold fellow halfway across the floor. He said: "A professional wrestler could not have done it any better." She consequently posed for several of Duveneck's pupils.

Lafcadio Hearn, the great writer who was a reporter in Cincinnati at the time, pretended to be a student so he could see the lovely blond amazon, who finally vanished from the studios as mysteriously as she had appeared.

It was despite Kentucky apathy toward his painting that Duveneck remained a resident of Covington. In the case of the case of the young washerwoman, apathy was almost dense enough to drive an artist not merely across the Ohio River but into it.

During Duveneck's later years he painted chiefly in the museum in Cincinnati and used his Covington studio more as a store-room for many of his canvases. One day he received a shock as he entered it. The colored girl had turned the studio into a laundry. Strings had been strung across the doors which dripped clothes on them and clouds of steam rising from the great boiling basins containing the entire family's wash. Several of the paintings looked bloomed already as Duveneck tore them from the wall. He promptly called for an express wagon and took the entire lot of pictures to his studio at the museum.

Wealth hurts work

When Kentucky's genius of the brush was young and often so desperately poor that bread, beans and coffee were his daily fare for weeks (and once he could not leave his studio in Munich for days because the only pair of shoes he owned were house slippers), his soaring talent defied conditions and he painted some of his greatest portraits. But after he married Elizabeth Boott, the product of generations of Bostonian culture, breeding and wealth, and was introduced into her glamorous world of society and consequently worked beyond all financial worries, Duveneck's paintings sadly declined and became conventional.

It was not until after his wife's death in Covington that Duveneck once relinquished Europe when she was given his apartment in Paris, a superb palace in Venice and a great villa in Florence and returned to his mother's humble little home in Covington that the spark of his very own great talent revived and with it the creation of more and more works of outstanding beauty.

This psychologically provocative story for many years has remained enigmatic chiefly because Duveneck himself proved uncommunicative regarding the motivations behind the facts of his colorful, but artistically fluctuating career.

One year before Duveneck's death and while a student under him, the author of this article wrote his first and as far as facts go correct book about the artist. But it took many more years of even more exciting research to create the true portrait of this most modest of all great mortals.

Ninety-three years ago this month Duveneck was born in Covington under particularly humble circumstances. Though his native state proved curiously indifferent, truly neglectful of this, his greatest modern artist, new researches reveal that Kentucky nevertheless played a very significant part during Duveneck's thirty-one years of residence there.

Paintings ignored

This should be of some consolation to this state, whose art patrons never once awarded Duveneck a single portrait commission or purchased any of his paintings for either a public or private art collection during his long and honorable career. It was not until after Duveneck's death in 1919 that a canvas of his reached a Kentucky museum, the Historical Society in Frankfort receiving as a gift from Duveneck's son a small but exceedingly fine portrait by the master.

Furthermore, there are three huge mural paintings by Duveneck in Kentucky, donated by the artist to the Cathedral of Covington, but they do not rank in importance with his great easel pictures found in all the leading American art museums, particularly in Cincinnati's, which boasts more than 150 of his works.

The new discoveries concerning Duveneck's life, which during the coming year will take the form of a large new biography, begin with the tragic struggle of the artist's grandparents on his mother's side, trying to wrest a living from the soil in the Ohio wilderness.
was at last obtained. Though they were very happy and Miss Booth's ambition for her husband to become world-famous knew no bounds, he declined artistically.

Introduced into Miss Booth's distinguished and sophisticated circle, Duveneck felt the pressure of their worldly opinions on art and artists. Where, before, his painting had flowed naturally and freely, he now made a valiant, though mistaken, effort to conform to the standards of society. But it was only for a short time that as genuine and as great a man as Duveneck could be lured away from his own sense of artistic direction. And a striking exception to the strangely sweet, academic pictures of his later middle period, is the portrait of Elizabeth Booth, done in 1888, the year of her untimely death.

**Returned to Covington**

Duveneck then returned to America, to Covington, Ky., and to Cincinnati, where he finally shook himself free from all European cultural and social fetters. Slowly the smothered spark of his own true talent revived.

His family was proud of his fame, but they were humble folk and did not understand the world of which he had become a part.

**Miss Booth was student**

Thus Duveneck and his "Boys" became famous.

In the fall of 1874 Miss Booth, after much difficulty persuaded shy, young Duveneck to accept her as his first female student. The following year, again through her persuasion, Duveneck and his Boys went to Italy, to Florence, where they became a great artistic as well as social success; though this latter new success proved rather embarrassing, as there was not a single dress suit among them. The summer of 1880 saw them all established in Venice. They met Whistler, who became keenly interested in the group, and envious of Duveneck's great popularity and devotion of his disciples. It was at this time that Duveneck did a fine series of etchings which in being exhibited in London were mistaken for Whistler's own.

The story of Elizabeth Booth's love for Duveneck is too involved to relate in brief space. But it is necessary for the understanding of Duveneck's later development, and the curious change for a time which took place in his work, to state that never was the truth of the old saying, "opposites attract," more evident than in their case. The flower-like Elizabeth Booth, intellectual, socially gifted, the product of generations of Bostonian culture, breeding, and wealth, fell immediately and irreparably in love with the man of humble birth, the poor Bohemian whose tastes were as simple as a peasant's, who had little general education and whose whole life had been spent among men of his own kind.

Though Frank and Elizabeth became engaged in 1880, their marriage did not take place until 1888. This long delay was enforced upon them through opposition to their marriage by Miss Booth's family and friends. It proved a great disappointment for her, and her health became affected before approval during the early thirties of the last century. Their death and the subsequent flight of the children back to Cincinnati follow. Katherine Siemer, Duveneck's mother, later married a young German emigrant and they lived in Covington, where in 1848 she bore him a son named Frank. After Mr. Siemer's premature death, his widow married Squire Duveneck and little Frank became Frank Duveneck a few years later. Kentucky began to play an important part by steering Frank toward his artistic career.

Benedictine friars were making altars for Catholic churches in Covington and they employed Duveneck, still a mere boy, in his first artistic work. Later, when Duveneck was 13 a church decorator named Lamprecht taught him the art of decorating churches, which meant painting on large surfaces. This experience proved of immense value when he began his studies in Munich.

**Rise was meteoric**

Duveneck's rise at the Munich Academy in 1870 and '71 was meteoric. Prizes flowed to him, and professors, students and friends begged, borrowed or even stole his pictures.
Photographed at Florence, Italy, in the swank days after their marriage in 1886, Duveneck and his bride, the wealthy spinster-pupil from Boston, were impressive figures. They had a villa in Florence, an apartment in Paris and a palace in Venice. Mrs. Duveneck appears cold and intellectual, and her husband's painting seemed to become artificial under the social pressure he experienced. Wearing the same costume, she was painted by Duveneck in the portrait at the right, a few months before her death in 1888, as a glamorous woman. After Mrs. Duveneck's death, the artist returned to Covington where once more he began to do the brilliant work of earlier years.
Sixteen paintings by Sudduth Goff, New York and Lexington portrait painter whose work has attracted wide attention from New York art critics, are currently on display at the Arthur U. Newton galleries, 11 East 57th street, New York.

Prominent in the exhibit are portraits of Maj. Gen. George B. Duncan, of Lexington, and Mrs. J. Harrison Bailey, of Detroit, Mich., formerly of Chicago and St. Louis. Before her marriage she was Miss Virginia Watts of Frankfort.

The event opened last Monday, when those who gathered persons prominent in society, finance, literature, philanthropy, the stage, radio and screen affairs. Among those who paid tribute to the demonstration of the distinguished talent of this son of their native state.

The portraits are as follows:

- Rear Admiral Walter S. Croley, U. S. Navy. This notable of the first World War was painted in the brilliant dress uniform of our sea-fighting service, and his figure adorns the rear cover of the catalogue.
- The Right Rev. H. P. Almon Abbott, bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Lexington. Prof. Alfred Zemrod, for many years on the faculty of the University of Kentucky.

Mrs. Harry R. Kendall, of Chicago.
- Wirt E. Darrow, of Holts, Long Island, of the New York Telephone Company.
- Mrs. William Truman Yale, of New York, formerly Patty B. Croswell, of Lexington.
- Mrs. George P. Anisie, of Michigan.
- Mrs. J. Harrison Bailey, of Detroit, Mich., formerly of Chicago and St. Louis. She was Miss Virginia Watts, of Frankfort.
- Miss Cecile Caro, of Chicago.
- Mrs. Rebecca S. Washburn, of Paducah.
- Mrs. Richard Hulon, of Chicago.
- Mrs. Dinsmore Steele, of Lexington.

The Rev. Mark Collins, for many years pastor of the Broadway Christian church, Lexington.

Joy Calkins, in a red gown, presents one of the most thoroughly glowing pictures of the magnificent exhibit, one critic wrote.

Portraits by Goff

PORTRAYS BY SUTTUTH GOFF, late of Chicago, now of New York, and born in Eminence, Kentucky, are being exhibited at the Arthur U. Newton Galleries until Feb. 28. Many of the distinguished sitters are Kentuckians.

From this show, one realizes anew that portrait painting is practiced extensively in the United States by well trained, highly disciplined artists who seldom hold formal exhibitions in national art centers. Whole communities often base their entire knowledge of contemporary painting on the works of these professional portraitists whose pictures hang in clubs and private homes.

While Sudduth Goff's manner is strictly academic, this admiration remains fixed on Duveneck, Tarbell and Frank W. Benson, he has a peculiar talent for making faces come alive. A breath of a smile on some of his female sitters' features, a worldly wisdom, approaching cynicism, in the eyes and set of chin of the Rt. Reverend H. B. Almon Abbott, lift these sometimes stiffly correct portraits into a realm where rivalry is made difficult. He handles velvet, furs, brocades with seeming ease and makes an altogether creditable job. One would surmise that his portraits are likenesses, for he seems to capture unfailingly the character of his subjects.

—MAUDE RILEY.

February 15, 1945 ART DIGEST—February 15, 1945
Sudduth Goff
A Great Artist
His Father, Thomas Goff
Shelby Farmer Many Years

The following concerning portraits
by Sudduth Gofif should be
interesting to all Shelby Countians.
Sudduth Goff was born in En-
forcement. He was from Clark County
and married Thomas Goff, also of Clark.

Then moved to Eminence around
1896, where they resided. However
Sudduth Goff remained in Eminence,
in the Booker neighborhood
for many years. In 1896 the
family moved to Lexington, but Mr.
Goff continued to farm for thirty
years near Tarascon and in Oldham
County.

Sudduth Goff is a great artist, one
of the greatest living portrait painters
today, as the following article testifies, and
has a credit to our State and Nation. A review from
Art Digest, New York City says:

"Portraits by Sudduth Goff, late of Chicago, now of New York, and
born in Eminence, Kentucky, are being exhibited at the Arthur U.
Norton Galleries, New York. Many of the distinguished sitters are
Kentuckians.

From this show, one realizes that portrait painting is practiced extensively in
the United States by well trained, highly dis-


Sudduth Goff will visit Cen-
tral Kentucky. He will see other
parts of the state, too. He
was born in Eminence, the son
of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Goff, long residents of Clark county.
Sudduth is far away from the
Eminence where he spent some
of his boyhood, and Lexington,
where he attended school, win-
ing high honors in baseball,
football and running.

His atelier, at 23 West 67th
street, is the 'hitching post' for
numerous people from the old
home state. If he kept a regis-
ter it would show nearly every
section represented by callers
in the course of a year. He ex-
tends a hospitality there which
one would expect from a true
scion of Kentucky. His visitors
are not confined to home folks
by any means. They comprise
some of the greatest in society,
finance and the professions.
Sudduth Goff, a fine conversa-
tionalist, is happy when he gives
a "party," he fairly radiates joy.
This is when he is not too busy.
When there is work to be done,
the drawbridge is up at the Gof
castle and it is useless to ham-
mer at the gates. He goes to his
casual daily as any professional
man does. He has regular hours
for eating, for painting, when the light is
right, and he carries on. His
friends know that he is devoted
to his art, and they do not at-
tempt to invade his privacy dur-
ing sittings.

This excellent representative
of all that is best in Kentucky
life is very popular. He has add-
ed attraction in that he has no-
thing like "artistic temperament."
He has high standards and
lives up to them. A member of
exclusive clubs, he is demand-
ed in social affairs, but he giv-
est little time to them. His brush
is needed by too many persons
to justify him in slacking up on
work. Newspapers and art mag-
azines have greatly praised his
work. He studied with the best
teachers who lived in this coun-
try. He won lofty pinnacles in
Boston, Louisville, Cincinnati
and Chicago. Then he came to
New York. Here he has reached
top rank.

Kentuckians whom Sudduth
Goff has painted include: The
Mrs. H. P. Almon Abbott, Col.
John R. Allen, Mrs. J. Har-
son Bailey, Col. David W.
Batson, Mrs. Frances E. Bea-
champ, Dr. Henry M. Bosworth,
Hon. Charles J. Bronston, Mrs. C.
Bedford Brown, the Right
Rev. Lewis W. Burton, Judge
Rogers Clay, President T. A.
Coates, Mrs. Leslie Combs, Mrs.
H. M. Collins, the Rev. Mark
Collins, Deacon Thomas P. Coop-
er, Mrs. Lincoln E. Miller (Miss
Lillian Cross), Joseph Croxton,
Mr. Joseph, Croxton, Mrs. Belle
T. Davis, Maj. Gen. George B.
Duncan, Henry T. Duncan (copy
of Healy portrait), Ex-Lexing-
ton Mayor Henry T. Duncan,
Mrs. Henry T. Duncan, wife of
ex-Mayor Duncan, Henry T.
Duncan III, Mrs. Henry T. Dun-
can, Henry T. Duncan IV, Judge
Denis Dunford, "Frances," J. D.
Gay, Thomas Goff and Mrs. Goff,
mother and father of the artist,
Mrs. Dwight P. Green, (Win-
tukla, III.), Richard Higgins, Mrs.
Richard Higgins, copies of Jou-
ett portraits, ex-Governor, now
Under Secretary of Labor Keen
Johnson, Mrs. Keen Johnson,
Mrs. Harry E. Kendall, (Evans-
ston, Ill.), ex-Governor and U.
S. Senator James B. McCreary,
Judge Charles A. McMillan,
Charles Buford Nelson, (Chi-
cago); Prof. John Neville, Dr.
E. M. Norwood, Daniel O'Rear,
father of Judge Edward C.
O'Rear, Judge O'Rear, Mrs.
Edward C. O'Rear, Prof. John
Shackelford, Joseph Hale Smith,
Thomas Jackson Smith, Mrs.
Thomas Jackson Smith, Mrs.
Dinsmore Steele, Jere A. Sulli-
van, Judge Sullivan replica, Mrs.
Edward Thomas, Coleman Cov-
ington Wallace, Mrs. Rebecca
Washburn, the Rev. Aquilla
Webb, Mrs. William T. Yale,
(New York), and Prof. Alfred
Zembrod.

THE SHELBY SENTINEL
Shelbyville, Ky.
FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1945

SUDDUTH GOFF

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Winston S. Churchill, Herbert H.
Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Harry S. Truman, John F.
Kennedy, Lyndon B. Johnson.

@ THE WINCHESTER SUN
WINCHESTER, KY.
MAY 15-1947

BUILT IN WINCHESTER

Buried in Winchester
Here is the University of Kentucky (State College then) faculty of 1895 seated on the front steps of the administration building. Six of the faculty members are still living. Prof. J. M. Davis is seventh from the left in the top row. Prof. A. M. Peter is the last man at the right in the top row. Dr. J. W. Pryor is shown at the extreme right in the second row, and Prof. H. E. Curtiss is at the extreme left in the bottom row. Prof. M. L. Pence is fourth from the left in the bottom row and Prof. J. R. Johnson is at the extreme right in the bottom row.

The Waterways Journal is not mis-taken, this picture of the Hudson (the last packet of that name) was taken by the late Capt. Anthony Medahl, long pilot on the Queen City and other Pittsburgh and Cincinnati boats. Arraw how the picture is different from the one shown in The Waterways Journal of this same boat on September 21, 1937.

This particular Hudson was built at the Rees shop in Pittsburgh in 1896, had a measured tonnage of 620.7 and is known to have carried up to 1,360 tons of freight. The hull was 225 by 27 by 6.3 feet. The four boilers were 42 inches in diameter by 16 feet long and had two 16-inch flues each. The cylinders were 29 inches in diameter with six-foot stroke. The stern-wheel was 27 feet in diameter and the buckets were each 35 feet long.

The Hudson ran for some time in the St. Louis and Paducah, Ky., semi-weekly trade under ownership and command combined of the late Capt. J. C. Elliston, in his last years a marine surveyor for Nearco, Globe and Company of Cincinnati—and a good one too. His widow resides today in Cincinnati. On at least one occasion the Hudson replaced the Kate Adams in the Memphis trade, an honor several boats were given in their day, including the Queen City and the Reter Alex. Unfortunately we have always heard that the Queen City came nearer doing the Kate Adams' semi-weekly stuff below Memphis than any other packet that made the attempt.

In this picture the Hudson is near Mehlham's Station, a flag stop on the R. and O., on the West Virginia side of the Ohio River not far below Parkersburg. She is shown here in the Pittsburgh and Cincinnati trade where she was a huge success, also under command of Capt. Elliston. This cannot be long after she entered the Upper Ohio as a regular boat inasmuch as there are two stage planks. Later on she was captained by the late Capt. Robert R. Arneal who still later "graduated" to command of the Kate Adams down at Memphis. Around 1894 the Hudson was the queen packet out of Pittsburgh but the advent of the Virginia about 1896 and then the Queen City in 1897 threw her into eclipse.

When the Hudson was brand-new she arrived in St. Louis from Pittsburgh on June 4, 1886, and left June 9 on a regular trip to Evansville, Capt. Elliston in charge. The trade was soon shortened to Paducah. For a brief time too the Hudson was a St. Louis-Alton packet, according to the late Fielding L. Wooldridge, Mr. Wooldridge fails to tell the final disposition of the Hudson but, again as recalled by The Waterways Journal, she was more or less surplus what with the Queen City, Virginia and Keystone State the regular Cincinnati boats to Pittsburgh. Often she was pressed into the Coney Island trade to Cincinnati and must have been eventually dismantled at that city. Who knows?
**Sudduth Golf's Paintings Are Best By Kentuckian In Gotham**

**By JAMES M. ROSS**

Special To The Independent

NEW YORK, Feb. 17 — The largest and best pictorial exhibit ever given in New York by any Kentuckian, and the most important portrait display seen in the Empire City in a long time, is the current showing of Sudduth Golf's paintings, at the Arthur U. Newton Galleries, 11 and 13 East 57th street, comprising sixteen of the best of Mr. Golf's works.

The event opened last Monday, when there gathered persons prominent in society, finance, literature, philanthropy, the stage, radio and screen affairs. Many Kentuckians were among those who paid tribute to the demonstration of the distinguished talent of this notable son of their native state.

The exhibit will continue through February 24. All who see it will be enthusiastic at the remarkable expression of the really great American artist's genius, many hailing him as “the painter of aristocrats.” Mr. Golf was his own host at last Monday's preview, which attracted many hundreds of art lovers, and he has personally greeted with true Kentucky urbanity all who have attended.

**Number Unusually Large**

The portraits an unusually large number for a one-man display, are as follows:

- Major General George B. Duncan, U. S. Army, retired, Lexington and Washington;
- Mr. William Truesdale Kane, former mayor of Lexington;
- Mrs. W. F. Browne, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People,
- Mrs. Aaron J. Beall, sculptor, Lexington;
- Mrs. Charles A. Emery, former mayor of Lexington;
- Mrs. John Robinson, former mayor of Lexington;
- Mrs. William Crandall, former mayor of Lexington;
- Mrs. William Crandall, former mayor of Lexington;
- Mrs. J. Harrison Bailey, of Detroit, Mich., formerly of St. Louis and Chicago. She was Miss Virginia Watts, of Frankfurt.

Miss Cecilia Care, of Chicago. Mrs. Rebecca S. Washburn, of Eden.

Mrs. Richard Hunlong, of Chicago. Mrs. Dinmore Steele, of Lexington.

The Rev. Mark Collins, for many years pastor of the Broadway Christian church, Lexington.

Rockport Harbor, Mass., a scene which serves to bring out the many-sided ability of Sudduth Golf. All his paintings seem actually to "live." Mr. Darow's head and shoulders are not shown, his fine rather classic features giving play to the artist's brush at full advantage.

**Beauty is Emphasized**

Sudduth Golf, Chicago society girl whose portrait was done in 1940, is in a light bluish-green dress; the head is turned slightly to the left, emphasizing the beauty of the subject.

Mrs. Washburn's aristocratic line is fully stressed in her pose. She is the mother of Mrs. Barney J. Terry, of Lexington.

Mrs. Yale's charm, so well known, is accentuated by the white ermine over her shoulders. The portrait has attracted much interest.

Mrs. Steele's picture, painted when she was 84, was a favorite of many attending the annual exhibition of the Association of Chicago Painters and Sculptors in April, 1940, when it was hung in a central spot.

Mrs. Hunlong's beautiful auburn hair is really the "crowning glory" of one of the most striking pieces of Mr. Golf's exhibition, not only magnifying the attitude of the sitter, but the fidelity of the artist.

Mrs. Anstis is clad in opulent velvet; her portrait has brought encomiums from far and near.

Mrs. Bailey is in plum color velvet; her brilliancy has lost nothing through Mr. Golf's sympathetic treatment.

Joy Calkins, in a red gown, presents one of the most thoroughly gripping pictures of land shroy. Mrs. Kendall is entrancingly gowned in sapphire blue velvet.

Thousands of persons throughout the United States know who the painter of Sudduth Golf have no hesitancy in proclaiming this outstanding Kentuckian among the really great American artists. He studies his sitter's mood and authentically translates it on canvas, At the same time he is an uncompromising individualist. He founds his own "school." From the first he struck out on his own preconceived lines and has never followed the fashion or style of any other artist, ancient or modern. He has so steadfastly adhered to his high standard that his work has achieved a status which is unsurpassed.

Sudduth Golf has painted many notables—America's fighting men on land and sea; leaders of the clergy; luminaries of finance and industry; he received most of the gift as a testimonial treat. Those who have seen his exhibition at the Newton Galleries perceived in the artist's manner that was transmitted by his skill a fidelity that is almost uncanny.

**Grows In Strength**

Sudduth Golf's work grows in strength, yet a seeker for flaws in his earliest portrait would have a fruitless task. His pictures have a striking freedom of expression that is unusual in the product of an artist who gives such strict attention to minutest details that it has been said: "When Sudduth Golf paints, you know he has worked hard. Every portrait bears unmistakable stamp of the master of his profession.

The technique of this artistic search of the soul is more than skillfully cleverly demonstrated: it proves the development of a marvelous grasp of the demands of his craft, giving his painting "the certain something" that marks it of the highest order. He has an amazing gift of perfectly interpreting hands. Graceful, richly molded, full, restful—whatever their characteristics may be—he looks upon hands as bearing a real message to their owners' disposition.

Sudduth Golf is a real man of America. His ancestry is rooted in the most sacred traditions of the nation. He was born in Eminence, Kentucky, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Golf, prominent and beloved citizens of the Grand Old Commonwealth. His relatives live throughout the Bluegrass in Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Lexington, and other sections. He is the brother of the late W. E. Golf, a well known artist, who died recently; in Eminence and other sections. His sister, Mrs. Ann Chandler Golf, the concert manager in Lexington for many years, came to New York to see her brother's exhibit. Another sister is Mrs. Henry T. Duncan, of Lexington.

In his boyhood, Sudduth Golf heeded the summons of the brush and palette, but success did not come to him through the rubbing of any Aladdin Lamp. Instead, victory is the result of long and arduous labor, in which this excellent craftsman never knew what it was to spare himself, or to shirk. So it is today, from where he paints, there is no duty for him to look back: he is at the supreme front.

**Studied In Cincinnati**

This gifted Kentuckian studied at the Cincinnati Art Academy under V. Nowotny and L. H. Meaken, of the famous Frank Duveneck School, and where he won scholarships. Then followed seven years at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where he won additional scholarships, including prizes in both painting and drawing. He established a studio in Chicago, where he remained ten years, during eight of which he gave criticism at the American Academy of Art, and doing portraits in the city and in other parts of the country. He was a member of the Chicago Galleries Association and the Chicago Painters and Sculptors, winning prizes in this organization.

He is a member of the Arts Club in Louisville, and formerly was affiliated with the Southern States Art League; the Rockport, Mass., Art Association, and Alumni of the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. He served as instructor at the Louisville School of Art and as director and instructor at the Louisville School of Painting and Drawing.

Mr. Golf came to New York four and a half years ago and established his studio at 25 West Sixty-seventh street, where he keeps open house for devotees of the best in portraiture.

*Buried in Winchester Cemetery*
Dear Winton,

Enclosed are reproductions of my New York exhibition. You are welcome to originals of the same, except the conductors and Philbyville ones.

I did not get here until June 28th and had a little of a stiffness in my back to get rid of which came on with so much packing in New York without my car and from an old malaria of years back. But that has all gone since mid July. I got started regularly working about July 3rd had jobs orders come in in three days and you or any since then I am pleased to say, most of them photographs. The ones in the Fall and to are from 27th in New York. I will not get but three done on that trip because of the men from photo taking longer, and there being several thank you lots to do.

I have engaged a room at the Plume 11, September 2nd, October 1st which I am there it is easy for people on and I would like for you to come in soon after I am there for lunch on a cocktail.

Hoping that the summer is going well, and knowing that you are keeping up your valued contribution to the arts, yours, sincerely, Sudduth Goff
Funeral Notice.

The funeral services of Mrs. Lucinda Watts will take place at her late residence, on Friday morning, October 20th, 1876, at 11 o'clock. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

Fayette County, 1876.
James Boys Not Natives Of Woodford

Jesse And His Brothers Not Born At Midway; Old Reports Refuted

By J. DOOLEY RODGERS

There are a great many under the impression that the James boys were born near Midway, Ky., and so it is erroneous and it is the hope of the writer that this article will clarify the point to all those who have been misinformed.

In 1782, Richard Cole Sr., came from Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1729, and located on land between Sodom and Midway, Ky., 1 1/2 miles out on the old Lexington road. He was a prosperous, pains-taking farmer who erected a log building that not only housed his family but also was used as a tavern to accommodate the travelers public. This road, at that early day, was the main thoroughfare from Maysville and Lexington to Frankfort, Kentucky. It was used by a stage line.

Such men as Henry Clay and John C. Crittenden often stopped at Cole's place and the refreshments on the road at this time were not the same as those on the modern stage coaches.

In 1790, Richard Cole Sr., died at this tavern and was buried there.

In 1810, Richard Cole was reported to have two members in his family and to be the owner of five slaves. The sons of Richard Cole Jr., Richard and John, were born in Pennsylvania, in 1782, and died in Woodford county in 1839, being reported during their lifetime as one of the county's wealthiest men.

At that time, Midway was not on the map and the travelers in this area were not used to the modern stage coaches.

The county was sparsely populated and there were few roads to travel.

Few people knew the exact location of the old settlement of Midway.

The following is a summary of the events that took place in that area:

The James boys were not born near Midway, Kentucky. They were born in Pennsylvania and moved to Kentucky later in life. The information about the James boys and their family has been misinformed, and this article aims to clarify the point.
Louisville Glass Works was once a prominent industry in Kentucky

Antiques by Mary James Leach

Collectors of old bottles and flasks have long gathered and admired the products of the Louisville Glass Works which flourished here from 1850 until the late seventies.

The Louisville violin flasks in varying sizes and colors are found in every bottle collection of note throughout the country. The eagle and ribbed flasks, both types marked "Louisville Glass Works" or "Louisville, Ky. Glass Works," are also extensively collected. They are found in many colors, variations of markings and in early and late types.

Just how the "Glass Works" looked in 1858 is shown by the accompanying picture taken from a woodcut in an advertisement in the Louisville Directory of that year. Collectors will note with interest that the advertisement refers to "private moulds." It is too bad that there is no list of the molds that were used, no record of patterned glass made here, and no large collection of Louisville flasks owned locally.

Most Was Off-Hand Blown

However, there are many pieces of Louisville-made glass owned by local families who tell about how "Grandfather saw that piece made at the factory." Most of this heirloom glass consists of off-hand blow pieces such as witch-balls, paperweights and miniature utensils.

When the glass factory was started in 1850 it was called the "Kentucky Glass Works," and flasks with that marking are believed to be earlier than those marked "Louisville Glass Works." The first firm name was Taylor, Stanger, Ramsey and Company. The company's members were changed from time to time and in 1856 the works was directed by Dr. John A. Krack, who had the controlling interest.

Experts Were Imported

John Stanger and William Doyle were expert glass workers, both being descended from families famed for making fine glass. The Stanger name is of particular interest, for the first Stangers were brought to this country by "Baron" Stiegel who went abroad in search of the most expert glass blowers for his early industry at Mannheim, Penn.

The Louisville census of 1850 mentions that the factory here employed fifty hands, twenty-one of them being glass blowers. The first wares were bottles: "plain and fancy vials," "Packing, Porter, Mineral and Wine bottles, Pickle and other Jars, Flasks and Demi-johns." The earliest colors used were green and black. In later days the factory made practically every kind of glass and a great variety of colors, besides milk-white, opalescent and clear.

In 1864, great-grandfather took his friends to see pieces being made at the glass factory. Great-grandmother shopped in five Louisville stores to replenish glassware needed at home.

The Louisville Violin bottle, well-known to collectors, was distinguished by unique shape. It was made here in Louisville.
The funeral services of
Mrs. Margaret R.
Wife of E. S. Muir will take
place at the residence of her hus-
band, near Conerail, Fayette Co.,
to-morrow, Sunday, morning, at
10 o'clock. Services by Elder
Mark Collins, assisted by C. P.
Williamson.

Pall Bearers:
WM. FORD,
S A M U E L  H A G G E N ,
E. D. TANNER,
B. C. CRENSHAW,
S. S. MOORE,
R. C. PREWITT,
W. H. TANNER,
JAMES P. HALEY,

Lexington, Ky., Saturday, July 21, 1888.

FUNERAL.
You and your family are requested to attend the Funeral of
Lieut. JOEL D. HICKMAN,
From the Baptist Church, to-morrow (Friday), at 13 o’clock M.
Funeral Services by Rev. W. M. Pratt.
THURSDAY, December 10, 1881.

“Funeral Notice” of the 1880’s
Tobias Gibson House

Old Episcopal Seminary -

Harts’ Studio

U. Side of Second street, West of Broadway.

Lexington 19-
Harper's Weekly

A Journal of Civilization

Vol. II.—No. 83.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

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THE LYNCHING OF WILLIAM BARKER

At Lexington, Kentucky.

We subjoin an excellent picture of the execution, by a mob, of William Barker, the murderer, at Lexington, Kentucky, on 10th inst. The picture is from a Melotipotype, taken on the spot by Mr. J. C. Clason—an artist who, we can readily imagine, ranks very high in his profession in the West.

Mr. Charles E. Moody thus writes concerning the affair:

"On the morning of the 10th instant William Barker, one of a notorious gang who have infested Lexington for some time, was engaged in an altercation with another person, and had his knife drawn as if to strike. Joseph Beard, the City Marshal, was at that time in the market-house across the street, taking a smoke. The attention being attracted to the fracas, he went over, and, seizing Barker by the arm, started with him to the watch-house. They had proceeded but a few steps when Barker upturned Mr. Beard, and, as he was falling, stabbed him in the hip. The murderer then very deliberately turned his victim over and thrust his bowie-knife into his breast, drawing it toward him and tearing it around in the wound. Mr. Beard died instantly, and the assassin fled, but was arrested and placed in jail. The enraged citizens would at that time have visited summary punishments upon Barker; but it was too early in the morning, and but few were present.

"About seven o'clock a.m. the court-house and fire-bells were rung simultaneously, and in a remarkably short space of time hundreds of the best citizens had assembled at the court-house. A motion was made to proceed to the jail and take out the murderer and hang him. The proposition was received with an assent that, in a few moments the multitude had reached the jail, forced the keys from the jailer, and secured Barker; he was taken to the court-house, out of the secondary window of which a team was thrown. The rope was then placed around the wretched man's neck, and the other end fastened to the beam. His hands were then tied, and he was let out of the window as gently as possible; but the rope proved too weak—it snapped, and the murderer fell to the pavement. Another rope was procured, and he was supported until it could be fastened; he was then swung off. He remained suspended for over an hour. Thus ended the fearful tragedy. That such demonstrations of popular indignation are to be deprecated all will readily admit, but that Barker deserved death no one will deny; and it is only because the people have seen for years their best citizens slaughtered, and the murderers permitted to go unwhipped of justice, that they resolved, in this instance, to show their determination not to be influenced by mock administration of law.

"The following account of the same affair is by the correspondent of the Baltimore Agrimment:

"William Barker, the murderer, just discharged from prison upon a charge of theft, a notorious malfeasant and rowdy, had a difficulty at early dawn with a person of the name of McChesney. Barker drew a knife, and made several attempts to stab McChesney, without serious result. Captain Beard, the murdered man, just from his home and bed, attempted to arrest Barker by clapping the arm whose hand contained the knife. The individual of the knife was possessed of a stalwart person and superior physical powers, and wrenched his arm out of Captain Beard's grasp, then grappled with him, threw him on the pavement, and, with his foot on him or log thrown over him, raised his knife and stabbed him to the heart. Several citizens saw the deed done. Barker had previously threatened to kill Captain Beard. He was knocked down, by way of a warrant, and lugged off to jail. The bells rang, the citizens assembled, and I, with a desire to hear more of the affair, joined the rapidly accumulating throng in front of the jail.

"No questions were asked; no second consideration formed part of any person's mind present, perhaps, except my own. The purpose was to Lynch him. The immense crowd, embracing citizens of great respectability, seemed to regard matters very quietly, and I looked in vain for the cut eyes and clenched hands that to me seemed an indication of so awful a purpose.

"The brother of the murdered man stood silently and collectively apart from the crowd. Like a person of honor called to the field, he seemed to have left the entire management of the vengeance to his friends and fellow-townsmen.

"No doubts were entertained of the result.

"The affair now began to assume an import so terribly solemn to one whose sympathies, by reason of knowing no one concerned, were not chilled, that I besought me of getting away until all was over. Just at this moment an immense cheer and cries of 'They've got him!' passing from mouth to mouth from the dense mass around the jail door, announced more explicit demonstration. Forth they came by two and threes, and now I saw the countenances of determination that I had previously looked for. Presently I had a momentary glimpse of the doomed personage, as bearelled, with open collar, he was hurried away by the crowd to the court-house. The fascination of the occasion, which can only be explained by likening it to the serpent's charm, drew me with the rapid moving crowd. Over the fences, through the gates, came the eager assemblage, as the foremost ones hurried him from tree to tree in the court-house yard, with a rope of the constancy of a well-used bed-cord, seeking vainly for some limb sufficiently strong to sustain his weight. An officer of the law made a sort of demonstration with his bat from the steps of the court-house. 'Friends, fellow-citizens!' 'Hang him, hang him!' 'My friends, I cannot—hang him!' 'No mercy, no trial—hang him!'

"During this temporary outbreak, to which attention was directed, I had a fair opportunity to observe the doomed man—a brawny, healthy-looking personage, with a not unlambent face, clear
THE MURDER OF LOWE IN HIS CELL IN PRISON.

The Grand Jury have inquired into the case, and present as follows:

"In reference to the killing of Lowe, on the next day, when he was unarmed and confined in the jail, a difference of opinion exists in the Grand Jury. A majority of the Jury, however, believe that the lives of the two persons by whom he was said to have been slain were threatened by him, and would have been unsafe if he had been permitted to live, and that the same principle of self-preservation which justified the killing of Aldridge were applicable to the killing of Lowe. The Grand Jury, although not desiring that the great provocation to violence existed in this county, and that blood has been shed in the very presence of justice, hope sincerely that the bloody proceedings referred to may have a salutary effect upon the community, and that the result may inculcate a desire to have the laws promptly administered, and impress upon those who disregard the rights of others the prudence that, in the judgment of all good men, the law is magnified when he who wrongs without appeal to the sword is by the sword destroyed. They all regret that the law should have been inadequate to remedy the existing evil. It is plain the laws must protect men, or they will protect themselves, and this surely is far from limitless, unless the law is made to act more rigorously, still, we must have anarchy, and the rights of the citizen be disregarded by the strong arm of violence. They also hope that those who assume the redress of their own wrongs and the wrongs of the public will not set in removing a public terror as to become a substitute for the same in the community, and that a love of law and order may, from this day, distinguish and redeem the citizens of Hancock County.

WILLIAM ADAMS, Sec. FORUM.
See preceding page for text.
COURT-HOUSE SQUARE, LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

from: Court Day in Kentucky, by James Lane Allen—
Harper's Magazine, August, 1889

LEX. RACE COURSE—

from: Kentucky Fairs, by James Lane Allen—
Harpers, Sept., 1889—
FUNERAL.

You and your family are invited to attend the Funeral of Mr. JOSEPH BEARD, from his late residence on Upper street, to-morrow afternoon, (Sunday) at 4 o'clock. Funeral services by the Rev. S. L. Adams. Saturday, July 10th, 1858.

JOSEPH BEARD

WAS BURIED IN LEXINGTON CEMETERY, JULY -11 - 1858
Section F, Lot 12

‡Born: Aug-15-1812
Died: July-10-1858
A Victim of Violence whilst in the Discharge of his Duty as Marshall of the City of Lexington!

Marker in Lex. Cemetery

Joseph Beard was killed by William Barker, July-10-1858.
See pages 17-18 for an account of the hanging of Barker from the Court-House.

cf: Coleman - Retribution at the Court-House,
THE TRUSTEES OF THE LEXINGTON CEMETERY COMPANY,

Do Certify, That John J. Cloud on this day purchased of them at the price of Sixteen Dollars 100

which have been paid in full, A BURIAL LOT, being part of their Cemetery Grounds in and near the City of Lexington, which Lot contains Eighty Square Feet of Ground, and is known and designated as Lot No. 12 of Section G.

according to the Plot of said Ground. The Title to which Burial Lot is hereby conveyed to said John J. Cloud to be held by him and his heirs and assigns forever, subject to such regulations as may from time to time be made in pursuance of the Charter of said Company.

In Testimony Whereof, said Trustees have caused the Corporate Seal of the Lexington Cemetery Company, and the signature of A. T. Skillman Chairman of the Trustees to be hereunto affixed, this 27th day of July, 1857.

A. T. Skillman Chairman Board of Trustees
Lex. Cem. Co

Note: The original seal of Lexington Cemetery was changed after the Henry Clay Monument was erected.
Mayor Killed In Civil War Duel Is Latest Study

By Paul Minch, Jr.

A duel fought at Dover during the Civil War between a Maysville mayor and a colonel in the Union army is the latest study of Dr. J. Winston Coleman, Jr., historian at the University of Kentucky.

Dr. Coleman was in Maysville yesterday examining old court records, files, and taking photographs of historic scenes. The results will be published in a pamphlet devoted to famous Kentucky duels and will be available in the next several months.

Here he consulted A. Gordon Sulser, prominent Maysville insurance man and former county judge. Mr. Sulser is the best informed man on Confederate history in Northern Kentucky and is a reference source for local events of historical significance.

William T. Casto, for whom Casto street is named, was the Mayor of Maysville killed in a duel near Dover during the Civil War in May, 1862. His protagonist was Colonel Leonidas Metcalfe, of the Seventh Kentucky Union Cavalry.

At the outbreak of the war, Maysville as well as Kentucky became a hotbed of sentiment for both Union and Confederate sympathizers. One such active South-ern proponent was Mayor Casto who frequently voiced opposition to the Union and its attitude toward slavery.

Colonel Metcalfe and his troops suffered a stinging defeat by Confederate forces at Richmond, Kentucky. He and the remnants of his cavalry retired and shortly afterwards came to Maysville. Upon the colonel's arrival here he learned of Casto and his Southern leanings.

Metcalfe ordered the arrest of the mayor and several other prominent Maysvillians known to share Casto's convictions. They were sent to Camp Chase on Lake Erie, a Northern confinement area. The Union government later permitted the band to return to Mason county provided they took the oath of allegiance to the North.

Although the other prisoners took the oath upon arrival here, Casto failed to do so. It is reported his friends provoked him into an intense hatred of Metcalfe which culminated when Cas-to challenged the colonel to a duel.

The contestants left Maysville with their seconds and later gathered in a clearing near the riverbank one mile south of Dover. Metcalfe, a crack shot, killed Casto instantly with a bullet through the heart.

Mr. Sulser's comment, on the aim of the two men was "Metcalfe hit Casto while Casto hit Brecken county."

Dr. Coleman is recognized as one of the nation's leading authorities on Kentucky history. He has written such books as "Stage Coach Days," and "John Bradford."

Not long after the shooting, a young Union captain with more ambition than judgment arrived in Maysville and destroyed press accounts of the duel that appeared in The Bulletin and The Eagle, newspapers of this city. The captain labeled the accounts seditious and harmful to the Union.

It was fortunate that Tom Green, of The Eagle, sent a copy of his paper carrying the duel story to Frankfurt to be filed in state offices there. A photocopy of this issue will appear in the forthcoming pamphlet by Dr. Coleman.

Winston Coleman
In Maysville To Study Dover Duel

Daily Independent, Maysville, Ky.
AUG 4-1950

All stamps had 2¢ on them—

D.S. Coleman

Farmers and Traders Bank
Pay-to other cities or towns

Grandfather's unused check—
HOW LEXINGTON LOOKED 100 YEARS AGO—This engraving of Lexington was reproduced from Ballou's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion of 1855. The view evidently is from the campus of Transylvania College looking south. To quote from the magazine: "Lexington is situated on the Town Fork of the Elkhorn River, was formerly the capital of Kentucky and is certainly one of the handsomest cities in the state. The main street is a mile and a-half long, 80 feet broad and noted for the elegance of its buildings. Transylvania University, now in the hands of the Methodist Episcopal church, was established here by the legislature in 1798. The name of Lexington was given to the spot on which the city stands by a party of hunters who in 1775 heard the news of the Battle of Lexington." This picture was loaned to The Leader by Mrs. Eleanor Hopkins and was taken from her large collection of memorabilia.

Lex. Leader, NOV-1-1950.
AUCTION!!

We will sell at auction for Mr and Mrs. F. D. Acke, their property located at Newtown in Scott county, 5 miles east of Georgetown, 13 miles west of Paris, Ky., on Highway 460 and about 5 miles from the Oxford High School.

Thursday, February 11
At 2:00 P. M.

This property has an extra nice home with 6 rooms, bath, electricity, everlasting water supply with two porches, all necessary outbuildings, with about two acres of land with a tobacco base of .7 acre, which grows the finest tobacco. Located in the corner of the yard is an extra nice store building where a good retail business is now established and is rented to a desirable person at $40.00 per month. This property is mighty nice throughout and is in a wonderful state of repair and would have to be seen to be appreciated. Right at schools, churches, stores and on school bus route. There is a very desirable long-term loan on this property that can be transferred to the purchaser.

The owners who reside in the home will show same prior to sale. Look for sign on property.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Acke, Owners.

Hamilton, Owens and Santen Realty and Auction Company

BUD HAMILTON, Auctioneer

Real Estate and Auctions Paris, Ky.
During the latter part of the 19th century, the Lexington police station was located on Water street west of Upper street in a building formerly occupied by a mustard factory. The one-story section housed the police headquarters; cells for the prisoners were located on the ground floor of the two-story section to the right and a police courtroom and quarters for drivers of horse-drawn patrol and ambulance vehicles were on the second floor. The cupola, added to the building by the police, housed a bell which was used to fetch policemen out on patrol and to sound general alarms. A branch ran under the station, and prisoners were frequently known to take flooring out of their cells and escape by following the branch to its opening at the present railway express building on South Limestone street. Another opening was on Merino street. The station was moved to the building next door to the left around the turn of the century. About 20 men were on the force at that time. The station was located there until 1927, when it was moved to city hall. The building shown was built for a mustard factory in 1830 by Nathan Burrowes. In 1873, the product won first prize in competition with mustards from all parts of the world at an exposition in London, England. The building is still standing, but the cupola has been removed. The police officer is believed to be Capt. Neil Hendricks, who was killed in a gunfight not far from the station on an election day in the early 1880s.
eyes, hair of dark brown, so ruffled as to give it the appearance of curls, his neck bared, and the blood flowing in little drops from the scratches inflicted by officious hands; his collar parted and thrown back, by accident, assumed a very melodramatic air, and his perfect silence and composure of demeanor gave to him very much the appearance of a theatrical personage.

"But now a beam for use had been discovered, and was pushed out of the upper window of the court-house. At this moment, without any previous appearance of the clouds to indicate it, the rain began falling with considerable force. It was vain, however, to change the purpose of the multitude.

"I withdrew. I am told the rope was tied around his neck, and he was pushed from the window. The rope broke, and he fell a distance of twenty feet to the pavement. It is supposed, in pity, that his sufferings here terminated by death or insensibility. A stronger rope was procured and tied around his neck as he lay, and he was raised to a very moderate height, and left swinging from the beam."

"In the heart of this city, with all the business houses and sidewalks overlooking the scene, stands the court-house yard. The clouds have cleared away, the sun shines, the birds sing, but he is still hanging, with little boys gazing within two feet of his suspended body!"

End of the Story

SKETCHES OF KENTUCKY'S PAST

Sherburne Covered Bridge - Located at Sherburne over the main fork of the Licking River. This bridge is one of the best examples of the early covered bridges. Steel cables were added to the bridge in 1951 making it the only "suspended covered bridge" in the country.

Between Bath and Fleming Counties.
This building, located at the northwest corner of West Short and North Limestone streets, served as the Fayette county jail before it was torn down in 1891. The jailer's living quarters were on the west side of the building, which was erected in 1842. Part of the east section was of limestone rock and without windows. The tracks, on Limestone street at lower right, were for horse drawn streetcars. The water hydrant, also at right, was installed about 1883, when Lexington's first water system was started. The picture was taken about 1888. The jail was moved from here to its present quarters at 113 East Short street. The site was later occupied by the Merrick Lodge building. Several business houses are now located there.

lex. leader, Feb-15-1954
Lexington, March 12th, 1857

I hereby agree to furnish the "quarry right" at my quarry, for the use of the Clay Monument, if such stone be selected for the same and paid for as hereinafter mentioned.

Grimes

Grimes Quarry, on Boone Creek, Fayette County

Original contract or "quarry right", dated Lexington, March 12th, 1857, between the Clay Monument Association and Mr. C. W. Grimes, owner of Grimes' Quarry on Boone's Creek in Fayette County, near Grimes' Mill, on the Athens-Boonesboro Pike, sixteen miles east of Lexington. John Haly, general contractor of Frankfort and builder of the Henry Clay Monument, quarried in Grimes' Quarry the native magnesia limestone "in solid blocks, without seam, joint or fracture, of immense proportions" which was used to build the Henry Clay Monument in the Lexington Cemetery.

John Haly, was the general contractor & builder of the monument; Julius W. Adams, a civil engineer of Lexington was the architect and engineer; Major Thomas Lewinski, was ass't. engineer in charge of construction. Cornerstone of the Clay Monument was laid July 1st, 1857; completed July 4th, 1861. Total cost about $50,000

Restored Oct. 1976 at cost of $87,000
State put up $50,000
City of Lexington $35,000
Lex. Cemetery $2,000
VIEW FROM CORNER OF GREEN AND SIXTH STREETS, LOUISVILLE.

MARINE HOSPITAL, LOUISVILLE.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.
Gasoline Ration Coupons, World War II, 1941-42,

"A" = 6 qts.; "T" = 5 qts. (Trucks)
"B" = 5 qts.; Fuel Oil, 5 qts., for tractor.
"C" = 5 qts.;
A Living Book On Bluegrass History

CHARLES R. STAPLES, recently retired safety director of the Southern Railway, is best known in the Bluegrass country as a ferret of facts, historical and otherwise, and as the safe repository of information concerning the early history of Kentucky—especially Lexington.

If you want to know who lived where in 1802, and who built which house, what people wore and how they entertained themselves, how they lived, married, died and were buried—ask Charles R. Staples. And if you doubt, he can prove his statements by court records and contemporary newspapers. Incidentally (and it is really both incidental and accidental), Staples is a lawyer—self-taught and with the lawyer's respect for proof.

But to get back to the Southern Railway—and it is important that we do get back to it, for had it not been for his employment by this company as claim agent and, later, safety director, he might never have cranked a law-book, he might never have found occasion to examine court records, his interest in local history might have remained dormant, and the Bluegrass country would have missed one of its most faithful historians.

In the years 1903-1919, Staples was claim agent for the Southern. He traveled wherever the Southern traveled; and wherever he went, he delved into court records—purely in the line of duty, at the start. But soon the delving was prompted by his own fascination with the stories the court records told—stories of endless litigation arising from Kentucky's antiquated land-laws, reformed only in 1890, at which date said laws had managed to enrich several generations of lawyers.

ONE thing leading to another, Staples took to the law, read the books and, in due time and season, received his license. He never practiced law, but his knowledge was invaluable to him in his official position. It was his experience as claim agent that led him to create the department of safety, of which he became the director in 1918—a position he held until his retirement in 1945. As Staples puts it: "I found out it was simpler and cheaper to avoid accidents than to pay for them."

Despite Staples' important contribution to railroading in Kentucky during his 47 years with the Southern, his claim to fame rests securely on his work as a local historian. His long tenure of office and the fact that his avocation never really became his profession, can be explained by Staples' own statement: "Lexington is the best place in the world for a historian to starve to death." Actually, Staples never tried being a historian anywhere else (he was born, reared and spent his life in Lexington); otherwise, he might be prompted to amend the statement to read: "A historian can readily starve to death anywhere."

Staples' "History of Lexington," published by the Transylvania Printing Company, is a reference work that has been invaluable to other writers on the subject. That it is his only major work is partly explained by the fact that Staples is a painstaking writer, and particularly a painstaking gatherer of facts—proceeding quite wisely on the basis that to write one fact you must know 50.

From 1930 to 1935, the Kentucky Historical Society Magazine ran a series of articles titled "History In Circuit Court Records"—the result of Staples' endless hours in County clerk's offices when he was traveling for the Southern and trying to while away the hours between trains.

His interest in history has led him to be a collector of old books. Like most book collectors who combine expensive taste and a limited purse, Staples loves nothing more than bringing off a shrewd deal. In Chattanooga, he stumbled upon the rare "History of the Late War In the Western Country" (the war in question is the War of 1812). It was sitting on a shelf of books marked 10 cents apiece. "Let me have them 3 for a quarter," he said. "Ten cents straight!" the bookseller shouted. "Ten cents straight or no sale." Picking up three other books at random—lest he arouse suspicion and give the bookseller the idea he had found something of value—he reluctantly parted with 40 cents, strode out with the four volumes under his arm, promptly dropped three of them in the nearest trash-can—and sold his prize for $1.50 to a museum.

But then came the rub. He vaguely remem-
A sober-looking school teacher is pictured by this portrait of Filson, now at the Filson Club. Below, the title page from his book that glorified Kentucky.

THE
DISCOVERY, SETTLEMENT
AND INDIAN WAR OF
KENTUCKY.

An Essay towards the Topography,
and Natural History of that Important Country:

To which is added,

An Appendix,

Containing,

I. The Adventures of Col. Daniel Boone, one of the first settlers, comprehending every
important Occurrence in the political History of Kentucky.

II. The Minutes of the First Session of the
Kentucky General Assembly, held at Boonesborough, April 11, 1792.

III. An Account of the Judge Johnson's
Journey through the Province, and the MS. Notes and Sketches by his
Commander, and the Country adjoining, drawn from actual surveys.

By JOHN FILSON.

Published by James Aragon, 1784.

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FUNERAL NOTICE.

The friends and acquaintances of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral of

MRS. MARGARET A. LEMON,
from the residence of Col. E. N. Offutt, to-morrow (Wednesday) Dec. 2nd, at the Baptist Church in Georgetown, where a funeral discourse will be delivered by Rev. R. T. Dillard, D. D., at 2 o'clock, P. M.

GEORGETOWN, KY., Dec. 1, 1868.

1784
1500 copies printed
book with map, $1.50

"Funeral Notice" of the 1868 period
in Central Kentucky, Georgetown.

1868-
Home Of General Calmes, Who Named Versailles, 
Now Used As Tobacco Barn, Tomb Is Neglected

Main Street Tablet 
Honors Memory Of Revolutionary Hero

By A. P. Bryan

VERSAILLES, Ky., Oct. 30—One of Woodford County's historic shrines, the home of General Marquis de la Calmes, distinguished Revolutionary soldier who suggested the name, "Versailles," for this city, today is serving as a tobacco barn on what was once the Calmes' estate, "Canewood," about two miles from Versailles on the Paynes Mill road.

Some two hundred yards away stands the limestone tomb of General Calmes, also neglected and with cattle grazing in the field surrounding it as travelers on the nearby road pass both historic landmarks by without a glance.

Not that General Calmes has been forgotten, for the General Calmes Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has erected a bronze tablet on a block of stone at the head of north Main street. The tablet bears this inscription: "Here this spot lived and died General Marquis de la Calmes, gallant Revolutionary soldier, who named this city Versailles."

Few of the visitors who stop to read the inscription, however, pause to enquire further about the Calmes' history so that the weather-beaten home and rock tomb are seldom visited.

General Calmes was the son of the Marquis de la Calmes whose name was Anglicized in America, wealthy French Huguenot nobleman who came to Virginia in early colonial days. He was a captain of a famous Virginia Revolutionary War company, a noted Indian fighter and a brigadier general in the War of 1812. He named Versailles for the city of his father's and grandfather's birth.

The Calmes tomb, which contains the remains of the general and his wife, Priscilla Kate Calmes, is more likely to attract the eyes of passersby than is the old Calmes home. The tomb is of limestone quarried on "Canewood" and laid without mortar. It was built by one of General Calmes' slaves, an expert stone mason, in the general's 80th year, while he sat by and directed the operations. The general died a year later, Feb. 27, 1834.

Today, the tomb still stands and is in fairly good condition despite 164 years of exposure to the elements. A few stones at the top are loose and marble slabs containing the names of the general and his wife have been broken, but the tomb is one of the strangest to be found in Kentucky and a view of it is well worth the short drive off the Versailles pike along the Paynes Mill pike.

Illustrated above are the home and tomb of General Marquis de la Calmes, noted Revolutionary War hero who named the city of Versailles. The original section of the old Calmes home, with its massive chimney, can be seen at the center, with sheds added at either side of it. The entire structure is now used as a tobacco barn. The lower picture shows the limestone tomb, erected without mortar by a slave under the direction of General Calmes before his death.
Located but a short distance away is what remains of the one-roomed, ornate, colonial dwelling of the Calmes. The home was built of logs, weather-boarded, and the massive stone chimney still stands. After the death of General Calmes, the home was occupied by Col. Ezekiel Field and his family. Still later it became the home of farm tenants, who gradually let it deteriorate. Hand-carved woodwork and mantles were removed to beautify more modern homes until only a shell remained. Four years ago, sheds were added on three sides of the house to form a tobacco barn.

However, a walnut gavel carved from a post of the original stairway in the Calmes home today is used in the Hotel de Ville at Versailles, France, in calling council meetings to order. The gavel was presented to Mayor Henri Huyse of the French city by the local D. A. R. chapter after the French mayor had sent to this Woodford county city a bronze urn filled with soil from the grave of an American soldier.

But the tomb and home of the gallant soldier who gave Versailles its name and who was an intimate friend of Washington and Lafayette today stands unmarked and desolate in a Woodford county field.

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KUDOS
J. Winston Coleman, Jr., Pl (Kentucky), was awarded the degree of Litt. D., at Commencement, June 4, 1947, by Lincoln Memorial University (Harrogate, Tenn.), with the citation: "In recognition of his devotion to the America of our Founding Fathers and his contribution in the field of historical research." He is a collector of Kentuckyiana and has one of the largest private collections in the country. He is the author of a number of books relating to Kentucky's history, among which are "Stagecoach Days in the Bluegrass," "Slavery Times in Kentucky," and "Lexington During the Civil War," and is now engaged on a book to be entitled: "A Bibliography of Kentucky History," which will list, with annotations, all the books and pamphlets bearing on Kentucky history and the lives of Kentuckians. He was graduated from the University of Kentucky in 1920, with the degree of B. S. in M. E., and was given his M. E. degree in 1929. His hobby is the use of photography as an adjunct to compiling history. He was engaged in the engineering and contracting business for a number of years; is now farming in Fayette County—the culture of tobacco and hemp is his specialty.

The Delta Sigma Nu Fraternity, December, 1945
Indianapolis, Indiana.
All indications point to its having been built in 1784 by the Rev. Adam Rankin, who established the first Presbyterian church that year—a log house then located at the southeast corner of Walnut and Short streets, known as "Mount Zion.

Col. Robert Patterson, the founder of Lexington, had ventured out of the fort to erect a log cabin (now exhibited on Transylvania College campus) only the year before, as the Indians were making forays into Kentucky and the town had not yet recovered from its fright and sorrow following the Battle of Blue Licks in 1778, when "many widows were made in Lexington," Daniel Boone stated. And Boone's statement, by the way, was published in the first history of Kentucky, by John Filson, in 1784.

The evidence of the origin of this ancient house rests upon the record when Lawson McCullough was deeded it by the town trustees Aug. 7, 1804. McCullough, a prominent "taylor" who came to Lexington in 1798, evidently paid a fancy price for the lot here, "together with the premises and appurtenances," although the consideration was mentioned as only the usual one dollar.

The town trustees said the deed was made "in consequence of James Fultan, of the County of Bourbon, together with Adam Rankin his security, executing an indemnifying bond to the town trustees in the penal sum of $200"—some money in those days. That Fultan was the assignee of Adam Rankin, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, as was the trustee of Robert Campbell, of Mason County, and the person from whom he purchased being at present unknown. He probably will ever remain unknown if his name was lost to the town trustees.

although they originally granted this lot to Elisha Collins and made record of it in the minutes. The minutes also show that Rev. Rankin was given a lot elsewhere "as the first minister of the Gospel to settle in Lexington." As a thorough check on the last-named lot shows no signs of his having built on or occupied it, the inference is he traded it to Collins for this more conveniently located lot.

Historians from time immemorial have referred to this house as "the oldest in Lexington"—so it must be, and if you're a historian you know where it is located.

Lawson McCullough—to get along with the story—gave the house in 1830 to his son, Samuel D. McCullough, "now of the State of Tennessee," together with the household goods "all of which is now in the hands of Nathan Burrowes." McCullough had shared the house with Burrowes, who invented the world-renowned Burrowes' Mustard and who manufactured it in the rear of this house. Capt. S. D. McCullough inherited the secret formula and made the international prize-winning product until his death.

Captain McCullough, in his reminiscences (1871), said he was born here in 1803. The deed to his father for the house—recall that tricky deed mentioned last week—was dated in August, 1804. However, McCullough, who conducted one of the largest and most noted female seminaries in Lexington a century ago, obviously knew what he was talking about when he said this house was "the place where I was born." His first recollection, he said, was of a tremendous fire that consumed Dodge's "rope walk" across the street, the flames of which licked the front of this house. He was carried down the backyard and covered with comfort while successful efforts went McCullough dwelling. The (Kentucky Gazette confirms the fire).

Burrowes, the mustard-maker, was jailed for not being able to pay a small debt he owed at the store of Col. Richard M. Johnson, slayer of Tecumseh. His store was located at the corner of Main and Mill streets, McCullough stated.

"I recollect going from this little city on horseback to the Great Crossings, in Scott county, to see Col. Richard M. Johnson, then a member of Congress and afterwards vice-president of the United States. Col. Johnson's agent had put my friend in prison for the debt. He was admitted to "jail bounds"—extending some three or four hundred yards from the jail and marked on the houses and pavements with a broad stripe of black paint," the reminiscences stated. Burrowes came to within two feet of the line and called to his wife and young McCullough. He gave McCullough a letter to deliver to Col. "Dick" Johnson.

"After dark I arrived at the house of that hospitable gentleman," McCullough said. He wrote three letters which I delivered the same night: "Jailer of Fayette County, Ky.—Discharge Mr. from custody for debt." To his agent he wrote: "You are hereby dismissed as agent for me." The third letter was to my darling old friend: "My dear sir—No words can express my deep mortification and regret at your humiliation and incarceration by my agent, who had no authority from me to do so. He is promptly dismissed, and you are as promptly restored."

Captain McCullough told of his sadness at attending the burial of Edward West, the great inventor, in his yard nearby, and of the
Colonel Joseph Crockett

Revolutionary Veteran and Leader Among Kentucky Pioneers

By General Samuel Woodson Price

Joseph Crockett was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, May 7th, 1742. Fortunate is the child whose parents are capable of appreciating the importance of beginning early in the molding of its character—of knowing how to incline the twig in the proper direction. Joseph was peculiarly blessed in this respect, for before he had emerged from petticoats to trousers, his strong natural will was brought under control by the firm hand of a doting mother. In her discipline she was encouraged by the hearty support and approval of her husband. Besides the moral training she gave, the faithful and capable mother did not neglect his mental development, but with much labor and perseverance in elementary instructions, she fitted him at the eligible age to enter her husband's school for more advanced studies. Joseph, by assiduous and conscientious application, completed in his eighteenth year, with honor, the course of study. His school days were next turned to the cultivation of a small tract of land, belonging to his father and adjacent to the homestead. Although measurably successful in his efforts on the farm, he was ambitious to pursue some other business that might prove more lucrative; so, at the age of twenty-three, he moved to Staunton, then a small settlement, and opened there a country store, which at the present time would be denominated a miniature department store.

When the news of the Battle of Lexington spread from colony to colony, as though wafted on the wings of the wind, and it was known in truth that the struggle for independence had begun, among the first to respond were the Crocketts. Joseph Crockett's store, like those of the present day, was a rendezvous for the neighboring farmers, especially on Saturday afternoons. There they not only exchanged their views on the cultivation of the soil, but even with more animation would discuss the politics of the day, dwelling with emphasis on the mother country's treatment of her colonies. Taxation without representation was to them a great injustice. Crockett was, of all, the most vehement: could hardly restrain his martial spirit, and wanted at once to put on the war-paint.

Like Cincinnatus, who left his plow in the midst of the furrow to enlist in his country's cause, at the first call to arms, Joseph Crockett closed his store at Staunton and at once espoused the cause of the colonies against the oppression of George III. He returned to his home in Albemarle and immediately volunteered in Captain Fry's company of Minute Men, which company was ordered to Williamsburg to assist Patrick Henry in preventing Lord Dunmore from seizing the magazines of Williamsburg. When Capt. Fry's company arrived, they were two hours too late. Patrick Henry had succeeded and saved the powder and Lord Dunmore never again visited Williamsburg.

Crockett served under Col. Hobaday, whose regiment was afterwards commanded by Col. Alexander. He was made Captain in Robt. Richardson's regiment April 4th, 1777. Later on, when Richardson resigned, he succeeded him in command, which position he retained until April 4th, 1778, at which date he was at Valley Forge. He was in the battle of Monmouth, was at the battle of Trenton, and was promoted to Major in the regiment commanded by Col. Wm. Russell, which had been recruited in May, 1779. He was an officer in the Virginia Continental Line throughout the Revolutionary War, and served as such until the reorganization of the army according to the resolutions of Congress of October, 1780, at which period he was reduced to the rank of Captain in the Seventh Regiment of the Virginia Line. Subsequently he was in the regiment of Col. Geo. Rogers Clark, which was called the Illinois Regiment. It was afterwards called the Crockett Regiment. His term of service, therefore, extended from September, 1775, to February, 1781. He was in as many battles and skirmishes as any other officer or private, who served under Generals Washington, Greene, Morgan, Clark and others; and at all times he distinguished himself by his courage, coolness and daring. With him the post of honor was the post of danger. A complete summary of his military service was given by him in a letter written in March, 1818, and addressed to his friend, Hon. Henry Clay, then a member of Congress. This letter was prompted by an Act of Congress making provision for officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War whose fortunes had been depleted or who had become otherwise reduced to needy circumstances. The letter concludes with these words:

"In the year 1784 I moved to Kentucky. I have lived in the State ever since. I have written you substantially the facts, as you have a right to relate the story of our hardships, and the sufferings we endured in earning our freedom and independence from Great Britain. Be kind enough to inform me whether I come within the act of Congress passed for the benefit of the old soldiers."

Mr. Clay at once presented the matter to Congress and by special act of that body the name of Col. Crockett was directed to be placed upon the pension roll. On May 15th, 1828, Congress enacted a law placing the general officers and the commanders of regiments, who served in the War of the Revolution and the War of 1812, on the retired list with Captain's pay. Though Col. Crockett was a beneficiary under this liberal measure, he realized but a small pecuniary benefit from it. He lived only a few months after it was put into effect. He had, however, the satisfaction of knowing that the Government appreciated his services, and that he was again a member of the army, though retired. Besides the liberal provision of the general government for the soldiers, Virginia gave him a grant of 6,666 2-3 acres of land and, some years afterwards, he received another warrant for 2,442 acres for two years and nine months' service.

Colonel Crockett died on the 7th day of October, 1829, at the home of his son-in-law in Scott County, having for many years prior to his death held the office of United States Marshal for the District of Kentucky.

Gov. Shelby and His Humble Friend "Old Burk" 

By Elizabeth Todd

At the battle of King's Mountain there were seven hundred and thirty men captured and, by Col. Campbell's order, some of them were to be hung, but Col. Shelby and some of the other officers demanded they should not, which was agreed to, and the prisoners were mounted behind the Americans, and the one behind Col. Shelby was named Richard Burk. As he rode along he told Col. Shelby the plans of the British army, which caused the Americans to change their line of march and prevented an encounter with the British, that might have been disastrous to the Americans; and from that day on, "Old Burk," as he was familiarly called, was a true and faithful friend to Col. Shelby, and was with him in all the battles.

When Col. Shelby came to Kentucky to make his home, "Old Burk" came too, and lived at "Travelers' Rest" till 1792, when Col. Shelby gave him a tract of land in Shelby County. Then he would go back to "Travelers' Rest" once a year, as he expressed it, "to report to headquarters." When the War of 1812 came, he shouldered his pack and "reported to headquarters" for duty. He was a queer old character and was noted for his many wild stories, of the Baron Munchausen order, but so true was he to his friends and his adopted country, that when he died he was buried with military honors in the old grave-yard in Shelbyville, Ky.
Original Plaster Model Of Joel T. Hart's Noted Masterpiece, Which Once Adorned Fayette County Court House, Is Still Sought

Bust of Henry Clay

Where is the original plaster model of Joel T. Hart’s masterpiece, “Woman Triunphant,” and why has Fayette county never made any attempt to replace the famous statue group that was destroyed in the court house fire here more than forty years ago?

These questions, self-propounded by J. M. Roche, local collector of Kentuckiana, might be expected to be of interest not only to the author of the inquiries but to all Lexingtonians, as it was in this city that the world-renowned sculptor launched upon his career.

In an effort to solve the first question, Mr. Roche had a friend, who recently visited Italy and England, make investigations, but to no avail. Further, Mr. Roche wrote letters to England, inquiring about the disposition of the model, but received no reply.

The reason for focusing the search upon Italy was that Hart had his studio in Florence, and it was there that he devoted seventeen years to the model of his masterpiece. England also comes into the field of investigation due to the fact that Hart’s assistant and “art executor,” George H. Saul, came from England. To Saul was left the job of finishing the masterpiece after Hart’s death, and also part ownship in the original plaster model.

To aid Mr. Roche and any others possibly interested in finding the answer to his questions, this writer engaged in a little research and discovered a copy of the will of Mr. Hart, and also a book published by the “Women of the Bluegrass” telling about the acquisition and dedication of the masterpiece.

The marble group, “Woman Triunphant,” was completed by Saul after Hart’s death and shipped to Tiffany’s, New York, Lexington, home of the embryo sculptor, wanted the masterpiece and the women of the Bluegrass region raised $5,000, purchased it at this special price made to them by Tiffany & Co. and had it installed with impressive ceremonies in the Fayette county court house. The court house burned May 14, 1867, and the famous group was destroyed.

Will Mentioned Model

The will, drawn in Florence, Italy, February 18, 1877, shortly before the noted sculptor’s death, mentions the plaster model of the group purchased by the women of the Bluegrass among numerous other bequests, and begins: “I, Joel T. Hart, of Joseph and Judith Hart, of Clark county, state of Kentucky, United States of America, having been for the last twenty-seven years domiciled in Florence, Italy.” etc.

Mr. Hart in his will first stated that “Woman Triunphant” be completed, giving detailed instructions to that effect, and sold “for the largest sum in Europe or America.” From the proceeds he directed that a marble block shall be bought said the workmen paid for the production of another group of the same with my name and the date engraved thereof, for fear the one now being finished may be lost.

Incidentally, in view of the fact that writers occasionally claim to have just discovered that Hart also was a poet, it is of interest to note that the will directs the executor to give $700 to Miss Rachel Pomeray, of Cambridge, Mass., to publish his poems.

To George H. Saul, English sculptor who resided in Florence and who was Hart’s assistant, as mentioned above, he bequeathed valuable apparatus and “all of my plaster portrait busts of Gen. Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, Gen. James Taylor, Robert Wickliffe, J. J. Crittenden, Rev. Alexander Campbell, Erasmus Rigolow, Dr. B. W. Dudley, J. W. Grigby, Genieve Ward and Nicholas Smith; all the other portraits in plaster, together with the plaster statue of Henry Clay, to be broken up and destroyed.”

He bequeathed to Henry J. Pindell, of Louisville, Ky., “all my letters from distinguished men to be used if desired in a sketch of my life.” He included his poems, fables and other works of this kind.

To Mr. Pindell he also gave “one of the two original plaster copies of my Ideal group above mentioned, called Woman Triunphant,” specifying that Mr. Pindell was to receive the one he described as “Number One” with the arm of Cupid raised.” In what he termed as “Number Two” he said “the arm is down.” One copy in plaster of “Morning Glory” also was given to Mr. Pindell.

Cupid raised.” These copies, the will said, “are to be reproduced as he may direct in marble and sold by him to pay for printing and publishing one volume of my best poems,” etc. The bequest to Mr. Pindell further said “I also entrust to his charge my portrait-measuring invention from the life, having 200 steel needles” to be placed in some museum in the United States. Tripods and other paraphernalia were included in this section of the bequest. In case Mr. Pindell did not accept, they were to be given to R. F. Meneley, Louisville, Ky., the will said.

To Miss Dian Weaver, Fleming county, Kentucky, he gave his “gold watch, finger ring, two mosaic pins, portrait of my mother, and locks of my father’s and mother’s hair, Andrew Jackson’s and Henry Clay’s and my own.”

Mr. Hart bequeathed to George H. Saul and A. B. Archbald “the original plaster copy of my Ideal group, Woman Triunphant,” called Number Two, in which the arm of Cupid is down, for them to dispose of in any way they may think best.”

“I desire George H. Saul shall superintend mainly the finishing in marble of my group under way and the production of another group of the same, he will say, Mr. Saul was directed also to finish “two ideal busts and one statuette commenced in the marble.”

At time of the publication of the will, the announcement stated that along with the finding of the plaster cast of Joel T. Hart’s famous statue, “Woman Triunphant,” was the will, both discovered by “the
From Three In Thousands, A Salute To Morgan

Lexington's two surviving Confederate veterans are shown here with a picture of their commander, Gen. John Hunt Morgan. The veterans are John D. Walker (left) and James Craig (right).

A lone flag—the Stars and Bars of a lost cause—anchored on the Fayette county courthouse lawn fluttered in the breeze beneath an overcast sky Thursday.

Nearby, the bronze likeness of Kentucky’s magnificent raider, Gen. John Hunt Morgan, astride his spirited charger, looked out across Lexington’s Main Street, meeting with persons who looked not his way.

Thursday was Confederate Memorial Day, but most Lexingtonians paid little heed. Calmly they walked streets that were tense in those days of ’61 when the name of the man whose memorial stands in the courthouse square was on the lips of every citizen. They paused not to look at the statue of John Hunt Morgan.

The sole exceptions were three aged men, who stopped at different times to admire the figure on the horse.

These three served under the man whose figure rears majestically above the lawn of the courthouse. They knew John Hunt Morgan, they fought with him, and one of them was there when he died.

The three men: John D. Walker, 96, 190 Market street; James Craig, 94, 321 Walnut street, and Garnett S. Wall, 82, Maysville, a visitor at the Phoenix hotel.

Mr. Walker, who spurns a cane and whishes away his idle hours almost every day with his merchant friends along Main street, carries 96 years lightly.

Mr. Craig also is still active for his age. He does not dare walk great distances, but he rides anywhere where he pleases on pleasant days. He still talks about the days he served under General Morgan.

Although feeling slightly ill Thursday, he arranged to be downtown during the morning as has been his custom on Confederate Memorial Day, rain or shine, for years.

He and Mr. Walker, as far as available records show, are the only two surviving Confederate veterans residing in Fayette county.

Gen. Wall, their fellow veteran who lived in Lexington to spend Confederate Memorial Day at the scene of some of Morgan’s most brilliant operations, arrived in Lexington only a few days ago from California and has been staying at the Phoenix hotel since.

Mr. Wall recalls how he joined Gen. H. M. Gano’s forces in July, 1862, when the spirited young general from Centerville, Ky., led a Confederate attack to within a few miles of Mr. Wall’s home at Maysville.

Later, with Morgan, he participated in the historic raids in western, central and southwestern Kentucky and in eastern Tennessee. He became an aide de camp of Gano, with rank of major and was ordered to Texas in 1863.

Soon after arriving in Texas, the company to which Major Wall was attached was cut off from the east by the capture of Vicksburg by the Union army. Major Wall and his fellow Confederates finished the war fighting Union troops around Fort Smith and Fort Gibson in Indian Territory. The Union forces were successfully repulsed, and Morgan’s band was never threatened by the Northerners.

After returning to Kentucky, Mr. Wall was graduated from the law department of old Kentucky University at Lexington in 1866. He was soon admitted to the bar and practiced law in Maysville for years. He held many political offices during the years he was chairman for eight years of the Board of Control, the board which operated Kentucky’s penal and welfare institutions. He has been retired from active business for a number of years.

His son, Garrett S. Wall Jr., was vice-president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company. He died several years ago.

Mr. Wall will be 97 years old Sept. 13. He ran away from his home in Bracken county in the latter part of 1861 to join the Confederate army at Memphis, Tenn. He was transferred to Morgan’s command and served nearly three years under the fiery southern general.

Mr. Wall was at Green ville, Tenn. Sept. 4, 1964, when General Morgan was killed in a surprise attack by Union forces. Morgan’s brother-in-law, Gen. Basil Duke, took over command, and it was under Duke that Mr. Wall finished his career as a soldier.

Mr. Wall entered the tobacco business upon his return from the war and remained in this trade for 40 years. He retired 20 years ago and has enjoyed excellent health, with the exception of a slight stroke from which he readily recovered. He lives with his wife, who is 78 years old, and his daughter, Margaret. His only son, John Walker, lives at Fort Thomas.

Mr. Craig is a native of Boone county. He served as a part of the Morgan’s Men band during the latter part of the general’s life. Upon his release from the battlefields in the South he went to Bourbon county and took up farming. Later he moved to a farm in Fayette and 18 years ago he retired and moved to his present home on Walnut street.

Mr. Craig and his daughter, Mrs. Hallie Ardery, maintain their home together. Mr. Craig’s son, J. L. Craig, lives on the Paris pike.

Although all three of the veterans were downtown Thursday, only one of them, Mr. Wall, felt physically able to attend the dinner meeting held at the Phoenix hotel by the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

The announcement referred to the fact that the “Woman Triumphant” marble group had been destroyed in the Fayette county courthouse fire and said, “The sculptor, Saul, offers to make a reproduction from the cast and deliver free of duty in New York for $4,000.” Negotiations had been opened and it seems possible that another copy of the statue will be secured.”

Died In 1877

Mr. Hart died in March, 1877, a month after he drew his will. He worked, enduring innumerable hardships, for years on his “ideal group,” which he himself intended to bring to America upon its completion. He said shortly before his death that he had visited his native land in thirteen years, and that he was now to come and bring his life-work and masterpiece.

Critiqued for not preserving his “ideal group” model, Mr. Hart said, “I could not hurry the modelling. I have had too many details to study from.” On another occasion he commented, “The Almighty does not see fit to make a perfect woman in less than eighteen years, and I hope to make a perfect model in less!”

William C. Kendrick, of Louisville, who in 1873 visited Hart in his “burntout studio,” described his attention to detail. “Hart was too busy studying clay to have the opportunity to make a copy of the statue.”

Unlike the “heroic” Greek statues, “Woman Triumphant” was life-size. The “ideal group” was Hart’s own conception. He said in a letter to Cassius M. Clay, who had eulogized him at a banquet in Hart in Lexington in 1860:

“The figures are nude—Beauty’s Triumph.” She, being assisted by Cupid, rests her left foot on his exhausted quiver and holds his last arrow in triumph, while he pleads—lopping, reaching after it . . . The idea is modern, and my own. . . . All who dare speak out in the country that the nude is finer than either the Venus de Medici, or the Venus of Milo.”

On Exhibition At University

The marble group, after its sale and delivery to Tiffany’s, was bought by Central Kentuckians to be erected as a memorial to the name and fame of the sculptor, who had given his heart in Lexington;

It was Lexington business. He had subscribed funds to send him abroad after he had displayed genius while working in Pruden’s marble tombstone yard, at the northeast corner of Main and Upper streets. In 1874 Hart made busts of his benefactors, and presented the marble portraits to them. This form of expression for appreciation was the cause, through the following incident, of bringing to Lexington “Il Penseroso,” which is now on exhibit at the University of Kentucky.

Hon. Brutus J. Clay, United States Minister to Switzerland in the possession of George H. Saul, at Florence, Italy.
Hart's Plaster Busts Of Jackson And Dudley, Owned Here, Also Valuable Poems By Noted Sculptor Are Revealed

The story of the search for the original model of Joel T. Hart's "Woman Triumphant" group and of the will of the world-famous Kentucky sculptor, published in these columns recently, has brought to light locally-owned bust models by Hart and more about his lesser-known talent as a poet.

Mrs. Howard Evans furnished a photo of a signed Hart plaster bust of Dr. Benjamin Winslow Dudley, the noted surgeon who headed old Transylvania Medical School, that is in the art collection of the Peter family. It is signed, "J. T. Hart, Sculpt., 1839."

W. Vile Ferrarson produced a plaster bust of President Andrew Jackson with the signature: "J. T. Hart, Ken., Apl., 1826." As it was many years before Hart lived in Florence, Italy, and rose to such wide fame, Ferrarson asked this writer to ascertain if he was here at that time and working other than at stone-cutting.

Reference to MacCabe's Directory of Lexington 1897-98 brought out the fact that he not only was here a century ago but already had attained local prominence. The directory revealed—as most directories do—a comedy of errors about Hart's name but not of his fame. The only Hart listed was "Hart, P., sculptor, 42 W. Short St."

As it is generally known that he was employed at Doyle's marble yard, where the Lexington Clinic today is located, Second and Upper streets, Doyle's listing was looked up and found to be as follows: Doyle, P., marble factory, S. E. Second St. (cont.) Upper St.

It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes deduction to conceive "why the P." for Hart's initial. Obviously the enumerator was chatting with Doyle—probably admiring some of the carved stones in the "factory," and asked: "Who's that fellow over there—does he work for you?"

And one readily can imagine Doyle, thinking everyone had heard of his up-and-coming workman—he had arrived in Lexington from Clark county in 1830—succinctly replying: "Yes, that's Hart."

The remainder of the deduction is easy: The enumerator, in listing his day's work, simply copied the "P." in Doyle's name to be coupled with Hart's moniker, either thinking Hart was more or less of a non-entity, or in his haste adopting the scheme of most of us lazy newspaper men of using any initial to prevent a "trip back"—there were no telephones in that day.

Reputation Grew

At any rate, MacCabe, who apparently overlooked the enumerator's error, was fully familiar with the growing reputation of the 28-year-old Clark countian, as he took occasion to do him the honor of individual, exclusive and complimentary mention in the directory introduction.

In listing the large and wide number of buildings erected in Lexington in 1838—listed by classification only and not by name—MacCabe inserted the following: "A native sculptor. Mr. Hart, of very promising genius."

Thus Vile Ferrarson's plaster bust of Andrew Jackson by "J. T. Hart, Ken. (Kentucky), Apl., 1839," was fully authenticated.

As usual, while the old directory still was in hand, this writer went on a divergent search for the "42 W. Short St." of a century ago. "Possible chance for a Shrine, postive chance for a marker," he opined.

First crack out of the box he discovered that the Post Office, then at the north-west corner of Short and Mill streets, bore the "next door" number. Reference in the history introduction of the directory, however, gave the Post Office another number—below 20. Then the numbers of bars, livery stables and whatnot, located on Short west of Mill street, were looked up, and while no numbers were given west of Broadway, there was a regular olla podrida of them within the one Mill-Broadway block—but no No. 42.

However, sufficient evidence of the fact that Hart lived and worked here in 1838 already had been found and the tribute paid in the directory introduction to his "very promising genius" is fully sustained by the dated bust of Jackson. This bust, by the way, came down to Vile Ferrarson from his great-grandfather, Capt. Wills Viley.

And Hart the article through the next year, as the Dudley bust in the Peter family bears the signature: "J. T. Hart, Sculpt., 1839." The sculptor gave it to Dr. Robert Peter, professor at old Transylvania Medical School, in appreciation of the latter's presenting him with tickets to Dr. Peter's lectures on anatomy—an important subject to sculptors as well as doctors.

Another plaster bust here was discovered in the chase for writing material in the Lexington Public Library—a bust model of John J. Crittenden, signed "Hart, Sculpt, 1848." It has been bronzed, at least partly, probably to conceal wear, tear and dust.

Hart The Poet

All this provided material aplenty for another story about the genius of Hart, but inquiries now were coming in for more about Hart the poet. A Western Kentucky historian, learning of the Filson Club, stated that he wanted to prepare a monograph on Hart the poet, and asked if any of his works were here.

This writer recalled that, when conducting a column locally a few years ago, he had unearthed at the Lexington Public Library and published in part a signed poem by Hart.

Then, while on a search among old newspaper files for further material for the Patterson Log Cabin story, one of those once-in-a-life-time things happened: A "Letter to the Editor" of a local paper fifty years ago, protesting against a distorted "Woman Triumphant" group claimed to be Hart's, and also against the lack of appreciation of Hart's poems after his death, was accompanied by what must have been the poetic masterpiece of the sculptor—and it was a forecast, in 1894, of what his marble masterpiece would be a century later. He even titled the poem, "Woman Triumphant!"

The "Letter to the Editor," dated Florence, Italy, Nov. 20, 1877, was much too lengthy to be re-printed here, but it is possible and pertinent to quote part of what he said about Hart's poetry, after complaining bitterly about the incongruous reproduction of Hart's marble group.

"I enclose a copy of a poem which he brought me to illustrate his ideas—not innocent Eve or pagan Venus—but the true woman, whose purity takes the sting (his arrow) away from Love...One of these executors has decided that Mr. Hart...many and beautiful poems—some of which have been published—are 'shibboleth, and thus to be burned. Which knew and loved the great old man are perhaps too deeply indignant at all. Let it pass...

The previous story, published in these columns, revealing Hart's will, quoted his arrangements and bequest for publishing his poems.

The poem, as published with the letter, follows:

WOMAN TRIUMPHANT

By Joel T. Hart

Hail holiest vision lent to earth,
And warm as thirte of pulse beat
With youth's first love of heavenly birth;
As angel bright, as seraph sweet!

And beautiful from inward glow,
In majesty she stood, and fair
As morning light on virgin snow,
With purity and truth—and bared!

It were a dream no longer now,
A fabled goddess of the wood.

But were of earthly bright-bow,
With light, and truth, and love imbued,

The winged boy with slackened bow
On tippee reached—his arrow sped,
Pleading to one who answered no!
PUBLIC SALE!

Live Stock, Feed, Farm Implements, Some Household Goods.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25, 1944
at 10 A.M. on My Farm at Clintonville, Ky.

1 TEAM (1 horse and 1 mule), 1 AGED MULE, 3 MILK COWS, (2 with calves, 1 soon to be fresh), 3 GRADE COWS and CALVES, 6 GRADE HEIFERS, 2 SOWS with 10 pigs, 3 BROOD SOWS, 30 SHOATES, CHICKENS, DUCKS, GUINEAS. GOOD BALED TIMOTHY HAY, ALFALFA HAY and BALED STRAW, 30 or 40 BARRELS OF CORN, SOME GOOD WHITE MILLING CORN, LAWN MOWER, 2 FARM WAGONS, one with frame and bed, SUPERIOR WHEAT DRILL, IRON ROLLER, FEED SLIDE, SMOOTHING HARROW, DISC HARROW, CULTIVATOR, 3 EXTRA GOOD BREAKING PLOWS, 2 SOD SKIMMERS, 1 DOUBLE SHOVEL PLOW, 1 GARDEN PLOW, HAY RAKE, SULKY RAKE, DRAG, OLD BUGGY, 2 HOG OILERS, 2 HEAVY LIFTING JACKS, CORN SHELLER, FENCE TOOLS, VISE AND TOOLS OF ALL KINDS, SAWS, FORKS, etc. 1 TARPAULIN, 1 SADDLE, 2 DOUBLE SETS OF GEAR, 1 NEW COLLAR AND HARNESS, HOUSING, HOG SCALDING BOX, 3 LARD KETTLES, LARD PRESS, SAUSAGE MILL, GLASS CHURN, DELAVAL SEPARATOR, JARS, CROCKS, MILK BUCKETS, 2 CREAM BUCKETS, (3-gallon size), OLD REFRIGERATOR, KITCHEN CABINET, SEVERAL TABLES, DISHES, 1 WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE, 1 MARBLE TOP WASH STAND, 1 OAK WASH STAND, 1 ANTIQUE DRESSER, ANTIQUE LOVE SEAT, HAT RACK, WARDROBE, CHAIRS, Two 9 X 12 RUGS, SOME SMALL RUGS, SETH THOMAS CLOCK, 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN, SEWING MACHINE, ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, 25 Vol., KERR'S HISTORY OF KENTUCKY, 5 Vol., SOME RARE OLD RELIGIOUS BOOKS, AND OTHER BOOKS. 1 EXTRA GOOD PLYMOUTH COUPE in splendid condition, low mileage, AND OTHER THINGS TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

TERMS CASH

G. V. SHIPP

AUCTIONEER—BUD HAMILTON
CLERK—CLAY GAITSKILL


1944

A Typical Bluegrass Farm Sale Handbill of Sale
Finis Written For Irvin Cobb, Kentucky’s Author, Humorist
He Gave Fame To His Native Paducah

NEW YORK, March 10 (Reprint)

In the early morning of the 10th, in the babbling, sparkling wit and homely humor that illuminated thousands of written pages, the motion pictures and stage, died at his Hotel Sahara apartment today of complications after a three-month illness.

The man who contributed handsomely to the fame of his native Paducah, Ky., died unable to fill a promise made last December to Kent Cooper, executive director and general manager of The Associated Press, that “if, as and when I get ready to depart elsewhere, I promise to keep free newspapers fully informed.”

Cobb, whose heavy, rugged features belied his nimble, lightning humor, was the author of many books, and magazine articles ranging in subject from broad comedy sketches to the tender “Judge Priest” tales. As an extemporaneous speaker he was unsurpassed and was in constant demand for afternoon engagements.

Clarity in his newspaper business in Paducah as a boy of 16, Cobb soon graduated to New York. Within a year, after a brief period of editing, Cobb was in charge of the newspaper office.

After serving on the editorial and business staffs of several newspapers, he was tempted to try his hand as an actor. In his career he appeared in such stars of the stage as the late Will Rogers.

Cobb was born on June 23, 1876, the son of plumbing and millwork, with an abiding interest in the town and its people, Cobb was a familiar figure in the district.

He married Laura Spencer Baker Cobb of Savannah, Ga., in 1906, and his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Cobb Brody of New York, survives.

A family friend said the body would be cremated on Monday and the ashes taken to Paducah.

IRVIN S. COBB

was dangerously ill. His letter to Cooper followed.

After crediting himself for omitting to remark that “reports of my death have been greatly exaggerated,” Cobb concluded his note by saying that “doctors are just telling me for impulsive little froth of drapery but the results of these services and pastime will, they believe, diminish as time passes.”

Cobb was born on June 23, 1876, the son of Joshua Clark and Mable Marshall Cobb. On June 29, 1906, he married Laura Spencer Baker of Savannah, Ga.

The TROTTER-WICKLIFFE DUEL

By J. Winson Coleman, Jr.

Pamphlet, 64 x 9/8, pp. 21, Roberts Printing Co., Frankfort, Kentucky.

An interesting, well-written account of a duel between two prominent young Kentucky newspaper men—by-product of the pro-anti-slavery question. In this “Affair of honor (a la ‘code duellos’)” in Fayette County, Kentucky, October 9, 1829, the challenger, Wickliffe, was killed instantly, and Trotter, the defender, became insane some two decades later.

History Of Old Bridge Taken From Records

The Old Bridge was in the forefront of the news lately. Everyone has a different tale about who built it and when, and what it was used for; some claim it was the first bridge across the Licking River at Cynthiana and tell of the time when the ferry ran the river.

Monday, however, Circuit Judge J. C. Dedden brought the old bridge into court. The copy laid on Judge Dedenman’s desk all these years, and he passed it along the bus. The old bridge was Greenup/‘Green’ Remington, grandfather of Judge Deddenman, who built the bridge in 1825 and Louis Warnig was the builder.

Really, he was the man who made the plans.

The court records follow:

Record Book D, Page 129—October Court, 1822: Ordered that William Mooney, Isaac Miller, Ashbury Broadwell and Joseph Taylor be appointed Commissioners to sell the bridge across the South fork of Licking at Cynthiana to the highest bidder.

Order Book D, Page 274—December Court, 1823: Ordered that Isaac Miller, William Moore and Ashbury Broadwell, the commissioners appointed by a former order of the court for the erection of the bridge across the South fork of Licking at Cynthiana this day returned the bond for the bridge and make report to this court whether the same is completed by the undertakers agreed to in the contract.

Order Book D, Page 324—October Court, 1825: The persons appointed by a former order of the Court across the bridge are allowed to build the bridge across the South fork of Licking at Cynthiana this day returned the bond for the bridge and make report to this court whether the same is completed by the undertakers agreed to in the contract.

Minute Book H, Page 75—September Court, 1838: Ordered that Isaac Miller, Ashbury Broadwell and John Bruce any one of them are authorized to employ and engage in building the bridge at the Town of Cynthiana, where the old bridge now stands that the bridge be built except such alterations as may be required by ad commissioners, the material, to be of yellow poplar & the bridge is to be well covered with a good shingle roof. That the building material is to be furnished by the County and the work to be all complete except the roof by the 20th of December. The undertaker to have bond with two sureties for the performance of the work. The money to be paid to the undertaker in one installment to be paid by the 1st of October 1837 and the other by the 1st October 1838. The undertaking is sanctioned and permitted. Order Book D, Page 171—August, 1837: Ashbury Broadwell, one of the undertakers appointed to build the bridge across South Licking at Cynthiana gave notice to Court that the working of the bridge had been given to the Commissioners at the sum of Seven Thou-

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Lincoln Herald
Harriman, Tenn.
June, 1926
Old Bridge Closed To Traffic

OLDEST WOODEN BRIDGE IN KENTUCKY TO BE REPLACED BY NEW SPAN

Cynthiana's historic Old Bridge, wooden span across South Licking River at South Main and Bridge streets, was closed to traffic last week after having been used for 107 years.

County Road Engineer W. H. Criswell blocked approaches to the bridge upon orders from the Harrison fiscal court and the Cynthiana board of commissioners, which recently condemned the structure as unsafe for travel.

For some time, the bridge, which serves U. S. Highway 62, has been considered unsafe by the State Highway Department and heavy trucks have not been permitted to cross the span.

When the Old Bridge passed its 100-year mark, it was designated as a historical relic and papers giving its history and outlining its specifications were filed with the secretary of interior and recorded in the Library of Congress at Washington.

On the 100th anniversary of the bridge in 1857 the Cynthiana chapter of Daughters of the American Revolution unveiled a bronze marker at the bridge bearing the following inscription:

"Oldest wooden bridge in Kentucky, erected over the South Licking river in 1857. Site of the first ferry to Cynthiana. In the War Between the States General John H. Morgan crossed this bridge and captured the town on the 17th day of July, 1862."

Plans are being made by the State Highway Department to replace the wooden structure with a concrete span. Until the new bridge is built, traffic over U. S. 62 will use the concrete bridge at Pleasant street.

Cynthiana Dem., June 1944

Concrete Span To Take Place Of Cynthiana's Wooden Bridge

WOODED BRIDGE CLOSED AT CYNTHIANA—The Old Bridge, western gateway to Cynthiana for 107 years, was closed to traffic last week after having been condemned as being no longer safe for travel.

J. W. Coleman Heads Society

CYNTHIANA, Ky.—June 24 (Special) — Cynthiana's historic Old Bridge, wooden span across South Licking River at South Main and Bridge streets, was closed to traffic this week after having been used for 107 years.

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Cynthiana Dem., June 1944

Lex., Leader June 26, 1944

Lex., Leader Feb. 22, 1945
By Dear Sir:

I read the enclosed letter from your brother. As soon as I receive the quantities of the Baggage I hope I will see you on the subject.

I am partly furs.

H. Clay

Washington, D.C., July 3, 1841

Note - Henry Clay - July, 1841

SKETCHES OF KENTUCKY'S PAST

From the pen of Kentucky's beloved historian, J. Winston Coleman, Jr. comes his latest work - Sketches of Kentucky's Past.

Each of the 35 chapters is an exciting adventure that takes the reader back in time to capture the thrill of some of Kentucky's most historic events and the people that made them happen.

There's never a dull moment as the Squire recreates these great events. As Kentucky historian Thomas Clark says in his introduction to the book, "the author has brought into focus some of the most important and interesting happenings of the Commonwealth's history, ranging from the Revolutionary War down to the present time."

Crab Orchard Springs - This spa in Crab Orchard, Kentucky drew "One of the largest crowds ever collected at a watering place in Kentucky" in July 1858. The occasion was the visit of Captain John Hunt Morgan and his "Lexington Rifles" who held special drills, reviews and parades.

In Lincoln County

Burned 1939
Otto Rothert, Filson Club Secretary

28 Years, to Retire

Young At 74, He Always Kept the Records Straight

By MARION PORTER.

The Filson Club without Otto A. Rothert is as inconceivable as the White House without Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Nevertheless, "Indispensable Man" Rothert, secretary of the historical club for the past 28 years and editor of the History Quarterly, is going to retire come April, J. Adger Stewart, vice president, announced at the Filson Club meeting last night.

Speaker at the meeting was Dr. William D. Funkhouser, head of the department of zoology at the University of Kentucky. With the discovery of two tribes of prehistoric Indians, different from any other tribes known to have lived in Kentucky. Ten years of archaeological research has supplied complete data that the tribes 800 years ago, one near Green River and the other near Mt. Sterling.

The whimsical, learned Rothert, with pulpiti style glasses eternally slipping halfway down his nose, doesn’t look like he will be 74 years old in June. He has a stock answer to the two stock questions: How did you happen to become interested in Kentucky history? Why did you never marry? The answer is, "The Lord only knows."

Never Has Been "Rejected"

He is always a little surprised when some acquaintance delicately commiserates with him because Miss So-and-So chose to marry somebody else. Otto politely keeps his mouth shut and looks appropriately downcast. But his hidden conscience demands he keep the records straight and he admits upon questioning that he has never been "rejected" because he has never—yet—proposed to a lady.

When pressed he is a little more articulate on his interest in Kentucky history. In his youth he inherited a sizable tract of land, 2,800 acres, in Muhlenberg County. On it was a remnant of an old iron furnace with its stack. Rothert began to trace its history and learned it was built by Buckner and Churchill, the Buckner who was the father of Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. This led to research into other historical spots in the county and the result was his first book published in 1915, "A History of Muhlenberg County."

It was at "Forest Retreat," his summer home in the heart of a woods in Muhlenberg County, that he began, at the age of 55, his first hobby, other than history. He took up gardening, specializing in plants with variegated foliage, and within a few years acquired a variety of shrubs, small trees and perennials. The place is now more of an arboretum than a garden and contains the largest collection of variegated plants in the state. In 1938 he published a brochure, "Forest Retreat and Its Garden," giving a history and his experiences with plants.

Church Requested History

Shortly after he published his first book the Unity Baptist Church in Muhlenberg County asked him to write a history of the church for its 100th anniversary. He threw a mild temper-tantrum into the celebration when his research disclosed the church was actually 102 years old.

The recognized authority on Kentucky history—like many Kentucky State Fair beauty contest winners—is an Indianian, born in Huntingburg. He has lived in Louisville, however, since he was 18. Upon his graduation from Notre Dame in 1892 he was secretary to his father, an exporter of tobacco. Intermittently he was an accountant in the Falls City Tobacco Works and in the old Galt House. After his father’s death he toured for a year in Alaska, Mexico and the Hawaiian Islands writing newspaper letters on his experiences as a traveler. Upon his return he drifted into a study of Kentucky history specializing in "neglected subjects." After publication of his book he was fully launched into the state’s history and he took the post of Filson Club secretary in 1917—without pay. Payment began after ten years’ apprenticeship.

He is the third secretary of the club since it was organized by Reuben T. Durrett in 1854. Thomas Speed served from 1854 until 1905; Alfred Pirtle, 1905 until 1917 when Rothert took over.

During his secretariatship he has published three more books which he terms "labors of love." They are: "Madison Cawein: The Story of a Poet," "The Filson Club and Its Activities," and "The Outlaws of Cave-in-Rock." (Cave-in-Rock is pictured in this week’s Life Magazine.) He has published four booklets and numerous articles in the Filson Club History Quarterly. Not identified with any church he is a member of the Kentucky State Historical Society, The Mississippi Valley Historical Association, The American Historical Association and several other historical groups.

He has three projects planned which he will begin upon retirement, in the order named: 1. Writing the life of the Rev. John D. Shane, the Presbyterian minister who interviewed many Kentucky pioneers and their children. Rothert has published about 15 articles on Shane in the History Quarterly. 2. Writing the history of the Filson Club. 3. Writing the biography of Otto Rothert.

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.)

The Progressive Farmer, December 1940

Birmingham, Dec. 1940

Birmingham, Ala.

LOUISVILLE COURIER JOURNAL

FEB - 6 - 1945

OTTO A. ROTHERT

"The Lord only knows."
Sons Of Revolution Observe Anniversaries, Honor J. A. Todd

The 50th anniversary of the founding of the Kentucky Society, Sons of the Revolution, was observed at a dinner Thursday night at the Lafayette hotel. The date also marked the 55th anniversary of the General (National) Society, Sons of the Revolution, and the 170th anniversary of the Battle of Lexington.

James A. Todd, only 50-year member of the society present at the dinner, was presented a life membership by Col. Samuel M. Wilson, who recounted the early history of the organization.

J. Winston Coleman Jr., president of the society, who presented a letter from Robert W. Wooley of Washington, D. C., formerly of Lexington, who was one of the eight founders of the Kentucky Society. Mr. Wooley, an attorney, had hoped to attend the semi-centennial observance, but had to go to St. Louis to attend a labor dispute for a client.

Dr. Thomas D. Clark, head of the University of Kentucky history department, spoke on "Kentucky in the Revolution." He said Kentucky's accomplishments in the George Rogers Clark expedition, which captured the British forts at Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and the defense of Boonesboro made possible the American victory over Cornwallis at Yorktown, since they "closed the back door" and defeated a British plan to subjugate the colonies by means of a gigantic pincer movement similar to strategy employed in the present war.

Charles R. Staples told of a journey members of the society made last October to place a wreath on the grave of Isaac Shelby, Kentucky's first governor.


E. Reed Wilson was toastmaster. Dr. Henry Noble Sherwood, chaplain of the society, pronounced the invocation. Four members who have joined since the last annual meeting were introduced: Dr. H. L. Donovan, president of the University of Kentucky; Francis W. Edgerton, Joseph C. Graves and Jackson Parrent.

Mr. Coleman introduced five special guests: Mrs. Frank McFarland, regent of the Capt. John Waller chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Preston Johnston, regent of the Lexington chapter; Mrs. Louise Allen Short, regent of the Capt. John McKinley chapter; Mrs. James Smell, regent of the Bryan Station chapter, and Mrs. Peyton Howard, past regent and historian of the Bryan Station chapter.

The committee on arrangements for the dinner included Irvin Lee, chairman; Leavon Buckler and Earl Fowler.

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J. Winston Coleman Jr. is working on "A Bibliography of Kentucky History" which will contain all books and pamphlets relating to the history of the state. This huge task will require three or four more years of research. Mr. Coleman's article on "Burgoo Making in Old Kentucky" will appear in an early issue of In Kentucky magazine.
Lexington, April 17th 1861

The parties of the first Part
Henry, agree to pay the parties of the second part the sum of $731.77 seven hundred and seventy seven dollars for the casting in plaster and cutting in stone of the Figure of Henry Clay.

Not to be executed with clothing which from the model approved by the Clay committee to pay forty dollars per week until the work is completed and then pay the balance immediately and if this party is delinquent to pay 1/3 fifteen dollars per day. To furnish every thing necessary money.

Michael Hogarty
Agent of
J. Haly

Contract by John Haly, Frankfort, builder of the Henry Clay Monument in Lexington Cemetery for "casting in plaster and cutting in stone the Figure of Henry Clay" - the 14 foot statue atop the monument. See page 61-

Michael Hogarty 1860
Haly's Supt. of Construction
Killing a Schoolmaster no Murder in Kentucky.

A Kentucky Jury, acting under the presumed solemnity of an oath, has solemnly declared the life of the schoolmaster, Butler, was not murder. A simple statement of the facts proved on the trial will show how impossible it is to acquit that Jury of perjury. In the Times of Thursday last, and in another part of this morning's paper, will be found a full report of the evidence, which these statements clearly draw.

On the 2d of November, at about 9 o'clock in the morning, Matthew F. Ward went to a gun-shop in Louisville, bought a self-cocking pistol which "would send a bullet through a two-inch board anyhow," as the maker of it testified—and ordered it loaded. Afterwards bought another of the same kind, which he also ordered loaded. Persuasion caps were put upon both, and they were thrust into the breast pocket of his coat. He then went home and told his mother that he was going to the school. The daughter of the late Mr. Butter, to demand an apology of him for having, on the day previous, punished her brother William Ward, and for having charged him with lying. His mother advised him to be calm, and to take his brother Robert with him, as Butler was a larger man than he was. Matthew and his brother Robert went to get his hat and coat along, which he did, taking with him also a large bowie-knife which he was in the habit of carrying. The two brothers proceeded to the school-room, and asked for Mr. Butter, who was engaged in his duties, in the midst of his pupils, and demanded an apology called "Matthew". Mr. Ward told Butler he had come for an explanation as to his having whipped his brother. Butler asked him to step into his private room, where he would explain it to him. Ward refused, saying that was the place to settle it.

"Mr. Butter nodded; "Matthew said, what are your ideas of justice? which is the worst, the boy who begs Christmas, and throws the apples on the floor and then lies about it, or my brother who gave them to him? Mr. Butter said he would not interrogate, putting my hand to his pocket and buttoning up his coat; "Matthew repeated: the question; Butter said, there is no such a boy here. "Matthew said, that settles the matter; but you called my brother a liar, and for that I must have an apology; Butter said he had no business there, and Mr. Ward made up his mind; and "Matthew said: Butler said I was then charged, "Matthew, you must hear my opinion of you, you are a d—d scoundrel and coward."

This statement of what took place thus far is from the evidence of Ward's brother Robert, who stood by, and who is also under indictment as an accessory to the murder. It agrees substantially with that of other witnesses. Robert Ward proceeds to state that on being thus called a "d—d scoundrel and coward," Butler struck him twice, and pushed him back against the "door." He is the only one of all the witnesses who swears to any such thing. One or two of the boys state that Butler put his hands out towards Ward; and one says he pushed him. All agree that Matt drew his pistol, placed it against Butler's breast and fired. Butler exclaimed, "My poor wife and child!"—and fell. There was, of course, a rush of the terrified boys, and Robert Ward drew his bowie-knife, which he brandished, ordering them all to stand off. The Wards left the room; Butler was carried home, and died that night. A Kentucky Jury has decided under oath that he was not murdered.

It is quite unnecessary to go into any analysis of the evidence. The only point tenably relied on in Ward's defense was, that after being intentionally provoked to do so, by being called a "d—d scoundrel and coward," by a man who had armed himself with two loaded pistols, one of which was clenched in his hand at the instant—Burras struck him, and the only evidence in support of that assertion, is given by his brother and second, who stood by with a bowie-knife, to aid him, and who is under indictment for his share in the act. If Butler did strike Ward, there's not an honest Jury, nor an honest man, out of Kentucky at all events, who would say that Ward's act in shooting him, was one whit less a murder. But as the fact was not proved, it was left to a Jury in Kentucky, who had predetermined to perjure themselves, to assume it.

The facts of the case had nothing whatever to do with the Jury's verdict. That was controlled by other considerations. Butler was a schoolmaster, from the North, dependent on his labor for his living, and with little, if any, social connections. The Wards belonged to the "aristocracy" of Kentucky—that is, they were rich—made great pretensions to fashion—paid all dashing parties; they belonged to high life—they had a large circle of personal friends; and a great many very respectable people felt a sort of personal interest in not having them hang, because they would share, in some degree, the foul disgrace. Their acquittal, therefore, was to be secured at any cost. The newspapers were first muzzled—those of them at least, which would not favor the supposition of their innocence. Letters extolling their character, and seeking to create public sympathy on their behalf, were sent to this city and published here. Other journals on the spot seconded the movement.

The ablest counsel that money would command were secured for the defense. John J. Crittenden volunteered his services in the same behalf, and it was ostentatiously proclaimed that so eminent and so high-minded a man would not volunteer to defend a guilty man. The trial is removed from the scene of the homicides, so that the prisoners shall not be tried by those who knew them best—but is taken to a distant county. The Press is forbidden, against all law and right, to publish a report of the proceedings while the trial is in progress. Every particle of evidence in regard to Butler's character is expunged;—while a perfect army of witnesses, clergymen, colonels, members of Congress, editors, Cabinet officers, &c., &c., who had enjoyed the social intimacy of the Wards, testified ostentatiously to the prisoner's mildness of temper,—declaring him with anxious and undisguised exaggeration, to be gentle and amiable to a fault. To Thomas F. Marshall, whose notorious character and antecedents designated him unmistakably as qualified for the service, was assigned the task of bullying the lad who were the only witnesses, into such confusion as should nullify their testimony: while Mr. Crittenden undertook the management of such legal obstacles as might embarrass their proceedings. Mr. Crittenden, it will be remembered, also appeared as the volunteer defender of Monroe Edwards, who also belonged to the aristocracy, but who unfortunately had his trial out of Kentucky.

All these preparations, labors and steady following up were for the purpose—not of determining the truth, which is the only proper object of judicial inquiry,—not of ascertaining accurately and truly whether Matt Ward did or did not murder Butler, but to secure impunity for his act. This whole drama was enacted to induce the Jury to affirm a falsehood. And it has succeeded. We do not believe John J. Crittenden entertains in his heart the shadow of a doubt that Butler was murdered. We do not believe that a single man on that Jury believes, that the man they have acquitted is innocent of the crime laid to his charge.

We regard the issue of this trial as of the gravest importance. It proves that in one State of this Union, Wealth is stronger than Justice;—that Kentucky's most distinguished senators take to their hearts, and shield with all their power, a murderer who has money and social position at his command—and that under their auspices legal tribunals and the most solemn forms of Justice, have been made to confound impunity on one of the blackest and most wanton murders which the annals of crime record.

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